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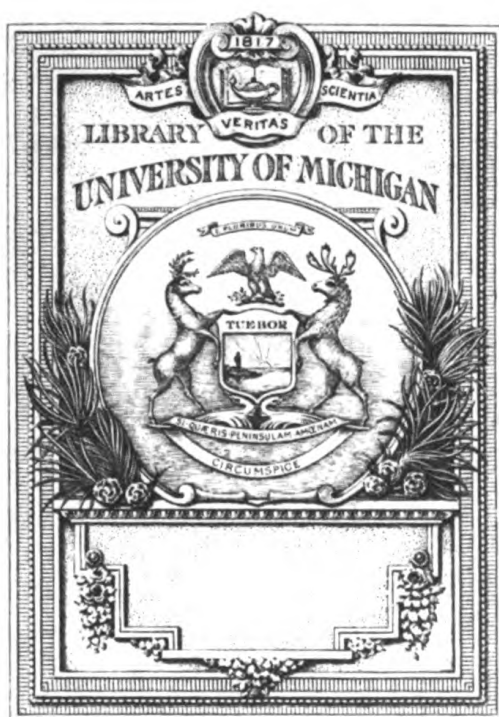


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HARPER'S



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XVI.

DECEMBER, 1857, TO MAY, 1858.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCI.—DECEMBER, 1857.—VOL. XVI.

A Christmas Garland of American Poems.

[From "THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY." 8vo. Superbly Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.]



A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

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VOL. XVI.—No. 91.—A

And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*"



SNOW—A WINTER SKETCH.

RALPH HOYT.

THE blessed morn has come again;
 The early gray
 Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
 And seems to say
 Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
 Away, away!

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
 Along the air,
 Of winds upon their battle-ground,
 But gently there,
 The snow is falling—all around
 How fair—how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade;
 Fantastic scene!
 Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
 Have cast their green,
 And joined the revel, all arrayed
 So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars
 And the old gate,
 Forgetful of their wintry wars,
 And age sedate,
 High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
 Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
 The eaves, the door;
 The hay-stack has become a hill;
 All covered o'er
 The wagon, loaded for the mill
 The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail,
 But where's the well!
 Like magic of a fairy tale,
 Most strange to tell,
 All vanished, curb, and crank, and rail!
 How deep it fell!

The wood pile too is playing hide;
 The axe, the log,
 The kennel of that friend so tried
 (The old watch-dog),
 The grindstone standing by its side,
 Are all now *incog*.

The bustling cock looks out aghast
 From his high shed;
 No spot to scratch him a repast.
 Up curves his head,
 Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
 And back to bed.

Old drowsy Dobbin, at the call,
 Amazed, awakes;
 Out from the window of his stall
 A view he takes;
 While thick and faster seem to fall
 The silent flakes.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
 Their morning moan;
 Like Memnon's music of old time
 That voice of stone!
 So marbled they—and so sublime
 Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younker folk
 To dress below;
 Full welcome was the word she spoke,
 Down, down they go,
 The cottage quietude is broke—
 The snow!—the snow!

Now rises from around the fire
 A pleasant strain;
 Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire!
 And ye profane!
 A hymn to the Eternal Sire
 Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book Divine,
 Upon the knee,
 Opes where the gems of Judah shine
 (Sweet minstrelsie!),
 How soars each heart with each fair line,
 O God, to Thee!

Around the altar low they bend,
 Devout in prayer;
 As snows upon the roof descend,
 So angels there
 Come down that household to defend
 With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze;
 The buckwheat heaps;
 Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,
 Sweet Susan steeps;
 The old round stand her nod obeys,
 And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
 The banquet near;
 Soon busy appetites are there;
 And disappear
 The glories of the ample fare,
 With thanks sincere.

Now tiny snow-birds venture nigh
 From copse and spray,
 (Sweet strangers! with the winter's sky
 To pass away;)
 And gather crumbs in full supply,
 For all the day.

Let now the busy hours begin:
 Out rolls the churn;
 Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
 The brush to burn;
 Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
 Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must hic;
 His sturdy shoe
 Can all the subtle damp defy;
 How wades he through!
 While dainty milkmaids slow and shy,
 His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care;
 To shell the corn;
 The broken harness to repair;
 The sleigh t' adorn;
 As cheerful, tranquil, frosty, fair,
 Speeds on the morn.

While mounts the eddying smoke amain
 From many a hearth,
 And all the landscape rings again
 With rustic mirth;
 So gladsome seems to every swain
 The snowy earth.

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

BLESSINGS on the blessing children, sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth,
 Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the house with mirth;
 Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the primal bloom
 Which the bliss forever gladdens, of the region whence they come;
 Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state withouten care,
 And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in nature fair;
 Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex the nigh,
 And a hope that in existence, finds each hour a luxury;

Going singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing as they go,
 That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find a foe;
 In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought that freely flies,
 Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty in the skies;
 Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks her store,
 All the present still a garden glean'd a thousand times before;
 All the future, but a region, where the happy serving thought,
 Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the wingéd hunter caught;
 Life a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to strive in flight,
 Linger to be caught, and yielding gladly to the proud delight;
 As the maiden through the alleys, looking backward as she flies,
 Woos the fond pursuer onward with the love-light in her eyes.



Oh! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to ours,
 Making for the forest music, planting for the wayside flowers;
 Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure as rare,
 Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the heart of care.
 How, as swell the happy voices, bursting through the shady grove,
 Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores the sway to love!
 We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the load of years,
 Thought forgetting, strifes and trials, doubts and agonies and tears;
 We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain he darts,
 Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in his heart of hearts:
 What an image of the vigor and the glorious grace we knew,
 When to eager youth from boyhood at a single bound we grew!
 Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek the glow,
 In our eyes the life and gladness—of our blood the overflow.

Bless the mother of the urchin! in his form we see her truth:
 He is now the very picture of the memories in our youth;
 Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny flowing hair,
 Nor the smiling in the dimple-speaking chin and cheek so fair:
 Bless the mother of the young one! he hath blended in his grace,
 All the hope and joy and beauty, kindling once in either face!

Oh! the happy faith of children! that is glad in all it sees,
 And with never need of thinking, pierces still its mysteries;
 In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance blest,
 Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at rest;
 Lacking every creed yet having faith so large in all they see,
 That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but to be.
 What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare spirits walk their wood.
 What a wondrous world the moonlight harbors of the gay and good!
 Unto them the very tempest walks in glories grateful still,
 And the lightning gleams, a seraph, to persuade them to the hill:
 'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the midnight rains,
 Broods beside the shutter'd windows, and with gentle love complains;
 And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness of her dyes,
 Spans the painter of the rainbow, her bright arch along the skies,
 With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the fancy's sight,
 How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds of light!
 Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in every dream,
 That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom, a gleam!
 Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of your youth,
 Joy is born of well believing, and the fiction wraps the truth.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of good old times,
 Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
 They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave and true,
 That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the ancient tale—
 'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
 And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
 He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
 Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
 And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
 'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
 Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
 But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
 He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next—it left the Dutchman's shore
 With those that in the *Mayflower* came—a hundred souls and more—
 Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes—
 To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.



'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim,
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men at arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery hollands in—the man that never feared—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers, the men that fought and prayed,
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid!

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose;
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 'twill do you good—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air,
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 't would keep away the chill;
So John *did* drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer ;
 I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here ;
 'Tis but the fool that loves excess—hast thou a drunken soul,
 Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl !

I love the memory of the past—its pressed yet fragrant flowers—
 The moss that clothes its broken walls—the ivy on its towers—
 Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed—my eyes grow moist and dim,
 To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me ;
 The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be ;
 And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
 That dooms one to those dreadful words—"My dear, where *have* you been?"



BRONX.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

I SAT me down upon a green bank-side,
 Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
 Whose waters seemed unwillingly to glide,
 Like parting friends who linger while they sever ;

Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow
Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,
Or the fine frostwork which young winter freezes,
When first his power in infant pastime trying,
Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling,
And in the clefts sumach of liveliest green,
Bright ising-stars the little beach was spangling,
The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen
Shone like a fairy crown, enchased and beaded,
Left on some morn, when light flashed in their eyes unheeded.

The humbird shook his sun-touched wings around,
The bluefinch carol'd in the still retreat;
The antic squirrel capered on the ground
Where lichens made a carpet for his feet:
Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle
Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fin's tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars with loose mossy tresses,
White powdered dog-trees, and stiff hollies flaunting
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropp'd lids the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,
The winding of the merry locust's horn,
The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom:
Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,
Oh! 'twas a ravishing spot formed for a poet's dwelling

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand
Again in the dull world of earthly blindness?
Pained with the pressure of unfriendly hands,
Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness?
Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude!

Yet I will look upon thy face again,
My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
A face more pleasant than the face of men.
Thy waves are old companions, I shall see
A well-remembered form in each old tree,
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.



EXCELSIOR.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!



MAUD MULLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich refiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

THE HUSBAND'S AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

HUSBAND and wife! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young days of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations, its glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possess'd. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be, moves you not.
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
'Tis not like that in which ye rested once
Most happy—silence eloquent, when heart
With hearthheld speech, and your mysterious frames,
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
Touch'd the soft notes of love.

Stillness profound,
Insensible, unheeding, folds you round;
And darkness, as a stone, has seal'd you in.
Away from all the living, here ye rest:
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now.
Dread fellowship! together, yet alone.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingle spirits? Are thoughts that know
no bounds,

But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—

Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?
Dwellers in darkness, who th' illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the vail of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, reveal'd
In glory? throne, before which even now
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen presence, are they quenched.
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not, as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars!
And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give
speech,

And make it send forth winning harmonies,
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents? no more?
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh, listen, man!
 A voice within us speaks that startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
 By angel fingers touch'd when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality:
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas
 Join in this solemn, universal song.
 Oh, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
 From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
 'Tis floating midst day's setting glories; Night,
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtfuleve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touch'd
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
 The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
 What holds it? Dust that cumber'd those I mourn.
 They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
 And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
 In love—their God's and angels'. Mutual love,
 That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
 For full communion; nor sensations strong,

Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
 To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
 Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each,
 By natures new, impart themselves, though silent.
 Each quick'ning sense, each throb of holy love,
 Affections sanctified, and the full glow
 Of being, which expand and gladden one,
 By union all mysterious, thrill and live
 In both immortal frames: Sensation all,
 And thought, pervading, mingling sense and
 thought!

Ye pair'd, yet one! wrapped in a consciousness
 Two-fold, yet single—this is love, this life!

Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
 The upright column, and the low-laid slab,
 Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
 Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
 And learn thy proper nature; for thou see'st,
 In these shaped stones and letter'd tables, figures
 Of life: More are they to thy soul than those
 Which he who talk'd on Sinai's mount with God
 Brought to the old Judeans—types are these,
 Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,
 That at this simple grave, on which the dawn
 Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
 No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind
 Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
 From this green hillock, whither I had come
 In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy.





SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again.
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil:
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs,
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 Forever, from our shore.



KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WITLAF, a King of the Saxons,
 Ere yet his last he breathed,
 To the merry monks of Croyland
 His drinking-horn bequeathed—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
 And drank from the golden bowl,
 They might remember the donor,
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty,
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"



CONNECTICUT. (FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

FITZGREENE HALLECK.

— still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That crouches at their feet, a conquered wave;
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to heaven they pray,
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
A "fierce democracie," where all are true
To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
And to their laws denominated blue;
(If red, they might to Draco's code belong;)
A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,
Sacred—the San Marino of the West.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
 They bow to, but may turn him out next year;
 They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
 In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
 They have a natural talent for foreseeing
 And knowing all things; and should Park appear
 From his long tour in Africa, to show
 The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—"We know."

They love their land, because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
 And think it kindness to his majesty;
 A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
 Such are they nurtured, such they live and die:
 All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
 With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling;

Or wandering through the southern countries, teaching
 The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
 Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
 And gaining by what they call "hook and crook,"
 And what the moralists call overreaching,
 A decent living. The Virginians look
 Upon them with as favorable eyes
 As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
 At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;
 And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
 And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
 With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
 Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
 In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
 Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
 Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
 Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
 And looked on armies with a leader's eye;
 Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
 Whose leaves contain their country's history,
 And tales of love and war—listen to one
 Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
 Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
 "Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
 For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,
 By England's king; a bargain, as is thought.
 Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can;
 For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
 OR MARY STARK'S A WIDOW!" It was done.

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Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
 Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
 The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
 Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
 Of Florence and the Arno; yet the wing
 Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales
 Through sun and snow; and in the autumn time
 Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the mist that shrouds
 Her twilight hills—her cool and starry eves,
 The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
 The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
 Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
 Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
 And his mind's brightest vision but displays
 The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love;
 Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;
 The maiden listening in the moonlight grove,
 The mother smiling in her infant's bower;
 Forms, features, worshiped while we breathe or move,
 Be by some spirit of your dreaming hour
 Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
 To the green land I sing, then wake, you'll find them there.





MADRAS.

MADRAS, IN PICTURES.

AFTER a long and laborious voyage of 143 days from Boston, the anxious and weary company on board the ship *Piscataqua* saw at last, about twenty miles ahead, the revolving light of Madras. So wonderfully had the ship's speed increased—she seemed like a horse that scents the stable afar off—that they had to haul up successively the cro'jack, the mainsail, the main-royal, the mizen topgallant-sail, and the foresail, and after all could scarcely keep her down to three knots an hour. Having once seen—if I may say so without irreverence—the *star that stood over the place where Madras was*, I went into bed and slept till, at midnight, I was aroused by indications of the closely approaching end. Amidst the orders of the captain—"Keeper off!"—"Meet her!"—"Steady now!" was heard the repeated cry of the leadsmen, "Ten fathoms"—"Nine fathoms"—"Ten fathoms"—and then came the order "Square the cro'jack yard!" and then, "Let go your anchor, Sir!"—a moment of suspense, and then came the rumbling down of the chain; and as the huge iron flukes made their bed in the mud of Madras Roads, I jumped from mine and looked through my stern window; and as the ship swung round, what a strange and beautiful panorama passed along indistinctly before my eyes! First, a long, low coast, with here and there a twinkling light; then white walls, gleaming with a ghostlier whiteness in the moonlight; then a row of lights like the lamps on a bridge; then another range of pale, white walls; and then the light-house window, beaming in upon me with its great bright eye of wondering welcome. After returning the stare of the Polyphemus, I went back to bed, but soon my slumbers were broken again by the most singular airy hullabulloo I ever heard. At first I thought the crew were singing in the fore-castle, but presently my ears

and eyes told me that it was a boat-load of natives: they passed directly under my window chanting a wild melody, of which something like "Wurra! wurra!" seemed to linger in my ears, and in a few minutes I heard them on deck. Slipping on my study-gown I ran up over the poop and round through the alley, and mingled—quite *à la mode* with my bare legs—among the black, naked gang, who made all ring with their melodious jargon and jabber.

At length the chief man, a short, swelling, *little-great* personage, in full dress of red-and-white turban and white gown, made his way into the cabin, and began with the most profound coolness to impose his services upon the captain; more than intimated that he was the *dubash* recognized by our consignees, the house of Bainbridge and Co.; said he would send a boat off in the morning to bring provisions and take passengers; and concluded by informing us that his "Papa" would also come out in the morning and make us a visit. We were amused and not altogether pleased with the style of the transaction. Again I turned in and dozed till sunrise, when another of those strange, wild chants broke on my ear, of which the burden seemed something like

"Ah, walada—jaladin!"

I dressed and hastened out and found several boat-loads of natives on board, fellows of all ages and sizes, and in the oddest variety of costume. Presently I espied our "Papa" forcing his way through an obstreperous crowd of *sans culottes*, at whom he was jabbering and gesticulating right and left. The first thing that struck me, after his great stature and his second-childishness of manner, was the extraordinary redness of his mouth, which at first I took for the effect of a bloody scuffle with some of those noisy rivals through whom he appeared to have been fighting his way, but which, I soon

learned—greatly amused at my own blunder—was produced by the universal native custom of chewing betel. The "Papa" soon set us right about the claims of his "dear son," who, he said, was a fellow that gave him and the captains infinite botheration, by overhearing the talk at the office and then hurrying off and intruding upon vessels in this way at the most unseasonable hours. He handed us his huge parchment certificate, which had been his father's before him, headed by the American eagle and signed by some hundred captains. I remarked the large number of Salem names, among the rest that of the well-remembered merchant and senator, "Nathaniel Silsbee." The old man's name was Vincatty, and he was known as the old American dubash—his business being to attend upon captains of vessels and supply them with provisions and money, and execute such orders as they might give him, for all which he charged commission. I wish I could give my readers a picture of the veteran as he walked along with a slightly bent form, in a turban of intertwined pink and white muslin, the pink hanging down behind—as I once saw on a Choctaw chief at Mobile—and a white tunic with loosely hanging sleeves of handsome border, beneath which a pink petticoat descended to his knees; or as he squatted on his haunches in the cabin, now chatting in Tamil with one of our missionaries, and now expressing his overflowing satisfaction at seeing his Yankee children, by patting us on the shoulder with a singular chuckle of senile fondness and Oriental self-complacency.

After breakfast more boats had come off to us, and the deck was swarming with specimens of humanity, of which one knew not which most

to admire, the dress, the language, or the looks. There was a shoe-wallah and a hat-wallah, and wallahs with green cocoa-nuts, plantains, water-melons, and parrots. There was also a juggler, with a weasel in a bag, but, from respect for the day, we arrested his performances *in limine*. It was not long before the catamarans also began to make their appearance. These craft—also used on the east and west coasts of America—consist of three or more knee-shaped logs of durable wood, generally teak, lashed side by side. They are managed sometimes by one, sometimes by two fellows, who paddle with rude slabs, which they grasp by the middle, so that they can dip them now this side, now that, with great dexterity and swiftness. The men wear peaked head-pieces, with pockets in them, in which they carry letters and packages. When I first saw the long, black, hard-visaged "devils"—as a quaint old traveler called them—surmounted by those sharp skull-caps, I thought they looked just as if their heads had grown up to a peak and then been painted yellow; but as they came nearer, the straw caps resembled pine-apple cheeses. The first who came on board brought custom-house papers and port-directions to the captain; among them was a warning not to let passengers bathe for fear of sharks and snakes.

When the ship had become comparatively quiet, at noon, I went up under the awning—where it looked so strangely to see an idle and deserted wheel—and, surveying the city that lay about two miles from us, began to verify my first nocturnal impressions. Beginning at the south, the first object that broke the line of foliage along the coast was the castle-like ice-house, with its flag flying in honor of our arrival; next, in the back-ground, St. Thomas's Mount, with the church on its summit, where tradition says that the Apostle was buried; then a native pagoda; then, after a succession of woods, with occasional roofs and spires of mosques, came the Government House and Banquet Hall, with their dark green parks and gardens; then a stretch of grove and beach, broken only by the dark spot indicating the mouth of the river, over which I had seen those bridge-lights; then the extensive walls and roofs of Fort St. George, surmounted by the spire of St. Mary's Church, and at the centre, over the landing, by the Telegraphic Flag-staff; then came the esplanade, on which we could see tents, and, to the north of that, the finely-shaped light-house; and, finally, the beach, *par excellence*, and the range of English stores and offices, which form the water-front of Black Town—the native city—opposite to which, on our right, the shipping, some fifty sail, lay at anchor.

The day passed rather heavily, relieved a little by the last sermon and services of the voyage, and by the strong and increasing sea-breeze, and the rumble of the surf increasing with it; and at last we saw the



A CATAMARAN.

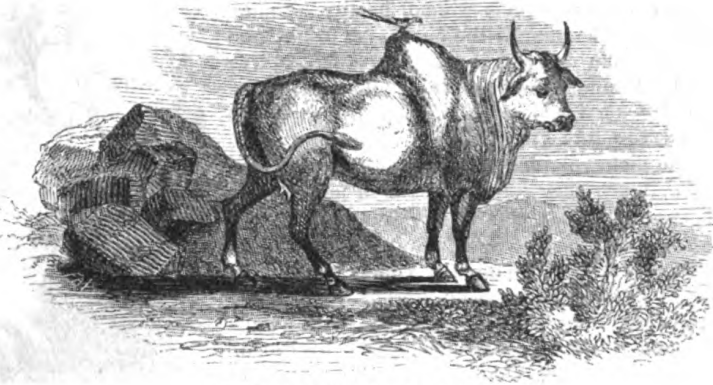
great red globe of the sun, whose "eye" had a somewhat "sickly glare," sink behind the Banquet House, that rose so gracefully amidst the deep green. At eight, without "bell," but not without "book and candle," I went to bed.

Our missionary friends were early astir, and it was not long before we saw a boat putting off, in the stern of which sate a fair-faced, venerable man, and by his side a younger brother, pale and sad. The former was the oldest but one of the Madras Mission, his companion had buried a wife in America, and then his second only a month since, soon after his arrival in India. I could well conceive something of the feeling that must have thrilled the hearts of the little company at grasping each other's hands and exchanging news, the pleasant and the mournful. Another boat brought a custom-house officer, and another our very agreeable and obliging ice-agent, who informed us that their supply could hardly have lasted a week longer, and that they had been looking for us these forty days. It was amusing to us *old seamen*, to notice how timidly and awkwardly the new-comers would climb and creep about the deck. But the hour has come. The ship seems to lean over more than ever, as if she were impatient to tip us into the—city; we are huddled together under the stern-awning of the Massoolah canoe, the long *spoons* dip into the water, and with one of those singular chants, that still ring through my brain, as the first voice that welcomed me to the East that memorable night, something after the measure of

Ahee! ma wala deery—
Ahee! ja nala meery—
Ahee! wala, nala, jan!

sung first by the two sides of rowers alternately and then the chorus by the whole, we bear away. I had heard and read much of the intense interest, and often danger, attending the final plunge over the mountain of surf upon the beach. This time it was more amusing than alarming. One little dive over and we soon strike the sand. Then comes, to be sure, a succession of pretty vigorous thumps and bumps, as the seas strike her; but now every man has leaped into the water—they seize and drag the boat, and seating ourselves "arm-chair" (as the boys call it), between the naked necks of pairs of natives, we are placed on the first dry ground our feet have touched for nearly five long months.

An extemporaneous escort of *native citizens* immediately received us with salams, both single-handed and double-handed. You would have thought we were the distinguished individuals whom for years they had been expecting. But we had only a short gauntlet to run before we



HUMPBACKED COW OF INDIA.

reached the *bandy* (carriage) which our good friend had bespoken. "Papa" was at my side, with his chuckle of good-nature, to hold his umbrella over me as we hurried through sand and dust to the vehicle; and after we had started I saw him motioning away with angry gestures the crowd that still followed, sometimes thrusting both hands in at the windows for bucksheesh. I have seen the hackmen of New York, when the dense mass, all pointing their whip-stocks at once at the steamboat gangway, made the passenger think of a Winkelried facing the bristling ranks of Austrian spearmen. I have seen them at Buffalo, when they rolled up the bills of their respective houses into paper-bullets and threw them at the heads of passengers, to draw attention and teach them "not to forget the number;" but of all such plagues, the "beach servants" of Madras must bear the palm. Their impudence is amazing. They persecute one till he actually almost believes he owes them something. They dog your footsteps with the air of injured creditors.

We drove to the building occupied by our consignees, and passed up the heavy stair-way, through spacious halls and counting-rooms, where white-jacketed writers sate so coolly and comfortably at their desks under huge punkas; and native peons, dubashes and banyans, glided about like spirits in their white robes and with their noiseless steps. For some time I could only sit and gaze and wonder, listening to the strange *ensemble* of sounds produced by the thunder of the surf under the windows, the sweep of the great punka through the air, the cawing of crows, and the jangling of the tongues of the natives that swarmed the street below.

Then I went into the front room, and there, for a good hour, watched the novel picture of human life that passed over the street and shore beneath. It would be an endless task to describe all the variety of vehicles, costumes, countenances, figures, that thronged this great Wapping-Broadway of Madras. There go, *following each other* (to begin with an Irish bull as well as Eastern ones), two rude carts, each loaded with about a bushel of hay and drawn by two humpbacked, long-horned bullocks, the driver of one walking between his team and

cattle, the other riding on the pole. There are two or three miserable women hastily scooping up in their hands, for the purpose of drying and burning, the dung that has just fallen in the road. Yonder comes a woman with a basket of old *duds* on her head. A roguish crow darts down, just lifts a cloth at one corner and is off, as she looks round at him, takes down the basket, makes a new cover for it with her turban, dexterously folds part of her robes round her head, and moves on. Behind her a minute specimen of naked humanity comes lugging, in the blaze of noon, his baby-brother, whose head drops languidly this side and that; then a public peon, or native police-officer, with his broad-brimmed blue hat, shaped like a fireman's, and a blue belt across his white robe, marching along grandly and gracefully; then a pale, delicate scholar, book in hand, his slender bare legs exposed below his white gown; then a couple of foreign sailors swagger along; white-dressed *du-bashes* and naked *Lascars* mingle in the throng—one particularly odd-looking old fellow, with a sort of woolen mitre on his head contrasting queerly with his *squirmy* face, and grizzly beard, and black nakedness; there comes a vehicle shaped like one of our cabs, but drawn by bullocks; there goes a *palkee* (*palanquin*), the bearers, with a low, dismal half chant, half grunt, keep their off elbows jerking backward in unison with their trot; there follows a row of native gentry, conspicuous to me for their toe-rings; then a native enjoying the luxury of an old faded and torn umbrella; then rumbles along a two-wheeled vehicle, consisting of a square box with four corner-posts supporting a pagoda-shaped roof, in which four native *baboos* (gentlemen) sit squeezed together; then something that looks as if it might have been an old Cambridgeport milk-cart fitted up as a carry-all; then a stately English carriage, with a *syce* (foot-



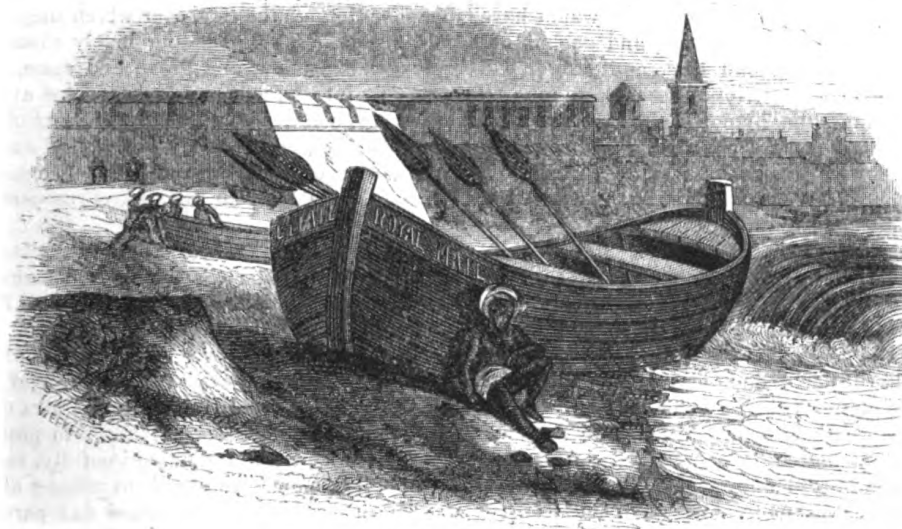
MALABAR HINDOO.

man) running behind and holding on at each corner (it is marvelous how they will hold out on the hot, dusty road).

Now I turn to the beach where the red *Mas-soolah* boats, with their numbers, are drawn up at the foot of the plunging surf, their long paddles all sticking up in the air. They are just pushing one off into the surf, butting against it with their heads, backing up under it, and trying to hoist it off; and when, after much swinging about, and rearing, and kicking, and plunging, like the antics of a skittish horse, she rides the yeasty water, in they jump and paddle off.



HINDOO GENTLEMAN'S CARRIAGE.



MASSOOLAH BOAT.

Under the shady side of one of the boats a fellow in a red turban lies stretched on the sand enjoying a siesta. The tide creeping round starts him. He gets up, rubs his eyes, shakes the sand out of his turban, and changes his quarters. There is a group of little imps who, not having the fear of sharks before their eyes (but it is said the monsters do not like black people), are diving about among the waves, playing at fist-cuff with the surf, and cutting all sorts of capers.

And now it is two o'clock, *tiffin* (luncheon) time in the office—after partaking of which I sit down and idly study the strange personages that glide about through the corridors and apartments, trying to make out from their dresses and manners their various relations. Who is the almost stern man, with the broad belt over his white gown, and the great breast-plate, that bustles in and out, bearing now a paper and now a ledger, with such an expression of lofty integrity? They call him "Boy." But here comes a sleek, portly personage, well robed and ringed, presses his hand to his forehead at the door and enters, steps to the desk and whispers confidentially to the head of the house. They twitch and push each other, with many shrugs and finger gestures on the part of the native. Ah, surely that is a *banyan* (or merchant) chaffering about exchange. During the interview several others strut along the entry. There is one who has wound several extra thicknesses of cotton round him, under his gown, to increase his portliness and importance. They pass along, casting slant looks through the door-way.

At last the whispering and haggling are over—the man of conscious integrity brings his master's cane and hat, and through a lane of servants, among whom the tall figure and benignant visage of our good old Vincatty is prominent, we pass into the *bandy* and drive along the red, smooth, broad, breezy, thronged strand, to see the fashionable crowd and hear the music of the Fort band. What a scene again!

Languid, disdainful-looking English ladies rolling by in their phaetons—parties of Sybarite baboos lazily leering about in shabby-genteel *garees* (coaches), drawn, perhaps, by bullocks—military officers on horseback—clerks in buggies—dashing little boys on ponies—every where *syces* leaping along, now behind and now before their carriages, in all their variety of gay livery, their embroidered caps and bright trowsers—and, side by side with all this pomp and vanity, old ocean rolling and rumbling. There was something in the mingling of sights and sounds that carried my thoughts to a summer resort of pleasure and of fashion by other waters, and on a more familiar shore. When the bridge lamps had long been gleaming, we trundled off through a labyrinthine wilderness of narrow lanes winding among high walls and hedges, narrow streets closely lined with native huts, stately gardens, sweeping lawns and rivers, twinkling bridge lights, till at last, after an hour, I caught the very first fragrance of flowers and foliage I had enjoyed since leaving my own country, and presently was entering the grounds in which the graceful mansion that was to be my kindly home for some weeks spread its spacious halls, and gleamed out from its windows and doors a bright welcome. Passing through halls and parterres, which produced in an invalid and an exile a sense of bewildering but delightful roominess and comfort, where great rich punkas agitated the air, shaking the flame of the tapers that burned in the glass globes on pure coconut oil, I followed a servant with a lantern across the green (or what would be such if the drought would let it) to the picturesque little bungalow (cottage) which was to be my bachelor's hall. After dinner (the usual hour for which is half past seven, or eight), during which I made the acquaintance of a rare Persian cat, rather inclining to yellow, with a bushy tail and a singular growth of whiskers down each cheek, I was glad to return to my six-win-

dowed dormitory. Nothing, however, but intense weariness of body and brain would have let me sleep in the exciting and enchanting scene. The dogs, and cats, and crows, and insects of every description, seemed to take up and continue the human noises of the day. They cawed, they screeched, they whistled, they sharpened their knives, they turned their grindstones. What was it all, however, but amusement, so long as I heard no mosquito wind his tiny but terrible horn! For that exemption I trust I was duly thankful.

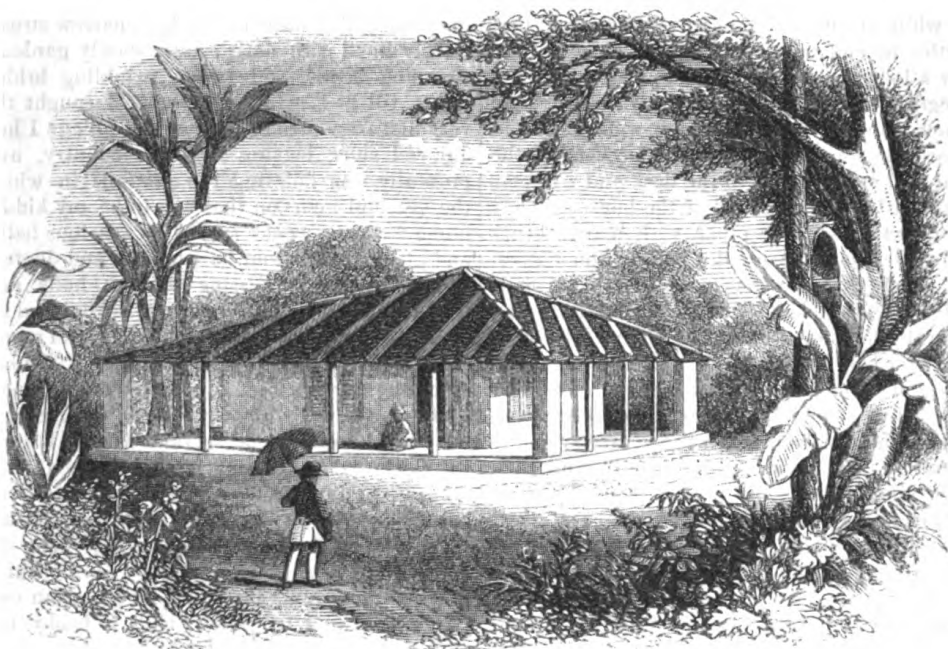
Madras proper, originally consisting only of the English fort and the houses within its walls and a native village round it, has gradually extended itself, till now it embraces within its limits a circle of native villages which have grown into towns since their incorporation with the city, and its population is estimated at 700,000—thus "the Fort" being one of the wards, so to speak, of the vast metropolis; next, on the north, comes "Black Town" (so called, probably, because it is, by eminence, the city of the native merchants), and beyond that "Royapoorum;" then, on the south, "Triplicane," the Mussulman quarter, where the old Nawab of Madras has his seat; and then, inland, the several districts of "Vepery," "Pursewaukum," "Royapettah," "Nungampawukum," and so forth. Starting from Black Town, and crossing the esplanade, one passes out, either through the gates of the Fort or round it, into these last-mentioned extensive, and populous, and picturesque parts of the city, by a number of broad and beautiful roads, such as the Mount Road, leading five miles to St. Thomas's Mount, the Pantheon Road, and other wide and smooth avenues, lined with cocoa-nut groves, gardens of all tropical trees and fruits, graceful villas,

crossed and recrossed by different streams that meander through the city, over which they pass by high bridges, commanding lovely vistas of valley and meadow and grove and spire, and ramifying into streets and lanes, where at one moment you are sweltering in the heart of an oriental Babel, and the next enraptured amidst scenes of sequestered beauty that realize something of the ideal of your Robinson-Crusoe-reading childhood.

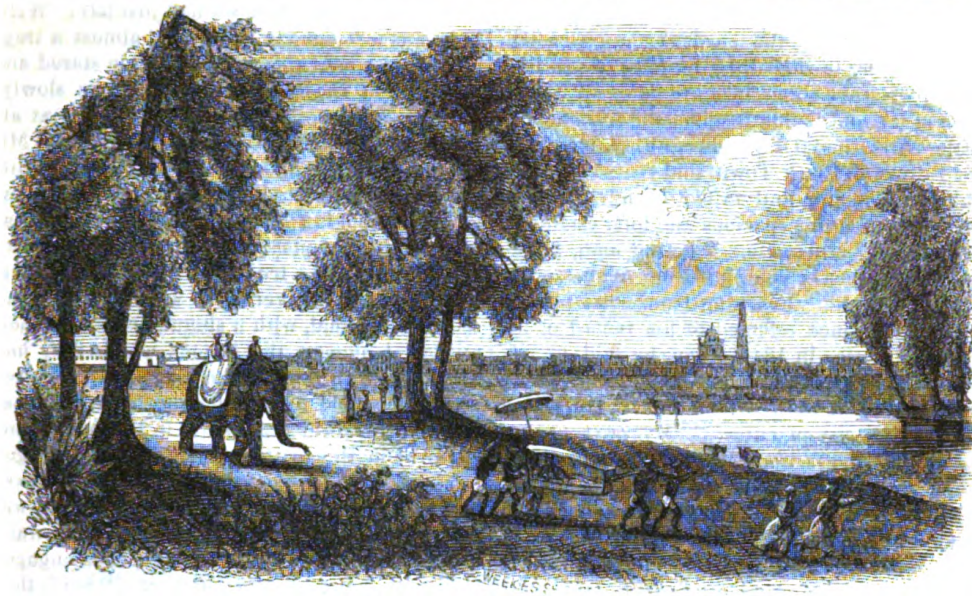
When I arrived at Madras it was a time of severe drought and not a little distress among the native population. There had been a long failure of the usual rains, and the crop of rice was so short that they were obliged to pay about four times the former price for that staff of native life. English soldiers had sometimes to be stationed at the dépôts of provisions to prevent riots. The cattle, too, suffered woefully, and it was pitiable enough to see them nosing about the brown plains where the grass was parched to the root, or standing in the sickly green pools, and haunting the dry tanks and beds of rivers. It was a time to remind one of "the word of the Lord that came to Jeremiah concerning the dearth"—"They came to the pits and found no water. . . . Because the ground is chapped, for there was no rain in the earth. . . . They snuffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fail because there was no grass." And yet, through all, the foliage retained all its greenness, and the *tout ensemble* of the landscape was singularly beautiful. How lovely, in its picturesque luxuriance, must this rural city be—I used often to think—

"Whaunè that April with his shourès sote
The drought of March hath percèd to the rote;"

when these winding rivers ripple along with full blue current by the groves that line their banks,



MY BUNGALOW



PART OF BLACK TOWN.

and these broad meadows sparkle and smile in the new green! There was one great relief and comfort in this hot, dry season: always in the forenoon a breeze began to come in from the sea, the refreshing influence of which could be felt far inland on the roads, and in the lanes, and in the grounds of the country seats. But for this I know not that I should have ventured as I did to explore, even in a carriage, during the heat of the day, the highways and by-ways of this tropical city.

My usual way of spending a day was this: Roused by the loud and emphatic concert of birds at dawn, I went into the little brick-floored bathing-room and poured over me the jars of cool water, and often while the great glowing star of morn still beamed down over the trees into the grounds I was out on the veranda, either enjoying the sight and sound of native life in and about the various buildings of the establishment, or, amidst curious birds that hopped around me and more than inquisitive insects, busied with book and pen. Sometimes, before the sun was up high enough to make it too oppressive, I strolled down or up the high road, broad, red, and level as a garden path, and struck in among the numerous lanes of native huts, peeping through the dusk of green, among tangled thickets of prickly pear all in rich and many-colored bloom, under graceful cocoa-nut groves, across fields of paddy and of huge-leaved plantain, among scattered trees and temples; and then, before the sun, raking the road from his unmasked battery, made it impracticable to skulk along under the high hedges of bamboo and brier, spreading the shield of my umbrella (which, however, I found in this climate chiefly useful when held downward to keep off the reflected rays from the ground), I returned to my bungalow. Then came what they call in Calcutta *chota haziri* (lit-

tle breakfast), consisting, in my case, of a cup of tea or a tumbler of goat's milk, and between nine and ten o'clock breakfast with the family. Then I got into the carriage which I had hired and kept in the grounds for my sole use at the low rate of two rupees (one dollar) a day; drove out through one or another of the different districts of the city, then to the beach at two o'clock to take *tiffin* and drink—the sea-breeze; and then, as the sun declined, home again, by some new avenue of beauty and strangeness, to my bungalow, bath, evening ramble, and dinner.

I must say a word about the situation of my bungalow. It stands in the rear corner of the spacious compound. (Compound is an English corruption of the Portuguese word *campão*, which it sounds not unlike, if you drop the *d* and pronounce the *n* nasally.) Behind it runs the little river Cooum, on the opposite bank of which are the grounds and garden of a Nawab (native Nabob); in front is the compound, shaded with numerous noble trees, mangoes with their glossy green, casuarinas with their beautiful long waving tassels, and a variety of evergreens, under which, or through them, are seen on one flank the buildings appropriated to the horses and their keepers, on the other the kitchens and other servants' buildings, and across the park the straw-colored mansion beyond which Spur Tank road (the Tank is now a dry bed) enlivens the scene with many a glimpse of picturesque life.

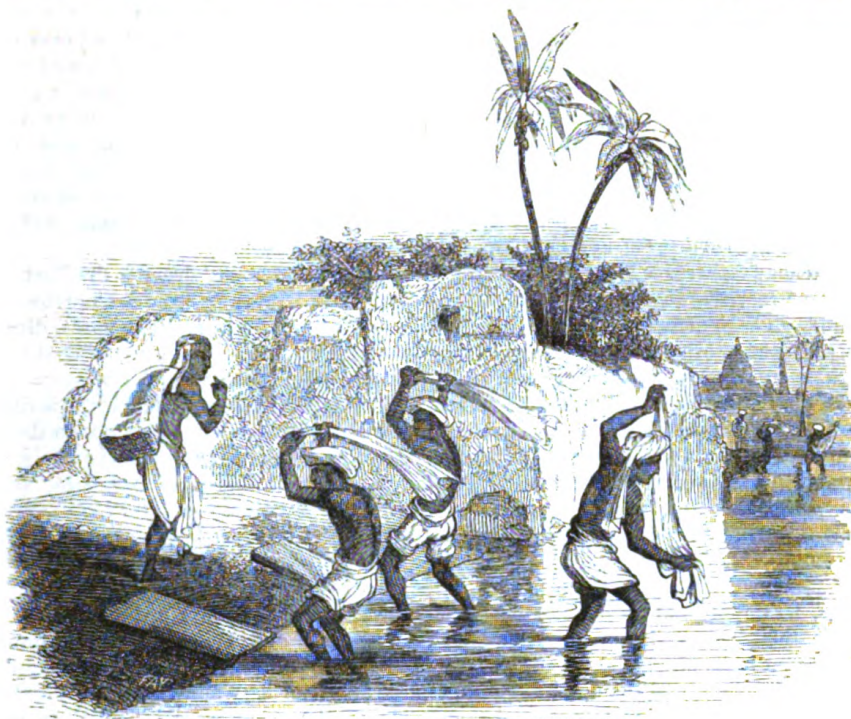
The morning after that first day (already described) broke upon a lively scene. Women with water-jars on their heads and sometimes infants on their hips, were going to and fro between the houses and the stream; the grooms were making a wild hullabulloo as they tried to swim obstinate horses into deep water; across the stream resounded airy chants from the men

who were walking up and down the cross-beam to raise water for the gardens; grass-cutters were bringing in their little bundles of precious provender (they sometimes are gone all day in quest of it), and laying it under the trees for the cattle. An Oriental day had begun. After breakfast I drove to Black Town, and visited the venerable missionary and father of missionaries, Dr. Scudder, in his spacious and lofty establishment on the esplanade. The old man, laboring under a heavy cold, gave me a hoarse but hearty welcome. Learning from what place I came, he at once referred to his record of his visit to America in 1846, when, he said, he addressed in all 100,000 children. Even now he preached, when well, twice a day. He called Madras "a city of cities." My next errand was to find one William Roberts, a native Unitarian preacher, the only preacher of that form of Christianity (except one at Secunderabad) in all India. I was told he lived in Vepery—drove out through "Elephant Gate," through street after street, road after road, lane after lane, through narrow ways such as I imagine those of Canton or Cairo, crowded with little bazars in long rows, lazy natives sprawling on piazzas, screened by thatched roofs, and sometimes tatties (if not tatters), through pile after pile of native products and manufactures, heaped up and hanging round in picturesque profusion, along by rice-bazars, beset by crowds of vehement faces and threatened by angry gestures, through lanes where the solar beams seemed to come through a burning glass and brickly dust filled the air, throngs of natives as if on a pilgrimage, or swarming about rows of mud-houses with quaintly carved mysterious-looking old doors. I had for the first time a "realizing sense" of the populousness of India, and how it might well contain the 150,000,000 alleged; and I thought if the author of "London Labor and the London Poor" were here, might not this vast swarm of people, this sea of human cares and passions and sufferings, this chaos of ignorance and misery and superstition, furnish him the material of a touching book? We went on and on, misled by one group after another who directed us wherever there was a Christian "padre," and at last the carriage stopped and I was assured this was the place. I stepped out; there stood a sleek old native padre, book in hand, surrounded by his white-robed *disciples of the porch*. "No, his name was not Roberts;" however, he pointed in a certain direction, and the *gareeban* drove off and soon stopped before a large high-walled compound. The gate was locked. A little girl appeared and said, "Master was gone away;" and then vanished. My man cried out that I would send in a billet. A voice came from behind the shrubbery that they had no orders to receive any letters, and at the same moment three yellow dogs came yelping down the path. I was just telling the man to pin the paper inside of the gate, when a woman appeared, and it also appeared that this was not the residence of Mr. Roberts, but

of the very padre whom we had just left! Well, here was a "comedy of errors," almost a tragedy, for the heat was stifling, people stared and jabbered at the coachman who drove slowly, inquiringly, despairingly along. The next attempt was so far successful that we found Mr. Roberts's chapel, and at the gate one of the little schools connected with it, where a fine, intellectual-looking young man was acting as monitor in the place of the teacher, who had gone in quest of a truant, and the little urchins, squatting on the veranda, were reciting and rehearsing aloud, with a singular chant, in their musical language, the lessons which they had scratched with a stylus on the palmyra leaves which they held in their hands. Learning that Mr. Roberts resided not here, in Pursewaukum, but over in Royapettah, I left my card, begged of a child one of the *leaves* of his book, gave him a copper cent for a curious coin, and was glad to get back home. There I found awaiting me my private servant who had been engaged for me, a sort of *valet de tout* ("boy" they call him in Madras, in Calcutta *kidmutgar*), who professed to be a gentleman and a Christian. I think he was the former, and hope he was the latter. When I asked him how long he had been a Christian, misunderstanding me, he answered "1854 year." Afterward he told me he was "a catholic" (not a Roman Catholic). And he certainly expressed a striking catholicity for a convert. I had an amusing discussion with him one day about dress. Having only a pair of shiny slippers and a pair of dull shoes, I contended that I must wear the latter to dinner because the former were undress. "Ah, but," said "Sarvent Daniel," "Sahib (master) keep legs under table—who knows?"

The next day I met Mr. Roberts, a young man of about thirty-three, with a sprightly twinkle in his eye, and a countenance beaming and radiant with fine intellectual expression. The tears stood in his eyes as he expressed the disappointment of his little flock on learning that it was not a missionary for them who had arrived. He described their poverty and perplexity. Surrounded by the temptations which more prosperous sects held out for the poor natives to become mere "rice-Christians," as they call the *loaf and fish disciples* in India, the destitute and desolate Unitarian was sorely pressed. His own elder brother, whom his father had had trained for the ministry, had apostatized, and he had been obliged by pride and duty to put on the harness. As an example of the petty persecutions by which Christians will sometimes vex each other, he told me that he was once a servant to a bishop, who, learning the nature—or rather, the name—of his belief, dismissed him; and when Mr. R. applied for employment to another gentleman, he agreed to take him if he could get a statement from his Grace of the reason why he discharged him, which the bishop declined giving.

On his way home he drove with me to the so-called "Thieving Bazar"—the natives pro-



WASHER-MEN.

nounce it "Tieving Bajar." It is so named on account of the notorious extortions and impositions of the petty merchants in that noisy, jabbering arcade. After a ludicrous scene of chaffering, I bought some brass gods, and drove off.

Having idled away the next forenoon, little disturbed by the mosquitoes, which, like Mexican lancers, made more demonstrations than attacks, I stirred up from their siesta my comical old zany-looking coachman, who soon donned his blue cap decorated with radii of red and yellow cord, and his close-bodied blue frock—oddly agreeing with the dark pantaloons nature gave him—and the similarly-dressed miniature footman; and my establishment drove into town by the so-called "Dhobee (Washerwoman's) Gate." The low meadow formed by the nearly dry bed of the river, covered with dresses of all colors spread out in the sun, and broken up with little ponds and green islands, where the *dhobees* were rinsing the clothes, and slapping them on large stones, presented a gay and novel scene.

On arriving at the beach, it was a relief to see our ship once more righted and looking so large among the fleet. The trouble had been as we presumed. The ice, on the opening of the hold, was found to have melted away so on one side that the blocks formed a series of descending steps across. They usually expect to lose about half the cargo; but in this case 500 tons left only 190.

Friday, March 24. Studying the Tamil to-day, I was amused to find that caste extends even into the Grammar. Thus there is "masculine, high caste," "singular, of no caste."

When I looked a little into the structure of the language, the circuitous way of expressing the simplest things, I was the less surprised at the people's prolix jabber in the streets when any dispute arises or any sudden emergency requires practical decision. . . . The tameness of the crows here reminds me of the old fables. I am sure I saw to-day, perched on the blind of one of the office-windows, under the eaves, the identical crow from which Reynard wheedled away the cheese. What an old-headed look he had, as, with his twinkling eye and long, nose-like bill, he turned the subject this side and that, and then leaned forward and listened to objections! . . . On my way home met a large company of native Christians returning from some service, and soon after—far different sight!—a wagon-load of great wooden gods, probably changing their residence.

Saturday. How delightful the fanning of the sea-breeze this hot day! Every morning the clouds make one hope for rain, but "all signs fail in a dry time." My driver took me through the Fort, which is a city in itself. We passed across draw-bridges, over moats, through ponderous iron gates, through streets of cannon, pyramids of balls, looking like the brown-tiled roofs of native huts, and through squares of Londonish-looking houses, and emerged on the esplanade.

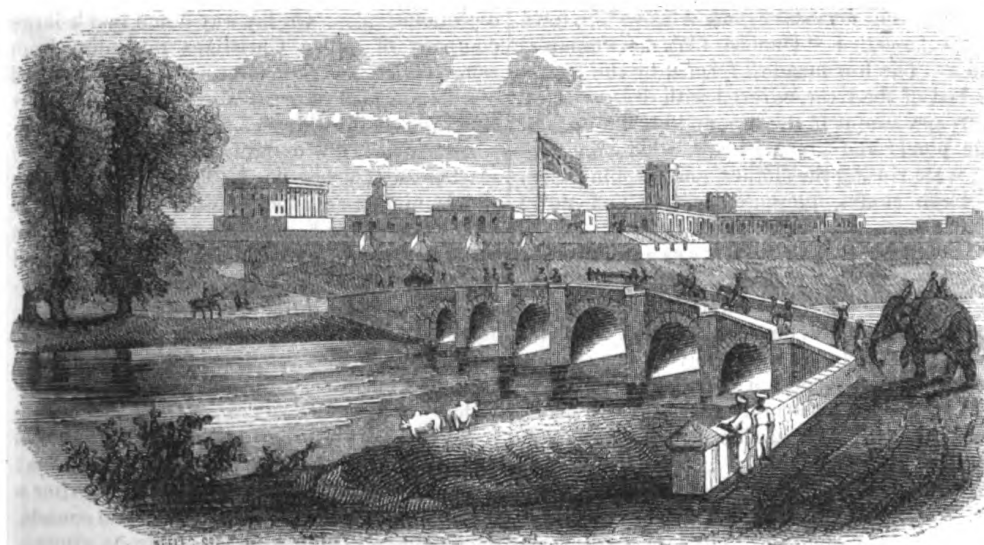
Sunday. Beautifully did it break. What a warbling of birds and humming of insects! "They shout for joy, they also sing." After a week so crowded with strange sights and sounds, the day of rest came with healing in its wings—even the wings of the wind on which the Spirit

of the Lord still stirred among the trees of the garden. Soon after breakfast I started for the little chapel of Pursewaukum. When I reached Mr. Roberts's chapel, he was reading the Scriptures with a singular *canto*, the hearers with their Bibles carefully following. After the reading came the Liturgy (the book of service being a translation into Tamil of the amended Common Prayer used by the English Unitarians), and then the singing (of hymns composed by the preacher's father). The music was singular; the metre was always *long*—in fact, of the longest kind. The preacher would "deacon off" a stanza, then the chorister would rise and sing it through, swelling slowly to the close of each line with a peculiar and indescribable nasal hum-m-m, which, in the chorus by the congregation—the children's shrill voices quite prominent—was still more marked and intense. The sermon, of which I understood nothing but *Para varan* (the Supreme Spirit), and *Amen*, repeated by the audience with a most hearty twang, as if they were reluctant to let it go from their closed lips, was delivered with quiet earnestness. One thing was enlivening. Whenever there was a text to be cited, the speaker would simply name the place, and then whoever found it first would read (or chant) it out, and then the discourse would proceed.

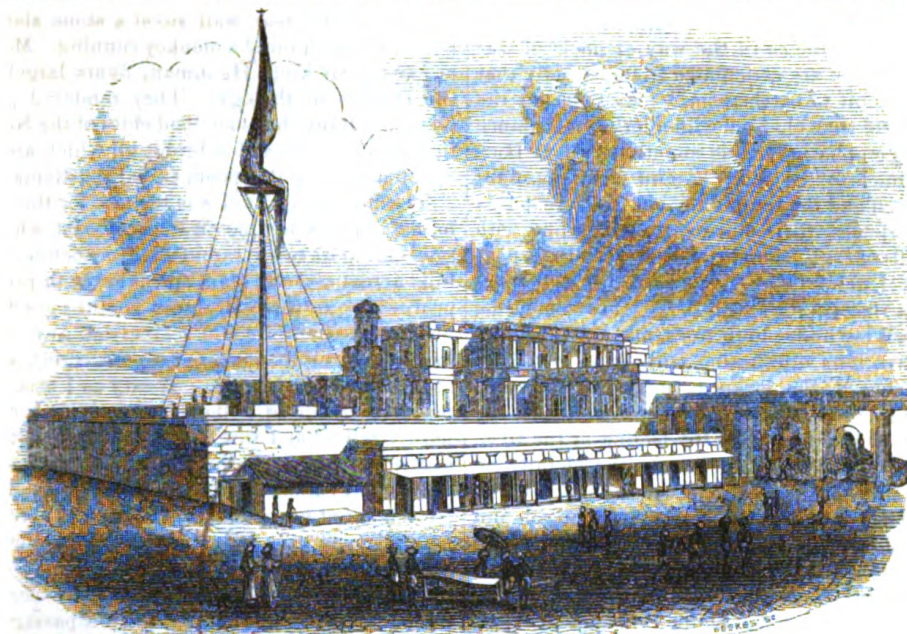
At 6 p.m. I went to the English Cathedral, where I had the satisfaction of hearing the English service in an English Church and on English ground. Somehow or other that service does not seem at home, except on English ground and English lips. The sermon, on Paul's kicking against the pricks, was a good one, though too much time was spent in describing the ox-goad and its *modus operandi*. The building is a very elegant one, the *chunam* (hard finish) almost rivaling the marble of the monuments that line the walls. There is a statue of Bishop Heber by Chantrey: he stands looking mildly and

tenderly on a native convert who sits at his feet. Along each side of the house and over the desks hung large punkas, with which natives outside were cooling the Christians within; and over one or two pews were flying more vigorously private punkas, with a border and fringe of richer silk than the public ones boasted. A more comfortable-looking array of people than the men who occupied the heads of the pews I have seldom seen.

Monday forenoon I drove to the Fort. Saw on the way two Persians from the northwest frontier, with grave faces, aquiline noses, dim smoky-looking eyes, with a profusion of coal-black hair curling down to their shoulders, surmounted by little gray skull-caps. The Fort is a vast establishment. The extent of surface in the armory, covered with guns, swords, and pistols, grouped in the fanciful shapes of star, sun, shell, and flower (suns with bayonets for rays—sun-flowers of the God of War!)—it was amazing. I saw the standards taken from Sikhs, Chinese, and other races in different wars, two long, delicately-shaped brass cannon captured from Tippoo Saib, droll and clumsy Chinese guns, war-knives like butchers' cleavers, a triangular Chinese imperial flag, and last (and most abominable of all), what were intended to scare the British from the country (and might well scare any person of taste), two short, big-mouthed mortars, flanking one of the archways, elaborately shaped to represent, with distended jaws and squatting haunches, two tigers, but tigers the like of which is certainly not on earth. Reached home in time to see a queer specimen of Oriental life on a small scale in the compound. It had, I believe, something to do with bigamy, as each of the parties, an old man and a young, had two wives (one, I suppose, to do the drudgery and the other to do the quarreling). Whatever the trouble was, there was a dreadful discomposing of turbans and tempers, and pulling



WESTERN ENTRANCE, FORT GEORGE.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FORT GEORGE.

of scalps, and a threat of suicide by the younger antagonist, and a rush to the river, and a shriek of women, and out came those grave and graceful peons and stopped it all. Walking with Daniel at sundown across the bed of the river, I was pleasantly carried back to childish days by finding the little red and black guinea-peas in their dry, open pods climbing over the prickly pear. The following cut represents a sight often witnessed in India. I saw it to-day in the compound.

I have now to describe the most interesting part of my India life—an excursion made by night in a palanquin to the Seven Pagodas and the remains of the sea-buried city (tradition says) of Mavalipoor. The distance was about thirty-

six miles southward, along the coast. I made the arrangements in the morning (Tuesday, March 28), by which I was to pay for the whole excursion about ten dollars, together with *batta* (or perquisites) to the bearers. The regulations allow each bearer $3\frac{1}{2}$ annas (sixteenths of a rupee), that is, about ten cents for every ten miles. Basil Hall thinks the bearers are well paid at that rate; but it certainly seemed to me small enough, especially when the price of rice is quadrupled, to give a man for two nights and a day seventy-five cents, when our town watch never get less than one dollar a night for walking the street. One would hardly like to make horses of his fellow-creatures at a lower rate. Just as the sun went down the pal-

kee with its twelve bearers and *musal-chee* (torch-bearer) entered the compound. Each man had on a turban, a longer cloth than usual wound round his loins, and in his hand a bamboo staff.

The band-box of "grub," the night-cap, etc., being stowed away, and the earthen *gogglet* of water hung outside on one of the poles, I crept in and we started. It was the most extraordinary kind of traveling (except *that* voyage) I ever tried. The bearers relieve each other by fours about every five minutes, enlivening the tedious work with a kind of cross between a chant and a grunt. I amused myself for a while by trying to imitate with English words their wild strains, but soon had to give it up. Basil Hall says: "Mostly the men in front use one kind of groan or grunt, which is answered by another from those behind. These sounds often



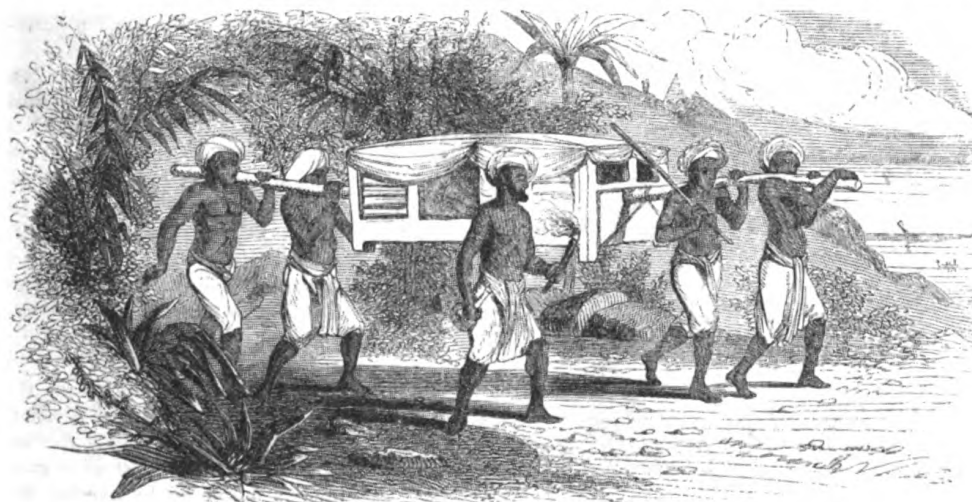
approach a scream, and frequently include warnings against stones in the way or pools of water, but these are articulated so indistinctly that it is difficult to catch them." As they left the compound they chanted with a jerk and a jounce at every emphatic syllable something like; "Hurry, come! diddy, diddy!" and when, as night deepened and the torch flung out its glare across the darkness, their strains, intermingling with the yells of the *sirdar* (head-bearer), "Pas! pas! (quick!) uhu! heigh!" sounded just as if there were a street-fight ahead of us. For some time our road lay under high trees, and between rows of native huts alternating with villas and gardens; but, as the darkness increased, it opened out to a broad view of the stars, and at last the stretch of the plain, and the feeling of the fresh breeze that swept it, indicated the vicinity of the ocean. Then I closed the blinds, laid my head on the straps, which could be raised and lowered at pleasure, and fell into a doze, till in my dreams the *sirdar* (transformed into a handsome youth) had me confidentially by the arm, and was telling me that all the gang had deserted, and then what could I do but wake? Nothing happened but the usual stop at midnight for the bearers to take their supper, and when they set me down in the sand the sudden silence had disturbed the doze which had been produced by the jar and jargon. When we set off again I slept little more. Opening the blinds at the first glimpse of dawn, I saw only that we were crossing a broad plain covered with patches of some vine creeping over a bed of sand.

The palkee stopped, I stepped out, and the *sirdar* pointed across to the rocky hills of Mavalipoor rising on our right. We entered the village about sunrise, and the palkee was carried up the steps and set down on the rock floor of what seemed at first to be a sort of horse-shed, but which, upon getting in, I found to be the remnant of an old rock temple of which it had probably formed the front. It was open in front, and supported by several square pillars, rounded at intervals, and bearing reliefs of Vishnu. In

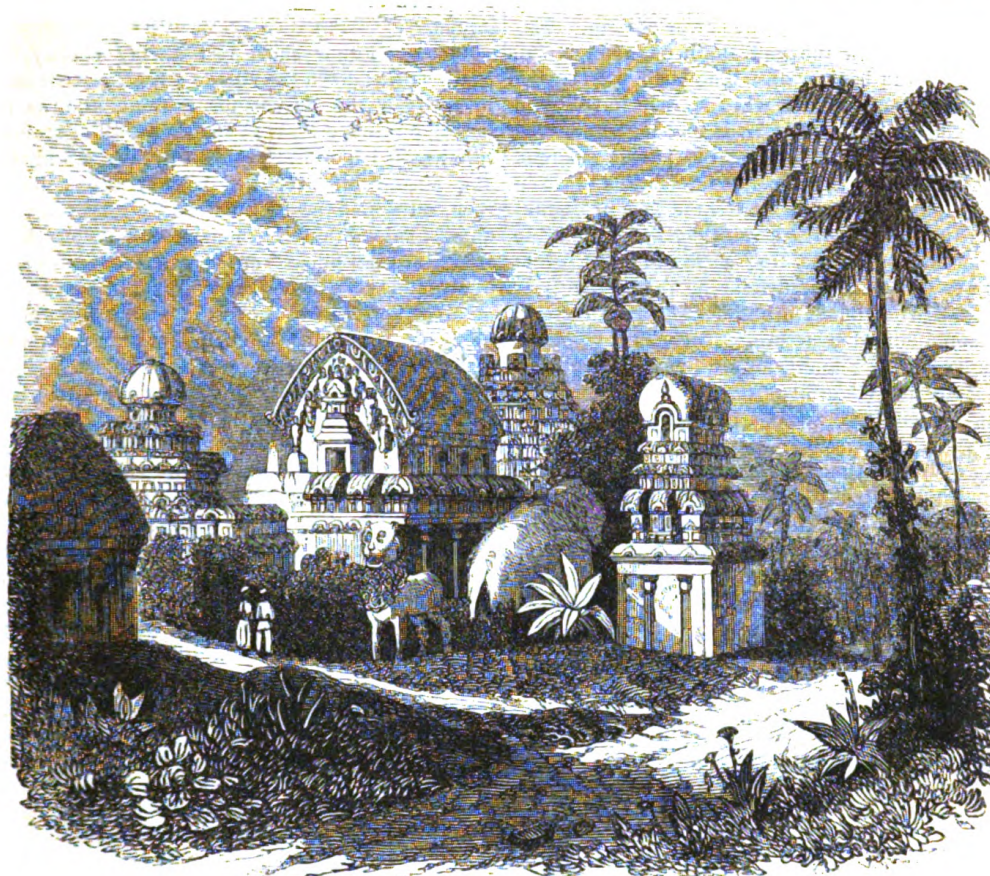
a niche of the rear wall stood a stone slab on which was sculptured a monkey running. Monkeys and their king, Hanuman, figure largely in the Hindoo mythology. They rendered great service to Ram, the old deified chief of the North, in recovering his stolen bride, all which are recounted in a popular poem called the *Ramayun*.

The first thing I did was to start for the celebrated old rock temple on the sea-coast, which I saw rearing its two pyramid tops from behind sand hills across a sandy plain sprinkled with prickly pear. Two or three Brahmin youths joined our little procession (I could scarcely go any where in the East on foot without a procession), as we approached the temple. Weary as I was, and pestered by those officious cicerones, I could hardly tell what I saw or felt. The first thing that impressed me distinctly was a gigantic stone figure of Vishnu, considerably mutilated, lying stretched out on his back, with two or three of his four arms and one of his legs partly broken and partly buried in the dirt (which is trodden to the fineness of powder), in a small dark cavernous room. I passed through the narrow passage between the temple and the wall that incloses it up to the eaves, and stood in the high door-way which opens directly upon those waters, beneath which, according to the legend, lies sunk the ancient city of Mahabalipoorum (the city of the great Bali,) and beneath which are said to have been sometimes seen the peaks of its pagodas. The morning sun was gleaming forth from a bank of blue clouds, upon the waves that foamed and flashed up over the rocks and ruins that lie here in confusion, and around the base of the dark stone column, the solitary survivor (one might fancy) of the great submarine city of temples that stretches at its foot.

Next, I crossed over to the so-called "Seven Pagodas." (There is a doubt about the number, and, in fact some say the proper title is *Siven's* Pagodas, meaning that they belong to Siva, the third person of the Hindoo triad.) On entering the grounds at the foot of the rock-hill, between the temple of Vishnu, on one hand, and the sa-



PALANQUIN TRAVELING.



SCULPTURED ROCKS AT MAVALIPOOR.

cred tank of the cottages of the Brahmins on the other, I was met by some of the chief priests—Pharisees and Sadducees of the College—who, with almost impudent assurance, proceeded to hurry me along through the routine of sights, over splintered rocks and prickly pear, impressing upon me particularly that there were “seven pagoda” (counting them on their fingers), and winding up all their flourishes with a hint at the expected bucksheesh. In one of the little pagodas, cut out of the hill-side, to which we climbed, a school of children was in session, but they probably got a holiday, for the schoolmaster as well as the doctor soon joined our party. These pompous ignoramuses always took care to explain that “that was a monkey,” and “this was an elephant,” carved on the rock; but where I wanted light could give none. I really saw nothing for a good hour save that there was a sight of things to see. So I returned to my palkee, there dismissing my guides with a slight donation, which I almost repented when the poor of the village crowded round with outstretched hands, in which they ever and anon buried their foreheads; and when, even as I lay in my chamber with half-closed eyes, I could see them in the road, salaming and supplicating afar off toward the “Englishman’s” retreat.

After breakfasting, to the great entertain-

ment of the public, I set off alone for the sea-temple, bathed my head in the waves, abstracted with difficulty some shells wedged in the crevices of the rocks, and after creeping about a while in the cool corners and caverns, returned to my palkee and took a siesta; after which I made a third excursion to the same old structure, and at last caught something of the *genus loci*. I am not sure that I can give dimensions, and I doubt whether it would be of any use if I could. It was not the size, but the shape, the sculpturing, and, above all, the situation of the temple, that lent it such a profound interest in my sight. It seemed to be one temple composed of two joined back to back. (Bishop Heber compares these double pagodas to English tea-canisters.) The pyramidal top of the lower half, looking inland, might be about thirty, and of the other that faced the sea forty feet high. As you entered the holy place of the lower temple, you saw sculptured on the back wall the four-armed god, while minor forms of “gods and bulls” looked out, dim with age, from the other walls and from the side-posts; and, indeed, there was hardly a jutting or retreating angle (and the same was true on the outside, from base to pinnacle) that was not cut into some quaint shape of life. But the most august aspect of the building was when you looked up from the rocks at the great door,

through which the sea had evidently dashed up many a time, mocking the power of man. Entering, you saw the god again on a huge slab set into the back wall. The floor was buried deep with sand, out of which (and I have found no explanation of this, as it had no connection with the rest of the architecture) there emerged six or eight feet obliquely a sixteen-sided broken shaft of dark stone, about three feet in diameter, the sides of which were polished to marble smoothness. The thing seems to me a great mystery. One would imagine that some commotion from beneath had forced up a column of some buried structure. Nor was it the least imposing thing about this old temple, to see how Nature had come in after man had retired, to add majesty and attract a new awe to his works, by rounding away the rude outlines and throwing over those sculptured forms a singular spiritual indefiniteness and obscurity, analogous to that produced in Allston's unfinished picture by the chalking out of Belshazzar's face. Even in the shaping of the loose rocks on the shore, one could hardly distinguish, sometimes, Nature's hand from that of human art. On the whole, I suspect that, though many more vast, there is hardly a more impressive structure in India, when you consider the singularity of the situation, the mystery that haunts the scene, and the grace of outline and proportion visible

amidst so much that is so grotesque and monstrous.

After another short rest at my choltry, I again sallied down the village street, and struck in through the bushes for a final, and, as I hoped, a solitary study of the great hill of sculptured rock I had first seen in the early morning. We passed on over the hill of broad, bare rock, on which several carriages might drive abreast, along by the monstrous boulder that stood almost poised on the rounding slope. Workmen were busy quarrying and sculpturing among the trees and bushes. We paused a moment before a well-executed lion reposing on a slab; continued our way along the sides and across the corners of the rocks, by artificial steps, till we came in sight of the beautiful little temple of Ganesh (the god of wisdom), perched, not inappropriately, on the very forehead of the eminence, and there I stopped to look down on a singularly beautiful landscape. Eastward, and just below, lay the Brahminy cottages and temples; and, beyond, the little lone temple on the sea-coast, with the waves whitening around it. On the west, cocoa-nut groves, fields, meadows, and inland waters, and, far beyond all, the range of hills (still blue) on which we had gazed from our vessel the evening opposite Sadras. Winding down round the foot of the crag of Ganesha, we returned through a



EXCAVATED TEMPLE.

defile along by several temples hewn into the rocks, their walls crowded with warlike scenes and personages of Hindoo mythology, and so I got back to my palkee tabernacle, and about an hour before sundown my bearers took up their line of march homeward.

The day following was one of rest and hope, for all signs betokened rain. The wind blowing vehemently on shore rolled in heavier surf, crows flew restlessly in every direction, clouds of bricky dust swept the esplanade—I thought the poor cripples and blind beggars at the bridge, who sat holding out their little paws, would catch other rains than golden ones. At last, at midnight, there came a short, smart rain.

The next day all creation seemed glad of the relief of even so short a shower. I drove over to see Mr. Roberts at his home in Royapettah. It might almost as well be called a cavern as a house, in which, introduced by some of those mild, intellectual-looking disciples, I found the brave young defender of "the faith once delivered to the saints" seated in a cool corner of the inner court, white dressed, cool and cheerful, with piles of his own and his father's manuscripts around him, in two chests beside him his *book and tract depository*. I gathered from our conversation that he had to support himself and family, two school-masters partly, a catechist, a chorister, and a colporteur, for about two or three hundred dollars a year. Having noticed a man in red regimentals at his chapel, I inquired who he was. He replied that it was the servant of a Nawab, whose brother-in law had a great desire to see me.

The next morning, after breakfast, my visitors came in the Nawab's carriage, with, in addition to the runners, an outrider in red regimentals, whom I immediately recognized. The Mussulman was dressed in a white turban and a white gown, over which he wore a figured silk spencer that tied in front. He had with him his little son, whom, for the sake of befriending Mr. Roberts, he employs him to teach. I found him a remarkably acute and amiable person, and he talked English very successfully. Almost the first inquiry he made was about the views of one *Joseph Smith*, whose followers had reached Calcutta, and who, he had got the odd impression, was from Oxford. I was struck with his abrupt introduction of this subject, because I had so often thought of Mormonism as a sort of Mohammedanism of the West. He showed me a letter he had written to the Unitarians of England, asking sympathy in the common warfare against polytheism and idolatry. He said he had heard Jews, Mohammedans, and Unitarians lumped together as worshipping *an idol of the brain, a god in one person*.

The second Sunday I attended, with my host,

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SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH.

the Scotch kirk, Saint Andrew's Church, a grand building, vigorous, chaste, and elegant in its style of architecture, with the inscription, "*Auspicio Regis et Senatus Angliæ*," across the rear; and, within, combining a solemn simplicity with ease, freedom, and goodness of aspect. The minister had the regular old sing-song of the Covenanters, which he carried even into the reading of *notices*, but his sermon had spirit and fire. He described the slyness of the devil as Burns, when attending kirk with his "reverend grannie," had, no doubt, often heard it described. In the evening I heard the senior minister—who reminded me of Cowper's picture of a good preacher in his "Task."

Monday morning I gave Daniel, at his urgent request, a likeness of the elder Roberts. I never saw him in such raptures. He remembered the old man's preaching, and now he burst forth, as often as he peeped in at the picture, with more enthusiasm than grammatical accuracy: "Ah! I va-ary glad to have this! That va-ary much sensible man! gr-r-reat sensible man!"

The following evening, for the first and only time, I went to a dinner-party. The dining-hall was a scene of striking brilliancy and gorgeousness. To look at that long glittering table under the rich silk-edged punka, and that imposing assemblage of turbaned and robed servants, all waiting at the head of the table—every guest brings his "boy" with him on such occasions—one would have fancied it a select dinner to some ambassador.

The next morning I visited the Ice-house; ascended to the office by a long, covered, brick stairway, followed by a great wind and a little boy. I have tasted a variety of the fruits of India, but none of them, not even the golden pulp of the mango, was, according to my taste, equal to the great, cool Baldwin apple from America, handed to me out of a barrel at the Ice-house. They sell here at a rupee a dozen. Went into the round tower-chamber, commanding the bay and the fine vista of the road to the Fort. In a niche stands a bust with this inscription:

FREDERICK TUDOR

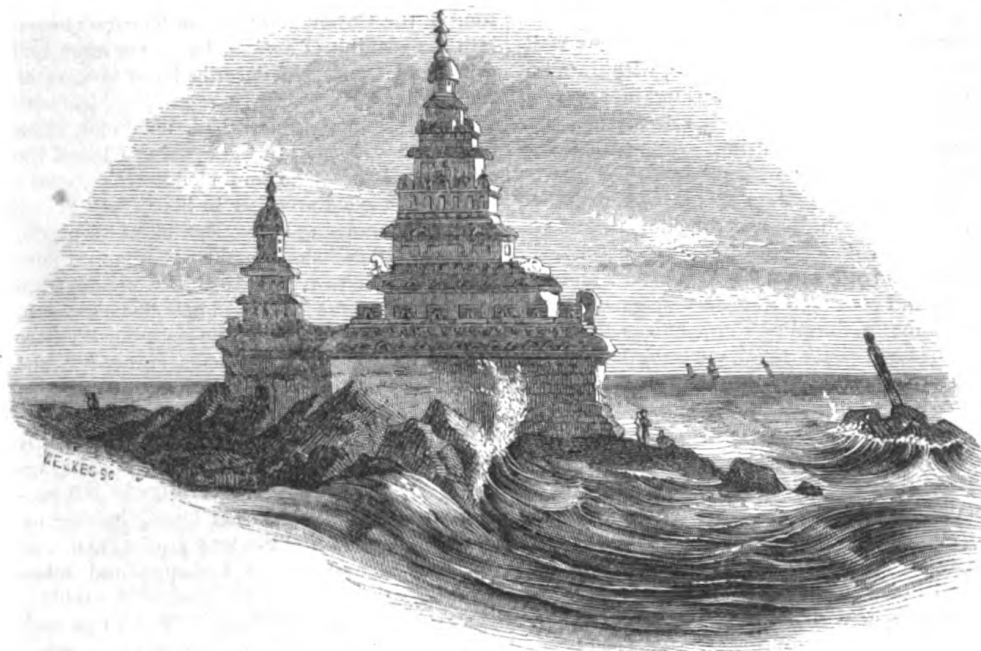
Originated the Ice-trade, 1805-6.

Extended it to India, 1834.

Thursday, April 6. Met with Basil Hall's complete works. He compares the thunder of Madras beach to the noise of Niagara as he heard it five miles off. In the afternoon, returning from a drive to the beach of the Portuguese Catholic town of St. Thomè, we passed through the crowded, dirty old district of Triplicane, the Mussulman quarter, along by the bazars where swarmed the living, and the burying-grounds where rested the dead. We saw the palace of the Nawab, the descendant of the Nabobs of Arcot (*Kink* of the *Mawmen*, Daniel called him—i. e., King of the Mohammedans), whose long wall exposed to the street its dingy, dilapidated pretensions. But the drive through the Street of Tombs, I should think a mile long, presented the most dismal, lugubrious spectacle I had yet witnessed. Far as eye could reach, in under the low branches of the trees, bare clay mounds rose in a long succession of rows, interspersed along the road-side, here and there, with a crumbling, toppling, old brick mausoleum, usually open on all sides with arches, but some-

times closed with an old, paintless, locked wooden door, many of them entirely ruined and neglected; all seemed to be staggering under a dreadful curse.

The morning after I visited a large school connected with the American Mission. As we entered the girls' department 150 little hands flew to 150 little foreheads in a general salam, and as we approached the boys' building up rose the whole school with a flustering noise, and some 500 bright eyes were turned on me from under the tall, many-shaped white cotton caps that set off so singularly the dark visages beneath. It was pleasing to see their eagerness for knowledge, which would have shamed multitudes of school-boys in our own favored land. Next I called and took leave of Dr. Scudder, who (his children being scattered as missionaries) was left all alone in his great house, like a tree that has shaken far away from itself its abundant fruit; and I spent the rest of the day in a very interesting visit to the celebrated school of the Free Church of Scotland. As I entered the noise was almost stunning that came from the whirl of all the wheels of that great educating machinery. Looking along under the arches of the vast brick-floored building, I saw Mr. Anderson, as he read my letter, come, peering over it, to meet me. He was a tall, bony person, a fine specimen of the Scotch master, with considerable brogue, and an eye eager, almost to wildness, with enthusiasm in his work. "Silence!" he yelled along the arches, and then we went the rounds of the successive classes that sate encircling their (mostly) native teachers. It was curious to see with what spirit the teachers and pupils, in their sharp voices, would *pop* at each other the questions and answers, leaning forward and charging home on each



TEMPLE OF MAHABALIPURUM.

other at the point of the—finger. It was a great battle against the powers of darkness that rang through those halls. We closed our morning round with listening to a class of ten young women, with remarkably fine forms, heads, and faces, who sang delightfully the hymn,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer’s ear!”

After *tiffin* the theological class was examined by Veucatareamiah and Rajahgopaul (two eminent native preachers, of whom the latter made a great sensation not long since in Scotland). It was a little dreary to hear those young converts so glibly reciting Calvin’s Institutes; but when they opened Paul’s Epistle to the Romans, and two of them would stand over against each other and charge at each other with hard questions, the scene was quite spirited and somewhat edifying.

Sunday, April 9. As we started for church the native convert, who offered his services a day or two ago to preach to the servants every Sunday at three rupees (\$1 50) a month, arrived, and the little audience sat down on the veranda. The old man put on his spectacles, and we just peeped at an order of exercises he had written down: 1. Prayers; 2. A story from the Bible; 3. A chapter of Hebrews; 4. *Exposition of the heart*. I should like to have heard the last part, which I doubt not was better than what we did hear at St. Mary’s Church in the Fort, whither we went. It was crowded, and the punkas were flying in every direction. As we arrived a little army of white-clad boys was filing into the rear of the house. The first *shock* produced by the sudden and *slam-bang* responding of that precocious gang of soldier boys, who determined to be loudest and not last, was extremely annoying; and the preaching, to me, was not bread but stone.

Monday, April 10, was my last day on shore. I had seen and felt about all my brain and body would bear, and was ready to beat a retreat to the ship. But I must make one farewell visit to Mr. Roberts, who had promised to meet me at the chapel. While waiting for him there I heard the children of the school recite. The rapidity and volubility which they brought with them from their own language gave a singular *staccato* to their enunciation of our condensed English, with its frequent monosyllables. It often made the passing natives stop in the street, who, when they did not keep a respectful distance, were admonished (and sometimes *assisted*) by the teacher to do what Joe had to do in the “Bleak House”—“*move on.*”

On Tuesday morning I gave Daniel his money and his “character” (which I hope he will never sell to any one who is unworthy of it), and in the afternoon went down to the beach to be carried to the ship. Having lifted me into the boat the fellows began butting and boosting, and as she began to float one by one they leaped in, rigged their long paddles, and with yells of “*Jilly! jilly!*” and then screams of “*Yarry! yarry!*” they strained from one advancing break-

er to the next; and when, at last, they reached the billows beyond the surf, they began their alternate chanting, and when they reached the ship they set up a sort of triumphal song, the burden of which was

“Bombagay! bombagay!”

but what it meant I can not say.

A whole week we had to lie in the Roads. Easter holidays made it impossible to get any business done for the ship for half that time. At last, by the evening of April 18 all was aboard. What a brilliant and motley array of lights celebrated that last evening before Madras! There were the lights along shore of houses and bridges; the great revolving, glowing eye of the light-house; the heat-lightning playing out of the blue cloud above it; the lights from the surrounding shipping; the flashing phosphorescence of the billows, and the everlasting stars.

THE KING CONQUERED.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

IT was the 14th of July, 1789, when the exasperated people of Paris stormed the Bastille. Immediately the conquerors decreed that this execrable fortress of despotism should be utterly demolished.* The 14th of July was one of the most memorable days France has known. During all the day, from its earliest dawn, and through the hours of the succeeding night, the whole city presented an aspect of tumult and terror such as has rarely been witnessed on earth.

While these scenes were transpiring in Paris, the Court at Versailles, but poorly informed respecting the real attitude of affairs, were preparing, on the evening of that very day, with all the concentrated troops of the monarchy, to drown the insurrection in Paris in blood, to disperse the National Assembly then in session at Versailles, to consign to the dungeon and the scaffold Lafayette, Mirabeau, Bailly, Sieyès, and others of its most illustrious members, and to rivet anew the shackles of despotism which for ages had bound the people of France hand and foot.

M. Berthier, one of the high officers of the crown, aided by his father-in-law, M. Foulon, under-Minister of War, was intensely active, marshaling the troops and giving orders for the attack. Conscious of the opposition to be encountered, and regardless of the carnage which would ensue, they had planned a simultaneous assault upon the city at seven different points. Entertaining no apprehension that the Bastille could be taken, or that the populace, however desperate, could present any effectual resistance to the disciplined troops of the crown, they were elated with the hope that the decisive hour for the victory of the Court had arrived.

* “Vanished is the Bastille, what we call vanished; the body or sand-stones of it hanging in benign metamorphosis, for centuries to come, over the Seine waters, as *Pont Louis Seize* (Bridge of Louis XVI.); the soul of it living perhaps still longer in the memories of men.”—CARLYLE, *Fr. Rev.*, I. 202.

The Queen could not conceal her exultation. With the Duchess of Polignac, one of the most haughty of the aristocratic party, and with other leading members of the Court, she went to the Orangery, where a regiment of foreign troops were stationed, excited the enthusiasm of the soldiers by her presence, and caused wine and gold to be freely distributed among them. In the intoxication of the moment the soldiers sang, danced, shouted, clashed their weapons, and denounced the people, and swore eternal fidelity to the Queen.*

But these bright hopes were soon blighted. A cloud of dust was seen, moving with the sweep of the whirlwind, through the Avenue of Paris. It was the cavalry of Lambesc, flying before the people. Soon after, a messenger rushed breathless into the presence of the Court and announced that the Bastille was taken, and that the troops in Paris refused to fire upon the people. While he was yet speaking another came with the tidings that De Launay and Flesselles were both slain. The Queen was deeply affected and wept bitterly. "The idea," writes Madame Campan, "that the King had lost such devoted subjects wounded her to the heart." The Court party was now plunged into consternation. The truth flashed upon them that, while the people were exasperated to the highest pitch, the troops could no longer be depended upon for the defense of the aristocracy.

The masses, enraged by the insults and aggressions of the privileged classes, still appreciated the kindly nature of the King, and spoke of him with respect and even affection. Efforts were made by the Court to conceal from Louis the desperate state of affairs, and at his usual hour of eleven o'clock he retired to his bed, by no means conscious that the sceptre of power had passed from his hands.

The Duke of Liancourt, whose office as Grand Master of the Wardrobe allowed him to enter the chamber of the King at any hour, was a sincere friend of Louis. He could not see him rush blindly to destruction, and accordingly, entering his chamber and sitting down by his bed-side, he gave him a truthful narrative of events in Paris. The King, astonished and alarmed, exclaimed,

"Why, it is a revolt!"

"Nay, Sire," replied Liancourt, "it is a revolution."

The King immediately resolved that he would, the next morning, without any ceremony, visit the National Assembly and attempt a reconciliation. The leading members of the Court, now fully conscious of their peril, were assembled in

the saloons of the Duchess of Polignac, some already suggesting flight from the realm, to implore the aid of foreign kings.* The Assembly was still, during the midnight hours, deliberating in great anxiety. Many of the members, utterly exhausted by their uninterrupted session by day and by night, were slumbering upon the benches. It was known by all that this was the night assigned for the great assault, and a rumor was passing upon all lips that the Hall of the Assembly had been undermined, that all the Deputies might be blown into the air.

Paris at this hour presented a scene of awful tumult. It was momentarily expected that the royal troops would arrive with cavalry and artillery, and that from the heights of Montmartre bomb-shells would be rained down upon the devoted city. Men, women, and children were at work preparing for defense. The Bastille was guarded and garrisoned. The pavements were torn up, barricades erected, and ditches dug. The windows were illuminated to throw the light of day into the streets. Paving-stones and heavy articles of furniture were conveyed to the roofs of the houses to be thrown down upon the assailing columns. Every smith was employed forging pikes, and thousands of hands were busy casting bullets. Tumultuous throngs of characterless and desperate men swept the streets, rioting in the general anarchy. The watchwords established by the citizen-patrols were "Washington" and "Liberty." Thus passed the night of the 14th of July in the Chateau of Versailles, in the Hall of the Assembly, and in the streets of Paris.

At two o'clock in the morning of the 15th the Assembly ceased its deliberations for a few hours, and the members, though the session was still continued, sought such repose as they could obtain in their seats. At eight o'clock the discussions were resumed. It was resolved to send a deputation of twenty-four members, again to implore the King to respect the rights of the people, and no longer to suffer them to be goaded to madness by insults and oppression. As the deputation was about to leave, Mirabeau rose and said:†

* "The fact was," writes the Marquis of Ferrières, a member of the Court and the impartial chronicler of its movements, "that the night had passed at the palace in the utmost agitation and indecision. Council after council was held. The ministers insisted that the troops should act. But, besides the unhappy consequences that it was possible might ensue from so violent a measure, of which the success was very uncertain, Louis XVI. had an invincible repugnance to every measure that could give occasion to the shedding of the blood of Frenchmen."

† On this day, July 15, 1789, Lally Tollendal made a noble speech in the Assembly, which shows clearly what was the Constitution which the people demanded, and the reasonableness of that demand. The following brief abstract of the speech will show its spirit:

"You have no law which enacts that the States-General are an integral part of the sovereignty; no law which fixes the periodical return of your States-General, for it is one hundred and seventy-five years since they were assembled. You have no law to protect your individual safety and liberty from arbitrary attacks. During the reign of a king, whose justice is known, and whose prob-

* "The Duchess of Polignac was the most intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. Though enjoying an income from the crown of 292,000 francs (\$58,400) annually, she was deemed poor when compared with others of the nobles. The Queen had assigned her a magnificent suite of apartments in the Palace of Versailles, at the head of the marble stairs. The saloons of the Duchess were the rendezvous of the Court in all its plottings against the people. Here originated that aristocratic club which called into being antagonistic popular clubs all over the kingdom."—MADAME CAMPAN, I. 189; Weber, II. 23.

"Tell the King that the foreign hordes surrounding us received yesterday the caresses, encouragement, and bribes of the Court; that all night long these foreign satellites, gorged with money and wine, in their impious songs have predicted the enslavement of France, and have invoked the destruction of the National Assembly; tell him that in his very palace the courtiers have mingled dancing with these impious songs, and that such was the prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"

He had hardly uttered these words ere the Duke of Liancourt entered, and announced that the King was coming in person to visit the Assembly. The doors were thrown open, and, to the astonishment of the Assembly, the King, without guard or escort, and accompanied only by his two brothers, entered. A shout of applause greeted him. In a short and touching speech the King won to himself the hearts of all. He assured them of his confidence in the Assembly; that he had never contemplated its violent dissolution; and that he sincerely desired to unite with the Assembly in consulting for the best interests of the nation. He also declared that he had issued orders for the withdrawal of the troops both from Paris and Versailles, and that hereafter the counsels of the National Assembly should be the guide of his administration.*

This conciliatory speech was received by the mass of the deputies with rapturous applause. The aristocratic party were, however, excessively chagrined, and retiring by themselves, with whispers and frowns, gave vent to their vexation. But their feeble murmurs were drowned in the general applause. Nearly the whole As-

sembly is respected by all Europe, ministers have caused your magistrates to be torn from the sanctuary of the laws by armed satellites. In the preceding reign all the magistrates in the kingdom were dragged from their seats, from their homes, and scattered by exile, some on the tops of mountains, others in the slough of marshes, all in situations more obnoxious than the most horrible of prisons. You have no law which establishes the liberty of the press. Up to this time your thoughts have been enslaved, your wishes chained, the cry of your hearts under oppression has been stifled, sometimes under the despotism of individuals, at others by the still more terrible despotism of bodies. You have no law requiring your consent to taxes. For two centuries you have been taxed three or four hundred millions, without consenting to a single one. You have no law which establishes the responsibility of the ministers of the crown. The creators of sanguinary commissions, the issuers of arbitrary orders, the dilapidators of the public exchequer, the violators of the sanctuary of justice, have been called to no account, have undergone no punishment. Lastly, you have no *great charter* upon which rests a fixed and invariable order, from which each one learns how much of his liberty and property he ought to sacrifice for the sake of preserving the rest, which insures all rights, which defines all powers.

"It is this Constitution, gentlemen, that I wish for. It is this Constitution that is the object for which we were sent hither, and which ought to be the aim of all our labors."

Such were the rights for which the people were contending.

* Hist. Phil. de la Rev. Fr., par Ant. Fantin Desodours, t. 1 165; M. Rabaut de St Etienne, t. 1 69; Hist. Parlem., ii. 117.

sembly rose in honor of the King, and, surrounding him in tumultuous joy, they escorted him back to his palace. A vast crowd from Paris and Versailles thronged the streets, filling the air with congratulatory shouts.

The Queen, who was sitting anxiously in her boudoir, heard the uproar, and was greatly terrified. Soon it was announced to her that the King was returning in triumph. She stepped out upon a balcony, and looked down upon the broad avenue filled with a countless multitude. The King was on foot. The deputies encircled him, interlacing their arms to protect him from the crowd, which was surging around with every demonstration of attachment and joy.

The people really loved the kind-hearted King, but they already understood that foible in his character which eventually led to his ruin. A woman of Versailles pressed her way through the deputies to the King, and, with great simplicity, exclaimed:

"Oh, my King! are you quite sincere? Will they not make you change your mind again?"

"No," replied the King; "I will never change."

The feeble Louis did not know himself. He was then sincere. But in less than an hour he was again wavering, being undecided whether to carry out his pacific policy of respecting the just demands of the people, or to fly from the realm and invoke the aid of foreign despots to bring the people again into subjection to feudal tyranny. It was well known that the Queen, educated in the school of Austrian despotism, the brothers of the King, and the Polignacs, were the implacable foes of reform, and that it was through their counsels that the Assembly and the nation were menaced with violence.*

As soon as the Queen was seen upon the balcony, with her son and daughter by her side, the shouts of applause were redoubled. But now murmurs began to mingle with the acclaim. A few execrations were heard against the obnoxious members of the Court. Still the general voice was enthusiastic in loyalty, and, when the Queen descended to the foot of the marble stairs, and threw herself into the arms of the King, every murmur was hushed, and confidence and happiness seemed to fill all hearts.†

A cabinet council was immediately held in the palace to deliberate respecting the next step to be taken. The Assembly returned to their hall, and immediately chose a deputation of one hundred members, with Lafayette at their head, to convey to the municipal government at the Hotel de Ville in Paris the joyful tidings of their reconciliation with the King. A courier was sent in advance to inform of the approach of the delegation.

* M. Necker, speaking of the plots of the Court, writes: "I could never ascertain certainly what design was contemplated. There were secrets and after-secrets, and I am convinced that the King himself was not in all of them. It was intended, perhaps, according to circumstances, to draw the monarch into measures which they did not dare to mention to him beforehand."—Vol. ii. p. 85.

† Madame Campan, Memoirs, etc., ii. 48.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The deputation left Versailles, accompanied by an immense escort of citizen soldiers, and followed by a crowd which could not be numbered. They were received in Paris with almost delirious enthusiasm. Throughout the whole night the citizens, men, women, and children, had been at work piling up barricades, unpaving the streets, and preparing, with every conceivable weapon and measure of offense and defense, to meet the contemplated assault from the artillery and cavalry of the Crown.

Fathers and mothers, pallid with terror, had anticipated the awful scenes of the sack of the city by a brutal soldiery. Inexpressible was the joy to which they surrendered themselves in finding that the King had now openly avowed himself their friend, and had espoused the popular cause. Windows and balconies were crowded, the streets were strewn with flowers, and the deputies were every where greeted with smiles and waving of handkerchiefs, and with the most enthusiastic acclaim.

At the Place Louis XV. the deputies left their carriages, and were conducted through the garden of the Tuilleries, greeted by the music of martial bands, to the vestibule of the palace. There they were met by a committee of the municipality, with one of the clergy, the Abbé Fauchet, at its head, who accompanied them to the Hotel de Ville.

Lafayette addressed the Electors, informing them of the King's speech, and describing the monarch's return to his palace in the midst of the National Assembly, "protected by their love and their inviolable fidelity." Lally Tollendal, a man of great eloquence, then followed in a speech to the Electors and to the assembled multitude. He loved the King, and spoke of him in the highest terms of eulogy, and in a strain so persuasive and spirit-stirring that he was immediately crowned with a wreath of flowers, and was carried, in a tumult of transport, to the window to receive the applause of the thousands who filled the Place de Grève. Love for the King seemed to be an instinct with the populace. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" rose from the vast assembly, which shouts were reverberated from street to street through all the thronged thoroughfares of the metropolis.

The King had authorized the establishment of the National Guard, but the Guard was yet without a commander-in-chief. The government of Paris also, by the death of Flesselles, had no head. There was in the Hall of the Assembly a bust of Lafayette, which had been presented by the United States to the city of Paris. It stood by the side of the bust of Washington. As the momentous question was discussed, "Who shall be intrusted with the command of the National Guard?" a body which now numbered hundreds of thousands, and which was rapidly organizing through all the departments of the kingdom, Moreau de St. Méry, Chairman of the Municipality, rose, and, without uttering a word, silently pointed to the bust of

Lafayette. The gesture was decisive. A general shout of acclaim filled the room. He who had fought the battles of liberty in America was thus intrusted with the command of the citizen soldiery of France. M. Bailly was then chosen successor of Flesselles, not with the title of *Prévôt des Marchands*, but with the more comprehensive one of Mayor of Paris.

Thus was the new government established, consolidated, with power which as yet neither the Court nor the people even faintly realized. The National Assembly and the Municipality of Paris were now supreme. A million of men were ready to draw the sword and to spring into the ranks to enforce their decrees. The King was henceforth but a cipher. Though by no means then conscious of it, his power had passed away forever. The Revolution was now truly effected, and nothing remained but to carry out those plans which might be deemed essential to the welfare of France. Had it not been for the interference of surrounding despots, who combined their armies to rivet anew the chains of feudal aristocracy upon the French people, the subsequent horrors of the Revolution, in all probability, would never have occurred. Men of wisdom and of the purest patriotism were thus far at the head of affairs. Every step which had been taken had been wisely taken. The object which all sought was Reform, not Revolution—the reign of a constitutional monarchy like that of England, not the Reign of Terror.* Even a republic was not then desired. A monarchy was in accordance with the habits and tastes of the people, and would leave them still in sympathy with the great family of governments which surrounded them. Lafayette, Talleyrand, Sièyes, Mirabeau, Bailly, and all the other leaders in this great movement, wished only to infuse the spirit of personal liberty into the monarchy of France.

But when all the surrounding despotisms combined, and put their armies in motion to invade France, determined that the French people should not be free, and when the aristocracy of France combined with these foreign invaders to enslave anew the millions who had just broken their chains, a spirit of desperation was roused which led to all the woes which ensued. We can not tell what would have been the result had there not been the combination of these foreign kings; but we *do* know that the results which *did* ensue, were the direct and legitimate consequence of that combination.

It will be remembered that the French Guards espousing the popular side had refused to fire upon the people. This disobedience to the royal officers was of course an act of treason. The Duke of Liancourt, speaking in behalf of the King, said, "The King *pardons* the French Guards." At the utterance of the obnoxious word *pardon* a murmur of displeasure ran through the hall. Some of the Guards who

* "Toute la France alors voulait un roi, avec une constitution démocratique."—*Hist. de la Rev. Fr.*, par VILLIAUME, 24.

were present immediately advanced to the platform, and one, as the organ of the rest, said, firmly and nobly,

"We can not accept a *pardon*. We need none. In serving the nation we serve the King; and the scenes which are now transpiring prove it."

The laconic speech was greeted with thunders of applause, and nothing more was said about *pardon*. The clergy, who were active in these movements, were not unmindful of their obligations to God. The whole people seemed to sympathize in this religious sentiment. At the suggestion of the Archbishop of Paris a *Te Deum* was promptly voted, and the Electors, deputies, and new magistrates, accompanied by an immense concourse of citizens and escorted by the French Guards, repaired to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the solemn chant of thanksgiving was devoutly offered. Lafayette and Bailly then took their oaths of office.

Upon the return of the deputation to the Assembly at Versailles, Lally Tollendal reported that the universal cry of the Parisians was for the recall of Necker, with whom the popular cause was held to be identified. A motion was immediately introduced to send a deputation to the King soliciting his recall. They had but just entered upon the discussion of this question when a message was received from Louis XVI. announcing the dismissal of the obnoxious ministers, accompanied by an unsealed letter addressed to Necker, summoning him to return to his post. Inspired by gratitude for this act, the Assembly immediately addressed a vote of thanks to the King.

The populace of Paris had expressed the earnest wish that the King would pay them a visit. During the afternoon and evening of the 16th the question was warmly discussed by the Court at Versailles, whether the King should fly from the kingdom protected by the foreign troops whom he could gather around him, and seek the assistance of foreign powers, or whether he should feign acquiescence in the popular movement, and visit the people in Paris. The Queen was in favor of escape. She told Madame Campan that, after a long discussion at which she was present, the King impatient and weary said,

"Well, gentlemen we must decide. Must I go away or stay? I am ready to do either."

"The majority," the Queen continued, "were for the King's stay. Time will show whether the right choice has been made."*

The King was very apprehensive that in going powerless to Paris he might be assassinated. That he might be prepared for any event, he partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and nominated his brother, subsequently Louis XVIII., Lieutenant of France, in case of his detention or death. Early the next morning, the 17th of July, he took an affecting leave of his weeping, distracted family, to visit the tumultu-

ous metropolis. His pale and melancholy countenance impressed every observer. The Queen, who was bitterly hostile to the movement, was almost in despair. She immediately retired to her chamber and employed herself in writing an Address to the Assembly, which she determined to present in person in case the King should be detained a prisoner.*

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the King left Versailles. He rode in an unostentatious carriage without any Guards, but surrounded by the whole body of the deputies on foot.†

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the long procession arrived at the gates of the city. Thus far they had proceeded in silence. M. Bailly, the newly-appointed mayor, there met him and presented him with the keys of the city, saying,

"These are the keys presented to Henry the Fourth. He had reconquered the people. Now the people have reconquered their King."

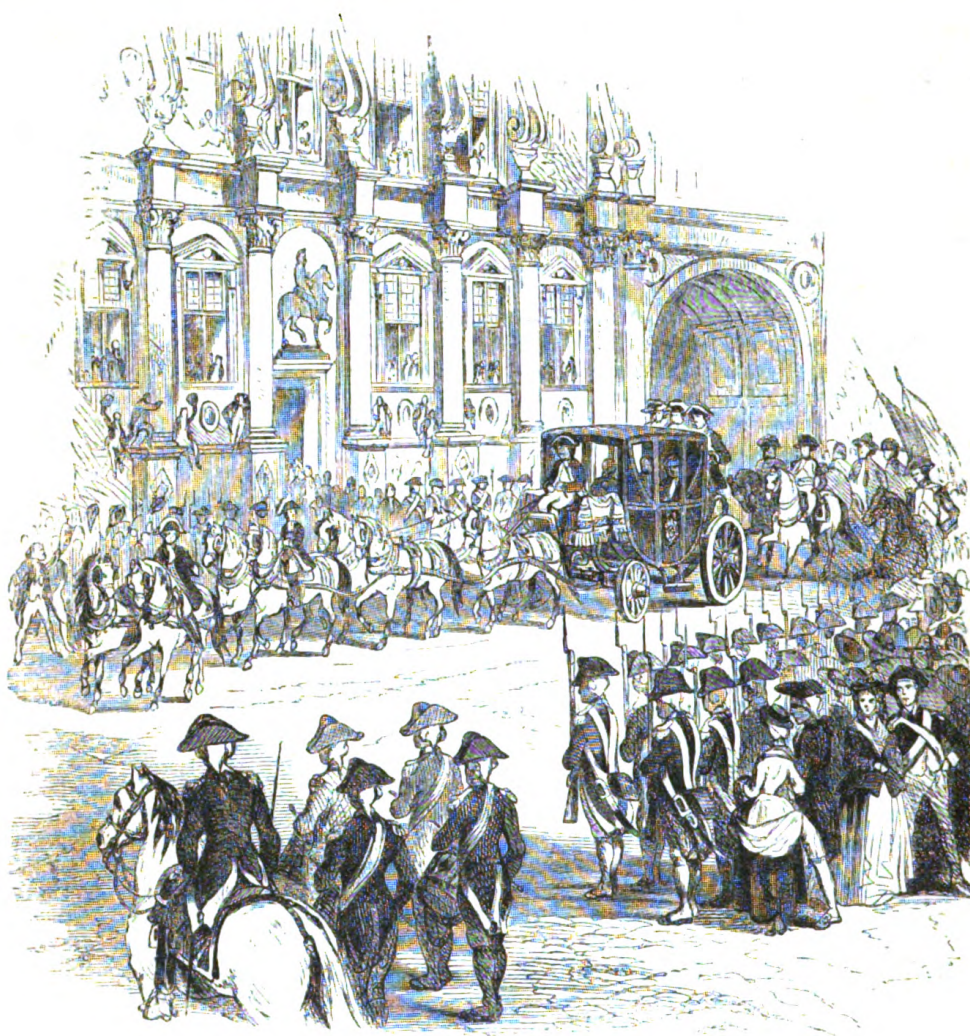
Two hundred thousand men, now composing the National Guard, were marshaled in military array to receive their monarch. They lined the Avenue, four or five men deep, from the bridge of Sevres to the Hôtel de Ville. They had but 30,000 muskets and 50,000 pikes. The rest were armed with sabres, lances, scythes, and pitchforks. The revolution thus far was the movement, not of a party, but of the nation. Even matrons and young girls were seen standing armed by the side of their husbands and fathers. The clergy, not forgetting that they were men and citizens, were there also, in this hour of their country's peril, consecrating all their influence to the cause of freedom. They did not ignominiously take refuge beneath their clerical robes from the responsibilities of this grandest of conflicts for human rights. Shouts of "*Vive la Nation!*" were continually heard, swelling from the multitude. As yet not a voice had been heard to cry "*Vive le Roi!*" The people had again become suspicious. Rumors of the unrelenting hostility of the Court had been circulating through the crowd, and there were many fears that the ever-vacillating King would again espouse the cause of aristocratic usurpation. Passing along these lines of the National Guard, with the whole population of Paris thronging the house-tops, the balconies, and the pavements, the King at length arrived at four

* "She got this address by heart," writes Madame Campan. "I remember it began with these words, 'Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your sovereign. Do not suffer those who have been united in heaven to be put asunder on earth.' While she was repeating this address her voice was often interrupted by her tears, and by the sorrowful exclamation, 'They will never let him return!'"

† The Parliamentary History, ii. 130, records that 100 deputies accompanied the King; Thiers states 200; Michelet, 300 or 400; M. Rabaut de St. Etienne, a member of the Assembly, says that the whole body of the deputies accompanied the King; and M. Ant. Fantin Desodours, an eye-witness, writes, "*L'Assemblée Nationale, entière, l'accompagnait à pied dans son costume de cérémonie.*" i. 34.

The probability is that 100 were chosen, but all went.

* Madame Campan, *Memoirs*, 251.



ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

o'clock in the afternoon at the Hôtel de Ville, the seat of the new government. He alighted from his carriage and ascended the gloomy stairs beneath a canopy of steel formed by the grenadiers crossing their bayonets over his head. This was intended, not as a humiliation, but as a singular act of honor.*

The King took his position in the centre of the spacious Hall, which presented an extraordinary aspect. It was crowded with the notabilities of the city and of the realm. Those near the centre, with true French politeness, dropped upon their knees, that those more remote might have a view of the King. Bailly then presented the King with the tri-colored cockade. He received it and immediately pinned it upon his hat. This was understood as the adoption of the popular cause. It was received with a shout of enthusiasm, and "*Vive le Roi!*" burst from all lips with almost delirious energy. Tears gushed into the eyes of the King, and, turning to one of his suite, M. de Cubieres, he said,

* Michelet, 173.

"My heart stands in need of such shouts from the people."*

"Sire," replied Cubieres, "the people love your Majesty, and your Majesty ought never to have doubted it."

The King rejoined, in accents of deep sensibility, "The French loved Henry the Fourth; and what King ever better deserved to be beloved?"

Louis could not forget that the affection of the people did not protect Henry from the dagger of the assassin. Moreau de St. Méry, President of the Assembly of Electors, in his address to the King, said: "You owed your crown to birth; you are now indebted for it only to your virtues."† The minutes of the proceedings of the Municipality were then read, and the King,

* "In vain had the royal family endeavored to hinder the departure of the King, and to inspire him with apprehension. He knew full well, and we knew it, likewise, that he had not been the author of those pernicious counsels which had kindled the civil war."—M. RABAUT DE ST. ETIENNE, i. 71.

† Histoire de la Rev. Fr., par Louis Blanc, ii. 420.



LOUIS XVI. GIVING MONEY TO THE POOR.

by silence, gave his assent to the appointment of Lafayette as Commander of the National Guard, of Bailly as Mayor of Paris, and to the order for the utter demolition of the Bastille. It was also proposed that a monument should be erected upon its site to Louis XVI., "The Regenerator of Public Liberty, the Restorer of National Prosperity, the Father of the French people." These were, to the monarch, hours of terrific humiliation. He bore them, however, with the spirit of a martyr, struggling in vain to assume the aspect of confidence and cordiality.*

* "This procession of the greatest monarch of Europe,"

When Bailly led him to the balcony to exhibit him to the people with the tri-colored cockade upon his hat, and shouts of triumph, like thunder-peals, rose from the myriad throng, tears flooded the eyes of the King, and he bowed his head in silence and sadness, as if presenting himself a victim for the sacrifice. Some one whispered to the monarch that it was expected that he would make an address. Two or three times he attempted it; but his voice was choked with emotion, and he could only, in almost in-

writes the Marquis of Ferrières, "could not but inspire the most melancholy reflections. The marks of anxiety and chagrin were visibly painted on his countenance."



PERSECUTION OF THE CORN-DEALERS.

articulate accents, exclaim, "You may always rely upon my affection."

As the King returned through the vast throng to Versailles, the tide of enthusiasm set strongly in his favor. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" almost deafened his ears. The populace bore him in their arms to his chariot. A woman threw herself upon his neck and wept with joy. Men ran from the houses with goblets of wine for his postillions and his suite. A few words from his lips then would have been re-echoed through the crowd, and might have saved the monarchy. But Louis was a man of feeble intellect, and of no tact whatever. He was pleased with the homage which was spontaneously offered him, and, stolid in his immense corpulence, sat loling in his chariot, with a good-natured smile upon his face, but uttered not a word. It was after nine o'clock in the evening when he returned to the Palace at Versailles. The Queen and her children met him on the stairs, and, convulsively weeping, threw themselves into his arms. Clinging together they ascended to the saloon. There the Queen caught sight of the tri-colored cockade, which the King had forgotten to remove from his hat. The Queen recoiled, and looking upon it contemptuously, exclaimed,

"I did not think that I had married a plebeian!"

The good-natured King, however, forgot all

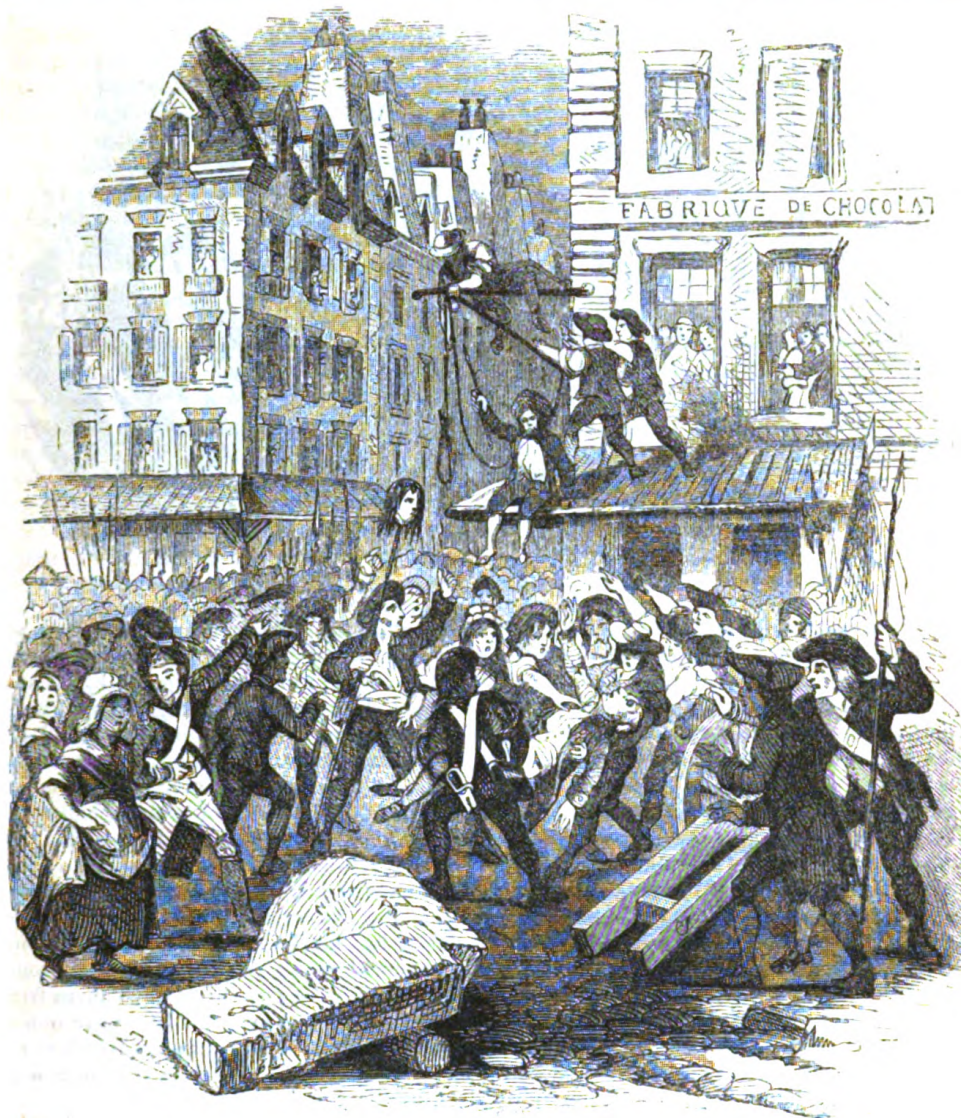
his humiliations in his safe return, and congratulated himself that no violence had been excited.

"Happily," he said, "no blood has been shed; and it is my firm determination that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order."*

While these scenes were transpiring on this the 17th of July, the Count d'Artois, second brother of the King, the Condés, the Polignacs, and most of the other leaders of the aristocratic party, fled from France. The conspiracy they had formed had failed. The nation had risen against them, and no dependence could be placed on the vacillating King. Their only hope now was to summon the combined energies of foreign despots to arrest the progress of that liberty in France which alike threatened all their thrones.† The palace was now forsaken and

* Madame Campan, *Memoirs*, etc., ii. 59.

† "The day of the King's entry into Paris was the first of the emigration of the noblesse. The violent aristocratic party finding all their coercive measures overturned, and dreading the effects of popular resentment, left the kingdom. The Count d'Artois, the Prince of Condé, the Prince of Conti, Marshal Broglie, and the whole family of the Polignacs set off in haste, and arrived in safety at Brussels—a fatal example of defection, which, being speedily followed by the inferior nobility, produced the most disastrous consequences. But it was the same in all the subsequent changes of the Revolution. The leaders of the Royalist party, always the first to propose violent measures, were, at the same time, unable to sup-



ASSASSINATION OF BERTHIER

gloomy as a tomb. For three days the King sadly paced the deserted halls, with none of his old friends to cheer or counsel him but Bensenval and Montmorin. His servants, conscious that he had fallen from his kingly power, became careless even to insolence. Even the French Guard mounted guard at Versailles only on orders received from the Electors at Paris.*

On the 19th Bensenval presented an order for the King to sign. A footman entered the Cabinet, and looked over the King's shoulder to see what he was writing. Louis, amazed at such unparalleled effrontery, seized the tongs to break the head of the miscreant. Bensenval interposed to prevent the undignified blow. The King clasped the hand of his friend, and burst-

port them when furiously opposed. They diminished the sympathy of the world at their fall: from so high a rank by showing that they were unworthy of it."—ALISON, i. 73.

* Michelet, 166. Bensenval, iii. 412.

ing into tears thanked him for the interposition. Thus low had fallen the descendant of Louis XIV. in his own palace at Versailles.*

There was now in reality no government in France. The kingly power was entirely overthrown, and the National Assembly had hardly awoke to the consciousness that all power had passed into its hands. Even in Paris, the Municipality, now supreme there, had by no means organized an efficient government. Famine desolated the kingdom. Ages of misrule had so utterly impoverished the people that they were actually dying of starvation. "Bread, bread!" was every where the cry; but bread could not be obtained. Many boiled grass and fern-roots for sustenance. Every where the eye met wan and haggard men in a state of desperation.† The King, constitutionally humane, felt

* Michelet, 175.

† "The signs of a Grand Seigneur being landlord are



LAFAYETTE REVIEWING THE NATIONAL GUARD.

deeply these woes of his subjects. With a little apparent ostentation, quite pardonable under the circumstances, he occasionally walked out and administered relief with his own hands to the haggard beggary he every where met. He was by nature one of the kindest of men; but he had hardly a single quality to fit him to be the ruler of a great people. A nation was on the brink of famine, and the monarch was giving gold to beggars instead of introducing vigorous measures for relief. How prompt, energetic, and effectual would have been the measures which Napoleon, under these circumstances, would have introduced! It is not strange that France should look with pride upon the Empire, and with shame and execration upon the old régime.

As the National Assembly met on the morning of the 18th of July reports were brought from all parts of violence and riots. The most vigorous of efforts were adopted by the Electors in Paris to supply the city with food. Nearly a million of people were within its walls. Vast numbers had crowded into the city from the country hoping to obtain food. No law could restrain such multitudes of men, actually dying of hunger. As it was better to die by the bullet or the bayonet than by starvation, they would at all hazards rush into the dwellings of the wealthy, and into magazines, to obtain food, unless food in some other way could be provided for them. The disorders of the time had put a stop to all the enterprises of industry, and thus the impoverished millions were left without money, without employment, and without food.

wastes, moors, deserts, ling: go to his residence, you will find it in the middle of a forest, peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. The fields are scenes of pitiable management as the houses are of misery. To see so many millions of hands that would be industrious all idle and starving. Oh, if I were legislator of France, for one day, I would make these great lords skip again."—ARTHUR YOUNG, II. 12.

In one of the villages near Paris it was reported that a rich farmer had concealed a large quantity of grain to enrich himself by its sale at an exorbitant price. A haggard multitude of men, women, and children surrounded his dwelling and threatened to hang him unless he delivered up his stores. The Assembly immediately sent a deputation of twelve members to attempt to save the unfortunate corn-dealer's life.* While engaged in this business, a delegation entered from the Faubourg St. Antoine, stating that the wretched inhabitants of that faubourg had for the last five days been without work and without food, and entreating that some measure might be devised to save them from starvation. Nine thousand dollars were immediately subscribed by the deputies for their relief. Four thousand dollars of this sum were given by the Archbishop of Paris.

The rage of the people during these days of distress was particularly directed against those whom they deemed monopolists, who were accused of keeping from the market the very sources of life. The sufferings of the people and their desperation were so intense, that it was necessary to send military bands from the city of Paris to convoy provisions through the famishing districts into the metropolis. The peasants who saw their children actually gasping and dying of hunger would attack the convoys with the ferocity of wolves, and though it seemed absolutely necessary to resist them even unto death no one could severely blame them.

There were two men—M. Foulon, former Intendant of the Army, and M. Berthier, his son-in-law, sub-Minister of War—who were conspicuous members of the Court, and who had

* "He was only saved by a deputation of the Assembly, who showed themselves admirable for courage and humanity, risked their lives and preserved the man, only after having begged him of the people on their knees."—MICHELET, 186.

both been very active in their hostility to the popular cause. Upon the overthrow of Necker's ministry, these men were called into the new ministry antagonistic to the people. It was reported that M. Foulon had frequently said:

"If the *people* are hungry, let them eat grass. It is good enough for *them*. My horses eat it."^{*}

He was reputed to possess great wealth, which he had obtained by the most infamous oppression, and he had long been execrated by the people. The brutal remarks which he was universally believed to have made, and which were in entire harmony with his character, excited the rage of the famishing people to the highest pitch.[†]

Berthier was a hard-hearted, unscrupulous, debauched man, whose character no one would attempt to defend.[‡] Though fifty years of age, he was an atrocious and unblushing libertine, and seemed to exult in the opportunity of making war upon the Parisians, by whom he was detested. "He showed a diabolical activity," says Michelet, "in collecting arms, troops, every thing together, and in manufacturing cartridges. If Paris were not laid waste with fire and blood, it was not his fault."[§]

Both Berthier and Foulon were now at the mercy of the people. Neither the Court nor the royal army had any power to protect them. Berthier attempted to escape from France to join the royalists who had already emigrated. Fleeing by night and hiding by day, in four nights he reached as far as Soissons. Foulon adopted the stratagem of a pretended death. He spread the report that he had died suddenly of apoplexy. He was buried by proxy with great pomp—one of his servants having, by chance, died at the right moment. He then repaired to the house of a friend, where he concealed himself. He would have been forgotten had he not been so execrated by all France. Those who knew him best execrated him the worst. His servants and vassals detected the fraud, and, hunting him out, found him walking in the park of his friend. He was seized and dragged to Paris.

"You wanted to give *us* hay!" they said. "You shall eat some yourself."

They tied a truss of hay upon his back, threw a collar of thistles over his neck, and bound a nosegay of nettles upon his breast. The awful hour of blind popular vengeance had come.

^{*} Bertrand de Molleville testifies that this was a habitual expression in the mouth of Foulon.—*Annales*, i. 347.

[†] "The old man," Foulon, "believed by such bravado to please the young military party, and recommend himself for the day he saw approaching, when the Court, wanting to strike some desperate blow, would look out for a hardened villain."—Michelet, ii. 10.

[‡] Beaulieu's *Memoirs*, ii. 10.

[§] "Foulon had a son-in-law after his own heart, Berthier, the Intendant of Paris, a shrewd but hard-hearted man, and unscrupulous, as confessed by the royalists. A libertine at the age of 50, in spite of his numerous family, he purchased on all sides—so it was said—little girls 19 years of age. He knew well that he was detested by the Parisians, and was but too happy to find an opportunity of making war upon them."—Michelet, 184.

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Surrounded by an ever-accumulating throng, and incessantly assailed by their execrations, he was led to the Hôtel de Ville. There the populace presented him for the vain formalities of a trial. Before their tribunal he had already been tried and condemned.

At the same time Berthier was arrested as he was hastening to the frontier. As the mob were dragging Foulon up the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, another mob, still more frightful, was entering one of the gates of the city, surrounding Berthier. The wretched man was in a cabriolet, the top of which had been broken off that the populace might have a distinct view of their victim. A furious multitude was rioting around him, often pelting him with pieces of black bread, exclaiming, "Take that, brigand! That is the bread you made us eat."

The Municipality, as Foulon was brought before them, were in great perplexity. They had no legal power to sit in judgment as a criminal court. The old courts were broken up, and no new ones had as yet been established. Indeed an appeal to the royalist courts would have secured the trial of Foulon by his own colleagues and accomplices. This was evident to all.^{*}

It was six o'clock in the morning when Foulon was dragged into the hall of the Hôtel de Ville. The news of his arrest had spread rapidly through Paris, and the Place de Grève was soon thronged with an excited multitude. Foulon was universally known, and as universally execrated. Both Bailly and Lafayette were in a state of sore perplexity. They wished to save the guilty man from popular violence, and yet knew not how to accomplish it. Lafayette attempted to induce the people to send Foulon to prison, that he might subsequently receive a legal trial for his long career of crime.[†]

"Gentlemen," said Lafayette, earnestly, "I can not blame your indignation against this man. I have always considered him a great culprit, and no punishment is too severe for him. He shall receive the punishment he merits. But he has accomplices, and we must know them. I will conduct him to the Abbaye, where we will draw up charges against him, and where he shall be tried and condemned according to the laws."

The people applauded this speech, and Foulon insanely joined them in the applause. This excited their suspicion that some plot was forming for his rescue. A man from the crowd cried out,

"What is the use of judging a man who has been judged these thirty years?"

This cry was Foulon's death-warrant. It kindled anew the flame of indignation, and it now burned unquenchably. The enraged populace clamored for their victim. The surgings of the multitude were like the tumult of the

^{*} Michelet, 187.

[†] "In those terrible moments," says M. Bailly, "pretexts were to be made use of to escape from these atrocities. There was a real danger to those (it was useless to brave it) who attempted to speak the language of justice and humanity. The people could hear nothing; whoever thought not with them was supposed a traitor."

ocean in a storm. The countless thousands pressed on, sweeping electors, judges, and witnesses before them, and Foulon was seized, no one can tell by whom or how, forced down the stairs into the streets, a cord with a slip-noose was thrown around his neck, and the attempt was made to hang him upon a lamp-post. Twice the iron cut the cord, and the old man, falling to the ground, on his knees begged for mercy. But the infuriated populace were unrelenting; a third rope was obtained, and their unhappy victim was soon dangling lifeless in the air.

While these awful scenes were transpiring, the roar of another countless multitude was heard, and Berthier, in his cabriolet, was brought to the Place de Grève, the infuriated multitude which surrounded him filling the air with menaces and execrations. A placard was borne before him with this inscription: "He has robbed the King and France. He has devoured the substance of the people. He has been the slave of the rich and the tyrant of the poor. He has drunk the blood of the widow and the orphan. He has betrayed his country."*

The miserable man was dragged up the steps of the Hotel de Ville, to undergo the mockery of a trial. But the mob was now entirely in the ascendancy. There was no longer law, or even the semblance of authority. Lafayette made an attempt, through the National Guard, to rescue Berthier, that he might convey him to the Abbaye. But the moment the Guard appeared with their prisoner in the street, the mob fell irresistibly upon him. Seizing a gun, he fought like a tiger. The head of Foulon, raised on a pike, was thrust in his face. He was knocked down and pierced with a hundred bayonets. A dragoon tore out his heart, and carried it, dripping with blood, to the Hôtel de Ville, saying, as he placed it upon the table, "Here is the heart of Berthier!"†

The brutal grenadier attempted an extenuation of his ferocity by declaring that Berthier had caused the death of his father. His comrades, however, would not accept of the apology. Deeming his conduct a disgrace to their corps, they told him that they would all fight him in turn until he was killed. He was killed that night.

These scenes placed the National Assembly and the Municipality of Paris in a most embarrassing position. They had emancipated the nation from the old feudal tyranny—a tyranny as execrable as imagination can conceive. But now another tyranny was rising, blind, brutal, and apparently omnipotent. The Assembly

seemed to have no choice of election but between the old royalty which was too grievous to be borne, and the domination of the mob whose full terrors they had not yet experienced. These were the two foes against which the Revolution ever had to contend—the despotism of kings, and the despotism of an infuriated and degraded populace. From this conflict they had no reprieve, until Napoleon came forward and won the gratitude of France by introducing the glories of the Empire—a reign in which equal rights and impartial justice were, by a strong arm, secured for all.* There are few readers who will not sympathize with Napoleon in his oft-repeated declaration, that if he must either submit to the old régime, bad as it was, or be in subjection to an ungovernable mob, he had infinitely rather return to the old régime.†

Both Bailly and Lafayette were so alarmed and disgusted with these brutal murders that, as an expression to the people of their abhorrence, they both tendered their resignations. It was evident that, unless some strong reaction could be produced in the popular mind, both the National Assembly and the Municipality of Paris would be powerless before the fierce impulses of an ignorant and degraded multitude just waking to a consciousness of their wrongs and of their power. These resignations, for the moment, produced the desired effect. There was almost a universal solicitation that these humane and distinguished men should retain their offices.‡ Saddened and anxious, they both consented, but they were both subsequently crushed by the burdens they attempted to bear. Bailly was subsequently sent by the Revolutionary Tribunal to the scaffold, and the life of Lafayette was only preserved by his long imprisonment in the dungeons of Olmutz.

A report was now spread throughout the kingdom that the fugitive princes and nobles were organizing a force on the frontiers for the invasion of France; that the armies of foreign despots were allied with them, and that all the royalists in France were conspiring, as soon as the foreign invaders should enter the realm,

* Sir Archibald Alison, true to his instincts as the advocate of aristocratic usurpation, carefully conceals the infamous character which drew down upon Foulon and Berthier the vengeance of the populace. Impartial history, while denouncing the ferocity of the mob, should not conceal those outrages which have roused the people to madness.

† "It is an indisputable fact that the murder of Foulon and Berthier was not looked upon by the majority of the people of Paris with horror and disgust. So unpopular were these two men that their death was viewed as an act of justice, only irregular in its execution. Frenchmen were still accustomed to witness the odious punishment of torture and the wheel, and society may hence learn a lesson, that the sight of cruel executions tends to destroy the feelings of humanity."—*France and its Revolutions*, by GEORGE LONG, Esq., p. 47.

‡ "The people and the militia did actually throng around Lafayette, and promised the utmost obedience in future. On this condition he resumed the command, and subsequently he had the satisfaction of preventing many disturbances by his own energy and the seal of the troops."—THIERS, i. 76.

* *Histoire de la Révolution de 1789. Par Deux Amis de la Liberté*, ii. 180. See also *Procès-verbal des Electeurs*.

† "These people, whom Mirabeau termed so well 'the refuse of public contempt,' are as if restored to character by punishment. The gallows becomes their apotheosis. They are now become interesting victims, the martyrs of monarchy. Their legends will go on increasing in pathetic fictions. Mr. Burke canonized them, and prayed on their tomb."—MICHENER, *Hist. View of French Rev.*, 190.

to rise and join them in their onset upon the people. The panic which, in consequence of these tidings, pervaded the kingdom was fearful. France, just beginning to breathe the atmosphere of liberty, was threatened with chains of slavery more heavy than had ever been worn before. The energies of a semi-enfranchised people were roused to the utmost vigor to meet this peril. Every city and every village of any importance, organized a municipal government in sympathy with the Municipality in Paris. The peasants in the rural districts, hating the nobles who had long oppressed them, and conscious that these nobles were now conspiring to renew their execrable power, assailed them with ferocity and burned their castles. There was a universal rising of the Third Estate all over the realm against the tyranny of the privileged classes, assailing that tyranny with the only instrument at its command—blind, brutal force.* In one week, three millions of men assumed the military character and organized themselves for the defense of the kingdom. The tri-colored cockade became the national uniform. The whole nation was now in arms, and goaded almost to desperation by the menaces of allied Europe.

The National Assembly, intently occupied in framing a Constitution, was greatly disturbed by reports of these wide-spread acts of violence. Yet daily delegations arrived from the different provinces with vows of homage, and with their formal recognition of the authority of the National Representatives.

Necker was in exile at Basle. He had left the Polignacs in pride and power at Versailles, as he, dismissed by the Court, had fled from France. They now, in their turn, were also fugitives. One morning one of the Polignacs hastened to Necker's apartments, and informed him of the overthrow of the Court and the triumph of the people. Necker had just received these tidings when a courier placed in his hands the letter of the King recalling him to the ministry. The grandest of triumphs greeted him from the moment his carriage entered France until he was received with a delirium of joy in the streets of Paris.

The people, who had put Foulon and Berthier to death for their inhuman conspiracy against their liberties, were determined that others, who, with equal malignity, had conspired against them, should also be condemned. Necker, in cordial sympathy with Bailly and Lafayette, was extremely desirous that an act of general amnesty should be passed. Many of his friends, however, assured him that it was not safe to attempt to secure the passage of such a measure;

* "Certain districts were granted by the King to princes of the blood, by which they were put in possession of all game, even on lands not belonging to them. This game comprehended whole droves of wild boars and herds of deer, not confined by any wall or pale, but wandering at pleasure over the whole country, to the destruction of the crops, and to the peopling of the galleys by the wretched peasants, who presumed to kill them, in order to save that food which was to support their helpless children." —*Younes's Travels*, I. 555.

that the crimes of the leaders of the Court were too great to be thus easily forgotten; that the indignant nation, finding Necker pleading the cause of the Court, would think that he had been bought over, and that thus he would only secure his own ruin. But Necker, relying upon his popularity, resolved to make the trial.

On the 29th of July he repaired to the Hôtel de Ville. As he passed through the streets and entered the spacious hall, he was received with rapturous applause. Deeming his popularity equal to the emergency, he demanded a general amnesty. In the enthusiasm of the moment, it was granted by acclamation. Necker returned to his apartments delighted with his success. But before the sun had set he found himself cruelly deceived. The Assembly, led by Mirabeau, remonstrated peremptorily against this usurpation of power by the Municipality of Paris, asserting that that body had no authority either to condemn or to pardon. The measure of amnesty was annulled by the Assembly, and the detention of the prisoners confirmed.

The great question which now agitated the Assembly was, What measures were to be adopted to bring order out of the chaos into which France was plunged. The people had as yet established no courts or laws for their protection. The nobles at home and abroad, in conspiracy with foreign despots, were marshaling armies for the invasion of France. The enlightened and patriotic portion of the people were in a state of indescribable terror. Above them were the nobles, below them the degraded, the desperate, the vicious, in banditti hordes, sweeping the country, burning and pillaging indiscriminately. It was proposed in the Assembly to publish a decree urging the people to demean themselves peaceably, to pay such taxes and duties as were not yet suppressed, and to yield obedience for the present to the old laws of the realm, obnoxious and unjust as they undeniably were.

While this question was under discussion, the Viscount de Noailles and the Duke d'Aiguillon, both distinguished members of the nobility, ascended the tribune, and declared that it was vain to attempt to quiet the people by force; that the only way of appeasing them was by removing the cause of their sufferings. They then, though both of them members of the privileged class, nobly avowed the enormity of the aggressions under which, by the name of feudal rights, the people were oppressed, and voted for the repeal of those atrocities.

It is a remarkable fact that in this great Revolution the boldest and ablest friends of popular rights came out from the body of the nobles themselves. Some were influenced by as pure motives as can move the human heart. With others, perhaps, selfish and ambitious motives predominated. Among the most active in all these movements we see Lafayette, Talleyrand, Sièyes, Mirabeau, and the Duke of Orleans. But for the aid of these men, whatever may have been the motives which influenced the one or the other, the popular cause could not have

triumphed; and now we find in the National Assembly two of the most distinguished of the nobles rising, and themselves proposing the utter abolition of all feudal rights.

It was the 4th of August, 1789, when this memorable scene was enacted in the National Assembly—one of the most memorable scenes which ever transpired on earth. The whole body seems to have been seized with a paroxysm of magnanimity and disinterestedness. One of the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*, M. Kerengal, in the dress of a farmer, gave a frightful picture of the sufferings of the people under feudal oppression.* There was no more discussion. No voice defended feudalism. The nobles, one after another, renounced all their prerogatives. The clergy surrendered their tithes. The deputies of the towns and of the provinces gave up their special privileges, and in one short night all those customs and laws by which for ages one man had been robbed to enrich another were scattered to the winds. Equality of rights was established between all individuals and all parts of the French territory. Louis XVI. was then proclaimed "The Restorer of French Liberty." It was decreed that a medal should be struck off in his honor, in memory of that glorious night; and when the Archbishop of Paris proposed that God's goodness should be acknowledged in a solemn *Te Deum*, to be celebrated in the King's chapel in the presence of the King and of all the members of the National Assembly, it was carried by acclamation.

During the whole of this exciting scene, when sacrifices were made such as earth never witnessed before; when nobles surrendered their titles, their pensions, and their incomes; when towns and corporations surrendered their privileges and pecuniary immunities; when prelates relinquished their tithes and their benefices, not a solitary voice of opposition or remonstrance was heard. The whole Assembly, clergy, nobles, and *Tiers Etat*, moved as one man. "It seemed," says M. Rabaut, "as if France was near being regenerated in the course of a single night. So true it is that the happiness of a people is easily to be accomplished when those who govern are less occupied with themselves than with the people."†

It subsequently, however, appeared that this seeming unanimity was not real. "The im-

pulse," writes Thiers, "was general, but amidst this enthusiasm it was easy to perceive that certain of the privileged persons, so far from being sincere, were desirous only of making matters worse."* This was the measure which the unrelenting nobles adopted to regain their power. Finding that they could not resist the torrent, they endeavored to swell its volume and to give impulse to its rush, that since it threatened to sweep away all the barriers which through ages despotism had reared, it might also deluge every field of fertility, and whelm in indiscriminate ruin all the abodes of industry and all the creations of art. It was now their sole endeavor to plunge France into a state of perfect anarchy, with the desperate hope that from the chaos they might rebuild their ancient despotism—that the people, plunged into unparalleled misery, might themselves implore the restoration of the ancient régime.

This combination of the highest of the aristocracy and of the clergy immeasurably increased the difficulties of the patriots. The Court party with all its wealth and influence—a wealth and influence which had been accumulating for ages—scattered its emissaries every where to foster discord, to excite insurrection, to stimulate the mob to all brutality, that the Revolution might have an infamous name throughout Europe, and might be execrated in France. In almost every act of violence which immediately succeeded, the hand of these instigators from palaces and castles was distinctly to be seen. Indeed it was generally supposed that Berthier and Foulon were wrested from the protection of Lafayette by emissaries of the Court. The mob and the Court, the ruffian and the aristocrat, the lordly occupant of the castle and the starving beggar in the den of infamy, now combined to plunge France into an abyss of woes.

OUR CHRISTMAS AT THE PINES.

"The merry, merry bells of Yule!"

I.—MISS HENRIETTA'S LITTLE ACCIDENT.

"THE PINES" is a great old place. It cares nothing for cities, whose eternal roar and bustle it indeed heartily despises; sleeping quietly from generation to generation under its great trees, and smiling with an air of perfect self-content.

It resembles somewhat an old English manor-house: I suppose so, for I have never seen any. There are old portraits on the wall of old gentlemen and old ladies—not old, however, when their likenesses were taken, let it be observed; for, one and all, they glitter in the gay-

* "You would have prevented," said Kerengal, "the burning of the chateau if you had been more prompt in declaring that the terrible arms which they contain, and which for ages have tormented the people, were to be destroyed. Let those arms—the title-deeds—which insult not only modesty but even humanity, which humiliate the human species by requiring men to be yoked to a wagon like beasts of labor, which compel men to pass the night in beating the ponds to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their voluptuous lords—let them be brought here. Which of us would not make an expiatory pile of these infamous parchments? You can never restore quiet to the people until they are redeemed from the destruction of feudalism."

† "That night, which an enemy of the Revolution designated as the Saint Bartholomew of property, was only the Saint Bartholomew of abuses."—MICHLETT, 54.

* "Was it possible that a power which had possessed for ages all the forces of the country, administration, finances, armies, and tribunals—that still had every where its agents, its officers, its judges, without any change, and for compulsory partisans two or three hundred thousand nobles or priests, proprietors of one-half or two-thirds of the kingdom—could that immense complicated power, which covered all France, die like one man, at once, by a single blow?"—MICHLETT, 192.

est and most youthful silks and laces, and the snow upon their hair is caused by powder, not by age. In the great hall are deers' antlers, and fishing-rods, and guns, and race-horse prints; the doors are always open, like the hearts of the family, except at your departure, when they have a way of mysteriously closing. In a word, "The Pines" is an honest old country house, where the genius of hospitality is enthroned, and reigns in perfect, undisputed sovereignty.

Our Christmas there was decidedly gay. In addition to the noisy family of growing girls and boys, and Uncle Joshua and Aunt Dulsy, we had Captain Bombshell, of the army, and Miss Araminta Dorsay—both "from town." Miss Araminta used to write her name D'Orsay on her enameled visiting cards, but this nobility was doubted by her intimate friends. At "The Pines," however, it was heartily conceded.

I reached the old mansion ten days before Christmas, and, having kissed and shaken hands with every one but the captain and the young lady above referred to, I asked quite naturally after another member of the household, whose name was Henrietta. I delayed my question for some time, and only propounded it when I saw that my silence threatened to appear singular: the reason for which lay in the simple fact that—perhaps—it may have been—I might have been mistaken, but I thought—I thought that I was in love with Henrietta. I had been summoned by a little epistle on note-paper, in the young lady's handwriting—for she was the amanuensis of the family—which note said:

"DEAR COUSIN,—We're going to have a Christmas frolic at 'The Pines,' and you must certainly come; we all expect you, and the family send oceans of love.

"In haste. Your Cousin, HENRIETTA."

And in consequence of this note, I immediately closed "Coke on Lyttleton" with respectful ceremony, made that gentleman a bow, and, having hastily packed up, set out for "The Pines."

You will understand now why I hesitated to ask after Henrietta, who was nowhere visible; for it seemed to me that a dozen pairs of eyes would centre on my bashful countenance as soon as I propounded the interrogatory. At last, however, I assumed a lounging position before the great roaring fire of logs, put my thumb in the arm-hole of my waistcoat, and, gazing at the snowy fields through the window, said, carelessly,

"Hem! By-the-way, Uncle Joshua, where's Henrietta?"

I think a suppressed chuckle ran through the circle of juveniles, and one youthful individual, named Stephen, was heard to ejaculate indistinctly something which was smothered by a laugh. Of course I took no notice of the youngster, and receiving from Uncle Joshua, who was reading his paper, the information that Henrietta had ridden over to see a neighbor, replied,

"Ah, indeed!"

There the subject was dismissed. It was resuscitated in a new form very soon, however, by the noise of carriage-wheels in the snow;

and, as politeness, the merest politeness, required, I rushed to the front-door, before which the vehicle had drawn up.

What a long time has passed since then! how many are the years that have flown! But I see her still, and, were I a painter, might attempt her likeness. She stood framed, as it were, in the door-way of the carriage; and sure a lovelier portrait rarely has presented itself, at least to me. A thousand ringlets, more or less, of the glossiest brown hair, danced gayly around a pair of the freshest and rosiest cheeks, half concealing the dangerous blue eyes which sparkled like two stars of evening beneath snowy brows; the neat little figure, rather slender, but exquisitely lithe and graceful, was encased in a tightly-fitting velvet bodice, and from the warm, comfortable hood which drooped upon her shoulders, the young lady looked forth like a new Red Riding Hood of matchless fascination. She carried in her arms a huge pile of Christmas presents, for she had taken the neighboring town in her way; and as I presented myself at the door Miss Henrietta was bending forward and about to descend.

Then occurred one of those little mishaps which will occasionally take place with the best regulated young ladies. The maiden essayed to shake hands with me without releasing her bundles, and, simultaneously, to leave the carriage without my assistance. The result of this rash proceeding was that her dress got beneath her feet—she stumbled—and in the midst of a shower of paper parcels flying about, I found one of the handsomest young damsels I had ever known clasped in my arms, and lying upon my breast.

She hastily extricated herself from my arms, and, with a hurried laugh and some blushes, ran up the steps; but I don't think she forgot a little circumstance which I chanced to remember, that two cheeks had come closely together—some brown ringlets mingled with the dark hair of a youth; this, I say, Miss Henrietta probably remembered; for when I followed her, and our eyes met, she blushed, and then tried, unsuccessfully, to laugh.

I believe I blushed too, but, as Captain Bombshell approached at the moment, twirling his mustache, to make his compliments, I was relieved from the damsel's eyes, and very soon the incident was forgotten.

II.—CAPTAIN BOMBHELL AND SOME OTHERS.

Captain Bombshell was paying his addresses to Miss Araminta, who had come to see her former schoolmate, Henrietta, and the military gentleman had doubtless supposed an old country house an admirable place for pressing his siege.

Captain Bombshell was an army man, Sir. He had seen a good deal of the world, Sir; for which reason he was a prime authority in the great scheme of the season. This was a fancy ball on Christmas night; and with the arrival of about half a dozen young ladies, and as many young gentlemen, commenced the grand discussion on the momentous subject of costume.

Here it was that Captain Bombshell's prodigious knowledge of other lands—of sunny Italy and beautiful Spain—came into grand request. He had been among the banditti of the Apennines, by Jove, Sir, and had hobnobbed with the best of them; he had danced the Bolero beneath the skies of Andalusia with the dark-haired Spanish señoritas; he had been the partner of the Italian *contadinas*, perhaps as many as a thousand times. If his poor knowledge of these countries and their inhabitants would be of any service, said the gallant Bombshell, bowing and twirling his huge mustache with a smile, he begged that the ladies would command him. The captain was a companionable and good-humored warrior—eminently so; therefore, by universal consent, he was directed to assume the part of a ferocious bandit, having first faithfully promised to behave himself in character and look very fierce.

Among the rest were flower-girls and Morning Stars, Indian maids and gipsies; the moral virtues—Hope, and many more; English barmaids, Spanish señoras; an Autumn, a "Folly," and a Night strewn with stars; and the gentlemen were not behindhand. They represented Highlanders, with plaid and tartan; sailor-boys; romantic pirates of the Ægean, after the fashion of my Lord Byron's heroes; and many other personages. Comic characters were duly mingled, and at the task of arranging all these costumes every hand and tongue was busy. My own dress was speedily determined upon, and gave little trouble. It was simply the uniform of buff and blue—top-boots, cocked hat, sabre, and all—which my hard-headed old grandfather had worn during the Revolution, and left as a legacy to his family.

We had a hard time preparing two costumes for two gentlemen, however; and these I shall now give a word to. The first was the dress of a British army officer, to be worn by a certain Mr. Wilsonby; the second was the dress of *Jemmy Twitcher*, the part taken by my friend Sam Towers.

Stately Mr. Wilsonby! I see him now, as I muse—the coldest representative of wealth and "blood"—the chilliest iceberg I ever encountered. And to presume to court Henrietta!—in which slight observation, or exclamation, you may probably discern the grounds of my opinion of this gentleman. But other people said of Mr. Wilsonby just what I did. I never saw any body that liked him. He was about thirty years of age, tall and erect in his carriage, with a stately coldness in his manner; and, if report did not belie him, as much coldness in his character. He seemed never to lose sight of the dignity becoming "a man of his position." He possessed a splendid estate adjoining "The Pines," and his ancestors had come over with some conqueror or other—the exact one it was difficult to determine. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Wilsonby plumed himself loftily upon his "blood," not to mention his wealth, and the general impression left by his conversation was

the very great kindness he did you in entering into conversation at all. This gentleman had come to the determination to take to himself a wife—or, rather, a mistress of his household—and had pitched upon Henrietta to fill this honorable position. When I came to "The Pines," he was paying her his addresses in a dignified way, and when we were introduced his manner seemed to say, "I am pleased, Sir, to know any connection of my future wife, Sir; and shall be happy to serve you, Sir."

Now for Sam Towers. But upon reflection I decline attempting any description of Sam Towers. It would be as easy a task as to take the photograph of a sky-rocket at the moment of explosion. Wherever Sam was there was mirth, and laughter, and uproar. All the girls quarreled with him for his impudence, and then burst out laughing at his mock apologies; all the men listened to him, as an audience will to a great comedian, ready to applaud, and scenting the humor on his lips before he spoke. His jests, his stories, his practical jokes and caprices, were the never-failing food for mirth; all applauded and laughed—all but stately Mr. Wilsonby. That gentleman regarded Mr. Sam Towers as a sort of jester, without "dignity" or "blood," and, what was far worse, *poor*; he therefore treated him with well-bred condescension and lofty politeness—a proceeding which caused Sam, on more than one occasion, to turn his head away and utter a suppressed chuckle, in which every one ended by joining.

Such was our Christmas party; and I need not tell you that a hundred devices were thought of to kill the time. Among the rest there were numerous sleighing parties, and upon one of these excursions an amusing incident occurred.

III.—TWO SLEIGHS.

It was Mr. Wilsonby's sleigh—a magnificent affair, drawn by four fine bays—and some half dozen young ladies had been graciously invited to be of the party, Henrietta among the rest, as a matter of course.

Mr. Wilsonby graciously proposed to me at the last moment to occupy a vacant seat; and, ripe for fun, I got in, and the sleigh darted off, with a deafening jingle of bells.

Have you ever been compelled to ride "bod-kin?" Perhaps you are not familiar with the term, which may be peculiar to our country. It consists, then, of being placed between two young ladies in a vehicle—crowded, compressed, squeezed down, overwhelmed—the victim of female wrappings and wide-spread skirts—the mere caricature, for the nonce, of a boasted lord of creation! Mr. Wilsonby had doubtless desired me to occupy another seat, beside himself; but a gay young beauty having cried out, "Come and sit by me, Mr. Seaton!" I had obeyed, and found myself the victim of the young lady in question and the damsel at her side, no other than the smiling and blushing Miss Henrietta. Mr. Wilsonby regarded the arrangement with ill-suppressed dissatisfaction, but was obliged to

submit, and so I found myself reduced to the humiliating position of a "bodkin," although precisely under the circumstances which I should have selected.

Miss Henrietta's curls rippled across my face with every breath of wind; her rosy cheeks were not disagreeably distant; and by some accident I never assisted her in securing her fur wrappings, as they fluttered in the wind, without encountering a small hand belonging to the young lady. In the brilliant sunshine now she looked supremely lovely, and her blue eyes fairly danced with delight, as the sleigh darted onward, the rapid footsteps of the horses on the well-beaten road keeping time to the music of the bells. There was such an expression of innocent pleasure in the beautiful face—something so kind, and truthful, and maidenly in the curve of the young lip—that a certain person who was not a thousand miles off uttered an unconscious sigh, and tumbled down a precipice some thousands of feet deeper than that other one from which he had fallen, helpless and a disarmed captive. I began to think mournfully of the slender chance I had of ever marrying; of the advantages possessed by my wealthy rival; and the result was something decidedly like melancholy. A single glance at the sweet face again drove away, however, all my sadness; and at the same moment a burst of laughter from the bevy of girls attracted my attention to an object which completely routed from my mind any thing resembling seriousness.

This object was Mr. Sam Towers, wrapped in an immense sheep-skin, mounted on a flour-barrel affixed to a pair of crazy sleigh-runners; and this rickety turn-out was drawn by a mule with rope harness, the head of the miserable donkey being decorated with a cluster of tin plates and cups, which gave forth pleasant music on the way. Mr. Sam Towers drove with extreme dignity and gravity—with the air, indeed, of a man who is proud both of himself and his equipage—and a crowd of the juvenile members of the household, who were, one and all, his huge admirers, followed him, splitting the air with cheers in his honor. The driver made a graceful gesture of thanks, and, cutting his mule, dashed on toward the sleigh in which we sat laughing.

The race continued for a quarter of a mile—always in front of the great portico, in which a crowd of shivering young ladies stood, shaking with mirth more than cold; and then the day's proceedings were suddenly brought to an end in a manner wholly unlooked for. Mr. Wilsonby had half turned with a stately air toward the ladies, and was not looking to the road, when suddenly the entire party were hurled ten feet from the sleigh, and buried in an immense snow-drift. The origin of the accident was very simple. The banks of a small stream which crossed the road had been washed clear of snow, the runners struck upon the hard earth, and, in consequence, the hinder end of the sleigh, which was very lofty, toppled over, very nearly on the

backs of the horses. A charming young lady, known as Miss "Opera Shoes," was "revolutionized," Sam Towers said; another as lovely—Miss "Rose in Bloom"—discovered herself running back to the sleigh, from a bank some ten yards distant, to know if her friends were hurt; and the rest, including Mr. Wilsonby, Miss Henrietta, and myself, were landed in a great mountain of snow to the left.

Henrietta was not hurt; by the strangest of accidents I had received her in my arms—there seemed to exist a species of fatality for that sort of thing—and when she rose to her feet, pale and frightened, more for her companions than herself, she would have fallen again had I not passed my arm around her, and so delivered her to her young lady friends.

The horses had not taken fright, and we were soon gliding along again, Mr. Towers following with gay and airy grace in the rear; but during the rest of the ride I think Miss Henrietta appeared somewhat chary of her words, and avoided my eye. Doubtless she suspected the accidental nature of these chivalric rescues on my part—from carriages and sleighs—but assuredly without any reason, for my only merit, or demerit, was being near at the proper moment and performing my—duty.

On our return the ride was the subject of a flood of comment and laughter, but I did not hear Miss Henrietta allude to one of the incidents.

IV.—CONSPIRACY.

The days fled gayly onward, and Christmas-day at last drew near at hand. The costumes for the fancy ball were all finished; and Henrietta, with the assistance of her friends and the young men, applied herself to the task of decorating the old homestead for the joyful occasion.

No sooner had she given the signal than an immense uproar commenced among the youthful members of the household. At last their eminent merits were recognized, their services were needed, and they entered upon the task with ardor. Marshaled in a small army, under the generalship of their beloved chief, Sam Towers—who left Captain Bombshell, though he was an army man, Sir, completely in the background—the juvenile part of the company made a desperate onslaught into the forest, and ere long they were seen returning with huge boughs of cedar and pine, resembling, indeed, Macduff's army, when the wood of Birnam came to Dunsinane. In the van Sam Towers bestrode in a dignified attitude his venerable donkey, and this unfortunate animal now bore a moving cedar forest.

The evergreens were thrown down in the hall, and a hundred hands were soon busy making wreaths. On the ensuing evening, when the toil was over, some magical hand seemed to have touched the hall. The goblin king of the forest might have been suspected of a decided partiality toward "The Pines." Every where wreaths, festoons, zigzags, garlands—on the

walls, the ceiling—above the pictures, the windows, and the doors—there was not a single spot where evergreens could go, which the hands of the young girls and their assistants had not decorated. It was a forest palace, where old Winter might have reigned in imperial majesty; but the great fires would have melted the icicles on his beard, and the uproarious glee would as certainly have added to his face some more wrinkles—wrinkles of joy and laughter.

And then, with this new preparation for the season, came the question, Could not something more be devised? So many dresses were prepared, why not have some *tableaux*, nay, some dramatic scenes? It was Mr. Sam Towers who proposed this, and the proposition was hailed with delight. What could be acted? It might be a medley, Mr. Towers said, in which pirates of the Mediterranean should carry off ladies of the court of Louis XIV., and in the midst of the abduction a British officer might appear—last of all an American, who should conquer them all, and bear off the lady in triumph!

Mr. Sam Towers proposed this magnificent plot of a drama with great modesty, but his proposition was immediately greeted with tremendous applause; and when he promised by the same evening to have all that was necessary written and ready, the general approbation was displayed by prolonged clapping of hands. Sam placed his hand upon his heart, bowed with bashful confusion, and, taking my arm, drew me out of the room.

"I say," said Sam, in a low tone, as we sat down to smoke in the library, "we can make some fun out of this."

"How?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. You see the Pirate's to carry off the court lady, and the British officer is to rescue her, and the American is to win her at last. Do you comprehend?"

"Certainly; and your scheme?"

Sam proceeded immediately, with many chuckles, to explain. Henrietta was to act the court lady, Mr. Wilsonby the British officer, and I the American. We were to fight—a stage contest merely—with foils, of which there were a pair in the garret. This being understood, Sam proposed that I should disarm Mr. Wilsonby, send his foil flying, and conquer that gentleman before the eyes of his lady-love.

"But suppose he conquers me?" I said, laughing.

"So much the worse, my boy," said Sam, with great nonchalance; "that's your look-out."

This speech, as may be imagined, did not lead to further objection upon my part, and when Sam enlarged, with great eloquence, upon the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from the expression of Mr. Wilsonby's face when he was disarmed, I found myself unable to further oppose his plan, and so acceded to it, with a vague sentiment, however, that we should both feel very foolish, if the conclusion was not just what we expected—if I was "conquered before the eyes of my lady-love."

"That being arranged," observed Sam, "let us get to the writing."

And seizing a pen this versatile genius began scratching away with tremendous ardor, and scarcely any pause. In an hour he had produced one of the most remarkable dramatic works which perhaps the present century, or any other, ever witnessed. Time and place were mingled in a confusion utterly inextricable; the same characters swore in Latin, English, and French; oceans were to be traversed in an instant; and England, Asia, and America were mixed up in one great mess which would have driven a geographer to frenzy. Having placed at the head of his MS., in conspicuous letters, "THE PIRATE OF THE ÆGEAN: OR, THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS AND HER LOVER. A Drama in Five Acts, by S. Towers, Esq.," the author modestly read it to me, and then bore it to the more awful ordeal of the drawing-room.

To describe the burst of applause which greeted the first reading of this great five-act tragedy would be wholly impossible. The young army, who had tarried to hear it before retiring, seemed overcome with uproarious admiration; and young Stephen, the lieutenant under Captain Towers, was not content until he had climbed upon the back of his commander's chair, and given a deafening cheer in his honor.

Every one accepted his or her part with alacrity, with the exception of Mr. Wilsonby and Miss Henrietta. These two personages held out for some time, but at last were also conquered. Mr. Wilsonby acquiesced finally with a sort of haughty dignity, and Henrietta with a blush. Was the young lady thinking of the stage direction in the drama, "Carries off the Countess in his arms?" Perhaps she began to think that the fates were against her, and I was destined eternally to be close at hand with outstretched arms. At all events, she reluctantly consented to take the part of the Countess. Sam Towers promised to arrange every thing, and so the drama was a fixed fact. First, the fancy ball with *tableaux*, then dancing, then the terrific tragedy! It was almost sublime, Sir, said Captain Bombshell, twirling his mustache; was it not, Miss Araminta?

And Miss Araminta, with a languishing glance, replied that it certainly was.

V.—CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

The chief object of this veracious chronicle is, of course, to describe the manner in which we spent Christmas at "The Pines;" but I find some difficulty in handling the subject properly. It was much more pleasant to go through with than to describe.

We had games of "Copenhagen," and "Pencil," and "Fox and Goose," and "Change Partners," and "Puss in the Corner," and "Consequences," and "Clap in, Clap out;" in the latter of which the gallant Captain Bombshell took his seat before Miss Araminta, and triumphantly remained, amidst protestations from every body that they had a previous arrangement;

and then, tired of these games—tired of looking at the stars and wishing, and gazing at the moon over their left shoulders, and throwing apple-parings to discover their intended wives or husbands—tired of all this, and yet far from sleepy, the whole party made up a grand quadrille, to which succeeded a waltz, in which Captain Bombshell and Miss Araminta figured; and then the whole was terminated by a wild and uproarious reel.

The reel at an end, some question of the propriety of retiring began to be mooted. But this was quickly vetoed; and Sam Towers having proposed ghost-stories, his idea was hailed with enthusiasm. The young ladies gathered in a party upon low crickets, cushions, and pillows on the floor; the gentlemen essayed to imitate them; and Mr. Towers having carefully put out the light, and reduced the fire to a bed of dim coals, the fearful amusement of relating ghost-stories duly commenced.

Long afterward this evening was talked of, and various gentlemen were charged with the impropriety of pressing young ladies' hands in the darkness. These breaches of propriety were indignantly denied by them, and laid to the blame of the youthful members of the establishment; but as there was an evident "misunderstanding" of some description, I forbear from further dwelling upon a topic so very delicate and mysterious.

Thus with mime and jest, and game and song, the days sped onward, and the Christmas eve came in with joyful uproar. The very genius of mirth seemed to have taken up his abode at "The Pines;" and from the highest to the lowest—from the oldest to the youngest—every one seemed to revel in the glory of the time, and cast all sorrow to the winds.

It was a great old English Christmas which we promised to have—with a Yule-log, box of presents, stockings hung up for the gifts of Santa Claus, and the Christmas-tree was not forgotten. An immense cedar was procured, and paper baskets worked; tapers were fashioned, and the magical tree decked out in splendor.

Thus every thing was ready; and with a few words in the way of preface, I shall proceed at once to tell what happened on the eventful day so long looked forward to, and now about to be heralded with joy and laughter.

VL.—THE HERO AND HEROINE.

The few words in the way of preface will concern themselves with the state of things between a certain young gentleman and Miss Henrietta.

We had been brought up almost together, and to have not loved her would have been a mortal sin—from which, fortunately, or unfortunately, my conscience was entirely clear. A more lovely nature I have never known, and this was not my own opinion merely. All the young men went crazy about the little beauty of "The Pines;" and if report spoke truly, more than one of them had received a certain "No, I thank you, Sir," in answer to a certain request. I did not won-

der at the infatuation of these young gentlemen, but I did feel astonished at Henrietta's ever having the courage thus to wound the feelings of a mortal. I often propounded, in the presence of her lady friends, the question how she could bring herself to perform so cruel an action, but this proceeding never gave me any satisfaction. These charming young damsels pouted beautifully, and tossed their handsome little heads, and would like to know if *we* could be expected to accept every gentleman who paid us his addresses? After which annihilating question I was duly bullied, brow-beaten, and reduced to silence. In fact, it seemed to me that there was something resembling justice in their views; and as I was by no means disposed to quarrel with Miss Henrietta's course on these occasions, I duly smiled and acquiesced, and signified my entire submission to the feminine philosophy.

Such had been the fate of Henrietta's wooers; but now came one who appeared really dangerous. There was much in Mr. Wilsonby to conciliate a young lady's favorable regards; and I think Henrietta, with her habitual magnanimity, looked quite beyond his faults, and saw his merits only. He was brave, honorable, and generous; pride was his sole bad quality, or at least, his chief drawback. And perhaps this weakness also would disappear after further knowledge of the world, and when age had sobered him. Certain it is that Henrietta treated Mr. Wilsonby with great courtesy and good-humor, defended him when Sam Towers abused him, and declared that he was a great deal better than people supposed.

If I remember rightly, this course upon Miss Henrietta's part was far from agreeable to my feelings. To me Mr. Wilsonby was, of course, a perfect mass of affectations and pretension. I do not mind adding that his greatest offense—his unpardonable crime—was being so rich. I hated him with lofty indignation for that wealth; I referred constantly to the debasing influence of large possessions; I made out an excellent case for the army of poor gentlemen; but I could only get a smile from Henrietta, which made me more indignant than an angry frown.

As to Mr. Wilsonby, I doubt whether the idea ever obtained lodgment in that gentleman's mind that such a personage as myself could possibly pretend to be his rival. That a young fellow, preparing himself to starve at law, should bid against him for so beautiful and costly an object as Miss Henrietta Seaton, I am sure never seriously appeared possible to him.

This was the state of things on Christmas Eve; and on this occasion Mr. Wilsonby was overwhelmingly gracious to me. He patronized me until my blood tingled; and I thought there was a mischievous expression in the eyes of the young ladies, indicative of their enjoyment of the scene. I lost my temper, grew extremely haughty, and Mr. Wilsonby turned away with well-bred indifference to talk with Henrietta, who replied with her sweetest smile.

I made my exit amidst a murmur of smothered laughter, and did not appear again that evening. On the next morning I met Miss Henrietta on the stair-case, with profound ceremony and a stately bow.

"Good-morning, cousin," she said, holding out her white hand, and smiling with the sweetest expression I ever saw; "you are not put out with me, or any body, are you? You retired so early last night that I thought—"

"My being put out, or not, I should consider a matter of very small moment," I replied, with stately politeness and despairing wretchedness.

Her eyes met mine, and there was so much pain in them that my resolution faltered and shook.

"Are you offended with me, cousin Will?" she said, in a low voice. "I never thought you would—"

The fair face was turned away, and quick tears came to the beautiful eyes. They shipwrecked all my remaining displeasure, and in an instant I had caught her hand and commenced a speech decidedly compromising in its character.

But, alas for love's chances! Just as I was about to pour out all my pent-up affection, the voice of Captain Bombshell, as he descended, saluted us, and, with a hasty good-morning to that gentleman, Henrietta flitted by and disappeared.

I frowned at the worthy captain, I think, but I was no longer ill-humored. A single look had healed my wounds.

VII.—"THE PIRATE OF THE ÆGEAN."

So Christmas came in laughing, and the joyous, splendid day rushed by with mirth and uproar; the great dinner was gone through with; the toasts to absent friends were drunk; the children's Christmas-tree was reared aloft with all its gleaming tapers, dancing baskets of cut paper, artificial flowers, and gifts which clung like so many birds' nests to the boughs; then the great hall and every room was lighted, lamps blazed and glimmered through festoons of evergreen, and the night of revel came, with a dozen carriages full of revelers.

The actors in the fancy ball were nowhere to be seen. They were in the green-room, or, rather, the two apartments dedicated to the necessities of costume; and soon from these remote haunts they defiled down the great stair-case, and entered the drawing-room in a magnificent procession, amidst universal laughter, admiration, and applause.

How the whole bright scene comes back again as I pause, and smile, and muse! How the beautiful pageant of sweet faces and gay dresses shines again through the mists of those vanished years!

Of the Highlanders, and pirates, and banditti, and sailors, I shall not pause particularly to speak; of the fairer forms I must, however, needs say something. How they pass before me now in a long, bright line—"Folly," with her dazzling silks, and scarfs, and ribbons, and jingling sleigh-bells tied under her robe, and tender eyes, which looked into your own

with a sweetness truthfully reflecting the pure heart; the stately "Autumn," with her necklace and rosary of small crimson apples; the "Morning Star," in appropriate white; the little "English Bar-Maid," with her waiter, and bright auburn hair, and fascinating smile, though not more sweet than her lovely sister's—the Gipsies, Indian Maids, and all the pageant of them! And let me not forget the "Spanish Girl"—the little *Señorita* of the South—her beautiful dark eyes shining softly beneath the black lace veil—herself the sweetest type of Southern loveliness, of tropical beauty! By her side walked "Night," in a black robe strewn with snowy stars—gliding like some sad poet's dream, but sad no longer, when her ringing laugh was heard! If "Night" at all, it was a splendid night of midsummer, with a harvest-moon above the tree-tops, and the star of love upon the very horizon of the sunset!

So much for the leading characters of the revel; but what words shall I use to describe the young lady who represented "*Madame la Comtesse de P—*"? She wore a blue checked silk, with a pink gown festooned above; her bare arms and shoulders were quite dazzling, and her hair, carried back after the old fashion from her temples, was covered with powder. It was a little Countess of the elder day which I looked at—one of the old French *noblesse*—and never was the character more truthfully represented. It may be said that I am no impartial witness, as I happened to be madly, wildly in love with Madam—did I fail to mention that unimportant fact?—but every body thought as I did, and especially Mr. Wilsonby, who could not keep his British official gaze from dwelling on her face. The little Countess rises for me now as she looked then—long ago—and I make her a great salute, and turn away to keep my eyes from being dazzled!

So commenced the gay and brilliant ball, and anon came dancing to the old harpsichord and a fiddle, which sent merry couples whirling through quadrilles, and contra-dances, and the "Curtsey," "March," and "Basket" cotillions, with as many more. Then came the wild reel, and the great supper; then the *tableaux*, of which I have not room to speak; then the drama—the great tragedy!

Here, all at once, the sovereignty devolved on "Jemmy Twitcher," *alias* Samuel Towers, Esq. That gentlemen had hitherto contented himself with throwing every body into convulsions by his comic rendering of the part he had assumed; but now Mr. Twitcher, vagabond, became the great manager—upon him devolved the arrangement of the theatrical pageant, and to the task Mr. Towers bent all his energies. The recess from which a door opened into the library had already been partitioned off with a curtain, or, rather, curtains, which parted in the middle, and thus presented a view of the scene. The library was the common green-room of the performers, who required no change of costume; and to the old apartment, frowning with its an-

tique volumes and huge busts, every one now resorted.

"Parts" were duly distributed; lights were arranged behind the curtain, and all others in the great drawing-room extinguished to render the pictures more dazzling; then, having first rung a huge cow-bell prepared for the occasion, Mr. Sam Towers, with his official wand, beckoned every one to his or her station. A suppressed whispering in the audience indicated the general expectation; the bell rang again, the curtain rose, and Captain Bombshell, who had taken, at the last moment, the part of the "Pirate," advanced, with a terrific stalk, upon the stage, and commenced his soliloquy.

The appearance of Captain Bombshell upon this occasion was truly terrific. His head was bound with a crimson turban—indeed, it was Miss Araminta's shawl—around his waist a heavy scarf held the Turkish yataghan, with which Uncle Joshua was accustomed to cut sausages, and the countenance which frowned above this frightful dress was full of the most blood-thirsty ferocity.

The captain complained to "the seas and hollow caves" around him that his heart was dead; that since Zuleika left him he was but a walking shadow; and then, as he strode onward, or rather around, the Pirate was seen to start. The "Countess of P—" had suddenly appeared, kneeling in a submissive manner, and the terrible bandit threw himself into an attitude which drew down thunders of applause. The scene ended by the falling of the curtain, amidst applause still more enthusiastic, and the worthy captain made his exit to the green-room, or rather library, twirling his mustache and smiling. I observed that he and Miss Araminta did not exchange views upon the subject of the piece; and when the warrior paid Henrietta a compliment of immense extravagance, I saw Miss Araminta's pretty lip assume a decided pout. It seemed to me that Miss Araminta was disquieted by the admiration which her lover expressed for the Countess, but I had no opportunity of observing further. The play proceeded.

To describe it would be an utter impossibility. The great author had taken pains to render any intelligible description of his production utterly out of the question, and I recommend the course pursued by Mr. Towers on this occasion to some of my literary friends. They render their works too intelligible, whereas every great production should be mysterious. Such was "The Pirate of the *Ægean*." It proceeded with a grand contempt of the *unities* of both time and place. As there were no painted scenes, the audience, generally speaking, were utterly unable to comprehend the localities, and by this masterly arrangement Mr. Towers achieved his triumph. Gipsies, Highlanders, Indian maidens, and ladies, mingled themselves picturesquely with the plot, and took part in it. "Night" and the Spanish damsel danced the *cachucha*; and when the Pirate of the *Ægean* felt for his sabre to execute a contumacious

slave, he discovered that the weapon in question had been stolen by Mr. Twitcher, who was busily paring his finger nails, to the intense enjoyment of the juveniles in the audience.

Thus, with laughter and joyous uproar, the tragedy went onward until the fifth act was reached, and the moment for the great combat arrived. The act commenced in the midst of breathless expectation and a suppressed murmur. The Pirate and the Countess rushed upon the stage in the midst of clashing weapons and discharges of fire-arms. Then came the last and crowning struggle. Struck by a pistol-ball, the Pirate falls at full length to the earth (represented by red sofa-cushions), his blood spouts forth like an immense flood of cherry-bounce (which, indeed, it consisted of), and while writhing in the agonies of death he sees his enemy, the British officer, at his side—Mr. Wilsonby. With horrible gesticulation the Pirate utters his last curse, and dies. The Briton rushes toward the Countess, but at that moment a final roar of guns is heard, and the American patriot advances upon the stage and catches the Countess by the arm.

As I have said, the American patriot was represented by myself, and, as Mr. Sam Towers had arranged, Mr. Wilsonby and myself were armed with foils, which we were to use honestly, going through a fencing bout for the amusement of the audience.

Mr. Wilsonby did not forget his part. No sooner had I appeared upon the scene, and caught the arm of the Countess, than the Briton threw himself toward me, and our foils crossed. I was an excellent fencer at that time, and I soon saw that my opponent was my equal, if not my superior. The collision of the weapons seemed to excite him as much as me, and in a moment we were striking at each other with a ferocity which was rather too natural to be a part of the drama. I saw Mr. Wilsonby growing hot and enraged; his eyes glared upon me, and his teeth were set, as I did not give back an inch. So far from retreating, I advanced upon him—as indeed the play required—and drove him step by step to the wall. Here it was his place to fall, while I carried off the lady; but Mr. Wilsonby did nothing of the sort. He made a violent lunge at me—his foil snapped an inch from the end—and then I felt as some one had pierced my arm with a red-hot needle. I only saw some frightened faces—felt a body which I clutched furiously, and dragged with me in my fall—then I fainted.

When I regained my senses, in a few moments, my shoulder was bare, and Aunt Dulsy's hands were binding up my wound. Mr. Wilsonby stood by, protesting, in a stately way, that he regretted the occurrence, but accidents would happen; and I remember laughing, and telling him it was only a scratch. Then a sort of dizziness came over me—a cloud passed before my eyes—and when it disappeared I was up stairs in bed.

The wound became inflamed, from the rusty

condition of the foil, doubtless; and I had a fever, which kept me tossing for three weeks. I suffered immense pain from my arm, and I thought my pulses were two steam-engines, so full of fever was my frame. Still, in spite of all, I do not regret that illness. Perhaps it was the luckiest event of my life.

VIII.—THE END OF MY FROLIC.

I have thus told of some of the incidents which were a part of our Christmas at "The Pines;" and as no more remains to be said upon that subject, I might pause, and leave my narrative as it is.

But perhaps it may interest you to know the meaning of that last mysterious sentence.

Well, the explanation is not excessively difficult. I was nursed in a great measure by a young lady named Henrietta. This young lady would bring her work, and sit by my bedside for hours; would read to me interminable romances, in the sweetest and most musical voice; and when, often, I would fall asleep in the midst of some thrilling adventure, it seemed to me that gentle hands smoothed my counterpane, a beautiful face bent over me, and a pair of soft eyes gazed upon my feverish countenance through a mist of pity and compassion. At such times I did not stir or open my eyes. I feared to drive away the happy dream. I lay quietly breathing, filled with happiness.

One day Henrietta came into my room, and I observed a merry light in her eyes, a mischievous smile upon her lips, and when she spoke her voice indicated a decided tendency toward laughter. The origin of all this merriment soon came to be discovered. On that morning Captain Bombshell had requested Miss Araminta to promenade with him in the portico; there he had assured her of his everlasting devotion, and the impossibility of living without her. In a word, the amiable warrior had "popped the question" to Miss Araminta, and that lady had not been cruel. On the next day Captain Bombshell came with a radiant countenance to bid me farewell, and having confidentially informed me that he was as gay as a lark, by Jove, Sir! and soon would be a married Benedick, Sir! the inoffensive warrior wrung my hand with ardor, twirled his great mustache, and disappeared, humming a martial song. Good Bombshell! He is my best neighbor now. An excellent farmer; fat, and in possession of a double chin and nine children.

Three days after Bombshell's departure, Henrietta came in to pay me her habitual morning visit; and again I observed a singular expression in her countenance. It was now no longer merry and mischievous. The expression was agitated, and I thought, a little stately and indignant. She looked more than ever like a Countess, and I informed her of the fact; still I could not induce her to explain her emotion, and her visit to my apartment was quickly terminated.

It was not until the next day that I heard

from Aunt Dulsy that Henrietta had discarded Mr. Wilsonby. The good lady seemed to regard the matter with much equanimity, for Mr. Wilsonby had never been a favorite with her; and, indeed, her face wore a decided smile as she plied her knitting and talked on. Mr. Wilsonby, she said, had expressed extreme surprise at the result, and even grown angry and complained of Henrietta's deportment toward him, "such as any gentleman, madam, might construe into encouragement." To which indignant and haughty words, it seemed, Miss Henrietta had replied with equal *hauteur*, that she was not responsible for Mr. Wilsonby's various constructions of her demeanor toward him; if he had discovered more than ordinary courtesy in her manner, when he came as a guest to "The Pines," she regretted it, assuring him that she had been wholly misunderstood. Mr. Wilsonby had grown angry upon this, made a speech of chilling ceremony, and begged leave to take his departure.

So had ended the hopes of this gentleman. I think Henrietta liked him up to the evening of Christmas; but he had displayed such want of sympathy for my suffering—indeed, showed so plainly that I was utterly indifferent to him—that the young lady's generous nature had revolted from him, and outlawed him from her friendship even. Was it—to hazard a briefer thought—from love to me? I think not. Up to that Christmas evening I don't think Henrietta cared more for me than our relationship made natural. But afterward things changed—the heart of a woman was touched by the suffering of a youth. There—I wander from my sketch of Christmas frolicking, and become the historian of my own life.

Why not? Is it not an appropriate picture for the curtain of the drama to descend upon—the beautiful Countess ministering at the bedside of her brave defender—and as she gazes on his thin pale face, passing from affection to pitying tenderness, and from tenderness to love? Nor is it a bad termination to a Christmas frolic—a happy marriage—at least I think so.

Mine has been happy. I do not tell my wife so, for she knows it. Her name is Henrietta, and for me she glows with imperishable youth.

The roses have faded, it may be, from the cheeks, but to my eyes they bloom there as in other years; the snows of age have fallen on her hair, but she is quite as beautiful as on that Christmas evening when she covered her sunny curls with snowy powder—when the queen of my heart descended from her throne, and walked before us as "The Countess."

PROFESSOR HENNEBERG.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—*Hamlet*.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE are remembrances for which no philosophy will account—sensations for which experience can discover no parallel. Few persons will hesitate to confess to you that they

have beheld scenes and faces which were new and yet familiar, of which they seemed to have dreamed in time gone by, and which, without any apparent cause, produced a painfully intimate impression upon their minds. I myself have dreamed of a place, and again forgotten that dream. Years have passed away, and the dream has returned to me, unaltered in the minutest particular. I have at last come suddenly upon the scene in some wild land which I had never visited before, and have recognized it, tree for tree, field for field, as I had beheld it in my dream. Then the dream and the scene became one in my mind, and by that union I learned to wrest from Nature a portion of one of her obscurest secrets. What are these phenomena? whence these fragmentary recollections which seem to establish a mysterious link between death and sleep? What is death? What is sleep? It is a law of the philosophy of mind that we can think of nothing which we have not perceived. The induction is that we have perceived these things; but not, perhaps, in our present state of being."

"You believe, then, in the doctrine of pre-existence!" I exclaimed, pushing back my chair, and looking my guest earnestly in the face.

"I believe in the immortality of the soul," replied the Professor, with unmoved solemnity. "I feel that I am, and that I have been. Eternity is a circle—you would reduce it to a crescent by denying the previous half of its immensity. For the soul there is, properly speaking, neither past nor future. It is *now* and eternal. You profess to believe in the immortality of the soul, and in the same breath advance an opinion which, if submitted to a due investigation, would establish a totally adverse system. If this soul of yours be immortal, it must have existed from all time. If not, what guarantee have you that it will continue to be during all time to come? That which shall have no end can have had no beginning. It is a part of God, and partakes of his nature. To be born is the same as to die—both are transitional, not creative or final. Life is but a vesture of the Soul, and as often as we die we but change one vesture for another."

"But this is the theory of the metempsychosis!" I said, smiling. "You have studied the philosophy of Oriental literature till you have yourself become a believer in the religion of Bramah!"

"All tradition," said the Professor, "is a type of spiritual truth. The superstitions of the East, and the mythologies of the North—the beautiful Fables of old Greece, and the bold investigations of modern science—all tend to elucidate the same principles; all take their root in those promptings and questionings which are innate in the brain and heart of man. Plato believed that the soul was immortal, and born frequently; that it knew all things; and that what we call learning is but the effort which it makes to recall the wisdom of the Past. 'For to search and to learn,' saith the poet-philoso-

pher, 'is reminiscence all.' At the bottom of every religious theory, however wild and savage, lies a perception, dim, perhaps, and distorted, but still a perception of God and immortality."

"And you think that we have all lived before, and all shall live again?"

"I know it," replied the Professor. "My life has been a succession of these revelations; and I am persuaded that if we would compel the mind to a severe contemplation of itself—if we would resolutely study the phenomena of psychology as developed within the limits of our own consciousness, we might all arrive at the recognition of this mystery of pre-existence. The 'caverns of the mind' are obscure, but not impenetrable; and all who have courage may follow their labyrinthine windings to the light of truth beyond."

Two days after this conversation I left Leipzig for Frankfort, on my way to Switzerland. Just as I was taking my seat in the diligence, a man, wearing the livery of a college-messenger, made his appearance at the window. He was breathless with running, and held a small parcel in his hand. "What is this?" I asked, as he handed it to me.

"From Professor Henneberg," he replied; and was proceeding to say more, but the diligence gave a lurch and rolled heavily forward; the messenger sprang back, the postillions cracked their whips, and in a moment we were clattering over the rough pavement of the town.

There were but two passengers in the interior beside myself. One was a priest, who did nothing but sleep and read his breviary, and who was perfumed, moreover, with a strong scent of garlic. The other was a young German student, who sat with his head hanging outside the window, smoking cigars.

As I did not find either of my companions particularly prepossessing, and as I had forgotten to furnish my pockets with any literature more entertaining than "Murray's Hand-Book of Switzerland," I was agreeably surprised, on opening the packet, to discover a considerable number of pages in my learned friend's very peculiar handwriting, neatly tied together at the corners, and accompanied by a note, in which he gave me to understand that the MSS. contained a brief sketch of some passages in his life which he thought might interest me, and which were, moreover, illustrative of that doctrine of pre-existence respecting which we had been conversing a few evenings before.

These papers I have taken the liberty of styling—

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF PROFESSOR HENNEBERG.

My parents resided in Dresden, where I was born on the evening of the fourth of May, 1790.

My mother died before I was many hours in being, and I was sent out to nurse at a farmhouse in the immediate neighborhood of the city. I can not say that I have any distinct remembrances of the first few years that ushered in this present life with which I am endued. I was kindly treated. I grew in the fields and

the sun, like a young plant. My father came regularly every Sunday and Thursday to see me, and I learned to look upon the Frau Schleitz as my mother. When I reached the age of ten years I was removed to a large public school in Dresden.

Up to this time I had received no education whatever. I was as ignorant as a babe of two years old. I therefore entered the academy at a period when I was just of an age to be painfully conscious of my inferiority to boys considerably my juniors. Undoubtedly my father did me a great injustice by thus delaying to furnish my young mind with that intellectual nutriment which is as essential to our mental being as wine and meat to our physical nature; but he was eccentric, arbitrary, and a visionary. It was one of his favorite theories that early childhood should be sacred from the anxieties of learning, and devoted wholly to the acquisition of bodily health; that youth should be appropriated to study; that manhood should be passed in action; and that old age should enjoy repose. Into these four epochs he would have had the lives of all mankind divided; forgetting that between stages so opposite there could exist no harmony of disposition or unity of purpose. Had he been an absolute monarch, he would have compelled his subjects to conform to these regulations. As he was only a German merchant, and possessed entire control over but one creature in the world, he practiced his system at my expense.

For the first month or two I suffered acutely. I found myself pitied by the masters and despised by the boys. The latter excluded me from their sports, and openly derided my ignorance. When I stood up to repeat my task, I stood where, five minutes before, boys younger than myself had been reading aloud from Tacitus and Herodotus. When I strove to acquire the rudiments of arithmetic, it was in a room where the least advanced scholar was already occupied upon the problems of Euclid.

To a proud nature, such as mine, this state of degradation was intolerable. Though sometimes almost overborne by shame and anguish, I made superhuman efforts to regain the time which had been lost. I was speedily rewarded for my exertions. My progress was astonishing; and, although still far behind the rest, the rapidity with which I mastered all that was given me to learn, and, indeed, the manner in which I frequently anticipated the instructions of the tutors, became the marvel of the school.

My father was wealthy, and supplied me liberally with money. This money I devoted wholly to the purchase of books. When the other boys were playing in the grounds of the academy, I used to steal away to the deserted bed-chambers, or to my accustomed corner in the empty class-room, and there labor earnestly at the acquisition of some of those branches of learning into which I had been but lately inducted, or at which, in the regular course of study, I had not yet arrived. Thus, too, in the

morning, before any of my companions were awake, I would draw a volume from beneath my pillow, or tax my memory to recall all the information which I had gathered during the previous day. By these means I not only continued to add hourly to my store, but I forgot nothing that I had once made my own.

And now let me confess something connected with my progress—something upon which I have often reflected with sensations approaching to terror—something which I have since attempted to analyze, and which has guided me in the interpretation of that mystery in which my subsequent life has been enveloped.

Nothing that I learned was entirely new to me.

Yes, strange and awful as it may appear, I never read a book which did not seem to be merely recalling distant recollections to my mind. All knowledge vibrated in my soul like the echo of some old familiar voice. When my teacher was elucidating a problem, or relating some of the phenomena of science, I invariably outstripped the sense of his argument, and, taking the words from his mouth, would sometimes leap at the conclusion before he had well begun. Many times he has started, questioned me, accused me of previously studying the book; and always I have proved to him that it had never been for an instant in my possession.

I thus obtained a character for natural powers of reasoning which I could not refute, and yet which I felt was undeserved. It was by no internal ratiocination that I arrived at the knowledge which so surprised, not only my instructors, but myself. The faculty was spontaneous. I had no control over it. It came with all the sudden clearness of conviction, and illumined the subject at once, like a gleam of lightning. I was bewildered sometimes to find how intimately the workings of this comprehension resembled the unsought promptings of memory.

However, I was at this time too young to enter minutely upon so difficult an investigation as that of the operations of the mind, and my thoughts were already charged with undertakings almost beyond their powers. I was therefore content to accept my good fortune without questioning its sources too curiously.

Five years elapsed. During that time I had passed from the lowest bench to the rank of senior scholar at the academy; I had mastered two of the living languages (English and French) besides my own; I was tolerably well read in the classics; I had gone through the entire routine of school mathematics; and I was the author, moreover, of certain prize poems in Greek and Latin, and also of an anonymous pamphlet on Social Philosophy.

At this point of my education, my father, in compliance with my earnest solicitations, transferred me to the University of Leipzig, where I had scarcely entered my name when I received intelligence of his sudden death. My grief was deep and sincere, and the only result of wealth was to augment my love of knowledge, and to increase the severity of my studies.

I now directed my attention principally toward Oriental languages and Oriental literature. I lived the life of a hermit. I existed only in the past. I avoided the abstractions of the outer world, and devoted myself entirely to the acquisition of Hebrew, Persian, Hindoo, and Indian learning.

In college, as at school, my efforts were followed by the same rapid and unvarying success. I bore away the prizes at every public examination, and finally received the highest university honors. Still I had no inclination to leave Leipzig; I continued to occupy my old apartments, to prosecute my old studies, and to lead precisely the same mode of life as heretofore. Thus six years more were added to my term of existence; and at twenty-one years of age, on the death of one of my own instructors, I was by unanimous election inducted into the vacant professorship of Oriental literature.

This unparalleled progress surprised no one so much as myself, for I alone knew the extraordinary manner in which it was accomplished. Knowledge came to me more as a revelation than a study, yet the word scarcely expresses what I mean. *Memory*—I repeat it—memory is the only mental process to which I can compare the victories of my intellectual explorations.

I had one friend, by name Frank Ormesby. He was an Englishman, and had entered the University about a year later than myself. Young, brilliantly gifted, and imbued deeply with the spirit of German literature, he had chosen here to complete his academic studies. But for this friendship I should scarcely have had a tie of human affection in common with the world around me.

Frank Ormesby was the last male descendant of an old aristocratic family in the West of England. His ancestors had suffered extensive losses during the period of the Commonwealth, and had regained but a small portion of their property at the hands of the graceless and profligate Charles. Two or three farms, with the old manor-house and park, alone remained to that family whose loyal cavaliers had not hesitated to arm their tenantry and melt their hereditary plate in the service of the Stuarts. Small as it was, the estate was rendered still less valuable through the extravagance of some later Ormesbys, and, when Frank succeeded to it, was so encumbered as scarcely to yield him the few annual hundreds which were necessary to supply the expenses of a gentleman.

In this remote and melancholy manor, shut in by dark old trees, and attended only by a governess and one or two servants, my friend's younger sister lived in the deepest seclusion. The pair were orphans, and they were all in all to each other. Frank had not a thought in which the happiness of Grace was not considered. Grace looked up to Frank as to a mirror of truth and talent.

During the long, solitary walks which we used sometimes to take beyond the confines of the city, Frank delighted to talk with me of his

sister's gentleness and beauty. He told me how she went, like an angel, diffusing blessings around her; how she was beloved by the poor; and how she had sacrificed her own pleasures for the sake of prolonging his collegiate education. Secluded as I was from the gentle influences of female society, these conversations produced a profound impression upon my heart. I learned to love without having beheld her. I suffered myself to dream golden dreams; I hung upon his words with the enraptured faith of a devotee before the shrine of a veiled divinity; and I yielded up my whole soul to the dangerous fascination.

At length the time came when Frank must return to England; when I must be once more alone—more alone than if I had never possessed his friendship.

One evening we were loitering through the garden of the University, arm in arm, silent and melancholy. Each knew the other's thoughts, and neither spoke of parting. Suddenly Frank turned and said, hurriedly,

"Why don't you come with me, Henneberg? The trip to England would do you good."

I smiled, and shook my head.

"Ah! no," I said; "I am a snail, and the college is my shell."

"Nonsense," he replied, "you must come; I will have it so. Who knows? Perhaps you and Grace may fall in love with each other!"

The hot blood rushed up to my face, but I made no answer. Frank stopped short, and, looking earnestly into my eyes,

"Heinrich," he said, "I seem to have spoken lightly, but I have thought deeply. Could this union be, it would fulfill the wish that lies nearest my heart."

My pulse throbbed wildly, my eyes became suffused with tears; still I remained silent.

"Will you come?" he asked.

I said, "Yes."

Never before had I traveled beyond the limits of my native Saxony, and so far from feeling any of the anticipative delight of youth, I shrank from the journey with the nervous timidity of a recluse. Frank rallied me upon my apprehensions.

"My good fellow," he exclaimed, "you have shut yourself up in this old German college till you are little better than a dusty, moth-eaten folio yourself! You are but twenty-one years of age, and you are pale and wise as a philosopher of eighty. Your clothes hang about you like an old-fashioned binding; your face is as yellow as parchment; you bow as if you were making an Eastern salam; and the very character of your handwriting is distorted into a resemblance of Oriental characters. This will never do. You must become rejuvenescent, and make up your mind to descend for once to the level of other people. Be a martyr, Heinrich, and write to your tailor for a dress-suit!"

We resolved to travel round by the Rhine, and proceeded first of all to Mayence.

On the morning of the third day an incident

occurred, which, to my mind, was deeply significant. It wanted more than two hours of noon; the carriage was ascending a precipitous hill, and we were walking some fifty yards in advance. The air was deliciously cool and fragrant, and we paused every now and then to look upon the fair level prospect of wood and vineyard which we were leaving behind. The birds were singing in the green shade of the lindens beside the road. An old man and a young girl, leading a mule, passed us, with a pleasant word of greeting, and we heard the voices of the vintagers down in the valley. Frank was in high spirits, and sprang forward as if he dared the toilsome hill to weary him. "See," he cried, "we shall soon reach the summit, and then I predict that we shall be rewarded by the sight of a divine landscape. Mayence must be close at hand, and we shall see the broad, bright, rushing Rhine below." And he began singing, in a loud, clear voice, that song beloved of German students, "To the Rhine—to the Rhine!"

I smiled at his fresh-hearted enthusiasm, and followed him somewhat more slowly. It was, indeed, as he had said; and on a sudden we beheld, close under our feet, the streets, the cathedral, the University of Mayence, the wide, rapid river, the long boat-bridge, the lordly façade of the Palace of Biberich, the banks clothed with plants and autumn flowers; the hurrying steamers, with their canvas awnings and their clouds of fleecy smoke; and then, far away, the shadowy hills, the vineyards, the river-side villages, and the winding Rhine flashing along for miles and miles through all the scene. It was a glorious prospect, and my friend was breathless with delight. But the effect which it produced upon me was fearful and unexpected. I stood quite still and pale; then, uttering a wild cry, I clasped my hands over my eyes and cast myself upon the ground. I distinctly remembered to have seen that very prospect—those spires and towers, that bridge, that red-hued palace, that far landscape—in some past stage of being, vague, dark, forgotten as a dream. When they came to lift me from the spot where I had fallen, they found me in a state of insensibility; and when I recovered my consciousness, it was in a bed-chamber of the Königliche Hof, a little road-side tavern just outside the city. The shock had been so great that for several days I was unable to travel. I did not dare to tell Frank the real cause of my illness, and I alleged a sudden giddiness as the reason of my cry when falling. He fancied that it might have been a slight sun-stroke, and I allowed him to think so. On the third day I had sufficiently recovered to resume the journey. We now proposed to take a Rhine steamer to Cologne; but as the boat would not start before the afternoon, I yielded to my friend's persuasions, and ventured out with him to visit the Cathedral of Mayence.

All here was so cool and still, that I felt my troubled heart grow calmer. The sunlight coming in through the stained windows, hovered and

flickered in patches of gold and purple on the marble pavement, and cast long lines of light through the dim, ruined cloisters beyond. The sacristan was putting fresh flowers on the altar; the great organ, with its front of shining pipes, was quite dumb and breathless, like a dead giant. Some little flaring tapers were burning on a votive stand beside the door, and an old beggar-woman, with her crutches lying beside her on the ground, was devoutly kneeling before the rails of the altar. Leaving these, we hurried through the dirty, narrow streets of the town, and sat under the shadow of some leafy walnuts on one of the hills looking over the Rhine. Here we watched the women spinning at their doors, and my friend recited Schiller's wondrous ballad, "The Cranes of Ibycus."

Thus the morning passed away, and in a few hours more we were gliding along the broad current, between vineyards and rocks, and ruined, blank-eyed towers; islands, with trees dipping down to the water; quaint old towns, with Gothic spires and sloping forests of the oak and pine. But there is no need that I should describe the Rhine to you, O my friend, for whom I write these brief pages of troubled memories. Since those days of my youth, you, too, have traversed the scenes of which I speak; you, too, have felt the influence of their beauty sink like dew upon the arid sands of your thirsty heart, as they fell there upon mine. If I say that we went on and on, past Coblenz, and Andernach, and Bonn; that we staid for a day at Cologne; that we there hired a vehicle to transport us to Clèves, and that from thence we proceeded along the smooth roads of Holland, you will recall sufficient of your own experience to follow in our track, and to imagine the feelings with which I, a hermit-student, must have contemplated such varied and remarkable scenery.

From Rotterdam we took the steamer for England, and in rather more than a fortnight from the date of our departure, we found ourselves, one sultry evening, amidst that confusion of sounds and sights which makes up the sum of the great Babel called London.

"Shall we stay here for a few days, that I may show you some of the wonders of our great city?" asked Frank, as we sat at supper in a dismal sitting-room at the back of a great gloomy inn in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cathedral. But I was still weak, and I felt stunned by the roar and hurry of the streets through which we had just passed. "Ah! no," I said; "I am not fit for this place. So much life oppresses me. Let us go quickly to your old quiet home. I shall be better when loitering amidst the dim alleys of your park, or dreaming over the books in your library. I need peace—peace and rest."

* * * * *

It was already evening when we reached the gates of Ormesby Park. They were very rusty old gates, and creaked mournfully upon their hinges as we rolled through them. A white-headed man crept out of the little dilapidated lodge to admit us, and stood looking after the

chaise in feeble wonderment, as it proceeded up the avenue.

"Poor old Williams!" said Frank, leaning back with a sigh; "he has quite forgotten me."

"What superb trees!" I exclaimed, looking up at the gigantic branches, with the red light of the setting sun streaming in between.

"They are beautiful," replied my friend, more cheerfully. "I have often been tempted, I confess, to cut the old timber; but now I vow it shall never be desecrated by the axe. See, there you catch a glimpse of the house."

I leaned forward, and just saw it for a moment through a passing gap. It was an antique Elizabethan building, with gable-ends and large bay-windows, and a terraced garden in the front.

"I think I know at which window Grace is standing," said Ormesby. "I wonder how she looks. To think of its being five years since we parted!"

I, too, began to get nervous. "Does she know that I am coming?" I asked, hurriedly.

Frank burst into a hearty laugh. "Know that you are coming! to be sure she does; and she will be surprised enough when she sees you. Why, man, I told her that I was going to bring the Professor of Oriental Literature with me—a grave old gentleman of eccentric habits, but profound learning, whom I hoped she would try to like for my sake!"

"My dear Frank," I said, hastily, "it was unnecessary, I think, to place your friend in so ridiculous a position at his first interview—"

"Hush!" said he, grasping me affectionately by the hand; "do not say that. She has long known how I love and value you: and now jump out, for here we are at last!"

We had driven round to the back of the house, where a group of two or three old servants were gathered to receive us. Frank ran past them, and taking a lady in his arms who was standing near the door, covered her cheeks and brow with kisses.

"Grace, my darling Grace!" he said, bending his proud head fondly toward her.

"My dear brother!" replied the lady, hiding her face upon his shoulder, and sobbing aloud.

I turned away, and walked toward the window; for I had no place there, and my own eyes were filled with tears.

"So tall, too (I heard him say)—so tall and so beautiful! so changed, and yet the same dear Grace I left five years ago."

"Five years ago!" echoed the lady in a low voice.

"But here is Professor Henneberg, waiting all this time to be introduced to you," said Frank, drawing her arm through his, and advancing to where I yet stood. "Heinrich, this is my dear and only sister: Grace, welcome this gentleman; he is my friend."

It was not that I had heard and thought so much of her already; it was not even for her beauty, rare and winning though it was. No, it was for none of these, but for the purity writ-

ten on her brow, and for the earnest soul looking from her dark eyes, that I succumbed in one moment to that deep and passionate tide of love which has never ceased since then to overflow my heart. Confused and silent, I could only bow to her; and when she extended her hand—that small white hand—what could I do but hold it, tremblingly and irresolutely, in mine, and then stoop down and kiss it?

"My friend has saluted you after our German fashion, Grace," said Frank, smiling, as he saw her embarrassment and mine. "Abroad we kiss the hand of a lady, and we only shake that of a gentleman. If he be a heart-friend, or a brother, we rub our rough beards together in a fraternal embrace."

A little while afterward, when we were sitting together in a window overlooking the old park, the lady, after glancing doubtfully toward me twice or thrice, laid her hand gently on her brother's arm, and said, "But where, my dear Frank, is the other gentleman—the Oriental scholar—whom you prepared me to receive?"

A malicious smile hovered over his lips, and danced in his dark eyes. "This is the learned professor in person," he replied, laughingly. "Speak for yourself, friend; and if Grace still continue to doubt your identity, reply with a spirited harangue in Syriac or Hindostanee! By-the-way, sister mine, can you discover who it is that Henneberg resembles? From the moment I first saw him, I knew that I had been used to a face strangely like his, 'e'en from my boyish days; yet for my life I can not tell whose that face may be."

"I observed it directly," replied Grace Ormesby. "The face is as familiar to me as possible!"

"How beautiful this is!" I exclaimed, stepping out upon the balcony, and looking over the wide-wooded country, the distant hills, the park, and the quaint, formal garden, with the moon just rising palely on one side, and the red sun sinking slowly on the other.

"It is a truly English scene," replied the lady; "but I suppose it will not bear a comparison with your German forests and vineyards."

The conversation changed again, and flowed on into other channels, like a mountain-stream, now winding past a little quiet isle, now dashing over the steep rocks, now murmuring softly through the rushes near a cottage-door, and anon wandering out and losing itself in the deep sea. Thus the hours glided away unnoticed, and I withdrew at last with a sigh.

Mine was a large dark room, with an enormous bed, like a hearse, in the centre of the floor. Two ebony cabinets, richly inlaid, stood on either side of the fire-place. An antique Venetian mirror was suspended above the toilet-table, and some high-backed chairs and *moyen-age* fauteuils were scattered about in various directions.

Glancing round at these details, I walked over to one of the casements, threw it open, and,

leaning forward into the moonlight, thought of the lady whom I had already dared to love. It was long past midnight when I returned into the chamber, and dropped upon a chair. My eyes wandered listlessly round the room, and encountered a picture which I had not before observed—"some old ancestral portrait, no doubt!" I rose; I advanced toward it; I raised the candle . . . a freezing sensation came upon me; my eyes grew dim; my heart stood still. In that portrait I recognized—*myself!*

Suddenly I turned and rushed to the door; but, as my fingers closed upon the handle, I paused. "What folly!" I said, conquering my fears by a strong effort. "It must be a mirror after all!" So I nerved myself to return.

Once more I stood before it, and surveyed it steadily. It was no mirror, but a picture—an old oil-painting, cracked in many places, and wearing the brittle, deepened tone of age. The portrait represented a young man in the costume of the reign of James the First, with ruff and doublet. But the face—the face! I sickened as I gazed upon it; for every feature was mine! The long light hair, descending almost to the shoulders; the pallid hue and anxious brow, the compressed lips and fair mustache, the very meaning and expression of the eye—all, all my own, as though reflected from the surface of a glass!

I stood fascinated, spell-bound: my eyes were riveted upon the picture, and its eyes, glance for glance, on mine. At length the tide of horror seemed to burst its bounds; a groan broke from my lips, and dashing my lamp upon the ground that I might behold the face no more, I flew to the window, and leaped out into the garden.

All that night, hour after hour, I wandered through the avenues and glades of the park, startling the red-deer in their midnight coverts, and scattering the dew-drops from the low branches as I passed.

The morning dawned ere long; the sun shone, the lark rose singing, and the day-flowers opened in the grass. At seven o'clock I bent my steps toward the house, weary, haggard, and depressed. Frank met me in the garden. "You are out early this morning, Heinrich," he said, gayly. Then observing the expression of my countenance, "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"I have not slept at all," I replied, in a hollow tone; "and I have suffered the torture of a hundred nights in one. Come with me to my bed-chamber, and I will tell you."

We went, and I told him. He heard me out in silence, and looked frequently from the portrait to my face. When I had done, he laughed aloud, and shook his head. "I acknowledge," he said, "that the resemblance is striking; and not only the resemblance, but the coincidence; for, to tell you the truth, this is actually the portrait of one of your countrymen—a Baron von Ravensberg, of Suabia, who married a daughter of our house in the year 1614. At the

same time, my dear Heinrich, I can not hear of any thing supernatural in the matter. It is one of those fortuitous circumstances which are daily occurring; and, after all, the likeness may be, in a great measure, simply national. For instance, we know how strongly the peasantry of Scotland and of Ireland are imbued with one physiognomical stamp; the Italian cast of face is peculiar; and (not to cite the tribes of colored men, or even the Chinese and Tartars) how remarkably are these facial characteristics imprinted upon the natives of America! The last instance is, indeed, one which admits of wide physiological inquiry. The Americans, gathered together as they are from all the shores of the Old World, have received a stamp of individuality, as it were, from the very climate in which they live: and even in the second generation the new characteristics become apparent." I heard, but scarcely heeded his words. When he had ceased speaking, I looked up as if from a dream. "It may be all very true, Ormesby," I replied; "but I can not occupy this room another night."

"Nor is there any occasion that you should," said he, cheerily. "Come down to the breakfast-parlor, and I will order the green bed-room to be prepared for you!"

I felt now as if some destiny were upon me; and many days elapsed before I regained my cheerfulness. By degrees, however, the impression wore away, and as I no longer saw, I ceased to think of the picture.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, thou solitary dream of my life! wake, wake once more, and let me for a brief moment forget the shaded years that have risen up between my soul and thee!

I loved her—shall I say *loved*? Ah, no! I love her still—I shall love her till I die! Let me tell how deep and passionate that love was; how I lived day after day in the sweet air she breathed; how I sat and watched the inner-light of her dark, earnest eyes; how my heart failed within me, listening to her voice.

Her voice! Ah, that sweet, low voice, so calm, so meaning, and so musical! It vibrates even now upon my ear, and brings the stranger-tears back to my eyes! How can I paint the long, golden days of that dreamy autumnal season, when I went forth by her side into the yellow corn-fields amidst the reapers, and through the pleasant lanes on every side? There we used to talk of sweet and high things, and sometimes we sat beneath the spreading boughs while I read aloud to her from Shakspeare, or translated a few pages of Schiller. How my voice rose and trembled as the words translated the language of my heart!

Then there were the happy evenings when we sat by the open windows of the old drawing-room, looking out upon the dusky park and the clear, starry sky; when the harvest-moon shone down upon the stirless trees; when the nightingale shook her wild song from her little throat

hard by; and the drowsy air hung like an enchanted element over all!

At such times Grace would touch the keys of the piano, and sing the ballads of my native land. Then strange hopes and lofty speculations found utterance from our lips, and we talked poetry to the night!

Why do I linger thus? It was but a dream. Let me tell of my awakening.

At the extremity of my friend's garden there stood an old-fashioned summer-house, shaped like a pagoda, with a gilt ball upon the summit. This point commanded an extensive and beautiful prospect. In front stood the old house, with its carved gable-ends and burnished weather-cocks; the garden, curiously planted in formal beds, and interspersed with trees of quaintly-cut pyramidal form; the terraced walks; the spreading park; and, beyond the park, the summits of the blue hills far away. In the summer-house stood a table and two rustic chairs; and just before the entrance a simple pedestal was erected, whereon a dial, worn and rusted by the storms of many years, told the silent hours by the sun.

Here it was that I sat one sunny morning, face to face with her. An open volume lay beside me on the table, and I had been reading; and my darling was there, bending her head low over some womanly work well fitted for her dainty fingers. I could not see her eyes for the dark curls that fell adown her cheeks.

The book was Chaucer—I remember it well. I had been reading the Knight's Tale, and we had broken off at the death of Arcite. After a few words of admiration, there came a pause; and as I turned to resume the poem my eyes rested upon her, and I could not remove them. Very silently I sat there looking at her, watching the flitting of her fingers, and the coming and going of her breath; and I asked myself, "Can this be life, or is it nothing but a dream?"

Suddenly, I felt the deep love welling upward from my heart to my lips, and refusing to be any longer mute; and then—then I found myself at her feet, clasping her hands in mine, and saying over and over again, in a quick, broken voice, between tears and trembling,

"Grace—dear, dearest Grace—I love you!"

But she made no answer, and only sat quite pale and still, and downward-looking, like a marble saint.

"Not one word, Grace—not one?"

Her lip quivered. Slowly she lifted up her face, and fixed her eyes on mine. Oh! they were deep, and dark, and earnest, and they thrilled through me!

"Heinrich," she said, in that low, clear tone that betokens the deepest intensity of emotion, "Heinrich, I loved you long ago—before I ever saw you."

Surely there was nothing in these words that should not have filled me with delight, and yet they smote upon me with a sensation of indescribable horror.

I had heard them before—ay, and in that very spot!

With the swiftness of electricity it rushed upon me; and in one passing second, as a landscape flits before us in the flashes of a storm, I recollected, oh, Heavens! not only the place, the hour, the summer-house, the garden, but herself, her words, her eyes—all, all familiar as if they were a portion of my own being!

"Grace! Grace!" I shrieked, springing to my feet, and clasping my hands wildly above my head, "do you not remember—once before—here, here—centuries ago—do you not remember—do you not—do you not remem—"

A choking, dreadful feeling arrested my breath; the ground rocked beneath my feet; a red mist swam before my eyes—I staggered—I fell!

I remember nothing of what followed.

* * * * *

Even now it seems to me as if years passed away between that moment and the period when my consciousness returned. Long passionless years—without a thought, without a hope, without a fear; dark as night, and blank as dreamless sleep!

But it was not so. Scarcely three weeks had elapsed since I was seized with the fever; and so far from having lain there in a passive trance, I had all the time been racked by the burning visions of delirium.

Brought to the very confines of the grave—weak, emaciated, and careless of all around me—I permitted two or three days to pass away in this state of listless debility, without asking even a question about the past, or daring to dwell for an instant upon the future. I had not the power to think.

Those first days of sanity seemed almost to glide by like waking dreams, and I passed insensibly from drowsy perception to long and frequent slumbers. While awake, I listened idly to the ticking of the clock, and to the passing footsteps on the stairs; watched the sunlight creeping slowly round the walls with the advancing day; followed, like a child, the quiet movements of my nurse, and accepted without question the medicines and aliments which she brought to me. I was feebly conscious, too, of the constantly-recurring visits of the doctor; and when he felt my pulse, and enjoined me not to speak, I was too weak and weary even to reply.

On the morning of the third (or it might have been the fourth) day, I woke from a long sleep which seemed to have lasted all the night, and I felt the springs of life and thought renewed within me. I looked round the room, and, for the first time, wondered where I was.

The nurse was soundly sleeping in an arm-chair at my bedside. The room was large and airy. The window was shadowed by a tree, the leaves of which rustled with the wind. Some book-shelves, laden with bright, new volumes, were suspended against the wall; and a small table, covered with phials and wine-glasses, was placed at the foot of the bed.

I asked myself where I had been before this illness, and in one moment I remembered, even to the last broken words! Then all was darkness.

I must have given utterance to some exclamation, for my attendant woke, and turned a startled face upon me.

"Nurse," I said, eagerly, "where am I? whose house is this?"

"Hush, Sir! This is Dr. Howard's; but you are to keep quiet. Here is the doctor himself!"

The door opened, and a gentlemanly-looking man entered. Seeing me awake, he smiled pleasantly, and took a seat beside my bed.

"I see by your countenance, my young friend, that you are better," he said. "Did I hear you asking where you are? You are my guest and patient."

"How came I here? Where is this house?"

"You have had a brain fever, and were removed to my dwelling at my request. By that arrangement I have been enabled to give your case more attention. I live in the village of Tarringhurst, two miles from Ormesby Park."

"And Frank, and — and Miss Ormesby?" I began, hesitatingly.

"Your friends have been very anxious for you," he said, with some irresolution, as if scarce knowing how to reply. "Mr. Ormesby watched many nights at your bedside. They—they waited till they knew you to be out of danger."

"And then?" I cried, eagerly.

"And then they left Ormesby Park for the Continent."

"For the Continent!" I repeated, quite stupefied. Then making an effort to rise, "I will follow them!" I cried. "Where are they? I am better now; I will go—I will!"

The doctor laid his hand gently on my shoulder. I sank back upon the pillows utterly powerless; and he resumed,

"I have promised not to say where they are gone; and — and they do not wish that you should follow."

"I will go! Why should I not? What have I done that she should treat me thus? Oh, cruel, cruel!"

I was so weak and wretched that I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child.

He looked at me gravely and compassionately.

"My young friend," he said, taking my hand in his, and looking into my eyes, "you are a man of education and intellect. I well know that to leave you in doubt would be not only the unkindest, but the unwise thing that I could do. Now, listen to me, and prepare yourself for a great disappointment. Shortly before your seizure, you made some observations (resulting, probably, from the approach of fever) which much shocked and alarmed your friend's sister. It appears, likewise, that a few weeks before that you expressed yourself very strangely with respect to a picture. These two circumstances, I regret to say, have impressed your friends of the Park with the idea that you are the victim,

I will not say of unsound mind, but of a delusive theory, which must prove highly detrimental to your own mental and physical well-being, as well as to the happiness of those connected with you. Such being the case, Mr. Ormesby is of opinion that your intimacy with his sister must unavoidably cease; and the better to effect this, he has taken her abroad for a time, which, I am sorry to say, she greatly needs, having suffered much since your illness. Mr. Ormesby intrusted me with this letter for you. Good-morning, my young friend. We all have troubles to encounter in life; and though yours be a heavy one, remember how very many are heavier still!"

Here is a transcript of the letter:

"Deeply painful as it is to me thus to address you after so severe an illness, my dear Heinrich, I must write a few lines, entreating your forgiveness for the seeming unkindness of which I am guilty in thus quitting England before you are sufficiently recovered to wish me farewell. I will leave to my kind friend, Dr. Howard, the ungrateful task of explaining to you my motives for this departure, but I can trust only my own pen to describe to you the deep grief which that determination has cost me. Nothing but the sense of a duty still more imperative than that of friendship could have forced me to inflict upon you a disappointment in which I entreat you to believe I have an equal share. My dear old college friend, forgive and still love me, for my attachment to you must and will ever be the same. Perhaps in time to come, when all that has lately passed shall be, if not forgotten, at least unregretted—when you have formed other ties, and are surrounded by your children, you will suffer me to resume my old place in your confidence, and will welcome to your hearth and heart

"Your friend,

"FRANK ORMESBY."

* * * * *

There are times when this beautiful world seems to put on a mourning garb, as if sympathizing, like a gentle mother, with the grief that is consuming us; when the trees shake their arms in mute sorrow, and scatter their withered leaves like ashes on our heads; when the slow rains weep down around us, and the very clouds look old above. Then, like Hamlet the Dane, we think

"This goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory,
And this brave o'erhanging firmament, the air;
This majestic roof, fretted with golden fire,
A foul and pestilent congregation of vapors."

And so it was with me, walking solitary and sad beneath the sighing trees in one of the public gardens of Paris.

The dead leaves rustled as I trod, and the bare branches clashed together in the wind. A little to the right rolled the gay carriages and the tide of busy pleasure-seekers. Overhead the clouds hung low and dark, now and then shedding brief showers. All within the gardens was blank and deserted.

I was still weak and suffering, but I could not stay in the country which she had left. I came hither, seeking change and distraction—perhaps, too, with a vague hope that I might find her. Could I but see her once more—could I but hear the sweet sound of her voice, bidding me (if it must be so) an eternal farewell, I would at least bow down my head be-

fore the Mighty Shadow, and say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

But in Paris I had found her not; neither had I found peace, or hope, or rest. The clouds had rolled between me and the sun, and every land alike was darkened.

I then felt that I could say with Sir Thomas Brown: "For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in." Yet I never thought to reproach her for my sorrow! nay, I blessed her for the love that had once beamed on me from her eyes, and for the happy, happy times which must return no more.

Think you, my friend, that I have changed since then? No, I love her still, with a love and reverence inexpressible. She thought me mad. It is a hard word—perhaps it was a hard thought—but was it hers?

I can not tell; yet I think not. At all events, I feel the sweet assurance that she once loved, and that she always pitied me.

Sometimes (though it was only at the first), I feared that perhaps it might be as she thought. Could these flashes of strange memory be but the fitful dawns of insanity? I reasoned. I examined myself, and I found no inward corroboration. Again there was a time when I dreaded lest the grief should drive me to it. But it was not so. Even when my heart was breaking, I loved her, and was thankful that I loved. Even then I would not have changed the memory of that dream for the blank that went before.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Fare-thee-well, sweet Grace Ormesby—fare-thee-well, dear lady of my love! Go from these pages as thou wentest from my life, and therein be no more seen. Like a sunbeam, faded art thou evermore to me; and thy pale face and earnest eyes are still present to my gaze through the mists of many years. Yet doth Time, with every season, steal somewhat from the distinctness of the vision; and as mine eyes grow dim with age and anguish, so doth thine image recede farther and farther into the dusky chambers of the Past. Peace be with thee, lady, wheresoe'er thou art; peace be with thee!

How ill the life of a great city accords with a great grief, and yet how far better is it for the sufferer than rural quiet! Petrarch, in the seclusion of Vaucluse, never ceased to weep; and solitary weeping makes one selfish. Never hearing, never thinking of the smiles and tears of others, we learn to compassionate ourselves only, and in all this wide world see no face but our own. Contact with our fellow-creatures, though it be only in the streets of a city, where we have not a single friend, is good for us. Not the most misanthropic can thread that varying tide, and see that quick succession of faces, without feeling that he is a portion of

the many, and that it is his duty to be a worker among men. He has a part to play, and there he knows that he is called upon to play it.

Walking in that deserted alley of the Luxembourg Gardens, within hearing, though not within sight of the living stream beyond, this truth became clear to me, and I said: "I have been idle and a dreamer. Books have been my world, and I have accepted all without giving any. From this present suffering I must be free or die; and in activity alone can I ever find forgetfulness. Now I, too, will work."

And I made up my mind to do the work for which I was fitted. I resolved to write my long-contemplated book on "The Poetry of Oriental Life and Language."

That night my quiet rooms in the dead, old-fashioned Rue de Parnasse, seemed less dreary. It was now almost winter; it had rained at intervals for many days, and the air was very chill. I found a cheerful fire in my sitting-room. The curtains shut out the dismantled garden. I drew my table to the fire-place, trimmed my lamp, took pen and paper, and sketched the outline of my work.

My evening's occupation was followed by a night of sound, refreshing sleep; and from this day I recovered rapidly. The next morning found me, for the first time, before the gloomy entrance to the Bibliothèque Royale.

I passed through the solemn court-yard, with its little garden, its mounted statue, and its air of classic stillness. I passed on to the rooms appropriated to study, and chose a remote corner by a window. There I took my place, amidst a busy company, and so began my life of authorship in Paris.

Day after day, week after week, I pursued the same mode of existence. I occupied the same place; I followed the same train of thought, and resolutely bore out my intention of labor. And labor rewarded me with a portion of my lost peace; and amidst those venerable archives of old learning; amidst the millions of precious books and manuscripts there treasured; amidst the wealth of literature amassed from antique days by Francis I., by the Medici, by the Spozzi, by the Visconti, by Petrarch—I lost for a while the remembrance of my private sorrows.

Thus dwelling with "the assembled souls of all that men held wise," I gradually fell into a frame of mind and a routine of habits the best calculated, perhaps, for a man of my thoughtful disposition.

Excluded on Sundays from the library, I generally passed those mornings in the Louvre, wandering through the galleries of antiquities; pursuing my studies of ancient Etrurian and Greek history amidst the vases, mosaics, and cameos of the *Musée Grec et Egyptien*; and sometimes, though rarely, mingling with the throngs who on this day frequent the art-galleries, and testify by their orderly and respectful bearing the admiration of beauty which may

be felt even by the poorest and least instructed of the community.

As the spring-time came, I used to escape on the Sunday into the pleasant parks and country lanes in the neighborhood of Paris. There, in the sylvan glades and hills of St. Cloud, among the alleys of the wood at Vincennes, or in the funereal forest-shades of St. Germain, I used to spend the long sunny days alone, with a book of my own thoughts. I was resigned, if not happy; and my book progressed with the weeks and months as they went by.

There was one of the attendants at the Bibliothèque Royale, in whom I took a considerable interest. He was called M. Benoit. I first remarked him for the respectability of his appearance, and for the courtliness of his address. My surprise was one day excited by the discovery that he read the Oriental languages with facility. It happened thus: I had written the name of a rare Arabic work upon a slip of paper—as is the custom of the place—and handed it to him to procure for me. He looked at it, and shook his head. "It is useless, Monsieur," he said; "that work is not in the collection. I have been often asked for it, but in vain. If Monsieur will write for this work instead, I think he will find its contents very similar."

And he wrote the title of another book upon the back of my paper, and wrote it, moreover, in the Arabic characters.

"You understand Arabic?" I exclaimed, with amazement.

He smiled sadly.

"I was once a rich man, Monsieur," he said, with a sigh, "and my education is all that I have not lost."

After this I had many conversations with M. Benoit, and he frequently visited me at my apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain. I learned that he was the son of a wealthy builder; that he had received one of the most learned and expensive of educations; that his property had been entirely lost in the boundless destruction of the Reign of Terror; that he had barely existed, for some time, upon the charity of a few compassionate *savans*; and that during the Consulate he had obtained this subordinate situation through the interest of an early college-friend. I compared this poor old man's condition with my own, and learned a lesson from his patient cheerfulness. Soon I entertained almost an affection for him. I found his conversation learned, often profound; and I gradually unfolded to him the plan and purpose of my book and of my opinions.

One evening I had been reading a chapter to him, and we were arguing upon certain inductions which I had therein made from the system of Zoroaster.

"It is very strange," said M. Benoit, "but it strikes me that we have a MS. in which the author has anticipated you on this subject."

"Indeed!" I cried with a feeling of disappointment. "I had hoped that my views were original."

"It may be original, Monsieur Henneberg, without being new," replied the old gentleman. "That it is original in your mind I know decidedly; for the MS. in question has never been copied, and, indeed, I think, has never been read excepting by myself and the writer."

"Perhaps you are the writer!" I exclaimed, hastily.

"Indeed I am not," he said, musingly; "but I knew him well—very well. He was a professor in the College Royale de France, and from him I received the greater part of my education in the Oriental tongues. He was a great sufferer, and he loved me dearly. I was his favorite pupil; I attended his death-bed. Just before he died he gave the MS. into my care, and bade me present it to the Bibliothèque Royale. I did so, and read it. It is utterly unknown—it lies amidst thousands of others; and I believe no person has ever perused it before or since."

"I should like to see this work," I said.

"Très-bien," he replied, "I will show it to you to-morrow."

I could not rest that night for thinking of what the old librarian had told me. I felt greatly disquieted that another should have been before me in this path, which I had hitherto believed a virgin solitude. My self-love, my ambition was wounded, and I rose in the morning feverish and unrefreshed.

Precisely as the hour of admittance arrived I entered the reading-rooms of the library. I looked around in every direction, but M. Benoit was nowhere to be seen. I tried to read—to work; but it was in vain. I could not keep my attention fixed for five minutes together, and I turned my head every instant toward the door.

More than an hour elapsed before he came; but at last he entered the room and advanced to the corner where I was sitting.

"Where is the manuscript, M. Benoit?" I said, eagerly—"the manuscript on Oriental literature which you named to me last evening?"

"It is here, M. Henneberg," he replied, pointing to a packet beneath his arm. "I had some difficulty in finding it, for it has lain there untouched these twenty years."

Slowly, and with the tremulous fingers of age, he untied the papers in which it was enveloped, and placed the manuscript before me. The exterior was soiled with the dust of years, and the paper yellow like parchment.

I opened the leaves at random; I started back; I rubbed my eyes, to be sure that I was not dreaming; then I sat staring, cold, silent as a stone image on a tomb: *the handwriting upon those pages was my own.*

I think I have already said that mine was a very peculiar hand. It partook strangely of the curves and idiosyncrasies of Eastern characters. It was unlike any other, and at Leipzig it had frequently been the subject of remark. There was no mistaking it; and here it was reproduced before my eyes, in a manuscript written probably years before I was born!

By a powerful, almost a superhuman effort, I

mastered the emotion by which I had been overcome, and, bending down that he might not observe the deadly pallor of my face, I said, hoarsely, "And so it was a countryman of yours who wrote this, M. Benoit?"

"A kind friend and master of mine, M. Henneberg," replied the librarian; "not a countryman."

"Indeed!" I said. "Was he not French?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* no; he was a German."

Again I started. I turned to the beginning of the work; my eyes fell upon the first few sentences . . . I had half expected it. Their import, though not their phraseology, was precisely the same as those which commenced my own book!

"And pray from what part of Germany did your friend come, M. Benoit?" I asked, with forced composure.

"From the confines of Bohemia."

"And his name?"

"Karl Schmidt."

"May I ask the date of his decease?"

The old gentleman removed his glasses, and brushed a tear from his eyes.

"*Hélas, mon pauvre ami!* He died on the evening of the 4th of May, 1790."

The very date and moment of my birth!

I rose suddenly, and, leaning on the back of my chair, pressed one hand on my heart as if to still its fearful palpitation. I gasped for breath; I felt as if the ground were sinking from beneath my feet . . . "Help, my friend!" I gasped—"help! I—I am dying!"

In another moment I had fainted. I was very ill for some days after this; but as soon as I had sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of so long a journey, I left Paris for Leipzig. I have never since gone beyond the boundaries of this city. Here, in the apartments which I occupied as a youth, I live an aged and an austere man. Here I shall soon die, and so end my "strange, eventful history."

Such is the story of my life—a life cursed and withered by glimpses of a past, which is known only to God. I have remembered scenes and people: I have beheld palpable evidences and traces of myself in former stages of my being. Whereunto do these things tend? Will death bring me to a full knowledge of these mysteries? or is this spiritual particle, which men call the soul, destined to migrate eternally from shape to shape, never rising to a higher and diviner immortality? Alas! I know not; neither, friend, canst thou reply to me. Life is a problem; Death, perchance, a word! Will no hand lift the curtain of eternity?

It was nearly dusk by the time I had arrived at the end of the Professor's MSS., and the castle and church-spires of Gotha were already in sight. Presently the diligence stopped at an inn in the town; a party of young men surrounded the novel-reading student, and bore him off with tumultuous congratulations. The priest alighted, and wished me a civil good-

evening, and I went into the inn and dined exuberantly. When returned to the vehicle to resume my night-journey, I found the three vacant places already occupied by three new passengers, and thus we went on toward Frankfurt. In about a fortnight I arrived at Interlachen, and liked the place so well as to resolve upon staying there for several weeks. One day, sitting idly in the *salle-à-manger* of the Hotel Suisse, I happened to take a copy of *Galignani's Messenger* from the table. One of the first things that caught my eye was the following announcement:

"MAY, 1854.

"Died suddenly, on the evening of the 4th instant, in his chambers, at the College of—, in Leipzig, Heinrich Henneberg, Professor of Oriental Literature, in the 65th year of his age; greatly beloved and regretted."

And so this was the end—dead! and on the anniversary of his birth! Some people to whom I have read the foregoing memoir say that these things are coincidences, and that too much learning touched my poor friend's brain. It may be so; but there was a strange method in his madness, after all; and who can tell what revelations in psychology may yet be in store for future generations?

LOVE EXPERIENCES OF AN IMPRESSIBLE MAN.

I.

IT is my misfortune to have what is called an impressible nature; that is to say, a nature intensely susceptible to surrounding influences. So easily does my heart take the stamp of contiguous objects, that one would say it was made of wax; while, on the other hand, so rapidly do the different impressions disappear, that it might be said to be made of sand. I have a theory, however, which is much more satisfactory; it is that the heart is composed, like an onion, of an immense number of *layers*, and that the consecutive impressions made upon it do not become obliterated, as would seem, but sink deeper and deeper below the surface, so that when the layers come finally to be removed—or, in other words, when the heart comes at last to be peeled—each impression will be discovered in regular order, and the common saying that "first impressions are deepest" will be found to be literally true.

But there is as much difference in hearts as in onions. The layers of an Englishman's heart, for example, are coarse and thick; this is especially true of the outer layer. To make an impression upon it is next to impossible. It appears to be of a tough substance, not unlike gutta percha. To make a distinct mark, you must come down upon it like a trip-hammer; once made, the impression lasts, to be sure, for a long time; but this is an advantage which is more than counterbalanced by the fact that an Englishman never gets more than half a dozen vivid impressions during his whole life, so that his heart is, in the end, but little better than a blank scroll, and will hardly pay for the peeling.

An Irishman's heart, on the contrary, or a Frenchman's, is very rich in impressions; every layer, way down to the core, is full of them; his heart, in the end, will be found to be like a volume of *Harper's Magazine*, every leaf of which is a picture of animated life. This is also true, to some extent, of the American heart, which, like a well-prepared daguerreotype-plate, is always ready to receive any kind of an image, good or bad, and equally ready to have it rubbed off, or, according to the above theory, sunk out of sight, to make place for a new one.

Such is the case, at any rate, with my own heart—or, rather, such *was* the case once, for I fear me that at present it is little better for impressional, or any other than reservoir, purposes than a fossil. What I have now to say of it, therefore, refers to the past. To begin:

In the summer of 1830, being then at the ripe age of five-and-twenty, I was living in Boston,* which I considered to be the only habitable city in the world, and which was, at any rate, the only city I had ever inhabited. If any one with whom I came in contact pretended to prefer New York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, I took him at once to Faneuil Hall. If that didn't bring him to his senses, I conducted him (hurrying over Charlestown Bridge) to Bunker Hill; and that failing, I promenaded him round the Common, and buried his prejudices—I forget how many inches deep—in Frog Pond. Of course, if I had lived in any other city I should have been equally in love with that, which serves, at least, to show that I was not a true Bostonian. In fact, I have since been domiciled in some dozen different cities, each of which, for the time being, I believed to be as much superior to any other as "modern Athens," in the opinion of all Massachusetts men, is superior to what ancient Athens was, or what any other city, in the Old World or New, ever can be.

And what I thought of Boston I thought of Boston folks and Boston things. Byles himself is not more thoroughly Bostonian than I was. There were no streets like Boston streets; no merchants like Boston merchants (wasn't I one of them myself, and my father before me?); no ministers like Boston ministers; no horses like Boston horses; no mayors like Boston mayors; no cream-cakes like Boston cream-cakes; and—to come nearer to the point—no women like Boston women. In this last respect, certainly, there could be no mistake. I was willing to give up the ministers, give up the horses, give up, if necessary, even the merchants and the cream-cakes, but sooner than give up the women, I would have given up the ghost.

I was living at a boarding-house, presided over by one Mrs. Whittles, supported (so far as she was not supported by her boarders) by two unmarried sisters—namely, Miss Olivia Whittles, or Miss Whittles proper, and Miss Mehit-able Whittles—the former of whom might have

* So named, probably, on account of its being the best town of the world.

been thirty-five, while the latter should have been twenty-five, but *was* (or the family Bible fibbed) exactly eighteen. My story commences with the day I first took my seat at the Whittles table; and I should say here, lest I forget it, that whoever took a regular seat at the Whittles table became at once a regular member of the Whittles family.

Mrs. Whittles, or Mother Whittles, as we used to call her, was a widow—

"A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
In the afternoon of her best days."

Her husband had been absent from the present scene of things for about ten years; but the worthy defunct was always present in the spirit, for his portrait (unhappily not a speaking one) smiled upon us all from the dining-room wall, "the very picture," as his relict used to tell us, "of the best provider in the world—poor, poor Whittles, now cold in his grave!"—a speech usually followed by a long silence, and a murmuring round the table of the words, "Poor, poor Whittles!"

Aside from the weakness, always excusable in a forlorn widow, of constantly alluding to her detached half, Mother Whittles was a very exemplary and eminently maternal person. Her table might, indeed, have been more liberally supplied, but then her terms were moderate, and what we lacked in food we made up in fun. Moreover, none of us were ever troubled with dyspepsia. For myself, I naturally thought the house, in all respects, a model establishment; I wouldn't for the world have changed any thing in it. I took comfort even in the self-satisfied look of the great provider—who, by-the-way, I have since learned, was a great consumer also, and did invariably provide "the very best the market afforded," promptly paying for the same—out of his wife's purse.

To Miss Olivia Whittles I didn't at first take. She talked a little too much (a weakness with old maids) about her dear minister, Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, but when I came to hear that worthy divine, I was converted at once to her opinion that he was "the gracefulest preacher in Boston;" and the next day hired a seat in the Whittles pew, which I occupied for over three weeks, and might have occupied much longer, only he "exchanged" one Sunday with Rev. Mr. Pike, whom I thought more unctuous, and to whom I listened till his pulpit was occupied for a fortnight by Rev. Dr. Perch, whom I then followed; after which, for similar reasons, I became a parishioner, first of Rev. Mr. Carp, then of Professor Haddock, and, finally (changing my sect as well as my minister), of Rev. Mr. Nightingale, under whom I sat, though he was rather a heavy man, till I left Boston to settle in New York, where I now attend the ministrations of the eloquent Dr. Hawks.

But to return to Miss Olivia. Having taken a seat in the Whittles pew, it became one of my religious duties to wait upon that church-going belle to and from service—a duty which I performed not exactly with alacrity (her gait

being too slow for that), but with prompt and pious resignation. On our way to church, I was generally edified by the most precise instructions as to personal carriage and street etiquette. I must walk erect; I must not carry my hands in my pocket; I must turn my feet inside out; I must select clean and smooth crossings; I must not hurry; I must not tread on my lady's dress; I must keep my face out of her bonnet, and not press too close to her (precautions now haply unnecessary); I must not ogle other ladies, etc., etc. On our way from church, I was edified at still greater length by comments on the sermon, of which my lady always remembered the text and the heads; on its pointed application to her neighbors, one of whom was not far off; and on the personal appearance of the preacher, whose neck-tie was always faultless, whose handkerchief was always of the whitest, and whose gestures were always the perfection of grace. And I may here say that Miss Olivia thus laid me under everlasting obligation; for to know how to conduct one's self in the street, especially on Sunday, and to know the kind of conversation meet for the day, are as important to a man of the world as to know the etiquette of a ball-room, or the kind of gossip suited to an evening party; and but for Miss Olivia I might have remained in heathen darkness on these points to my dying day.

Miss Mehitable was of a different "persuasion" from the rest of the family, and went to a different church, presided over by my subsequent friend Nightingale; indeed, it was by her instigation, and under her youthful auspices, that I myself became one of his flock. I may as well tell how.

One rainy Sunday, Miss Olivia having a new bonnet, and being in uncommonly low spirits (for what can be more depressing than a rainy Sunday?), decided to spend the day in her room, where she had an excellent portrait of Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, done in oil, and a splendid copy of his printed sermons, bound in red morocco, which would enable her—so she said—to "pass the hours as profitably as if she were in her accustomed place." Now the idea of going to church alone (and I should have mentioned before that the widow was generally escorted by a gallant bachelor by the name of Scraggs, who was an old friend of the departed Whittles, and always took the head of the pew) was to me insupportable. Miss Whittles remonstrated, and I was persisting, like a backward child, that I couldn't "go alone," when in came Mehitable, and insisted that I should go with her.

"What! go to hear Mr. Nightingale! Why, Mr. Green, he is a Methodist!" exclaimed Olivia.

"Well, what of that?" said Mehitable; "so was mother once, and she changed only because she thought the Episcopal Church more fashionable."

"Wicked girl!" rejoined her sister, "to say

such things. You are always abusing Mr. Sturgeon."

"Why, my dear sister, I didn't say a word about Mr. Sturgeon; in fact, I think him a very fine preacher; but Mr. Nightingale is as good any day, besides being younger and much better looking."

"What!" shrieked Olivia; "Mr. Nightingale better looking than Mr. Sturgeon! Well, I never—I—"

In fact, she nevered away for ten minutes at least, when Mehitable interrupted her in the middle of a sentence, and turning to me, said:

"Come along, Mr. Green. You *must* go with me, for I've got no umbrella, and I'm sure you wouldn't let me go alone in all this rain if I had; besides, it won't hurt any body to go to our meeting once—that's certain."

What could I do? Of course I went, and, for the first time, gave Miss Mehitable my arm, and Mr. Nightingale my ear. How it rained and blew, and what difficulty I had in managing my umbrella, which jumped about as though it had the St. Vitus's dance, and turned itself inside out at least a dozen times! Olivia would have been frightened out of her skirts, but Mehitable enjoyed the fun of the thing, though she clung to me like a drowning woman to a log. Fortunately for all three of us (Mehitable, myself, and the umbrella), we had not far to go, and arrived without serious damage. There was little chance for conversation on the way, but enough was said for me to perceive that my companion was something of a wag, and was observant far beyond her years.

"Look at that lady just in front of us," said she. "Do you suppose she would have come out such a windy day as this if she hadn't had a pretty foot?"

"Do you judge others by yourself?" I replied, not daring to glance downward, but gazing steadily at the clouds.

"Of course I do," said she. "Catch 'Livia out such weather!"

Now, for a young girl of seventeen I thought this was rather fast, so I sought to put a check upon her by remarking that if the heart was all right, it didn't matter much about the feet.

"Hearts, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Luckily for us all, *they* can't be seen. By-the-way, Mr. Green, do you believe all hearts are of the same size and shape? I don't. I'm sure my sister's heart is shaped like a pepper-box, and that mother's is as round as an orange. As for father's, dear good man, I don't believe it had any shape at all, but it was as big as a hogshead."

"And your own. What is that shaped like?" said I, pressing her arm.

"Oh, mine! Well, I have always had the idea that it was shaped (looking at me very hard) something like a fox-trap!"

By this time we were at the church steps, when Mehitable at once smoothed down her dress, shook the wrinkles out of her face, and, taking the lead, conducted me to her pew, where

I was seated next to a demure little lady, from whom I could hardly keep my face during the whole service, though I heard every word of the sermon, which was from the singular text: "What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" (Solomon's Song, viii. 8.)

Service over, Mehitable shook hands with my demure pew-mate, whom she called Abby, and who addressed her as Hitty; and Abby having said to Hitty that she was "Very well, I thank you, how do you do?" and Hitty having made the same novel remark to Abby, and both Hitty and Abby having agreed that it rained terribly, but that, nevertheless, they were glad they came out, for Mr. Nightingale had never preached such an excellent sermon, the two friends continued chatting together for about ten minutes, at the end of which time Abby was introduced to me as Miss Pettigrew, who thought it very kind of me to wait upon Hitty to meeting, and hoped I liked their minister, and finally said to me that she had asked Hitty home to dinner with her (only two doors off), and wouldn't I join them? which I very gladly did.

Miss Pettigrew I found to be the most precise little personage I had ever seen. Every thing about her appeared to be measured; she stepped with the regularity of a soldier, and spoke with the deliberation of a statesman. She was what might be called a well-balanced person. I verily believe that each of her eyebrows had exactly the same number of hairs as the other, and that, if one of her feet had been larger than the other, or one shoulder higher than the other (which is the case with most people), she would have had the sinning member pared down. Her hair, parted exactly in the middle, revealed a head of such even dimensions, and so devoid of "bumps," that it would have set Professor Feeler, or any other phrenologist, quite crazy. I looked to see if there was not some difference in the size of the eyes (not an uncommon phenomenon); but no, every thing about her, even to the shape of the nostrils and the form and position of the teeth, was as orderly and regular as if she had been cast in a mould. And what was true of her person was equally true of her dress; every thing fitted (though it would have been impossible not to fit her) to a hair, and there was the same regular balance throughout. Her collar described a circle about her neck—which might have been turned in a lathe—as exact as if drawn by a geometrician; her bonnet, without any artful contrivance, preserved its position so perfectly that it seemed to be a part of her; her dress—hoops were not then in vogue—hung as evenly upon her as if she were one of the lay-figures one sees in the shop-windows; every ribbon was in its right place, every plait was the exact repetition of every other, and, in short, every thing about her was adjusted in the most perfect and painful order.

Mehitable, on the other hand, was one of the most irregular and disorderly persons in the

world; so that, whatever the shape of her heart (if it had any regular shape), I doubt if it was ever in the same place two consecutive days. There was nothing regular about her but her irregularity, which was constant and unchangeable. This peculiarity extended even to her face. I don't believe her eyes were ever of the same color for more than five minutes at a time, and her other features, equally changeable, produced the effect of being scattered about promiscuously. In the matter of dress she was simply careless, though there was a certain natural elegance in the girl which gave something like grace even to her carelessness, or perhaps her sprightliness and wit diverted attention from it. However that may be, she never appeared untidy, and yet was always in disorder. Her hair, for example, always seemed to me to be left to regulate itself; sometimes it was parted on one side, sometimes on the other; then, again, somewhere near the middle; but generally not at all. She always wore it short, to save her trouble, it being one of her favorite sayings that she might be a slave to her husband, if she had one, but never to her hair. But then it should be added that her locks were very curly and beautiful, and never looked so well as when they were left free; and who knows but she had some faint idea of that fact?

Imagine Hitty and Abby seated together at table, and I sitting between them—I, the most susceptible of men, between two young ladies of exactly opposite characters, and each working off impressions upon my poor heart with the rapidity of one of Hoe's double-cylinder presses! And imagine, while you are about it, what was every moment becoming of the thousand-and-one impressions previously made by that still more powerful press, Olivia! For know that such was the plasticity, and such the gallantry of my nature, that, whether the last lady brought to bear on me were young or old (within certain degrees, excluding, for example, Mrs. Whittles), she was sure to impress me as the best of her sex.

It is high time now for me to inform the reader that, being fully conscious of my peculiar weakness, and having no faith, therefore, that any impressions made upon me, by no matter whom or what, would remain for any length of time, I had resolved that, however much I might be affected for the moment by any young lady, I would on no account ask her to marry me; lest, peradventure, she should decline an answer (and what if it should be in the affirmative?) till the impression had gone, or—according to my onion theory—sunk out of sight.

Hitherto I had found no great difficulty in keeping this resolution, for, being, like all susceptible persons, of an extremely bashful temperament, I had naturally kept my impressions to myself, and after a short time had utterly forgotten them. But now I felt as I had never felt before: I was in a state of singular embarrassment. Judge.

I found that the young lady who figured at

the table as the least as well as the last of the Whittlesees, was in reality the best and smartest of the family, and I could hardly forgive myself for not having made the discovery before. So vivid was the impression she made upon me as we were going to church, that I fell to asking myself if it might not be permanent, and if, after all, Mehitable might not be the one woman in the world foreordained from the beginning to impress me into her permanent marital service. For five minutes at least (and in certain states of the heart this is no inconsiderable period) I actually thought that such must be the case; but the moment I had seen Miss Pettigrew the whole face of things had changed, and I forthwith had to try the case of Abby *versus* Hitty; and this case was going on, and becoming, like the most approved law-cases, more and more complicated, when I found myself seated at the dinner-table plump between the unconscious parties.

Mehitable, on taking her seat, cast a look first at the dining-room wall, as if in search of the portrait of the late Provider, and then at the head of the table, as if in search of his inconsolable widow, and not seeing either of these "objects" (a favorite word with her), became at once the most lively of guests, and entertained the whole company with her wit. Abby, too, was witty enough in her quiet way, and I laughed (forgetting that it was Sunday, and that the risible muscles were entitled to rest) till I was retributively sore. The worst of it was, that having to turn now on one side when Hitty was speaking, then on the other when Abby had the floor, I was obliged, as it were, to laugh on both sides of my mouth; moreover, in my desperate efforts—when I myself was speaking—to look at them both, I was in serious danger of becoming squint-eyed for life.

Dinner over, we found we were too late for the afternoon service at church, and the young ladies having mysteriously disappeared, I spent an hour or two examining the state of my heart. It was evidently much affected by—somebody. In fact all the symptoms indicated that I was in love. But with whom? Hitty or Abby? In sober truth, I had not the least idea, but was certain it was with one of them. There was a gentleness, a sweet, winning grace about Abby, which was indeed irresistible; but wasn't this equally true of the cheerfulness, and the sparkling wit of Hitty? Had one of them affected me in her way more than the other in hers? I didn't know; all I knew was that my heart was thumping about in an unusual way about *something*, and it ought to have known what. But if it didn't, what was I to do about it? While reclining on the sofa in this perplexed state I heard a gentle step in the hall, and presently in came Hitty with an apology from Abby, who was occupied up stairs but would be down shortly. Behold now a fine chance for a *tête-à-tête*! So I invited Hitty to take a seat beside me, which she promptly did, and being now under her exclusive influence, I made exhaustive efforts to keep cool and deliberate.

But suddenly she put all my wits to flight by asking me what I was so sober about all at once? Sober! Why I was never less sober in my life. I was drunk with excitement. However, I recovered after a while, and became, apparently at least, at ease; but I felt that her influence was gradually overpowering me, and soon forgot that there was any such being as Abby in existence. Meanwhile Hitty was full of her fun, and, rattling on about one thing and another, came after a while to Mr. Nightingale's sermon, and wanted to know if I didn't think it a droll one, and what I supposed he would do with *his* sister "in the day she should be spoken for," and what I would do under such trying circumstances; and, finally, whether I thought *she* would ever be spoken for? until at last I caved in altogether, told the dear girl she was "spoken for," and that, if I had my way, she should from that moment be my life, my hope, my love, and I don't know how much else. But conceive of my feelings, when, instead of expressing surprise at this sudden declaration, and at least asking time to consider, Hitty took it as the most natural thing in the world, and said that she had loved me from the first moment she saw me, and that she wasn't ashamed to say so; and oh! if I was only in earnest, should be the happiest of women, and, by-and-by, the lovingest little wife (here a kiss) which was ever heard of. Vows of sincerity, constancy, everlasting devotion, etc., were then interchanged, with the usual accompaniments, and we had already laid the foundations of several magnificent castles, when in came Abby, looking so fresh and happy, with all her primness, that when Hitty rose and embraced her (improving the opportunity to adjust her hair with a masterly stroke or two of the hand), I was really tempted to embrace her myself!

We were now invited to tea, and the invitation being accepted, Hitty retired to arrange her toilet for the occasion, and I was left alone for an hour with Abby. And now what will the reader think when I avow that I hadn't been alone with her ten minutes before I was convinced that I had made a fatal mistake; that the girl I really loved was not Hitty but Abby; indeed, how could any body hesitate for an instant (I now asked myself) between two such persons? Why, Abby was not only more staid, more sensible, more intelligent, but she was positively the best-looking, for though Hitty might be pretty—of course *was* pretty—Abby was positively handsome. Then again, Abby if not the wittier was certainly the shrewder and the more profound of the two, and had much more character. While making these comparisons, I was half distracted; I saw that I had committed a stupid blunder; that I had even mistaken my own feelings; that, in short, I was all the while in love, as I have said, not with Hitty but with Abby. Was ever mortal man in such a dilemma; and what possible means were there of getting honorably out of it?

Abby, observing my embarrassment, and evi-

dently attributing it to bashfulness, did her best to relieve and entertain me, by discoursing in her own sweet way about the weather, about Miss Whittles, about Miss Somebody's new book, and whatever else came up. How dull I must have seemed to her with my monotonous responses of "Yes" and "No," varied only by now and then an exclamatory "Indeed!" and a stupid "You don't say so!" Having exhausted every other topic, she at last, like Hitty, had recourse to that unlucky sermon! Didn't I think Mr. Nightingale had selected a singular text? What could have put it into his head? Didn't he probably have somebody in his eye (little Miss Mote, for instance, or the pretty Miss Beam?), etc., etc. This led to various remarks of a more or less personal nature, till at last out came the startling question:

"Tell me, Mr. Green, don't you think it strange that so pretty a girl as Hitty should not yet have been 'spoken for;' why don't you speak for her?"

"Who, me?" I stammered out, "Do you mean me?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Green, why not? You look admirably well together; I couldn't help remarking it as we were coming from church. Excuse me for saying it on so short an acquaintance, but Hitty, who is such a sprightly, cheerful girl, is exactly suited to be the companion of such a sober, sedate person as yourself. Don't you think so?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Pettigrew, if I had my way—"

"But don't you think you *can* have your way? I do. I think Hitty likes you very much, and I am sure from what she told me of you this morning, and from what I myself can judge, even after seeing you but once, that she would never find a better husband."

This was charming. Why, thought I, the girl is half in love with me herself. So I began to question her judgment in respect to character, merely for the luxury of hearing her go on in the same strain, which she did for a long time, till I found out that I had impressed her as being one of the most attractive men in the world, and especially one of the most strong-minded and constant.

Now then, said I, if so prim a person as Miss Abigail Pettigrew finds it all right to make love to me in this roundabout way (for, silly fellow, I really believed she was making love to me), why, what harm can there be in my making love to her? After all, I don't think I made a very positive engagement with Hitty, and even if I did, it was while in a state of mental hallucination which freed me from all responsibility!

So what do I do but return Miss Pettigrew's compliments as skillfully as I can, and finally tell her right out that the first instant I saw her I was in love with her (which was true, though I forgot it for a moment afterward); that I had accepted her invitation to dinner only to have the delight of gazing on her angelic countenance—as if any body's countenance were angelic at

dinner; that though I had never seen her before I knew she must be the loveliest of her sex; and that, therefore, I then and there offered her my heart, my hand—

At this point I fell on my knees before her (having learned from novels that that was the proper thing), and was ready to proceed to other extremities—to stand upon my head, in fact, if it should be necessary—when, happening to look in the glass, whom should I see standing in the door-way, pale and motionless as a statue, but Hitty!

What I did next I have not the slightest idea. Only I remember that that evening I found myself rushing furiously about my room at the Whittleses', calling myself such names as it would hardly have been safe for any other person (unless it were Hitty or Abby) to address me by, and throwing my coats, boots, and other valuables pell-mell into a huge chest, with the desperation of a house-breaker. While thus engaged, I heard some one knocking at my room door; not daring to answer I tip-toed across the room, and was peeping through the keyhole to see who was there, when suddenly a long slip of paper was forced through, and came near putting out my right eye. It was a brief note, without signature (I remember thinking it was in the handwriting of Miss Whittles proper), and to the effect that, after my shameful conduct that afternoon I would, of course, never present myself again at the Whittles table, or speak to any member of the Whittles family, or remain another day in the Whittles house.

What else could I have expected, and what could I do but be off with myself at once? And, in fact, during the small hours of that very night I bade a final adieu to the premises, though not without taking a last look at the portrait of "poor, poor Whittles, now (luckily) cold in his grave."

OUR DAUGHTERS.

OUR daughters—what is to be their lot in life? This is a question that thousands of parents are now asking with peculiar solicitude. In one respect we are far more anxious for them than for our sons; for, while our sons are likely to be so tempted by their passions and position as to be guilty of misconduct, our daughters, from their sensitiveness and dependence, are more exposed to misfortune. Our misgivings as to the future of our sons is mainly on account of what they may be tempted to do, while our misgivings as to the future of our daughters is mainly on account of what may happen to them. By nature and associations a girl is, in respectable society, far more effectually guarded from immorality than a boy, yet by no means more effectually guarded from suffering. Her delicate organization, that feels so much more quickly the play of heat and cold, feels quite as quickly the smiles and frowns, the warmth and chills, in the social sphere. A woman, as such, is more in the passive tone than man, and however gifted may be her in-

tellest, she rather waits on fortune than commands it. The great event in her social lot is a type of her whole destiny. In marriage she is the party to be sought, and loses her prestige the moment she seems to be the party seeking. In the Court of Fortune, too, her position is much the same, and they are few, and by no means the most winning of their sex, who can lay aside the usual feminine delicacy and reserve, and march with bold stride up the heights of fame and fortune, without allowing the sweeping petticoat to interfere with the freedom of their step. We may lament that it is so, and that so many noble women wait, and wait apparently in vain, for a lot worthy of their mind and heart; yet so it has been, and so it is likely to be until some signal changes are made in our social order. There is a great deal of permanent truth in what Martin Luther said to his wife Catharine when she was weeping convulsively over the body of their dear daughter: "Do not take on so, dear wife; remember that this is a very hard world for girls, and say, 'God's will be done.'" For girls who have their own way to make this is a hard world in the most obvious sense, for it is far from easy for them to win a proper living. For girls, too, whose way is made for them by the wealth and care of parents, this is not always an easy world, for the heart may be more exacting as means more abound, and the affections may be starved or tortured in a home overflowing with luxuries.

In our American life the natural dependence of woman upon circumstances is increased by a variety of causes. Here woman has a peculiar delicacy of physical constitution that makes her especially sensitive to external influences, even when in tolerable health, and renders it very difficult for her to keep herself in full health. Whether it is the climate, or our way of living, or whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain that the American girl is a very delicate plant; beautiful, indeed, in comparison with others; more exquisitely organized than the English and German girl, and more self-relying than the Italian or French, yet not generally strong in nerve and muscle, and too ready to fade before her true mid-summer has come. The statistics given us by such alarmists as Miss Catharine Beecher, in her memorable and important book on the health of American women, may be too partial in their character, and deal too exclusively with the dark side of the subject, yet the facts stated can not be questioned, and if there be a brighter side the dark side must still be recognized. We have heard persons who might be expected to know what they say, declare that they can hardly name a single instance of perfect health among the young women of their acquaintance, and the physicians whom we hear speaking of the subject not seldom lose their patience in setting forth the miseries of feminine invalidism, with its shattered nerves and morbid circulations. If half of what is said is true, it is one half too much; and if our mothers had not been better gifted with ma-

ternal faculties than the candidates now ready for the bridal ring, the present number of the native American population could be accounted for only by miracle, not by natural descent. If the ill were confined to the over-luxurious and the affluent, the marvel would be less; but the truth is, that the daughters of the farmer and the mechanic, who are not exposed to such excesses of indulgence, are not exempt from the same lot; and perhaps the most melancholy portion of the statistics of female health in America is furnished by the medical annals of some of our country towns. It may be, and probably is the case, that in such towns the laws of diet, dress, air, and exercise are more ignored and neglected than in families of tolerable intelligence in the city; and we are quite certain that sometimes the daughters of hard-working farmers eat, dress, sleep, and idle in a way very rare even among city fashionists. In affluent families in the city the cookery is usually tolerable, and hot cakes green with salcratus, and pastry heavy as lead, are monstrosities never seen, while the sleeping-rooms are ample and well-ventilated, wholly unlike the stunted bedrooms in which some country people shut themselves up, and even in the heat of summer persist in shutting down the windows, from fear of the damp or the pestilence in the night-air. We believe that, on the whole, our city people take as much exercise—certainly as much out-door exercise—as is habitual with a large class of country girls. We have known a farmer's daughter look upon a walk of a mile to church as an intolerable grievance, and we have been amazed to find the idea current in some country families that walking is hardly a desirable process, and that a stroll through the pleasant green lanes to as great a distance as a city belle often condescends to sweep with her dainty crinoline in Broadway or the Avenue, is a thing not to be thought of. Such cases may be exceptions, yet it is strange that they exist at all, and we must regard it as one of the causes of the ill-health of American girls in the medium ranks of society that notions of inactivity and unnatural living that are wholly exploded in the most favored quarters, still keep their foothold in more lowly homes, and perhaps are cherished as proofs of superior gentility. On the whole, it may be true that the country is quite on the level with the city in its exposure of the health of daughters, and that quite as much mischief is done by neglect of the common laws of diet, air, and exercise in the farm-house as is done by the late hours and exciting pleasures of city mansions. Better ideas are indeed making progress, yet far too tardily, and in many cases the jewel of health is lost before the secret of its preservation is found. For our own part, we could rejoice in the rise of a new order of missionaries, whose mission it should be to preach the law and gospel of health, as part of the doctrine of salvation by the water of baptism and the bread of life. The water and the bread that signify spiritual purification and nurture have also their

physical significance, and the time may be near for bringing health of soul and body into nearer than the usual connection. Certainly, if the two are ever so near as to be identical, it is in the education of those who are to be mothers, and whose health or sickness may be the blessing or bane to the mind and body of their offspring.

Very likely the climate of America gives to our women something of the delicacy of their constitution, yet our habits of living and our stimulating social system contribute quite as much toward the result. Our social system, in one respect, is more stimulating to the nerves of women than the social systems of the Old World with its hereditary rank and fixed conventions. Here all the paths of fame and fortune are nominally open to all aspirants, and our young people, in most communities, are brought up in schools and churches where a feeling of social equality prevails. Our sons begin life quite ready to contest the highest rewards of business and politics with their richer school-fellows, and our daughters have very nearly the same tastes and expectations, whatever may be the differences of rank or fortune. The boy is trained to rough it in the fight, and if he can not reach his first aim, he persists till he finds some work or place worth possessing. But the girl, far more sensitive, with tastes more exacting and gifts less obtrusive, is left far more at the mercy of circumstance, and may find herself at once set wholly apart from the society of the schoolmate who was next her in the class, perhaps her confidante in play-hours without being her equal in study. A limited purse, an uncongenial home, objectionable relatives, or one of a thousand causes may separate the sensitive and aspiring school-girl from her cherished associates, and may make her whole life seem a disappointment because it falls below the standard of girlish aspiration. So true is it that our American society gives to most of our well-educated girls the same ideal of what is desirable, and makes them very sensitive to the charms of that ideal without by any means equalizing proportionately the means of attaining the mark. Very soon that arbiter of social distinction that is nowhere more powerful than here—wealth with its heraldry of dress—begins to show its sceptre and proclaim its sway, and the girls who before played together merrily in the plain gowns of the school-room, find themselves parted widely asunder by the costumes of the drawing-room; and pretty Fanny, in her muslin and ribbon, may seem even to herself a creature of coarser mould than stately Georgina with her brocade and diamonds. We may call this sensitiveness to externals in the young women of America ludicrous or contemptible, yet it is a great and melancholy fact—a fact to be estimated not only by the tears and heart-burnings which it causes, but by the petulant tempers, the pretentious and unjustifiable extravagance, the ill-assorted marriages, which are the not infrequent result. There are prob-

ably few parents in moderate circumstances in our cities and towns who are not troubled by the painful dependence of their daughters upon externals, and the mortifying comparisons which are apt to be instituted by the prevalent scale of external distinctions. In our cities, the differences that are very soon instituted between girls who were equals at school by differences of dress and style of living may seem to be more conspicuous, yet it must be remembered that in cities the schools themselves in a measure forestall the more extreme comparisons, by bringing together into the more costly seminaries scholars of a certain average amount of privilege, while in the large towns or secondary cities it is no unusual thing for all the young people to be brought together as companions in the same schools, and we know high schools in which (we are glad that it is so) the daughters of the blacksmith and drayman sit side by side with the daughters of the judge and the banker. Now, this republicanism in education stands in marvelous contrast with the non-republicanism of society; and the contrast is becoming greater, instead of less, by the growing expensiveness of social habits. They who were equals and perhaps fond companions at school, find that mutual embarrassments spring from continuing the intimacy, and that each is becoming more marked by style of dress or entertaining than by intellectual endowments. The blacksmith's daughter tasks her father's purse too much by arraying herself in attire fitting for the banker's party or ball, and even the successful professional man finds it difficult to keep his daughters on tolerably equal terms in society with his richer neighbors. Brilliant gifts, of talent or beauty, may, indeed, set at naught more superficial distinctions; but these are very rare, and with young women of average endowments it must be allowed that the rising ostentation is having more and more power, and working against the equalizing tendency of American education. The simple cost of dressing moderately within the requirements of what is called good society in our cities and large towns, is a very formidable item in the calculation of families of moderate means, and to a young woman of refined tastes, who is dependent upon her own exertion for support, the sum is often quite disheartening. A girl of superior gifts and education may, indeed, by teaching, maintain herself handsomely, and even assist her infirm relatives; but the usual compensation of a teacher is generally a meagre support; for what will two or three or four hundred dollars a year do toward boarding and clothing a person of delicate tastes and fastidious associations? When a young woman depends upon more arduous and less lucrative labors, such as those of the needle, she must burn the lamp of sacrifice as well as toil, and not only abandon her time but also her cherished love of ornament to the inexorable necessity. Certainly the great tragedy of American life is writing itself now in the fortunes of the hosts of women dependent upon

precarious means of support. In one respect the tragedy is sometimes deeper with the young than the mature, for to the young it brings greater temptation to couple shame with sorrow, and sacrifice virtue for bread and costume. We know very well how powerful a safeguard the American girl has in her pure instincts and her Christian breeding; yet the safeguard is not always effectual, and the streets of our city too often bring to light the shame that has been hiding itself in our quiet towns and rural villages. Not sensuality, we believe, but the desire, so universal in America, of appearing well dressed, causes the downfall of the greater number of American girls who lapse from purity. Fearful stories have come to our ears of cases quite near to the rightful sympathies of Christian people, and they that study the subject most thoroughly are very sure to mingle pity with their condemnation. To most parents, the mere supposition of a daughter's disgrace is an utter monstrosity not to be thought of for a moment. May it always continue to be so considered! and that it may be so, the causes that sometimes tempt innocence to shame must be studied and guarded against.

In our solicitude for the lot of American daughters, we confess that we think more anxiously of the general average than of exceptional cases, whether above or below the average. We think more frequently of the girls in our public schools, who are to share the common welfare and decide the general character of the nation, than of the few rich who are petted in our palaces, or the few poor who are left to starve in the streets. Our standard American woman ought to be a fair representative of the common lot, and we look for her in the pleasant array of intelligent faces that cheer the visitor at our public school examinations, from year to year. Go into one of our best schools on such a day, and meditate upon the probable destiny of that great company. Listen to the recitation of that first class of some fifty girls, and try in their faces to read the horoscope of their destiny. At first sight they may seem almost as much alike as if all of one circle of relatives, yet a closer scrutiny reveals the widest differences of fortune, position, and even of nationality. Of most of them, however, we may predicate one fact — the fact that they are, in the main, to depend upon themselves, and meet the trials incident to American society with a temperament peculiarly ambitious and sensitive. Most of them have been educated by some sacrifice on the part of their parents, and will have no dowry except a good education, and a little help in setting up their household gods, whenever they have a household of their own. Most of them are evidently not robust, and even their prettiness is purchased by fragility of frame, and in too many of them the paleness or the delicate bloom of the cheek, and the fine lines of the lip and the nostrils, are offset by a stoop of the shoulders, and a narrowness of the chest. We are not disposed to croak over their future,

but we can not promise them, on the whole, a very easy lot, whether they marry or remain single. Some high prizes are to be distributed among them in the lottery of life, but the blanks are to be more numerous, unless a high purpose shall elevate to its own level a mediocre or a lowly lot. They may be spared the ills that haunt the more ambitious heads of the procession from the fashionable boarding-school that marches by them in their promenade, yet they will not escape all the evils of social ostentation — and some of them, perhaps, may chase the gilded toy more eagerly because they see it only in the enchantment of distance. Ten or fifteen years will make marvelous revelations to those fifty maidens, and will call not a few of them away from the world. Those of the company whose lot is most to be cherished as an example are those of them who bless some honest man's home as wife and mother, and adorn and enlarge with a true woman's grace the moderate share of worldly good bestowed. Two or three of them may be called to preside over splendid mansions, with husbands of large wealth, more probably acquired than inherited; and at least quite as many will lure perplexed husbands into reckless extravagance, and sacrifice the household to the frequent American folly of trying to seem what we are not, and destroying the reality of peace to keep up the appearance of pride.

A considerable number of the fifty will never marry — for it is evident that the proportion of marriages does not increase among the educated class in America, especially among those who are trained to study actions in their consequences, and to temper impulse by discretion; and the moment the mercantile habit of counting the cost prevails, the list of marriages signally falls. In the year 1850 the number of marriages in the United States, according to the census, was 197,029, while the number of deaths was 324,394, including 52,504 slaves. In England and Wales, the year before, the number of marriages was 141,599, and the number of deaths was 219,052 — the ratio of marriages to deaths there being somewhat greater than with us. Part of the high ratio in Great Britain is to be accounted for by the improvidence of the poor, who marry as readily as animals mate, without reckoning consequences, and part of it may be more hopefully accounted for by the less exacting standard of common life there, and the willingness of people in moderate circumstances to live according to their means, as their fathers and mothers did before them. Our observation in this country — which has been pretty wide and various — leads us to believe that, in proportion to the male population, a larger number of marriages takes place in country towns, where farm life makes a wife an economy as well as a comfort, and in manufacturing places, where young people of simple habits and quick sensibilities are brought much into each other's company. Our impression is, that in American cities the ratio of marriage, in pro-

portion to the male population, is on the decrease; a fact which we ascribe in part to the increase of the expenses of living incident to the inflation, not only of the prices of provisions, but of the demands of social ambition; and in part to the growth of European habits among us, and the facilities for licentious pleasures. As to this latter point—the facilities for licentiousness—we have been lately startled by some statistics of European states on this subject, in a pamphlet from the pen of an English clergyman—Rev. R. Everest—who has given a comparative view of the proportion of marriages to population in Europe, and shown the remarkable coincidence between the existence of extravagant habits and general licentiousness, especially in the contrast between the small ratio of marriages and the large ratio of the illegitimate births in the imperial cities and the court districts, and the ratio between the two in the more plebeian cities and districts. Wherever two castes prevail, and a certain class are bound to a certain rate of expense and style, marriage is invariably much restricted, and the titled class tend to corrupt the poor and untitled. In this country, where no hereditary rank exists, social ambition is creating castes almost as offensive, and often quite as corrupting; and in our great cities the number of men constantly increases, whose tastes, or ambition, or selfishness preclude them from marriage under their average opportunities; and hence the very obvious result of an increasing proportion of persons who live by pandering to their licentiousness.

Whatever may be the cause, marriage is on the decrease among the more wary, thoughtful classes; and we can not but be impressed by the authoritative statistics of Massachusetts, which state that, in 1854, the percentage of marriages in Boston was, relatively, among the American portion, 59.86, and among foreigners, 39.74; while the Americans and foreigners, in numbers of population, were as 46.93 and 53.07; indicating a greater proportion of marriages among the foreign residents, most of whom are comparatively poor and unthrifty. In 1854 the number of marriages in Massachusetts was 13,683, or to the population, as one to 80.68; and of these the percentage is largely in favor of the foreign part of the population. We do not compare these statistics with those of other recent years, whether before or since the date quoted, but we are quite certain that, taking any considerable number of years in the aggregate, the ratio of marriages to population decreases with the increase of habits of extravagance, and the necessity of keeping up a costly establishment. We believe that marriages will decrease until the times or manners change, and that among the facts that are to shape the destiny of the daughters of America, especially in the older and more luxurious cities, we must number the relatively fewer chances to be offered in the matrimonial lottery, and the moral necessity of there being a larger proportion of unmarried women.

We do not say that marriage is of itself a blessing, irrespective of character and circumstance—and are quite ready to allow that to marry ill is worse by far than not to marry at all—yet we quite as firmly believe that a good marriage is the best condition for woman as for man; and we can not but regret the tendency that must keep so many of our daughters single, so long as they abide by the tastes in which they have been educated. A father whose heart is in the right place, and who loves his daughters as a true father always will, can not, indeed, be accused of wishing to be rid of his daughters, and so far as his own personal feelings are concerned he would rejoice to have them always with him; but this may not be, since time and change are always at work, and the daughter's welfare is better secured by a new home that may continue after the old home is broken up, and father and mother are no more.

We confess that we are advocates for marriage, and for marriages as early as the laws of health and the dictates of prudence allow. Young people are saved from many evils by identifying their whole destiny with each other's, and the wife's affections and the husband's purity are then in the best possible keeping, under God's law and Christ's grace. We know very well that theorists of extreme classes who have noted the decrease in the number of marriages in high life, are inclined to rejoice at it, and for opposite reasons—the one class because they think celibacy to be the higher condition, the other class because they think the old relation of the wife to the husband wholly wrong, and any change is to be welcomed that obliges woman to make herself independent of man, and cease to wait in any way upon his favor. Without arguing with the ascetic the question whether, to certain persons of peculiar position and temperament, celibacy may not be a duty, we are content to say, that, on the whole, monastic life, in its best estate, has little charm to a large and thoughtful observer of man's nature and God's providence; and if, in certain cases, the cowl and veil have fallen upon men and women who were virgins for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the cowl and the veil do not of themselves imply virginal affections, and when not assumed voluntarily, they are apt to imply or create quite the opposite state of mind. A community in a large proportion nominally celibate is not usually conspicuous for the contentment of the women or the purity of the men, and we do not believe that Heaven is like to be any nearer the hosts of celibates, who are now made such, not by any monastic rules, nor in any Libyan deserts, but by the artificial exactions of fashion, and in the hotels and monster boarding-houses of our cities. We believe that a true Christian wife has a purity that angels may not scorn, and many a nun might covet, and that the man who keeps his marriage-vows need not ask of any ghostly monk for lessons in manly virtue. The longer we live the more we reverence God's

obvious law, and the less admire the devices of men who forbid marriage, and so undertake to be wiser than God.

We quite as little incline to follow those alleged reformers who promise to bring on a new future of woman by making her the rival of man. We are ready to acquiesce in all reasonable efforts to rid her of legal and social burdens—to secure to her due rights of person, property, and employment. We believe that a much wider field should be opened for her gifts, and that many branches of art both useful and ornamental have been wrongly closed against her. At the same time she is herself and not man, and she is made less effective instead of more so by training her to imitate man either in speech, manner, or costume. We believe in the petticoat as an institution older and more sacred than the Magna Charta; and although in these days of boundless skirts we can not exactly say that we hope its shadow may never be less, we do honestly believe that its dominion is co-eval with that of true civilization, and that man loses the only authority that can effectually tame him when woman loses the delicacy of mind and costume that marks her as his counterpart and not as his rival. The masculine school of woman's rights reformers have hurt the sex whom they profess to befriend, by disparaging the traits most characteristic of their nature, and giving them a certain boldness and hardness that fail of being manly and are ashamed of being womanly. For our part, we are willing to own honestly the mutual dependence of the sexes, and their duty to bless each other by being what God has made them. We men can have no true heart or home without a good woman's blessing, and no gift of fortune or favor seems blessed until a wife, or daughter, or mother smiles upon it as woman only can smile. Why may not she honestly return the sentiment, and say that a woman never finds her true sphere until, in some relation of life, and chief of all in her own home, a true man's wisdom and strength harmonize with her trusting affections and quick perception! She will own this truth, and she is too sagacious not to see that she loses her hold on man the moment that she begins to rival him by stentorian speech or by pantalooned strides. But God's providence is a better teacher than we can hope to be, and His wisdom is proved by the lot of the most obstreperous champions of woman's rights. The mother silences the Amazon, and the Antoinette Browns and Lucy Stones of the pulpit and the rostrum appear at the cradle very much as other women; and the closed pulpit and the silent rostrum are signs not of mob violence but of Nature's gentle law.

Although not agreeing with the ascetic or the radical as to the means of emancipating woman from the yoke of marriage, we do believe that much may and should be done to secure to her a larger self-reliance and usefulness, to train her to be energetic without being masculine, and so to rule her education as to give her truer

dignity and freedom, whether married or single. The same social progress that will make marriage more practicable and hopeful will make single life more dignified, and without believing in any social nostrums that shall at once cure all domestic ills, we are convinced that due thought on the part of earnest parents and teachers, preachers and authors, can work out a better day for the destiny of our daughters. We need to apply the first principles of good sense to the current modes of living, and demand some other sanction than mere fashion for the style of expense which we think authoritative. The matter of dress, furniture, house building, servants, entertainments, and all the household economies, that have so much to do with the destiny of woman, need to be thoroughly revised, and a substantial check put to the extravagance that is putting the yoke of nominal poverty upon young women of moderate means, and shutting them out from the comforts of a true home, while it burdens the nominally rich with constantly increasing competitions and discontents. Good taste may do much toward checking extravagance, and we seriously believe that a more artistic eye would often lessen by one-half the cost of dress and furniture, and save our daughters from the barbarous folly that sacrifices true beauty to mere expensiveness. It may cost something too much to dress handsomely, yet it is clear that the best-dressed women do not spend the most money on their clothes, and that they who are most likely to ruin their husbands by their monstrous bills at the jewelers or silk and lace stores, generally succeed more in imitating the fashion-plate of our magazines and the windows of our fancy stores, than in presenting a fairer image of feminine humanity decked with the pearl of greatest price. It will be a day worth noting in the calendar when woman emancipates herself from the yoke of vulgar fashion, and when good taste and true beauty, not the scale of mere expensiveness and rarity, preside over her wardrobe and drawing-room.

The basis of all true reform, however, must be deeper than taste or sentiment. It must be in character, that finds its best treasure not in the accidents but the substance of being, and believes with the Master that life does not consist in the abundance of things possessed. The good old Christianity that has stood by the daughters of the Church through so many struggles is to stand by them still in the peculiar crisis of our new ages. The problem once was to save woman from the hand of barbaric lust and place her under the protection of the sanctuary, and the problem was solved. The problem now is, how to save her from the yoke of modern materialism, and to secure to pure character and spiritual faith a respect and influence that the world is now eager to monopolize for wealth and ostentation. This problem, too, will be solved, and they who solve it under God's law, and with Christ's grace, will be the best benefactors of our daughters.

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HOW ONE WOMAN CAME TO MARRY.

THE early summer morning is rising clear and bright but chill, and yet, before these pages meet the reader's eye, over all will lie the mid-summer pomp, and flush, and pride. I can think of no fitter emblem, for one I knew in other days, than this reluctant summer, cold, and still, and coy at first, only to burst forth, by-and-by, into more wonderful and tropical luxuriance of bloom.

In Hortense Greenwich there was, from her very childhood, though few knew it then, very much of pride, but never any littleness of vanity. She had been born to an assured position in society, for she was the only child of wealthy parents, moving in the upper circles of New York. Her mother, still young and very beautiful at the birth of this one child, was a woman of fashion. Dinner parties, balls, and morning visits filled up her life, so that she had no time to become acquainted with her daughter. She gave the little one a French governess, and left her to grow up as best she could. Even the governess had a lover in America, besides an extensive correspondence with certain old friends in *la belle France*, and, in her turn, neglected her duties.

Perhaps, however, this very neglect developed the child's soul more healthfully than a greater amount of attention from those two sources would have done. She learned readily all that was taught her, and much that was not. Acquisition of ideas was a passion with her, and her father's library, fashionably well filled and fashionably little used, was a perpetual delight to her dawning intellect. She might, perhaps, have been a beautiful child had due pains been taken in the cultivation of her natural graces. As it was, she was in no way remarkable. She was allowed to braid her luxuriant hair closely back from her large, thoughtful brow; to sit carelessly, and to wear ordinarily what suited her best—a quiet robe of dark, shadowy, unbecoming gray. On state occasions, when her presence was required in the parlor, and she was bedizened in brighter hues and fashionable finery, she was too much embarrassed by the unusual costume to have it contribute at all to her beauty.

Circumstances early schooled her to content herself with no great amount of affection. Her father would have loved her, but what with early and late devotion to the business that maintained his splendid house and faultless equipage—to say nothing of bills at Stewart's and Madame D'Arblay's—he had very little time for the cultivation of home ties. Her mother—she must have had a mother's heart somewhere in her bosom, though its beatings were effectually smothered by silk and velvet—was too much absorbed in her beautiful self to remember the child, except with an occasional fear lest her growing up should be an unwelcome reminder of her own age. The governess understood this sentiment, and needed not to

be told to keep the girl back as much as possible. As for Mademoiselle, she wrote her letters and chatted with her lover, consoling herself with the reflection that in neglecting her charge she was but following the example of the higher powers. And so Hortense Greenwich brought herself up.

At twenty she was little changed from what she had been at ten. It is true, some years before, Mademoiselle had married her American lover, and Miss Greenwich, deprived of her supervision, had been sent to a boarding-school, where she had learned a little French, a little Italian, and a good deal of music. At twenty she was introduced into society. She was not at all showy; indeed, her mother pronounced her, "after all that had been done for her, decidedly wanting in style," and, I think, was secretly rejoiced that her daughter was so little likely to dispute with her the palm of fashionable admiration.

At twenty Hortense Greenwich might easily have passed for fifteen. So little of passion or emotion had swept over the calm surface of her life that her face was still placid and reticent as in childhood. It had no story to tell. Her only accomplishment was her music, and this with her was rather a passion than an art. She practiced it solely for her own gratification. Hour after hour, at her harp or her piano, she breathed out her very soul—all the mystery of her inner life—in thrilling, passionate improvisations. It was to her instead of father and mother love; instead of brothers and sisters; instead of friends.

She had been in society two years when she first met Rowland Chivers. Though only four years older than herself, he was already *blasé*. He had traveled in the Old World. He was well read in the book of beauty. He could tell a woman's fine points at a glance. His flirtations had been numerous abroad, but he had come home unfettered, and "Japonicadom" welcomed him eagerly. For a wonder, his fortune, really large, was his smallest claim to distinction. He would have been a man of mark any where. His manners were emphatically, as Mrs. Greenwich expressed herself, *distingué*. He was handsome, and he had a mind well and richly stored, despite his flirtations and fooleries.

I said he could tell all a woman's charms at a glance. After a little, he made Mrs. Greenwich his mortal enemy by perceiving that her daughter was younger, and possessed finer points of beauty than herself. At her exhibitions of disdain, however, he only smiled. He was contented to let her love or hate him as she liked, and, with serene self-satisfaction, set himself at work to bring out Hortense Greenwich.

A little encouragement, a little graceful flattery, was all she needed. Soon the world began to perceive what a faultless figure she had, now that she had acquired a motive for dressing it becomingly. Then her fine eyes were

noticed; the superb scorn of her daintily-cut mouth; her hair, so long, so luxuriant, now that a quick eye had perceived its capabilities, and a few artistic yet careless hints had guided her in its arrangement.

Miss Greenwich, accustomed to go into society as a sort of necessary sacrifice at the shrine of Mammon, without the least hope or expectation of finding pleasure therein, was at first surprised, then gratified, when Rowland Chivers, just then quite a centre of attraction, persistently sought her side. With his matchless tact, it was not difficult to make her feel, without once saying any thing to startle her susceptible pride, that he alone understood her—that he recognized her capacity to be more than she was, loftier than any of the social magnets glittering about her. To a nature like hers, this feeling, that she was appreciated—that she received her full deserts, was the most acceptable of incense. She inhaled it eagerly. Under its influence she not only learned how to make the most of all the graces which were already hers, but new charms came to her, a deeper color glowed in her cheek, a warmer light shone from her large, dark eye.

At first she thought only of friendship. Rowland Chivers never talked to her of love. He was lonely, he told her. Very few of those he met in the gay circle where his lot was cast had power to interest him for an hour. It had been like a new revelation to know her. She could feel with him—could share his thoughts. As much as ever sister could be to brother she should be to him. And this contented her. It was her first friendship; it seemed so pure, so sweet, so tender. It was something to be proud of, to have this man, sought of all, always at her side. His homage elevated her in the eyes of those who had been accustomed to consider her as a good, quiet girl, of no great importance in any way. She was grateful to him for gaining for her the position to which, in the sensitive pride of her proud nature, she felt entitled. For his sake she adorned herself. Her naturally fine taste was aroused. She must do justice to his choice of a friend.

From all this, in a character like hers, the step was not long to love. Soon she knew that, in spite of herself, he had become dearer to her than all the dreams of her girlhood. And now came a season of self-humiliation; a fear which stung her like a scorpion, lest she had given her love unsought; a longing, anxious questioning of his heart; a striving to read every expression of his haughty, handsome face.

And then, as if in answer to her doubts, his manner became tenderer than ever. More constantly he sought her side—more gentle was his voice—more full of love the songs he brought her, and sang with her by the hour together. One day he said to her:

"Hortense, I thought I knew women, but even I was deceived in my estimate of you. You have matured this past year into such a woman as my fancy never foreshadowed. It

has been like the sudden bursting into bloom of the still century-plant, or the breathing radiant, glowing life into a perfect statue. What has changed you so?"

Rowland Chivers would have made a capital surgeon. He would have looked unmoved on the death-throes of a thousand victims. As it was, he delighted in nothing so much as in dissecting hearts. With keen relish he watched the color come and go in her cheeks, the lids droop downward to veil the shy responses of her radiant eyes. Her voice was very low as she answered:

"You have changed me by being my friend. No one had interest enough in me before to make it worth my while to be my best self."

But farther than this he never carried the conversation. He would break it off at this stage to read her some old legend of long-enduring love, or to make her sing for him his favorite songs. His actions told her, every day of his life, more eloquently than any words, that she was beloved, but his lips had never yet spoken it.

At length a new star rose in the firmament of New York society—a young widow, gay, beautiful, *piquante*. She possessed less dignity, less *hauteur*, less style even than Hortense Greenwich; but her versatility, her grace, her good-humor, were infinite. She was a little fairy—a perfect flower of the tropics, with a passionate, fervid nature speaking in every look of her sparkling eyes, every flexile movement of her graceful figure. Rowland Chivers was charmed. Here was a new book—a fresh page. How would this bewitching little fairy look if *she* were in love? His attentions were divided now, and perhaps Mrs. Bellair received the largest share.

I do not think Hortense Greenwich ever could have been jealous. It was not in her nature. She could love and trust blindly up to a certain point; but when her trust was slain her love must die with it. So she looked on in evident unconcern, while the widow danced, and sang, and flirted, and Rowland Chivers was ever at her side. I think he was disappointed. He was not noble enough to understand a nature above jealousy. He had expected Miss Greenwich would flatter his vanity by growing pale, sad, abstracted; that she would slight him a little at first, and by-and-by there would be a scene, and he—I believe he had not decided, even in his own mind, whether he meant to marry her. Her calmness disappointed him. It was not feigned. She never thought of doubting his love. She believed—when he had finished his game, his pretty little amusement of a flirtation—he would be as much her own as ever. She had no fears for the widow's heart, and she was too much accustomed to see such kind of trifling to realize how much it dimmed the bright perfectness she had loved to ascribe to her idol. So, when he did come to her side, she received him as cheerfully as ever. Her cheek lost nothing of its brilliant glow—

her eye of its sparkling light. He began to fear that she did not love him, and this re-awakened all his interest in her. To test the matter thoroughly, he flirted with the widow more desperately than ever.

One night, when Miss Greenwich was in full beauty, she was for a time the centre of attraction in Mrs. Livingstone's crowded *salon*. Gentlemen thronged round her, and ladies stood by in envy. Despite his doubts of her love, Rowland Chivers gloried in her. She was so queenly, so fair; to all but him, so unapproachable. He lingered near her, saying just enough to draw out her best powers.

At length a diversion was created by the widow's late entrance. This night Rowland Chivers was resolved to probe to the utmost the heart he had begun to doubt. He was among the first to seek Mrs. Bellair. He danced with her; he bent over her as she sat at the piano; he devoted himself to her with all the enthusiasm of a courtier. At length his keen eye detected Miss Greenwich for the moment alone. She had withdrawn herself a little from the gay company, and sat in a kind of recess watching the flash of the lights, the sparkle of the diamonds, the sheen of the floating silken robes, and now and then catching some chance word borne by her on the waves of sound. He sought her side, and was welcomed with her usual frankness. For a while they chatted indifferently, and then, as if moved to confidence by a sudden impulse, Rowland Chivers said,

"I do believe, Hortense, that you have a real friendly interest—a sister's interest—in my welfare; and something I can not explain impels me to ask your advice. You women judge each other more justly than a man can. Tell me, then, what you think of Mrs. Bellair. Would my life's happiness be safe if I should ask her, and she should consent, to be my wife?"

He had meant this should be the crowning test of her love. If she manifested one emotion of grief or anger, he would believe she loved him; perhaps—but the future must settle that—perhaps he would ask her to be Mrs. Chivers. He watched her keenly. Not a muscle of her face quivered; not a shade deeper was the rose-tint on her fair cheek; she did not even turn her calm eyes away. There was no tremor in her silvery voice. As if half musingly, she said,

"I do not quite know her well enough to answer; but I should think, nay, I am very sure, that your natures are much alike—that she would suit you admirably."

Her auditor had an uncomfortable impression that a hidden satire lurked in her remark. It galled him, and he winced under it; but she had given no sign of love for him. He had mistaken her all this while, and, roused to regret by this knowledge, he began to think that he loved her, and could not live without her.

Just then they were interrupted. Mr. Richmond Spendwell came to claim her hand for the next dance; and for the rest of that night

Hortense Greenwich was more beautiful than ever, and, unlike her usual self, was the gayest of the gay.

When it was all over the reaction came. Leaning back in the carriage by her mother's side, she sat for a time in profound silence. But Mrs. Greenwich was sociably inclined: her eyes were sparkling; her cheeks glowing; her spirits were at high tide. They must find an outlet somehow. There was not often much conversation between these two women, they had so few thoughts in common; but Mrs. Greenwich must talk now.

"It has been a brilliant evening; but then Mrs. Livingstone's evenings always are. I haven't enjoyed myself more this winter. Why don't you speak, Hortense; didn't you like it?"

"I am very tired."

"Tired! Well, you look so: I can see by the street lamp how white your face is. Why, I should outlast three like you, mamma though I am. You will never do for a belle. But doesn't that little widow make herself ridiculous enough? One would suppose she thought there had never been another handsome woman in the world. There's Rowland Chivers, how she does draw him after her! Why, I really used to think he was attentive to you."

"Mother, don't! I can't talk; I am so tired—so sick."

There was a strange pathos in her voice. It would have reminded you of the moan of some stricken animal hunted to death. Mrs. Greenwich did not understand it: she was not a sympathetic or a quick-feeling woman at any time, but this cry of an unspoken sorrow hushed even her into silence.

After that, however, Miss Greenwich regained her self-command. Her good-night, as she went up stairs, was spoken in her usual cheerful tones; her step was firm, yet elastic, and her mother, looking after her, thought what a strange, unsociable girl she was, and how little she cared for society any way.

In her own room her sleepy maid sat before the fire waiting for her. She was perfectly calm now—she did not even seem fatigued. The business of disrobing was quickly performed; the ornaments she had worn were restored to their proper places; the girl was dismissed, and Hortense Greenwich was alone, with no further need for self-command. She sat down before the fire, and looked steadily into it. Was this the same world it had seemed when she sat there, five hours before, dreaming blissful dreams, in which one face ever shone, one voice made an eternal music. Gone forever was the sunlight which had gilded that fair world. No longer were the skies blue, and the very clouds rosy; no longer the future stretched out before her a green, sunny path bordered with roses and bright with verdure. She had crowned herself, indeed, with those fair roses of Hope, but they had turned to thorns upon her forehead; and from those gaping wounds would not the life-blood ooze forever and forever?

Then, in the stillness, Pride rose up like an avenger and buffeted her sorely. She had loved unsought, it told her; given her heart to one who did not even think the gift worth the acceptance; trusted all things to one who had promised nothing. But Memory defended her warmly. Memory asserted that he *had* sought her love; Memory brought forth from her treasure-house looks and words of unmistakable tenderness; she recalled daily and long-continued care; manifold tokens of interest; constant attentions; all that could, more eloquently than any words, tell the story of absorbing love. And then Justice acquitted the proud heart accused.

Oh, Rowland Chivers, you would have known one woman better than you were ever likely to learn her, with all your study, if you could have sat by Hortense Greenwich's fire that night! I spare my reader the torture, the agony, the despair. Women like her love once, and, if deceived, never again thereafter. She had lost that night something dearer than life, something loftier than love—her faith in humanity. She had never had but one friend. Rowland Chivers was the first one who had ever read the pages of her woman's heart. She had gained a higher, truer estimate of her own powers seeing them through his eyes. To this first tenderness she had given all. The full tide of her passionate yet reserved nature had set toward him; and now the deep waters must flow back again, flooding the waste country of her affections, uprooting every flower, destroying every fruit. Henceforth she must go on alone. Life stretched out before her bleak and barren of hope. Alas! there was no one to whisper of a narrower path, where the seed sown in tears might spring up in joy; where the blessings of those ready to perish would cheer the fainting traveler, whose goal was the Celestial City. Fashionable life—she knew no other—was the arena where she must struggle for the victor's palm. At least—her lip curled at the thought—Rowland Chivers had taught her something of her own value; she could touch him through his vanity; she could *shine*. Through all that night not one tear came to her proud eyes. The blight which had fallen upon her life was too deadly for any gentle dew of sorrow. She would not suffer the love which lay in its death-throes upon her heart's threshold to make a single moan, even in dying. Sternly she watched its agony until it was dead, then she took up the fair corse and buried it. It might haunt her sometimes; sometimes she might wake at midnight from feverish slumbers, and see at her bed's foot a still, white face, and the gleam of golden hair; but she would know it was but the illusion of fancy. The dead love should *not* arise—she rolled a stone to the mouth of the sepulchre.

It was thus that Hortense Greenwich became a belle in society. After that night she went forth into the world a changed woman. That world had never found her so charming before.

She was prouder than ever, but society likes pride. Her words were keen with the two-edged sword of wit. Now and then a victim winced under them, but the by-standers applauded, and the sufferers from such wounds are the first to smile. Rowland Chivers wondered at her. He had never suspected, with all his appreciation of her character, such power as this. He left Mrs. Bellair to bite her pretty lips and break her Spanish fan in vexation, and actually haunted Miss Greenwich wherever she went. Her reception of him was precisely the same she accorded to others; marked with a courtesy which no presumption could construe into more than courtesy.

She was become more like the rest of the world now. She formed friendships in the fashionable sense of the word. Rowland Chivers called on her and found other young ladies, graceful butterflies of fashion, whiling away the morning with her; or at other times, some young gentleman would be serenely making himself agreeable, where once *he* only had been the privileged guest. At other times, still, he would call and be told that Miss Greenwich was out, and this piqued his vanity still more, for he shrewdly suspected that she was only "out" to him. He had roused his somewhat apathetic sensibilities by this time into what he believed an absorbing passion for her. He was quite convinced that all his happiness for the future depended upon persuading her to return his adoration.

At length he called on her one morning at an unfashionably early hour. She was in and alone. He found her in the same room where they had passed so many hours reading and singing together. He trusted to the old memories to assist him. Once more he asked for a favorite old song. With thorough self-command she complied with his request. She manifested no emotion—there was no droop of the eyelids, no softening of the voice. The metaphysical dissector, the hero of a thousand flirtations, was at a loss. Perhaps he had never felt so deeply before. At all events, it had never before been so hard a task to make a declaration of love. But he managed it at length. For once in the world he might have gained credit for modesty. No one could have doubted but that he was sincere. With a humility as strange as it was new, he told her the high sense he entertained of her perfections, and besought her favorable hearing for his confession of love. His utmost experience with women could never have prepared him for her reply.

"I will not deceive you," she said, in her proud yet quiet voice. "My own pride shall not tempt me to say that I never loved you. Little as I believe you deserve it, I did love you once with all the strength of my nature; or, rather, I loved something I believed was you. My life had been lonely before you came. I was indebted to you, I acknowledge that now, for a juster knowledge of myself. I believed that you loved me—your constant attentions gave me a right to believe it."

"I did! oh, God knows I did," faltered Rowland Chivers's voice. She went on without heeding the interruption.

"I trusted in your love so fully, that, when Mrs. Bellair came, your flirtation with her gave me no concern. Only your own words could have undeceived me. They were not long wanting. You remember that night when you asked my advice about marrying her. Then I saw you as you were. Either you had never cared for me, and had but amused yourself with deceiving me; or having, after your own fashion, liked me, you were now amusing yourself with experimenting upon my love, wantonly giving me pain. But if it will solace your vanity, if it will give you any triumph to know that I suffered, I do not grudge you the satisfaction of that knowledge. I suffered that one night such tortures as all the pulses of your lifetime could not measure out. But even then, if you could have knelt at my feet and poured out your soul in a prayer for my love and my forgiveness, it would not have comforted me—in my heart would have been no response to your voice. I had loved an ideal, which was *not* you. You will understand now that our paths must lie very far apart. You have taken from me all that my life had of glory—my faith, my hope, my trust in human love. I shall marry some man for the position, the independence he will give me, but I can not marry you."

Rowland Chivers showed how far he was from comprehending her, by persevering in his prayer. He knelt at her feet. He uttered a passionate cry for forgiveness—for love. He drew a picture of his desolate life without her. He told her that he had never loved before—that his only hold on a true, right life was through her.

There was goodness enough in her nature to pity him even then. Her great dark eyes rested upon him mournfully. Her voice was not proud now, but sorrowful.

"I can not, Rowland Chivers. Plead with me no longer. My heart is dumb. It makes no answer."

And he felt that it was indeed true. He bade her farewell with faltering tones, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her hand, and then he went out into the world, and Hortense Greenwich sent after him no regret—no sigh.

That very morning, scarcely an hour later, Mr. Richmond Spendwell sat beside her, in the very seat which Rowland Chivers had filled. There could scarcely have been a greater contrast than between these two men. It was something more than the ordinary difference between twenty-six and forty. Mr. Spendwell was pompous, self-satisfied, almost arrogant. He had a far more definite idea of turtle-soup than of turtle-doves. Billing and cooing would

not at any time of life have been in his line. He was better posted in stocks than in literature. As for sentiment, it was to him *terra incognita*; and he had no knowledge of hearts beyond a dim school-boy recollection that they had something to do with the circulation of the blood.

Therefore he was saved from all embarrassment in the doing of his errand. In a manner most business-like and creditable he made Miss Greenwich an offer of his hand. Like her former suitor, he was quite unprepared for her reply:

"Mr. Spendwell, I would not marry you under false pretenses. I would not deceive you for the world. If I marry you, I shall be your faithful wife, for I know my duty; but I can not marry you because of love. That is forever past for me. I did love one man; or, rather, I loved the ideal which I called by his name. I found out the weak points of his character, and my love died a natural death. He left me this morning, a rejected suitor. Would you be satisfied with a wife who had no love to give you?"

Mr. Spendwell listened politely, but with a look which said, more expressively than words, that this was all Greek to him. He took advantage of the first pause to interrupt her.

"My dear young lady, I am too old, perhaps, and too prosaic to fully understand you. As nearly as I can make out, you once fancied yourself in love, but, finding your mistake, you rejected your suitor. Now I am not very exacting in these matters. You are graceful and beautiful beyond any woman of my acquaintance. I have confidence in your good sense and good principle. If you will be my wife, I think I may say I shall make a kind and indulgent husband."

"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Sir, and I accept your proposal."

"Very right. Just the reply I expected from your good sense. I will see your father this afternoon!"

This was Hortense Greenwich's plighting. Hortense Greenwich! dreamer, enthusiast, genius! Was it strange, as she sat alone after, her very respectable affianced left her, that for one undisciplined moment the dead love seemed to stir in its unquiet grave, and her thoughts roamed backward once more into the enchanted country over which Hope's sun had set, and stood for that one moment pleading vainly at the closed gates of Eden. That was all. After that she walked forward with firm footsteps in the path she had chosen; she said to her woman's heart, "I have no need of thee;" she received the congratulations of her friends, and went on superintending her splendid preparations for her bridal.

The news of her betrothal came to Rowland Chivers with a keen pang. To such natures as his blessings brighten as they take their flight. By refusing to be his wife she had made herself his goddess. He sailed for Europe in the next steamer, and news comes of him now and then

engaged in his old career of flirtation and foolery.

Alas! he had left behind him the greatest ruin he had ever wrought. In Hortense Greenwich he had found, perhaps for the first time in his life, a true, high-souled, self-contained, yet loving woman. There was more power in her nature, for good or for evil, than in twenty like Ernestine Bellair. He found her young, generous, susceptible; ready to give up all things for truth and right. He left her with her heart prematurely old, cold, glittering, scornful, suspicious. It was the wreck of a most noble nature. She was married; that is, Mr. Richmond Spendwell was legally pronounced her husband, but her unwed heart was left alone, alone—like an unquiet spirit gnashing its teeth in the darkness.

She was a splendid bride. Some envied her, some condemned her, some approved of her worldly prudence; and one quiet old book-keeper, looking out from the window of his *chateau en Espagne*, murmured, with sad sagacity—

"Once more Venus has married Vulcan."

ECONOMICAL BEAUTY.

THE fashion of the day is to make beauty as expensive a thing as possible. Persons who thrive by those arts that ornamental house-keeping needs for its display, and all such as value architecture, furniture, and appearance by the amount of money paid for them, have tacitly agreed that beauty shall be sold to high bidders, and none others shall enter into competition for it. To some extent they have succeeded. Public taste has certainly been vitiated sufficiently to make the trade in beauty a lucrative affair, and to give the aristocracy of gold no small advantage over people of limited means. Great works of art ought to be costly, and artists of extraordinary merit should be most liberally rewarded; but the minor forms of beauty that concern domestic life might surely be placed within the reach of moderate circumstances. Apart from the business view of this matter, it is really a point of interest in the cultivation of general taste that the love of beauty and its gratification should have no outward impediments beyond what are unavoidable. Beauty is the common heritage of mind. Nature has made ample provision for its presence every where, and in every thing, in some degree or measure. And how often Providence brings it close to the heart, and moves us to its embrace! What service, as an auxiliary, does religion derive from its illustrative and confirmative power! If it has pleased God to put such an estimate on beauty, every one should wish to see the largest possible number enjoying its benefits.

Something may be done toward this end by convincing those around us that all the beauty which is needed to educate taste and refine humanity, in obedience to the general laws of intellectual and moral life, is at easy command. Like the best gifts of Heaven, it is at our doors

asking only to be admitted to our hospitality, and proffering all its serene blessings on the simple condition of reciprocity. The poorest man may feel that it has already been bought and paid for. It is to him, if he will view it aright, a free offering, not a taxed commodity. The same goodness that created his soul has furnished this dowry as a permanent treasure. If he possesses this faith, he can claim his privilege and enter into the communion of the beautiful. Like all true faith, it will give power and victory. The birds will answer its call and sing for him. The flowers will know its presence and spread their many hues before his loving eye. And the landscape will be more the property of him than of the man who rides over its broad acres and numbers them as his own.

But this sense of beauty, if confined to a simple appreciation of external nature, is not enough. The eye must not keep its gathered images in selfish independence. One part of our organization must be faithful to every other part, and the soul must rule over all. Beauty seen must be beauty felt. It must be cherished, prized, assimilated. And then it must pervade our working skill, and come forth renewed from our lips, and shine in the products of our hands. There is no other way to convert beauty into a great and genuine power. Passive enjoyment of its forms and aspects is a dead epicureanism. It is a flower on a grave; its roots are in corruption. If you have seen beauty—if Nature has charmed you in a happy mood, and silently shrined an image within your brain, let it not stay there. It will wither if you do. Hasten to put the beauty into something. Go plant a vine and watch its growth; work among the flowers of your garden; trim the honey-suckle by the cottage-door; festoon the lattice afresh; or go into the orchard, luxuriant in the promise of spring, and, gathering the blossoms, feast on them, and find them sweeter than the fruits of autumn. The privilege of beauty is at last dependent, in some measure, on a certain sort of utility. We must turn all knowledge to good account. Fine perceptions may go to the brain through the eye, but they must perform their appointed circuit, and reappear, by means of the active faculties, in the outside world. The consistency of Nature's economy is seen in this law, that whatever is given to us must be communicated back for the benefit of others as well as for our own improvement. The waters flash the sunshine from their rippled surface into the air; and the kind earth, receiving all day the solar heat, radiates it through the night. Man must not be unmindful of this wise and merciful ordinance. Freely thou hast received, freely give, holds firmly good for nature no less than for religion. Does it cost much, then, to have a beautiful home? No. What the fashionable world calls beautiful may be dear, but the real beauty that is learned whenever Nature teaches her art, is no serious expense. Are the green grass, the open flowers, and the rolling land-

scape, the proud emoluments of the millionaire? God bestows them on us all, and with them he also bestows the ability, if we choose to exercise it, to imitate their beauty in our homes and in our living. Have you never thought that Heaven is a place of beauty as well as of purity? If such is the fact, the cultivation of the beautiful is, by the grace of Providence, within the easy reach of us all. What a grand idea is that—*"The earth is His footstool!"* So spake Christ. If you have a strip of land—a home—on this footstool, would it not be a reverential and loving act to beautify it as an offering to the Almighty Sovereign?

WATER CURE LIFE IN EUROPE.*

A YOUNG American whose chronic invalidism had failed to yield to the seductions of a residence in Italy, was persuaded to seek for health at Graefenberg, where, as many fervently believed, the old peasant Priessnitz had found the fountain of youth. So, with a couple of compatriots, leaving Florence, passing Bologna, Ferrara, and Pavia; puzzling the Austrian police by the unheard-of audacity of sojourning for a fortnight at Venice without procuring a "paper of residence;" steaming to Trieste; diligencing and railroading to Vienna, with nothing more notable than a sight of Radetzky, the victor of Novara—a little old hero with white mustaches, sore eyes, shaky legs, and a wizened appearance generally; thence onward toward Silesia, they draw near their aqueous destination.

At Hermanstadt—thirty miles away—they began to inquire about the reputation of the Water Cure and its founder. The result was rather discouraging.

"You can go, if you like," said their informant, in German-English, puffing away at his solacing meerschaum; "but I advise you no. You will stay there long time and think you get better; but you will be as the first day, only worse, and all the time you think you will get well the next day. I stay there eighteen months, and then I ask Priessnitz why I am not better, and he say that I stay there not long enough; but I say that I stay there too long, and I come away. There are some peoples who think they are cured, and go away and get back all their maladies. Nevertheless you can go and try, but I think you will find it as I say."

Undeterred by this discouraging advice, our invalids kept to their resolution; and after a day's ride through a green, rolling woodland country, gushing with cool crystalline rivulets, passing abundant linen factories among which lay bleaching long ghost-like strips of cloth, which made it seem like a special providence that the great water-doctor should have been born in a country where douches and bandages were so convenient—they approached the little

borough of Freiwaldau, nestling under the hill of Graefenberg.

Here, in his own country, there was no lack of faith in Priessnitz. He and his system were axioms—facts about which there was no dispute. The host of the "Golden Eagle" indeed tried hard to convince the strangers that his hotel was a better place of residence than the Establishment, where the lodging was wretched, the food worse, and the odor of the buildings intolerable; while at his hostelry the invalids could enjoy comfortable quarters, with duckings and bathings to their hearts' content. But they had come to put themselves under the immediate care of the renowned Priessnitz, and were deaf to the disinterested blandishments of mine host of the "Golden Eagle."

So in the chilly sunshine of a late spring they began the ascent of the long hill, half-way up which shone the whitewashed walls of the original Water Cure. The first token of its neighborhood was a little fountain where a solitary invalid was swallowing the water with a wry face, but with an air which showed that he thought it must be good for him. A little beyond was another fountain over which was an inscription dedicating it "to the Genius of Cold Water."

"From here onward," says our invalid, "we met numbers of people of a cheerfully crazed appearance, wandering confusedly hither and thither, like ants when you scatter their nest, all of them shabbily attired—some in linen, as if in derision of our flannels; some bareheaded, with clipped hair, others with towels about their temples—their pockets bulky with glass cups, or their shoulders harnessed with drinking-horns. Most of them carried thick canes, and raced up the eminences with the hearty good-will of Christian climbing the hill Difficulty. Ladies, too, were visible, shoeless and stockingless, wading through the dewy grass, their feet burning with what Doctor Johnson would have called auroral frigidity and herberiferous friction. They all kept in constant motion, and seemed never to speak to each other, reminding me of those bewildered knights in Ariosto's enchanted palace, who wandered perpetually up and down, hearing the voices of dear friends, but seeing no one. The centre of movement for this distracted crowd was an irregular square, stony and verdureless, on one side of which rose two enormous ghastly buildings, with multitudinous windows, constituting the establishment proper; while opposite these, at various distances, glared low, whitewashed cottages, also used for the stowage and cleansing of a vast invalidism. From a concave in the masonry of the outer stairway to the principal edifice gushed a hearty little jet of water, abundantly supplying the horns and cups which were continually presented to its humid mouth."

For a very moderate sum—something like three dollars a week—for board and lodging our invalids were put in possession of apartments in one of these cottages. It was a rustic

* *European Acquaintance: Being Sketches of People in Europe.* By J. W. DE FOREST. Harper and Brothers.

affair, built of rough clapboards, having, in fact, been originally intended for a stable. Every thing, walls, bedsteads, tables, chairs, and wash-stands, were of unsophisticated pine. It was approached through a puddle, the over-runnings of a neighboring water-trough; but at a Water Cure it would have been manifestly out of place to complain of any superfluity of the healing element. They celebrated their advent by setting up a dance, which was interrupted by a yell from below, accompanied by a double knock on the floor beneath. The apartments below them, they afterward learned, were occupied by a neuralgic Russian, who, annoyed by their clamor, had tried to put an end to it by howling and flinging his boots against the ceiling.

At half past twelve came dinner, and as they entered the eating-hall they found nearly two hundred sick, blind, and deformed people hungrily patrolling around the long tables. Eight or ten neat, curiously white-faced damsels hurried in and out, loaded with piles of plates, or with monstrous loaves of what seemed to be mahogany bread. Presently they all entered in a column, bearing spacious smoking platters of meat and vegetables. No other signal was necessary to the famished invalids, who immediately made for the tables at a pace which reminded one of the fast-trotting boarders of a Western hotel. However sick they may have been in other respects, they were certainly well enough to eat. A dirty man, with an ugly, swelled face, who sat on their left, filled his plate three or four inches deep with every kind of provender, ate it up, and then did it again, and a third time, as if it were no feat at all. Priessnitz, indeed, counseled his patients to eat all they wished—the more the better.

Their good appetites were certainly not owing to the daintiness of the fare, which consisted of such horrors as veal ten days old, sauer-kraut, and tough dough-balls. These dough-balls they were informed, for their consolation, were the favorite dish of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria. "He is childish now," they were told, "and thinks it a great bore to be always putting his name to proclamations and treaties. Accordingly Schwartzberg tells him that if he will sign his name so many times he shall have dough-balls for dinner."

Priessnitz soon took the patients in charge. He was a medium-sized man, with weather-beaten features, bluish-gray eyes, and thin, light-brown hair, touched with silver. He spoke but little, and his aspect was grave but kindly. Under his directions the invalids were put through a course of packings and duckings that almost froze the souls out of them, and were then sent forth to wander, half-clad, through the woods, to drink cold water by the quart, and get up an appetite for breakfast. This consisted of milk, sweet and sour, with bread of rye or barley. Then came another walk; then fresh duckings and polishings; then dinner; more walks; new polishings; followed up by fresh rations of sour milk and mahogany-colored

bread, dignified by the name of supper. To this succeeded an evening promenade up and down the great ill-lighted, chilly hall until nine o'clock, when the bathman pounced upon them, wrapped them up in wet bandages, and put them to bed, shivering like half-drowned puppies, under a single blanket, which was all that the regulations of the establishment allowed. At five in the morning they were aroused by the remorseless bathman, to recommence the round of packings, and duckings, and rubbings, and bandagings.

Not a very inviting way of life to read of, but far from unsatisfactory in its results. In a week the invalids discarded all their woollen garments, and promenaded through the wind and rain of a climate like that of a New England March, bareheaded, and clad only in linen, like genuine Graefenbergers. As for colds, nobody dreamed that such a thing was possible; and they became savagely indifferent to all the discomforts of the place. A ten miles' walk over the hills, with no stomachic support except water, sent them back to breakfast feeling as though they could eat not merely sour milk, but the very cow that gave it.

Among their fellow-patients was no lack of odd characters. There was a black-bearded Hungarian, who always walked alone, as though he had dealings with fairies and wood-nymphs, carrying an enormous yellow cane, one end of which was fashioned into a flute, upon which he discoursed quaint melodies when he supposed nobody was within hearing. If any fellow-patient came upon him in one of these dulcet moods, down went the flute from his lips, and he would stare about as though wondering who could be making all that noise.

Another notable was a tall Swedish Count, who had a curious fancy for stealing away into the woods, with an axe upon his shoulder, and without a particle of clothing. When a little chilled, he would warm himself by chopping away at the trees. Some one asked him if this primitive style of dress did not now and then lead him into embarrassing situations? "Oh, not at all," he replied. "I meet no one except strawberry-girls, and they only laugh, and get out of my way."

A bald-headed, big-bellied Parisian had been enticed to Graefenberg, in the hope that the water might cure him of an inordinate fondness for brandy. But Priessnitz's cold water and warm expostulations were of no avail. Somehow he would find means to procure the forbidden fluid—and, in consequence, his conduct was not always in accordance with the usages of society. Once he had alarmed a nervous lady by the warmth of his addresses, but the next day he was full of regrets and apologetical explanations. He had frequently some sort of nervous crisis, he said—they were symptoms of his peculiar malady. Sometimes the attacks were so violent that he did not know what he said. He hoped he had said nothing disagreeable to Madame—trusted she would excuse him, and be-

lieve him to be her most humble, though very unworthy servant.

There were veteran patients at Graefenberg. A tall, gray-headed Swedish Count, who occupied a little cottage by himself, and cultivated its diminutive garden with his own hands, had been under cure eleven years. A rosy German Baron, of about sixty-five, was three years his senior in hydropathic experiences. "I am very well," he used to say, in explanation, "very well as long as I stay here; but as soon as I go away I get sick again. The regular doctors can do nothing for me. I have tried them all, and taken every one of their drugs, with no result except spoiling my stomach. Accordingly, every time that I have left Graefenberg I have been obliged to return to it. At last I have resolved to settle here for life. Why not? I have plenty of respectable society. I live at Freiwaldau, where I can have good food and lodging. I am incurable; our honest Priessnitz tells me so himself; but as long as I remain here I do not suffer. Why not remain? Of course."

Some of the reported cures savored of the marvelous. One lady was dashed over with handfuls of cold water for a couple of hours, in order to drive off an inflammation of the lungs; when she was perfectly chilled, a pair of stout women took her by the arms, and walked her back and forth till she got warm again. Two operations of this sort "froze out the inflammation," as Priessnitz phrased it. A young man who had for three months been pestered by an intermittent fever, was wrapped up in a wet sheet, and seated in a thorough draught. Whenever the wrapping grew dry, he was doused with a pailful of water. This treatment scared off the fever incontinently. A young Hungarian girl came to Graefenberg with one eye totally blind, and the sight of the other rapidly failing. Her head was bound up in wet bandages. Soon she became totally blind, and the blame was laid at the door of Priessnitz. The old peasant was nowise troubled at the result of his treatment. The optic nerve, he said, had been paralyzed by an internal ulcer, which would soon break. This came to pass in a week; a discharge of matter took place, and the girl recovered the sight of both eyes.

The success of Priessnitz brought out imitators, who perched under his very nose, and even claimed to be the "Original Jacobs" themselves.

"One great man keeps full many small alive;
When monarchs build, dustmen have room to thrive."

There was a *Straw Cure*, where the patients drank straw tea, and slept inside of straw beds, till their flesh was raw. There was a *Curd Cure*, in which the sick were fed exclusively on curdled milk, and, if report spoke correctly, were put asoak in it. There was a *Wine Cure*, in which the patients were kept sweating for eight hours on a stretch between dry blankets—their diet being graduated on a sliding scale. At first the meals were abundant; then they grad-

ually diminished to starvation-point, whence they rose to aldermanic breakfasts and dinners; and so on up and down, regularly, till the patient either fled, or was cured, or dead. But, whether feasting or fasting, plentiful rations of wine were allowed.

Life at Graefenberg after a while began to grow disagreeable. The climate was detestable. It rained nearly half the time, even when the weather was called fair. The winds blew incessantly, and stomachs untrained to the digestion of German cookery began to revolt at the horrors of the Graefenberg table. Our author learned that in France were Water Cures free from these drawbacks, and thither he took his way, leaving one of his companions behind, who gave him, a year later, some idea of a Graefenberg winter.

"Good heavens!" said he, "I don't see how I stood it. I cut my hair an inch long, and cut my hat altogether. We had three feet of snow, and frosts sharp enough to make a white bear whine. We used to slide down the hill on sleds—all of us had sleds, and most of us had no hats. You never saw such a set of maniacs."

Priessnitz had, meanwhile, died; not, as his disciples averred, of any disease, properly so called, but in consequence of some internal injury from the kick of a horse, received many years before. The father of Water Cure would never have succumbed to any usual ailment; and he had for years kept at bay an inward disarrangement from which he should have died at once. For months he had foreseen his approaching dissolution, and had warned the good people of Freiwaldau not to build too largely. "I shall soon be gone," he said, "and then there will be no more invalids here to fill your houses and buy your goods." And so it was. After his death there was a speedy dispersion of the throngs of patients whom his name had summoned to the Silesian hills.

Due inquiry led our half-cured invalid to select the Water Cure at Divonne, in the south-eastern part of France, close by the Swiss frontier, and within an hour's walk from Lake Lemane, for his next experiment in hydropathy. The establishment, presided over by Dr. Paul Vidart, occupied a long stone building, built for a factory, to which sundry additions had been made to fit it for its new functions. Here was none of the savage fanaticism characteristic of Graefenberg. The bath-rooms were clean and pleasant, supplied with every desirable luxury in the way of douches, sitz-baths, squirts, and plunges. When dinner-time came, the table exhibited a phalanx of well-cooked dishes. The knives and forks rattled cheerfully, and above the din rose the courteous mirthfulness of French talk, into which, by the aid of a pocket dictionary, our American plunged gallantly.

The company, when he came to know them, was found to embrace more than one person of note. At the head sat Dr. Vidart, with his portly figure, regular features, and merry eye, his lips parting every moment to let out a joke

or let in a morsel. Near him was Frederick Monod, a Protestant minister not unknown on this side of the Atlantic—a dark-browed, middle-aged man, but far enough from an ascetic in looks or manner. He and the Doctor kept up a perpetual popping of gay repartees, like two baskets of Champagne bombarding each other with alternate mirthful corks and hilarious foam-spouts. There was old Pastor Passevant, from Geneva, with his mild, wrinkled face and black velvet cap; a half dozen Russians of noble birth and distinguished manners; a truculent French Red Republican; a cowardly, nervous Italian; a jolly Irish doctor, and a round dozen of ladies, some pretty and some quite otherwise.

At Graefenberg every body seemed desperately bent on maintaining a combat with their various maladies; the very dances wore the aspect of being administered as medicines. Here at Divonne the patients thought of enjoyment also; and they were not above doing this in a very simple way. "Button" and "Fox and Geese," or, as the French call it, "Cat and Rat," kept them for a month in a roar of merriment. The venerable Passevant and the learned Monod entered into these games with as much spirit as the youngest child.

"It would have made Timon the Athenian laugh," says our author, "to see our capacious Doctor cantering around the ring, hard on the flight of little Marie, the youngest daughter of the Swedish captain, and to hear our general shriek of delight as Marie dodged through some opening in the circle and found a goal of safety. Then, perhaps, Mr. Monod was started out as the fugitive, and away rolled the two big men in a ponderous scamper around the excited spectators. Then it was the turn of Caprini, the slatternly, slipshod Italian, who drew forth new bursts of merriment by the agitated shuffle of his insecure slippers. Then I was the Rat, with the incessant Cat at my flying heels, while plaudits of laughter complimented the vigorous manner in which Young America managed his somewhat extensive traveling apparatus.

"After the Cat and Rat had worn themselves completely out, another play came into general favor. I despair of doing it justice, for I doubt whether it is known in America, and no one who has not seen it can form an idea of its risible character. The company formed in a circle facing inward, with some one—Mr. Monod, for instance—in the centre. At the signal to start, Mr. Monod commenced a ludicrous dance, consisting of a series of short jumps, in the performance of which he advanced across the circle, and halted opposite some one, whom we will suppose to have been little Marie Leeman. Marie began the same step now, though remaining stationary, while Mr. Monod, still in a hopping state, lifted up his voice in a sing-song to these words: '*Bonjour, bonjour, commere Marie; comment se porte compere Vidart?*' ('Good-day, good-day, goodwife Mary; how is goodman Vidart?')

"Marie, never ceasing her dance, was bound

to reply immediately in the same chanting tone: '*Je n'en sais rien, je n'en sais rien; je m'en vais voir.*' ('I do not know, I do not know; I'll go and see.')

"This dialogue finished, Mr. Monod hopped into Marie's place and became quiescent, while it was her business to hop across the circle to goodman Vidart, and send him on an errand of inquiry concerning the health of some other goodman or goodwife. And thus the game went on, until we had jumped and sung ourselves tired, or the time-piece on the mantle warned us that we had best prepare for the morrow. Sapless and uninteresting as all this may seem in description, it was most ludicrous to see it in execution; to look on while two persons of contrasting heights and ages hopped up and down in face of each other, like two chickens fighting; to note their arms dangling absurdly by their side, their heads balanced stiffly, and their faces crimsoned with laughter.

"Then there were riddles, guessings of proverbs, and various plays attended by forfeits. It was once allotted to me as a punishment to dance some ridiculous dance; and having, in the leisure of my boyhood, mastered the negro *Juba*, I gave it out with marked emphasis. It proved a season hit; it was *comique! charmant! tres curieux!* Not only was I called on for a repetition night after night, but several persons wanted to learn the step of me; and one of the most fanatical in carrying this point was a severe Swiss minister, a man of the Boanerges type, with stern black eyes, and a long black beard of apostolic dignity. Over and over again did my reverend disciple carefully watch my feet while I danced the *Juba*, and then set himself with solemn perseverance to imitate the complicated caper. Such a blessing followed his efforts that he very soon had the step at his fingers' ends, or rather at his toes' ends; and day after day I used to hear him double-shuffle, or hoe corn and dig potatoes around the brilliant room and down the passage by way of a reaction after his bath. He told me that he wanted to amuse his children with the dance, and I only hope that it diverted them as much as it diverted their papa."

We do not believe that these good men were any the worse pastors for thus laying aside their official dignity. But Pastor Taillefer of Crassey, close by, carried the matter a little too far. One Sunday he gave notice that there would be no service after dinner, and then drove over to Geneva to see M. Poitevin make a balloon ascension on his pony. Possibly the worthy pastor thought the aeronaut was going all the way up, and he wished to verify his conceptions of the ascent of Elijah; but the more probable supposition is, that he was actuated merely by a worldly desire to see a man mounted on a pony go up in a balloon.

Button, Cat and Rat, and *Juba* did not make up all of life at Divonne. There were music, reading, conversation, and politics. The year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-two was drawing to a close. Republicanism was rife in

this corner of France, and men looked for a new rising of the "peoples" of Europe. "Our elections are coming on soon," they said, "and then there will be a rising. When France rises, Europe rises. When the people strike again they will punish the traitors."

So thought and talked the Republicans. Meanwhile, in the Elysée at Paris there was one dull-eyed, taciturn man, who thought quite otherwise, but said nothing.

On the 4th of December, the Swiss pastor Berteau strode into the dining-room at Divonne, his lips wreathed into a contemptuous smile under his black beard, holding in his hand a copy of the *Journal des Débats*, just come from Paris.

"Hurrah for the Republic!" he cried, scornfully, dashing the paper upon the table.

"What do you mean?" asked Dr. Vidart.

"Hurrah for the Republic! Read there."

The Doctor took the paper, and read aloud:

"Paris is in a state of siege. The National Assembly is dissolved. The streets are occupied with troops."

The disappointment and rage of the Republicans at Divonne were too deep for words. One and another flitted across the frontier into Switzerland. Mr. De Forrest went to visit one of these. He found him in a hired room, with three or four rifles and fowling-pieces in one corner.

"To think," he cried, "of our being fooled in this way by an idiot—a dull, slow ass—an accident. This Louis Napoleon is not a man; he is only an event. Well, events succeed each other. I am waiting for ours."

The time of the French Republicans has not yet come; and we imagine that few of them now, whatever they may think of Louis Napoleon, count him an idiot or an ass.

At Divonne, as elsewhere, the election was held. Republican as the place notoriously was, when the vote was announced on the question whether or not Louis Napoleon should be President for ten years, the *ouis* exceeded the *nons*. How this was brought about may be a matter of doubt. This much is certain: the printed votes were all furnished by government, and the *nons* had a black line around the edge, so that they could not be folded in such a manner as to be mistaken for *ouis*. By the ballot-box sat the Count of Divonne, sternly noting every man who cast a lined ballot; and it was thought an act of great hardihood when Trocon, the bold Red Republican of the Water Cure, ventured to cast a *non*.

At Gex, a small city eight miles from Divonne, one of the leading advocates undertook to distribute billets of *non* to the voters. The Préfet of the Police requested the favor of a visit from the advocate.

"I understand, Monsieur Leroux, that you are distributing billets of *non*."

"It is true, Monsieur the Préfet. I believe that I have a constitutional right 'to do so.'"

"Oh, certainly, Monsieur; no one disputes

your right. But allow me to observe that if you distribute any more of them, the consequences may be very unpleasant to yourself, Monsieur Leroux—extremely unpleasant. Observe, Monsieur, I do not wish to interfere with your liberty. I only forewarn you of a very probable and very disagreeable result of the continuance of your present conduct. Good-day, Monsieur Leroux. I have the honor to salute you."

Monsieur Leroux distributed no more ballots.

The Government of the Prince President kept a keen look-out against all supposed malcontents, and Mr. De Forrest was three times arrested upon suspicion.

"You are an Italian," said the gendarme who arrested him on one of these occasions.

"No, excuse me; I am not in the least Italian."

"But you have a certain Italian accent, I am pretty sure."

"Very possibly. I learned Italian before French, and my first lessons in French were from an Italian master."

"Of what nation are you, then?"

"An American, at your service."

"What is an American doing here? Taking the cure also? Do you come all the way from America to practice hydropathy in Divonne?"

"Not precisely; but being here, I seized the opportunity."

"I know something of Doctor Vidart. Tell me a little of his house and family. I shall know whether you are describing with exactness."

He was liberated only when he had given a very accurate verbal picture of the worthy Doctor, his wife, brother, and all his children.

A week or two later he was lounging through the streets of Gex in company with a couple of companions, when they were pounced upon by an officer of gendarmes, who requested them to write down their names and addresses.

"Your place of residence, Monsieur," demanded the red-faced sergeant.

"Connecticut."

"What?" he replied, evidently unable to write down the uncouth word.

"Con-nect-i-cut."

"In what department?"

"The gentleman is an American," said one of his companions, "and Connecticut is a province of America."

"Ah, really," and the old fellow tried several times to repeat the word, but in vain. Writing it down, after a fashion, he handed back the passport, apparently satisfied that its owner was not an immediately dangerous character.

Eight months' packing and bathing at Divonne in a good measure re-established the health of the invalid, whom a dozen regular practitioners had given up as incurable. With renewed health came renewed desire for travel—to see Paris and Italy again—to walk anew

beneath the glory of temples and pictures. Kind farewells were spoken to English and French, Swiss and Russians. The brothers Vidart kissed him on both cheeks, and on both cheeks he kissed them in reply. They tore their amiable mustaches apart; and our author set forth again on his travels, whither we do not propose to follow him, and made many new European acquaintances, of whom he discourses right pleasantly.

THE STRONG MAN.

A LOOF from all, the strong man proudly stood,
Firm as an oak deep-rooted in the earth,
Fearing nor storm, nor flood, nor dreary dearth,
And aweing all by his undaunted mood.

Full half a century had he brooked the shock
Of changeful times, revulsions, panics dread,
And o'er the tempest raised his veteran head,
As one who all vicissitudes might mock.

"Not to the strong the battle, nor the race
Unto the swift," saith the stern Book of God;
But girt with gold, with golden sandals shod,
The strong man boldly fought, and risked the chase.

With stubborn brow, and face of molten brass,
Desperate he stood, and dared the sovereign Fates
To close on him their ponderous iron gates,
Or let an arrow through his visor pass.

When tall men round him fell, like mighty trees
Upturned by whirlwind or by earthquake-gripe,
He'd curl his lip, and say, "Fruit over-ripe
Will sometimes fall before the faintest breeze!"

With eagle-gaze the lurid heavens he'd scan;
With giant-grip his golden sceptre grasp;
And stand amid the general groan and gasp,
Unapprehensive, like a deathless man.

But death and devastation come to all;
And when the red right hand of outraged God
O'er a doomed nation once is stretched abroad,
The strong and weak alike together fall.

That fatal day arrived, and, woe to tell!
He who so long his haughty head had borne
Proudly aloft, of all his strength was shorn,
And headlong to the earth, dismantled, fell.

The proud oak lieth as it falleth—dead,
Despoiled forever of its regal crown;
While many a modest floweret trodden down,
Lifts to the light once more its lowly head.

This lesson learn, O man! that, strong or weak,
The humble only can secure that grace
Which nerves the soul to meet misfortune's face,
And shows the might of man when man is meek

A NIGHT WITH A MOSQUITO.

JERSEYMEN excepted, I have from youth up
Had a lively sympathy for all creatures who
are the victims of general persecution. As a
boy, I never hung a cat, impaled a fly, nor stoned
a frog, and as a man I have been equally con-
siderate to negroes, lap-dogs, spiders, old maids,
and even mosquitoes. I explain my compassion

toward the latter by the fact, that, while almost
every other living thing, from the locust to the
flea, seems to have had its defenders or apolo-
gists, the conspiracy against the poor mosquito
has extended to the most tender-hearted of mor-
tals, not excepting a Cowper, who

"Would not needlessly set foot upon a worm,"

or a Wesley, who believed that all animals and
insects were immortal. The only exception I
can now think of is Bryant, who, in a friendly
moment, wrote a few verses in favor of the little
songster which do credit alike to his heart and
head; but there is a drawback even here, for
the reader will see, by the following extract, that
the poet was aiming partly at self-protection:

THE MOSQUITO.

Fair insect! that with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and what is worse,
Full angrily, men hearken to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint,
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town I ween
Has not the honor of so proud a birth,
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

* * * * *

Thou'rt welcome to the town, but why come *here*
To bleed a brother-poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me;
Look round! the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet;
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou fittest round the brow,
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

For myself, I can not say that my interest in
the mosquito is increased by my knowing (on
Bryant's authority) that he comes

"From Jersey meadows fresh and green,"

or even by the poet's discovery that Titan was
his sire, and an ocean-nymph his dam; for
though I was attracted to him, in the first in-
stance, out of pure compassion, I have come at
last to love him for his own sake. And what
makes this fact the more creditable to me is that
the sentiment does not appear to be at all re-

ciprocal; for though there are said to be persons in the world (and even in Jersey) whom the mosquito for some reason never attacks, I am certainly not of the number. On the contrary, he seems to make of me a special victim; for example, in church, he will fly over the heads of the whole congregation, and installing himself in one of my ears as if it were a pew, wake me up right in the middle of the sermon; then again at theatre (for I patronize all established institutions), after visiting every person in the house except the actors and actresses—whom he scornfully avoids on account of a fastidious dislike of paint—he will turn his back upon the whole crowd and come and nestle in the hollow of my nose (unfortunately a pug), and make it his seat of operations for the rest of the evening. Bless me, if I were a mosquito (and I have sometimes wished myself one), it seems to me that in a New York house, which is always radiant with beauty, I should make a very different selection; but I have often observed, especially on public occasions, that the mosquito appears to be animated by the spirit of gallantry: who, for example, ever saw him ruffle the composure of one of our belles at the Opera, or disturb her devotions at church? But then it is said that he more than makes up for these indulgences by persecuting our lady-friends in their retiracy, and especially in their sleep, without mercy.

Me, however (to return to my story), he attacks at all times, and on all occasions, as if, instead of being his considerate friend, I were his relentless enemy. I am visited by the too punctilious creature before my neighbors are conscious of his arrival. He gives me the benefit of his first song and his first sting, and thus, as if he had an instinct of my profession, enables me to announce his advent in advance of all the papers. I pay somewhat dear for this privilege, it is true, but still it is an advantage, and the cunning fellow seems to know it, and to avail himself of it.

Now, strange to say, among all my visitants, no one is more welcome than this same mosquito. I look for his approach as a lover for the approach of his mistress, and receive him with all the honors of the season. He comes gayly along at the appointed time, punctual as a dun, and, after having announced his business, proceeds at once to the point (usually the tip of my nose), and having taken a hasty bite installs himself for the rest of his term.

That term, for the present year, is now at hand, and last night he called on me to have a long private interview, and forewarn me of his early departure for that bourne whence at any rate every mosquito is sure to return. The ceremonies commenced in about the usual style, which, on my part at least, was eminently Christian; for having stung me on one cheek, I at once turned to him the other, which he perforated in the same manner.

I gave up the whole evening to him, and in fact I may say (though this was hardly optional

with me) the whole night. His performances were very long and uncommonly piquant. He had recently visited every lodger in the house, besides one or two of the opposite neighbors, and revenged himself for being, in each instance, treated as a bore, by revealing to me many domestic secrets which his persecutors would hardly care to have exposed. Moreover he sang to me the following song, which somehow I remembered to have heard before, though for the life of me I couldn't say when or where:

SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

In a summer night I take my flight
To where the maids repose,
And while they slumber sweet and sound
I bite them on the nose;
The warm red blood that tints their cheeks
To me is precious dear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill
And sound my tiny horn,
And off I fly to the mountain high
Ere breaks the golden morn;
But at once I sally forth again
To tickle the sleeper's ear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

On the chamber wall I love to crawl
Till my landlord goes to bed,
Then my bugle I blow and down I go
To light upon his head;
Oh, I love to see the fellow slap,
And I love to hear him swear,
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite
In this season of the year.

I had never seen my garrulous friend in such excellent spirits, and to my delight he had, at first, but a very moderate appetite; it appears that for the hour preceding his call he had been "harping on my daughter" (on the next floor), and that she had treated him with great hospitality; in fact this Oriental virtue characterizes the whole family, and it was pleasant to find even the mosquito showing an appreciative respect for our blood, which, I firmly believe, has

Run through insects ever since the flood.

But the mosquito has one great fault; like many other very excellent persons, he has no idea of letting any body work in his presence. He belongs to the extensive class of non-producers who, though they have no objection to consuming the productions of the opposite class (without whom, indeed, they might find it difficult to live), have an elegant dislike to witnessing the *processes* of production. So, of course, on my friend's arrival, I had to suspend my labors at once, and devote myself exclusively to his entertainment. I have done the same thing many a night with a mouse; why not with a mosquito, which, to me at least, is a far more interesting being, while, without doubt, he is much more accomplished.

I have a friend who takes the same interest in the common house-fly, which, in my view, is

the vulgarest of insects, and deserving of rude treatment if only on account of his untidy habits, and his mania for getting into difficulties, and, for that matter, into every thing else: as an English poet says,

"They drown'd themselves in milk-jugs and gets into the tea,
In every sugar-basin there's always two or three,
We find 'em in our puddings, we find 'em in our pies,
I've no patience with the rebels, oh! drat them tiresome flies;"

and yet the poor fly has its friends, and among others the poet Pindar, who once rescued one of them from a bowl of punch, and then commemorated the fact in some very punchy verses.

But I am neglecting my mosquito. After singing to me his adventures of the season, which took the little Bohemian some time, he recovered his appetite and soon commenced "wetting his whistle" in my poor claret rather oftener than was comfortable for me, or, as it seemed, for himself; for after a score or two of libations he fell, drunk, all the way from my left eyelid (which I winked rather too suddenly) to the floor, where I hoped he would remain till daybreak. Accordingly I went to bed; but I had hardly got well ensconced between the sheets before the toper was on his legs again (or, rather, on his wings) and as full of mirth and music as ever. His activity of limb and lung (I take for granted, though no naturalist, that mosquitoes have lungs, like other consumptive creatures) was amazing. His voice, however, had grown somewhat hoarse, so much so that I feared he had been standing in a draft, or else that the floor was damp, and he had caught cold; but this did not at all abate his vocal energy, for he kept up his singing and wheezing till morning, the only pauses being those devoted to refreshment.

Now if I had not acted on the advice of a cheerful writer in the October number of *Harper's Monthly*, who enjoins upon suffering mankind to cultivate disagreeable people, I should doubtless have had a dull time of it. As it was, watching my claret-bibbing friend's manœuvres made the hours pass away very pleasantly. One of his favorite dodges was to conceal himself among my whiskers; and routing him from this ambush was as difficult a job as routing a fugitive slave from the Dismal Swamp: it could be done only by setting the place on fire, which strategy, as it might possibly have proved quite as annoying to me as to the mosquito, I did not resort to. I preferred waiting his own movements, knowing that, as he was of a restless turn of mind like myself, and given to roaming, he would soon venture out if only for the fun of the thing.

Another of his schemes was to muffle his little gong and then play a monotonous air upon it, with a view, evidently, of lulling me to sleep. Succeeding in this, he would spread himself for a sumptuous repast, and having uncorked every vein within his reach, sip to his heart's content.

At last the happy idea occurred to me of trying the effect of tobacco-smoke upon him. I accordingly lit my pipe and fumed away for an hour, like a volcano on the eve of an eruption. At first this ruse was successful, for it crazed his little brain and made him whizz round the room very much like a scorched fly, while he kept up a kind of drunken dirge which was very amusing; but the mosquito, like man, is a very pliable creature, and easily adapts himself to circumstances; so that, after a short time, my friend was as much at home in the narcotic atmosphere as if he had been raised in Turkey. In fact he seemed to like it; and under its influence, which from being soporific became exhilarating, he was more vivacious and more loquacious than ever. There was nothing he did not say or do during the rest of the night: a good reporter, who had been at the same time a good linguist, might have made up an article out of the scene which would have filled half a newspaper. I imagined the musical critic of the *Times* analyzing my songster's notes, and comparing his performance with that of Vieuxtemps on the violin, or Goldbeck on the piano. I wondered, too, what your "Man about Town" would have made of him. Alas! if he had attacked that worthy citizen's proboscis as he did mine, I fear he would have made "mince meat" of him; but that is neither here nor there.

Suffice it (for I must draw my story to an end, especially as I hear my friend coming again), suffice it, then, that I was much more amused than annoyed, and can truly say that I have not spent so pleasant a night for a long time as that I spent watching and reflecting on the movements of my favorite insect. He taught me many good lessons, some of which were peculiarly seasonable; his activity, his patience, his wit, his command of his resources (enabling him when his bills were dishonored in one quarter to draw successfully on another), all made a deep impression upon me, and inspired me with new courage. I treated the drafts of my creditors the next day with the same consideration that I had extended to his during the night; evading them altogether when I could, postponing them indefinitely when I couldn't, and when absolutely necessary (horrible alternative!) actually paying them. So that, after all, a man may gather wisdom from all the vicissitudes of life, and derive instruction even from passing a night with a mosquito. In grateful recognition of which fact, I beg leave to submit the following sonnet:

TO THE MOSQUITO.

Symphonious insect! scarce-embodied sprite!
Who, though thy life is marked by bitter stings,
Yet tun'st in glee thy "harp of thousand strings,"
How hard it is the world e'en one poor bite
Should grudge thee, as thou sound'st thy tiny gong,
And, in thy best titillatory mood,
Askest of each his proper tithe of blood,
As meet return for thy mellifluous song!
"Live and let live" in vain we mortals preach,

While thee we hunt with ever-murderous eye,
And still more cruel, by vile network try
To place our tempting vintage 'yond thy reach;
For though thy orgies fret the drowsy night,
To sing and sup thou hast a poet's right.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH ONE OF THE VIRGINIANS VISITS HOME.

ON the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestor's country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome.

The ensuing history reminds me of yonder swords in the historian's study at Boston. In the Revolutionary War the subjects of this story—natives of America, and children of the Old Dominion—found themselves engaged on different sides in the quarrel, coming together peaceably at its conclusion, as brethren should, their love never having materially diminished, however angrily the contest divided them. The colonel in scarlet, and the general in blue and buff, hang side by side in the wainscoted parlor of the Warringtons, in England, where a descendant of one of the brothers has shown their portraits to me, with many of the letters which they wrote, and the books and papers which belonged to them. In the Warrington family, and to distinguish them from other personages of that respectable race, these effigies have always gone by the name of "The Virginians," by which name their memoirs are christened.

They both of them passed much time in Europe. They lived just on the verge of that Old World from which we are drifting away so swiftly. They were familiar with many varieties of men and fortune. Their lot brought them into contact with personages of whom we read only in books, who seem alive as I read in the Virginians' letters regarding them—whose voices I almost fancy I hear, as I read the yellow pages, written scores of years since, blotted with the boyish tears of disappointed passion, dutifully dispatched after famous balls and ceremonies of the grand Old World, scribbled by camp-fires, or out of prison; nay, there is one that has a bullet through it, and of which a greater portion of the text is blotted out with the blood of the bearer.

These letters had, probably, never been preserved but for the affectionate thrift of one person, to whom they never failed in their dutiful correspondence. Their mother kept all her sons' letters from the very first—in which Hen-

ry, the younger of the twins, sends his love to his brother, then ill of a sprain at his grandfather's house of Castlewood, in Virginia, and thanks his grandpapa for a horse which he rides with his tutor—down to the last, "from my beloved son," which reached her but a few hours before her death. The venerable lady never visited Europe, save once with her parents in the reign of George the Second; took refuge in Richmond when the house of Castlewood was burned down during the war; and was called Madam Esmond ever after that event; never caring much for the name or family of Warrington, which she held in very slight estimation as compared to her own.

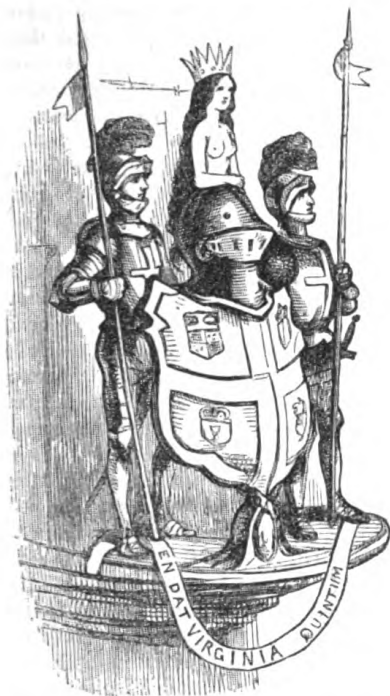
The letters of the Virginians, as the reader will presently see, from specimens to be shown to him, are by no means full. They are hints rather than descriptions—indications and outlines chiefly. It may be that the present writer has mistaken the forms, and filled in the color wrongly; but, poring over the documents, I have tried to imagine the situation of the writer—where he was, and by what persons surrounded. I have drawn the figures as I fancied they were; set down conversations as I think I might have heard them; and so, to the best of my ability, endeavored to revivify the by-gone times and people. With what success the task has been accomplished—with what profit or amusement to himself—the kind reader will please to determine.

One summer morning, in the year 1756, and in the reign of his Majesty King George the Second, the *Young Rachel*, Virginian ship, Edward Franks master, came up the Avon river, on her happy return from her annual voyage to the Potomac. She proceeded to Bristol with the tide, and moored in the stream as near as possible to Trail's wharf, to which she was consigned. Mr. Trail, her part owner, who could survey his ship from his counting-house windows, straightway took boat, and came up her side. The owner of the *Young Rachel*, a large, grave man in his own hair, and of a demure aspect, gave the hand of welcome to Captain Franks, who stood on his deck, and congratulated the captain upon the speedy and fortunate voyage which he had made; and remarking that we ought to be thankful to Heaven for its mercies, he proceeded presently to business, by asking particulars relative to cargo and passengers.

Franks was a pleasant man, who loved a joke. "We have," says he, "but yonder ugly negro boy, who is fetching the trunks, and a passenger who has the state cabin to himself."

Mr. Trail looked as if he would have preferred more mercies from Heaven. "Confound you, Franks, and your luck! The *Duke William*, which came in last week, brought fourteen, and she is not half of our tonnage."

"And this passenger, who has the whole cabin, don't pay nothin'," continued the Captain. "Swear, now; it will do you good, Mr.



Trail—indeed it will. I have tried the medicine.”

“A passenger take the whole cabin and not pay! Gracious mercy! are you a fool, Captain Franks?”

“Ask the passenger himself, for here he comes.” And, as the master spoke, a young man of some nineteen years of age came up the hatchway. He had a cloak and a sword under his arm, and was dressed in deep mourning, and called out, “Gumbo, you idiot, why don’t you fetch the baggage out of the cabin? Well, shipmate, our journey is ended. You will see all the little folks to-night whom you have been talking about. Give my love to Polly, and Betty, and little Tommy, not forgetting my duty to Mrs. Franks. I thought, yesterday, the voyage would never be done, and now I am almost sorry it is over. That little berth in my cabin looks very comfortable now I am going to leave it.”

Mr. Trail scowled at the young passenger who had paid no money for his passage. He scarcely nodded his head to the stranger, when Captain Franks said, “This here gentleman is Mr. Trail, Sir, whose name you have a-heerd of.”

“It’s pretty well known in Bristol, Sir,” says Mr. Trail, majestically.

“And this is Mr. Warrington, Madam Esmond Warrington’s son, of Castlewood,” continued the Captain.

The British merchant’s hat was instantly off his head, and the owner of the beaver was making a prodigious number of bows, as if a crown-prince were before him.

“Gracious powers, Mr. Warrington! This is a delight, indeed! What a crowning mercy

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that your voyage should have been so prosperous! You must have my boat to go on shore. Let me cordially and respectfully welcome you to England; let me shake your hand as the son of my benefactress and patroness, Mrs. Esmond Warrington, whose name is known and honored on Bristol ’Change, I warrant you. Isn’t it, Franks?”

“There’s no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the Three Castles,” says Mr. Franks, drawing a great brass tobacco-box from his pocket, and thrusting a quid into his jolly mouth. “You don’t know what a comfort it is, Sir; you’ll take to it, bless you, as you grow older. Won’t he, Mr. Trail? I wish you had ten ship-loads of it instead of one. You might have ten ship-loads: I’ve told Madam Esmond so; I’ve rode over her plantation; she treats me like a lord when I go to the house; she don’t grudge me the best of wine, or keep me cooling my heels in the counting-room as some folks does (with a look at Mr. Trail). She is a real born Lady, she is; and might have a thousand hogsheads as easy as her hundreds, if there were but hands enough.”

“I have lately engaged in the Guinea trade, and could supply her ladyship with any number of healthy young negroes before next fall,” said Mr. Trail, obsequiously.

“We are averse to the purchase of negroes from Africa,” said the young gentleman, coldly. “My grandfather and my mother have always objected to it, and I do not like to think of selling or buying the poor wretches.”

“It is for their good, my dear young Sir! for their temporal and their spiritual good!” cried Mr. Trail. “And we purchase the poor creatures only for their benefit; let me talk this matter over with you at my own house. I can introduce you to a happy home, a Christian family, and a British merchant’s honest fare. Can’t I, Captain Franks?”

“Can’t say,” growled the Captain: “never asked me to take bite or sup at your table. Asked me to psalm-singing once, and to hear Mr. Ward preach: don’t care for them sort of entertainments.”

Not choosing to take any notice of this remark, Mr. Trail continued, in his low tone: “Business is business, my dear young Sir, and I know ’tis only my duty—the duty of all of us—to cultivate the fruits of the earth in their season. As the heir of Madam Esmond’s estate—for I speak, I believe, to the heir of that great property?”

The young gentleman made a bow.

“I would urge upon you, at the very earliest moment, the propriety, the duty of increasing the ample means with which Heaven has blessed you. As an honest factor, I could not do otherwise; as a prudent man, should I scruple to speak of what will tend to your profit and mine? No, my dear Mr. George.”

“My name is not George: my name is Henry,” said the young man as he turned his head away, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Gracious powers! what do you mean, Sir? Did you not say you were my lady's heir? and is not George Esmond Warrington, Esq.—"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" cried Mr. Franks, striking the merchant a tough blow on his sleek sides, as the young lad turned away. "Don't you see the young gentleman a-swabbing his eyes, and note his black clothes?"

"What do you mean, Captain Franks, by laying your hand on your owners? Mr. George is the heir; I know the Colonel's will well enough."

"Mr. George is there," said the Captain, pointing with his thumb to the deck.

"Where?" cries the factor.

"Mr. George is there!" reiterated the Captain, again lifting up his finger toward the topmast, or the sky beyond. "He is dead a year, Sir, come next 9th of July. He would go out with General Braddock on that dreadful business to the Belle Rivière. He and a thousand more never came back again. Every man of them was murdered as he fell. You know the Indian way, Mr. Trail?" And here the Captain passed his hand rapidly round his head. "Horrible! ain't it, Sir? horrible! He was a fine young man, the very picture of this one; only his hair was black, which is now hanging in a bloody Indian wigwam. He was often and often on board of the *Young Rachel*, and would have his chests of books broke open on deck before they was landed. He was a shy and silent young gent: not like this one, which was the merriest, wildest young fellow, full of his songs and fun. He took on dreadful at the news; went to his bed, had that fever which lays so many of 'em by the heels along that swampy Potomac, but he's got better on the voyage: the voyage makes every one better; and, in course, the young gentleman can't be forever a-crying after a brother who dies and leaves him a great fortune. Ever since we sighted Ireland he has been quite gay and happy, only he would go off at times, when he was most merry, saying, 'I wish my dearest Georgy could enjoy this here sight along with me,' and when you mentioned the t'other's name, you see, he couldn't stand it." And the honest Captain's own eyes filled with tears, as he turned and looked toward the object of his compassion.

Mr. Trail assumed a lugubrious countenance befitting the tragic compliment with which he prepared to greet the young Virginian; but the latter answered him very curtly, declined his offers of hospitality, and only staid in Mr. Trail's house long enough to drink a glass of wine and to take up a sum of money of which he stood in need. But he and Captain Franks parted on the very warmest terms, and all the little crew of the *Young Rachel* cheered from the ship's side as their passenger left it.

Again and again Harry Warrington and his brother had pored over the English map, and determined upon the course which they should take upon arriving at Home. All Americans who love the Old Country—and what gently-

nurtured man or woman of Anglo-Saxon race does not?—have ere this rehearsed their English travels, and visited in fancy the spots with which their hopes, their parents' fond stories, their friends' descriptions, have rendered them familiar. There are few things to me more affecting in the history of the quarrel which divided the two great nations than the recurrence of that word Home, as used by the younger toward the elder country. Harry Warrington had his chart laid out. Before London, and its glorious temples of St. Paul's and St. Peter's, its grim Tower, where the brave and loyal had shed their blood, from Wallace down to Balmerino and Kilmarnock, pitied by gentle hearts;—before the awful window of Whitehall, whence the martyr Charles had issued, to kneel once more, and then ascend to Heaven;—before Play-houses, Parks, and Palaces, wondrous resorts of wit, pleasure, and splendor;—before Shakspeare's resting-place under the tall spire which rises by Avon, amidst the sweet Warwickshire pastures; before Derby, and Falkirk, and Culloden, where the cause of honor and loyalty had fallen, it might be to rise no more;—before all these points of their pilgrimage there was one which the young Virginian brothers held even more sacred, and that was the home of their family,—that old Castlewood in Hampshire, about which their parents had talked so fondly. From Bristol to Bath, from Bath to Salisbury, to Winchester, to Hexton, to Home; they knew the way, and had mapped the journey many and many a time.

We must fancy our American traveler to be a handsome young fellow, whose suit of sables only made him look the more interesting. The plump landlady from her bar, surrounded by her china and punch-bowls, and stout gilded bottles of strong waters, and glittering rows of silver flagons, looked kindly after the young gentleman as he passed through the inn-hall from his post-chaise, and the obsequious Chamberlain bowed him up stairs to the Rose or the Dolphin. The trim chambermaid dropped her best courtesy for his fee, and Gumbo, in the inn-kitchen, where the townsfolk drank their mug of ale by the great fire, bragged of his young master's splendid house in Virginia, and of the immense wealth to which he was heir. The post-chaise whirled the traveler through the most delightful home-scenery his eyes had ever lighted on. If English landscape is pleasant to the American of the present day, who must needs contrast the rich woods and glowing pastures, and picturesque ancient villages of the Old Country with the rough aspect of his own, how much pleasanter must Harry Warrington's course have been, whose journeys had lain through swamps and forest solitudes from one Virginian ordinary to another log-house at the end of the day's route, and who now lighted suddenly upon the busy, happy, splendid scene of English summer? And the high road, a hundred years ago, was not that grass-grown desert of the present time. It was alive with constant travel and traffic:

the country towns and inns swarmed with life and gayety. The ponderous wagon, with its bells and plodding team; the light post-coach that achieved the journey from the White Hart, Salisbury, to the Swan with Two Necks, London, in two days; the strings of pack-horses that had not yet left the road; my lord's gilt post-chaise and six, with the outriders galloping on ahead; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders' mares; the farmers trotting to market, or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion,—all these crowding sights and brisk people greeted the young traveler on his summer journey. Hodge, the farmer's boy, took off his hat, and Polly, the milk-maid, bobbed a courtesy, as the chaise whirled over the pleasant village-green, and the white-headed children lifted their chubby faces and cheered. The church-spires glistened with gold, the cottage-gables glared in sunshine, the great elms murmured in summer, or cast purple shadows over the grass. Young Warrington never had such a glorious day, or witnessed a scene so delightful. To be nineteen years of age, with high health, high spirits, and a full purse, to be making your first journey, and rolling through the country in a post-chaise at nine miles an hour—oh happy youth! almost it makes one young to think of him! But Harry was too eager to give more than a passing glance at the Abbey at Bath, or gaze with more than a moment's wonder at the mighty minster at Salisbury. Until he beheld *Home* it seemed to him he had no eyes for any other place.

At last the young gentleman's post-chaise drew up at the rustic inn on Castlewood Green, of which his grandsire had many a time talked to him, and which bears as its ensign, swinging from an elm near the inn-porch, the Three Castles of the Esmond family. They had a sign, too, over the gateway of Castlewood House, bearing the same cognizance. This was the hatchment of Francis Lord Castlewood, who now lay in the chapel hard by, his son reigning in his stead.

Harry Warrington had often heard of Francis Lord Castlewood. It was for Frank's sake, and for his great love toward the boy, that Colonel Esmond determined to forego his claim to the English estates and rank of his family, and retired to Virginia. The young man had led a wild youth; he had fought with distinction under Marlborough; he had married a foreign lady, and most lamentably adopted her religion. At one time he had been a Jacobite (for loyalty to the sovereign was ever hereditary in the Esmond family), but had received some slight or injury from the Prince, which had caused him to rally to King George's side. He had, on his second marriage, renounced the errors of Popery which he had temporarily embraced, and returned to the Established Church again. He had, from his constant support of the King and the Minister of the time being, been rewarded by his Majesty George II., and

died an English peer. An earl's coronet now figured on the hatchment which hung over Castlewood gate—and there was an end of the jolly gentleman. Between Colonel Esmond, who had become his step-father and his lordship there had ever been a brief but affectionate correspondence—on the Colonel's part especially, who loved his step-son, and had a hundred stories to tell about him to his grandchildren. Madam Esmond, however, said *she* could see nothing in her half-brother. He was dull, except when he drank too much wine, and that, to be sure, was every day at dinner. Then he was boisterous, and his conversation not pleasant. He was good-looking—yes—a fine tall stout animal; she had rather her boys should follow a different model. In spite of the grandfather's encomium of Viscount Francis, the boys had no very great respect for their kinsman's memory. The lads and their mother were stanch Jacobites, though having every respect for his present Majesty; but right was right, and nothing could make their hearts swerve from their allegiance to the descendants of the martyr Charles.

With a beating heart Harry Warrington walked from the inn toward the house where his grandsire's youth had been passed. The little village-green of Castlewood slopes down toward the river, which is spanned by an old bridge of a single broad arch, and from this the ground rises gradually toward the house, gray with many gables and buttresses, and backed by a darkling wood. An old man sate at the wicket on a stone bench in front of the great arched entrance to the house, over which the earl's hatchment was hanging. An old dog was crouched at the man's feet. Immediately above the ancient sentry at the gate was an open casement with some homely flowers in the window, from behind which good-humored girls' faces were peeping. They were watching the young traveler dressed in black as he walked up gazing toward the castle, and the ebony attendant who followed the gentleman's steps also accoutred in mourning. So was he at the gate in mourning, and the girls when they came out had black ribbons.

To Harry's surprise, the old man accosted him by his name. "You have had a nice ride to Hexton, Master Harry, and the sorrel carried you well."

"I think you must be Lockwood," said Harry, with rather a tremulous voice, holding out his hand to the old man. His grandfather had often told him of Lockwood, and how he had accompanied the Colonel and the young Viscount in Marlborough's wars forty years ago. The veteran seemed puzzled by the mark of affection which Harry extended to him. The old dog gazed at the new-comer, and then went and put his head between his knees. "I have heard of you often. How did you know my name?"

"They say I forget most things," says the old man, with a smile; "but I ain't so bad as that quite. Only this mornin', when you went out, my darter says, 'Father, do you know why

you have a black coat on?" "In course I know why I have a black coat," says I. "My lord is dead. They say 'twas a foul blow, and Master Frank is my lord now, and Master Harry"—why what have you done since you've went out this morning? Why you have a grow'd taller and changed your hair—though I know—I know you."

One of the young women had tripped out of this time from the porter's lodge, and dropped the stranger a pretty courtesy. "Grandfather sometimes does not recollect very well," she said, pointing to her head. "Your honor seems to have heard of Lockwood?"

"And you, have you never heard of Colonel Francis Esmond?"

"He was Captain and Major in Webb's Foot, and I was with him in two campaigns, sure enough," cries Lockwood. "Wasn't I, Ponto?"

"The Colonel as married Viscountess Rachel, my late lord's mother, and went to live among the Indians? We have heard of him. Sure we have his picture in our gallery, and hisself painted it."

"Went to live in Virginia, and died there seven years ago, and I am his grandson."

"Lord, your honor! Why, your honor's skin's as white as mine," cries Molly. "Grandfather, do you hear this? His honor is Colonel Esmond's grandson that used to send you tobacco, and his honor have come all the way from Virginia."

"To see you, Lockwood," says the young man, "and the family. I only set foot on English ground yesterday, and my first visit is for home. I may see the house, though the family are from home?" Molly dared to say Mrs. Barker would let his honor see the house, and, taking the old porter's arm, Harry Warrington made his way across the court, seeming to know the place as well as if he had been born there, Miss Molly thought, who followed, accompanied by Mr. Gumbo making her a profusion of polite bows and speeches.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH HARRY HAS TO PAY FOR HIS SUPPER.

COLONEL ESMOND'S grandson rang for a while at his ancestors' house of Castlewood, before any one within condescended to notice his summons. The servant, who at length issued from the door, seemed to be very little affected by the announcement that the visitor was a relation of the family. The family was away, and in their absence John cared very little for their relatives, but was eager to get back to his game at cards with Thomas in the window-seat. The housekeeper was busy getting ready for my lord and my lady, who were expected that evening. Only by strong entreaties could Harry gain leave to see my lady's sitting-room and the picture-room, where, sure enough, was a portrait of his grandfather in periwig and breast-plate, the counterpart of



their picture in Virginia, and a likeness of his grandmother, as Lady Castlewood, in a yet earlier habit of Charles II.'s time; her neck bare, her fair golden hair waving over her shoulders in ringlets which he remembered to have seen snowy white. From the contemplation of these sights the sulky housekeeper drove him. Her family was about to arrive. There was my lady the Countess, and my lord and his brother, and the young ladies, and the Baroness, who was to have the state bed-room. Who was the Baroness? The Baroness Bernstein, the young ladies' aunt. Harry wrote down his name on a paper from his own pocket-book, and laid it on a table in the hall. "Henry Esmond Warrington, of Castlewood, in Virginia, arrived in England yesterday—staying at the Three Castles in the village." The lackeys rose up from their cards to open the door to him, in order to get their "vails," and Gumbo quitted the bench at the gate, where he had been talking with old Lockwood, the porter, who took Harry's guinea, hardly knowing the meaning of the gift. During the visit to the home of his fathers, Harry had only seen little Polly's countenance that was the least unselfish or kindly; he walked away, not caring to own how disappointed he was, and what a damp had been struck upon him by the aspect of the place. They ought to have known him. Had any of them ridden up to his house in Virginia, whether the master were present or absent, the guests would have been made welcome, and, in sight of his ancestors' hall, he had to go and ask for a dish of bacon and eggs at a country ale-house!

After his dinner, he went to the bridge and sate on it, looking toward the old house, behind which the sun was descending as the rooks came cawing home to their nests in the elms.

His young fancy pictured to itself many of the ancestors of whom his mother and grandsire had told him. He fancied knights and huntsmen crossing the ford — cavaliers of King Charles's days; my Lord Castlewood, his grandmother's first husband, riding out with hawk and hound. The recollection of his dearest lost brother came back to him as he indulged in these reveries, and smote him with a pang of exceeding tenderness and longing, insomuch that the young man hung his head and wept with all his heart, and no doubt would have made a pretty picture for a sentimental artist to sketch, had there been such a person near; but there was none such. As he sat plunged in his own thoughts, which were mingled up with the mechanical clinking of the blacksmith's forge hard by, the noises of the evening, the talk of the rooks, and the calling of the birds round about—a couple of young men on horseback dashed over the bridge. One of them, with an oath, called him a fool, and told him to keep out of the way; the other, who fancied he might have jostled the foot-passenger, and possibly might have sent him over the parapet, pushed on more quickly when he reached the other side of the water, calling likewise to Tom to come on; and the pair of young gentlemen were up the hill on their way to the house before Harry had recovered himself from his surprise at their appearance, and wrath at their behavior. In a minute or two, this advanced guard was followed by two livery servants on horseback, who scowled at the young traveler on the bridge a true British welcome of Curse you, who are you? After these, in a minute or two, came a coach-and-six, a ponderous vehicle, having need of the horses which drew it, and containing three ladies, a couple of maids, and an armed man on a seat behind the carriage. Three handsome pale faces looked out at Harry Warrington as the carriage passed over the bridge, and did not return the salute which, recognizing the family arms, he gave it. The gentleman behind the carriage glared at him haughtily. Harry felt terribly alone. He thought he would go back to Captain Franks. The *Rachel* and her little tossing cabin seemed a cheery spot in comparison to that on which he stood. The inn folks did not know his name of Warrington. They told him that was my lady in the coach, with her step-daughter, my Lady Maria, and her daughter, my Lady Fanny; and the young gentleman in the gray frock was Mr. William, and he with powder on the chestnut was my lord. It was the latter had sworn the loudest and called him a fool; and it was the gray frock which had nearly galloped Harry into the ditch.

The landlord of the Three Castles had shown Harry a bed-chamber, but he had refused to have his portmanteaus unpacked, thinking that, for a certainty, the folks of the great house would invite him to theirs. One, two, three hours passed, and there came no invitation. Harry was fain to have his trunks open at last,

and to call for his slippers and gown. Just before dark, about two hours after the arrival of the first carriage, a second chariot with four horses had passed over the bridge, and a stout, high-colored lady, with a very dark pair of eyes, had looked hard at Mr. Warrington. That was the Baroness Bernstein, the landlady said, my lord's aunt, and Harry remembered the first Lady Castlewood had come of a German family. Earl, and countess, and baroness, and postillions, and gentlemen, and horses, had all disappeared behind the castle gate, and Harry was fain to go to bed at last, in the most melancholy mood, and with a cruel sense of neglect and loneliness in his young heart. He could not sleep, and, besides, ere long, heard a prodigious noise, and cursing, and giggling, and screaming from my landlady's bar, which would have served to keep him awake.

Then Gumbo's voice was heard without, remonstrating, "You can not go in, Sar; my master asleep, Sar!" but a shrill voice, with many oaths, which Harry Warrington recognized, cursed Gumbo for a stupid negro woolly pate, and he was pushed aside, giving entrance to a flood of oaths into the room, and a young gentleman behind them.

"Beg your pardon, Cousin Warrington," cried the young blasphemer, "are you asleep? Beg your pardon for riding you over on the bridge. Didn't know you—course shouldn't have done it—thought it was a lawyer with a writ—dressed in black, you know. Gad! thought it was Nathan come to nab me." And Mr. William laughed, incoherently. It was evident that he was excited with liquor.

"You did me great honor to mistake me for a sheriff's officer, cousin," says Harry, with great gravity, sitting up in his tall night-cap.

"Gad! I thought it was Nathan, and was going to send you souse into the river. But I ask your pardon. You see I had been drinking at the Bell at Hexton, and the punch is good at the Bell at Hexton. Hullo! you, Davis! a bowl of punch; d'you hear?"

"I have had my share for to-night, cousin, and I should think you have," Harry continues, always in the dignified style.

"You want me to go, Cousin What's-your-name, I see," Mr. William said, with gravity. "You want me to go, and they want me to come, and I didn't want to come. I said, I'd see him hanged first—that's what I said. Why should I trouble myself to come down all alone of an evening, and look after a fellow I don't care a pin for? Zackly what I said. Zackly what Castlewood said. Why the devil should he go down? Castlewood says, and so said my lady, but the Baroness would have you. It's all the Baroness's doing, and if she says a thing, it must be done; so you may just get up and come." Mr. Esmond delivered these words with the most amiable rapidity and indistinctness, running them into one another, and tacking about the room as he spoke. But the young Virginian was in great wrath. "I tell you

what, cousin," he cried, "I won't move for the Countess, or for the Baroness, or for all the cousins in Castlewood." And when the landlord entered the chamber with the bowl of punch which Mr. Esmond had ordered, the young gentleman in bed called out fiercely to the host to turn that sot out of the room.

"Sot, you little tobacconist! Sot, you Cherokee!" screams out Mr. William; "jump out of bed, and I'll drive my sword through your body. Why didn't I do it to-day when I took you for a bailiff—a confounded pettifogging bum-bailiff!" And he went on screeching more oaths and incoherencies, until the landlord, the drawer, the hostler, and all the folks of the kitchen were brought to lead him away. After which Harry Warrington closed his tent round him in sulky wrath, and, no doubt, finally went fast to sleep.

My landlord was very much more obsequious on the next morning when he met his young guest, having now fully learned his name and quality. Other messengers had come from the castle on the previous night to bring both the young gentlemen home, and poor Mr. William, it appeared, had returned in a wheel-barrow, being not altogether unaccustomed to that mode of conveyance. "He never remembers nothin' about it the next day. He is of a real kind nature, Mr. William," the landlord vowed, "and the men get crowns and half-crowns from him by saying that he beat them overnight when he was in liquor. He's the devil when he's tipsy, Mr. William, but when he is sober he is the very kindest of young gentlemen."

As nothing is unknown to writers of biographies of the present kind, it may be as well to state what had occurred within the walls of Castlewood House, while Harry Warrington was without, awaiting some token of recognition from his kinsmen. On their arrival at home the family had found the paper on which the lad's name was inscribed, and his appearance occasioned a little domestic council. My Lord Castlewood supposed that must have been the young gentleman whom they had seen on the bridge, and as they had not drowned him they must invite him. Let a man go down with the proper messages, let a servant carry a note. Lady Fanny thought it would be more civil if one of the brothers would go to their kinsman, especially considering the original greeting which they had given. Lord Castlewood had not the slightest objection to his brother William going—yes, William should go. Upon this Mr. William said (with a yet stronger expression) that he would be hanged if he would go. Lady Maria thought the young gentleman whom they had remarked at the bridge was a pretty fellow enough. Castlewood is dreadfully dull, I am sure neither of my brothers do any thing to make it amusing. He may be vulgar—no doubt, he is vulgar—but let us see the American. Such was Lady Maria's opinion. Lady Castlewood was neither for inviting nor for refusing him, but for delaying. "Wait till your Aunt comes,

children; perhaps the Baroness won't like to see the young man; at least, let us consult her before we ask him." And so the hospitality to be offered by his nearest kinsfolk to poor Harry Warrington remained yet in abeyance.

At length the equipage of the Baroness Bernstein made its appearance, and whatever doubt there might be as to the reception of the Virginian stranger, there was no lack of enthusiasm in this generous family regarding their wealthy and powerful kinswoman. The state-chamber had already been prepared for her. The cook had arrived the previous day with instructions to get ready a supper for her such as her ladyship liked. The table sparkled with old plate and was set in the oak dining-room with the pictures of the family round the walls. There was the late Viscount, his father, his mother, his sister—these two lovely pictures. There was his predecessor by Vandyck, and his Viscountess. There was Colonel Esmond, their relative in Virginia, about whose grandson the ladies and gentlemen of the Esmond family showed such a very moderate degree of sympathy.

The feast set before their aunt, the Baroness, was a very good one, and her ladyship enjoyed it. The supper occupied an hour or two, during which the whole Castlewood family were most attentive to their guest. The Countess pressed all the good dishes upon her, of which she freely partook: the butler no sooner saw her glass empty than he filled it with Champagne: the young folks and their mother kept up the conversation, not so much by talking, as by listening appropriately to their friend. She was full of spirits and humor. She seemed to know every body in Europe, and about those every bodies the wickedest stories. The Countess of Castlewood, ordinarily a very demure, severe woman, and a stickler for the proprieties, smiled at the very worst of these anecdotes: the girls looked at one another and laughed at the maternal signal; the boys giggled and roared with especial delight at their sisters' confusion. They also partook freely of the wine which the butler handed round, nor did they, or their guest, disdain the bowl of smoking punch, which was laid on the table after the supper. Many and many a night, the Baroness said, she had drunk at that table by her father's side. "That was his place," she pointed to the place where the Countess now sat. She saw none of the old plate. That was all melted to pay his gambling debts. She hoped, Young gentlemen, that you don't play.

"Never, on my word," says Castlewood.

"Never, 'pon honor," says Will—winking at his brother.

The Baroness was very glad to hear they were such good boys. Her face grew redder with the punch; and she became voluble, might have been thought coarse, but that times were different, and those critics were inclined to be especially favorable.

She talked to the boys about their father,

their grandfather—other men and women of the house. "The only man of the family was *that*," she said, pointing (with an arm that was yet beautifully round and white) toward the picture of the military gentleman in the red coat and cuirass, and great black periwig.

"The Virginian? What is he good for? I always thought he was good for nothing but to cultivate tobacco and my grandmother," says my lord, laughing.

She struck her hand upon the table with an energy that made the glasses dance. "I say he was the best of you all. There never was one of the male Esmonds that had more brains than a goose except him. He was not fit for this wicked, selfish, old world of ours, and he was right to go and live out of it. Where would your father have been, young people, but for him?"

"Was he particularly kind to our papa?" says Lady Maria.

"Old stories, my dear Maria!" cries the Countess. "I am sure my dear Earl was very kind to him in giving him that great estate in Virginia."

"Since his brother's death, the lad who has been here to-day is heir to that. Mr. Draper told me so! Peste! I don't know why my father gave up such a property."

"Who has been here to-day?" asked the Baroness, highly excited.

"Harry Esmond Warrington, of Virginia," my Lord answered; "a lad whom Will nearly pitched into the river, and whom I pressed my Lady the Countess to invite to stay here."

"You mean that one of these Virginian boys has been to Castlewood, and has not been asked to stay here?"

"There is but one of them, my dear creature," interposes the Earl. "The other, you know, has just been—"

"For shame, for shame!"

"Oh! it ain't pleasant, I confess, to be sc—"

"Do you mean that a grandson of Henry Esmond, the master of this house, has been here, and none of you have offered him hospitality?"

"Since we didn't know it, and he is staying at the Castles?" interposes Will.

"That he is staying at the Inn, and you are sitting *there*!" cries the old lady. "This is too bad—call somebody to me. Get me my hood—I'll go to the boy myself. Come with me this instant, my Lord Castlewood."

The young man rose up, evidently in wrath. "Madame the Baroness of Bernstein," he said, "your ladyship is welcome to go; but as for me, I don't choose to have such words as 'shameful' applied to my conduct. I *won't* go and fetch the young gentleman from Virginia, and I propose to sit here and finish this bowl of punch. Eugene! Don't Eugene me, Madam. I know her ladyship has a great deal of money, which you are desirous should remain in our amiable family. You want it more than I do. Cringe for it—I won't." And he sank back in his chair.

The Baroness looked at the family, who held their heads down, and then at my Lord, but this time without any dislike. She leaned over to him and said rapidly, in German, "I had unright when I said the Colonel was the only man of the family. Thou canst, if thou willest, Eugene." To which remark my Lord only bowed.

"If you do not wish an old woman to go out at this hour of the night, let William, at least, go and fetch his cousin," said the Baroness.

"The very thing I proposed to him."

"And so did we—and so did we!" cried the daughters, in a breath.

"I am sure I only wanted the dear Baroness's consent!" said their mother, "and shall be charmed for my part to welcome our young relative."

"Will! Put on thy pattens, and get a lantern, and go fetch the Virginian," said my lord.

"And we will have another bowl of punch when he comes," says William, who by this time had already had too much. And he went forth—how we have seen; and how he had more punch; and how ill he succeeded in his embassy.

The worthy lady of Castlewood, as she caught sight of young Harry Warrington by the river side, must have seen a very handsome and interesting youth, and very likely had reasons of her own for not desiring his presence in her family. All mothers are not eager to encourage the visits of interesting youths of nineteen in families where there are virgins of twenty. If Harry's acres had been in Norfolk or Devon, in place of Virginia, no doubt the good Countess would have been rather more eager in her welcome. Had she wanted him she would have given him her hand readily enough. If our people of ton are selfish, at any rate they show they are selfish; and, being cold-hearted, at least have no hypocrisy of affection.

Why should Lady Castlewood put herself out of the way to welcome the young stranger? Because he was friendless? Only a simpleton could ever imagine such a reason as that. People of fashion, like her ladyship, are friendly to those who have plenty of friends. A poor lad, alone, from a distant country, with only very moderate means, and those not as yet in his own power, with uncouth manners very likely, and coarse provincial habits; was a great lady called upon to put herself out of the way for such a youth? *Allons donc!* He was quite as well at the alehouse as at the Castle.

This, no doubt, was her ladyship's opinion, which her kinswoman, the Baroness Bernstein, who knew her perfectly well, entirely understood. The Baroness, too, was a woman of the world, and, possibly, on occasion, could be as selfish as any other person of fashion. She fully understood the cause of the deference which all the Castlewood family showed to her—mother, and daughter, and sons—and being a woman of great humor, played upon the dispositions of the various members of this family,



A WELCOME TO OLD ENGLAND.

amused herself with their greedinesses, their humiliations, their artless respect for her money-box, and clinging attachment to her purse. They were not very rich; Lady Castlewood's own money was settled on her children. The two elder had inherited nothing but flaxen heads from their German mother, and a pedigree of prodigious distinction. But those who had money, and those who had none, were alike eager for the Baroness's; in this matter the rich are surely quite as greedy as the poor.

So if Madam Bernstein struck her hand on the table, and caused the glasses and the persons round it to tremble at her wrath, it was because she was excited with plenty of punch and Champagne, which her ladyship was in the habit of taking freely, and because she may have had a generous impulse when generous wine warmed her blood, and felt indignant as she thought of the poor lad yonder, sitting friendless and lonely on the outside of his ancestors' door; not because she was specially angry with her relatives,

who she knew would act precisely as they had done.

The exhibition of their selfishness and humiliation alike amused her, as did Castlewood's act of revolt. He was as selfish as the rest of the family, but not so mean; and, as he candidly stated, he could afford the luxury of a little independence, having a tolerable estate to fall back upon.

Madam Bernstein was an early woman, restless, resolute, extraordinarily active for her age. She was up long before the languid Castlewood ladies (just home from their London routs and balls) had quitted their feather-beds, or jolly Will had slept off his various potations of punch. She was up, and pacing the green terraces that sparkled with the sweet morning dew, which lay twinkling, also, on a flowery wilderness of trim parterres, and on the crisp walls of the dark box hedges, under which marble fauns and dryads were cooling themselves, while a thousand birds sang, the fountains plashed and glittered in the

rosy morning sunshine, and the rooks cawed from the great wood.

Had the well-remembered scene (for she had visited it often in childhood) a freshness and charm for her? Did it recall days of innocence and happiness, and did its calm beauty soothe or please, or awaken remorse in her heart? Her manner was more than ordinarily affectionate and gentle, when presently, after pacing the walks for half an hour, the person for whom she was waiting came to her. This was our young Virginian, to whom she had dispatched an early billet by one of the Lockwoods. The note was signed B. Bernstein, and informed Mr. Esmond Warrington that his relatives at Castlewood, and among them a dear friend of his grandfather, were most anxious that he should come to "*Colonel Esmond's house in England*." And now, accordingly, the lad made his appearance, passing under the old Gothic door-way, tripping down the steps from one garden terrace to another, hat in hand, his fair hair blowing from his flushed cheeks, his slim figure clad in mourning. The handsome and modest looks, the comely face and person of the young lad pleased the lady. He made her a low bow which would have done credit to Versailles. She held out a little hand to him, and, as his own palm closed over it, she laid the other hand softly on his ruffle. She looked very kindly and affectionately in the honest blushing face.

"I knew your grandfather very well, Harry," she said. "So you came yesterday to see his picture, and they turned you away, though you know the house was his of right?"

Harry blushed very red. "The servants did not know me. A young gentleman came to me last night," he said, "when I was peevish, and he, I fear, was tipsy. I spoke rudely to my cousin, and would ask his pardon. Your ladyship knows that in Virginia our manners toward strangers are different. I own I had expected another kind of welcome. Was it you, madam, who sent my cousin to me last night?"

"I sent him; but you will find your cousins most friendly to you to-day. You must stay here. Lord Castlewood would have been with you this morning, only I was so eager to see you. There will be breakfast in an hour; and meantime you must talk to me. We will send to the Three Castles for your servant and your baggage. Give me your arm. Stop, I dropped my cane when you came. You shall be my cane."

"My grandfather used to call us his crutches," said Harry.

"You are like him, though you are fair."

"You should have seen—you should have seen George," said the boy, and his honest eyes welled with tears. The recollection of his brother, the bitter pain of yesterday's humiliation, the affectionateness of the present greeting—all, perhaps, contributed to soften the lad's heart. He felt very tenderly and gratefully toward the lady who had received him so warmly. He was utterly alone and miserable a minute since, and here was a home and a kind hand

held out to him. No wonder he clung to it. In the hour during which they talked together, the young fellow had poured out a great deal of his honest heart to the kind new-found friend; when the dial told breakfast-time, he wondered to think how much he had told her. She took him to the breakfast-room; she presented him to his aunt, the Countess, and bade him embrace his cousins. Lord Castlewood was frank and gracious enough. Honest Will had a headache, but was utterly unconscious of the proceedings of the past night. The ladies were very pleasant and polite, as ladies of their fashion know how to be. How should Harry Warrington, a simple truth-telling lad from a distant colony, who had only yesterday put his foot upon English shore, know that my ladies, so smiling and easy in demeanor, were furious against him, and aghast at the favor with which Madam Bernstein seemed to regard him?

She was *folle* of him, talked of no one else, scarce noticed the Castlewood young people, trotted with him over the house, and told him all its story, showed him the little room in the court-yard where his grandfather used to sleep, and a cunning cupboard over the fire-place which had been made in the time of the Catholic persecutions; drove out with him in the neighboring country, and pointed out to him the most remarkable sites and houses, and had in return the whole of the young man's story.

This brief biography the kind reader will please to accept, not in the precise words in which Mr. Harry Warrington delivered it to Madam Bernstein, but in the form in which it has been cast in the Chapters next ensuing.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESMONDS IN VIRGINIA.

HENRY ESMOND, Esq., an officer who had served with the rank of Colonel during the wars of Queen Anne's reign, found himself, at its close, compromised in certain attempts for the restoration of the Queen's family to the throne of these realms. Happily for itself, the nation preferred another dynasty; but some of the few opponents of the house of Hanover took refuge out of the three kingdoms, and, among others, Colonel Esmond was counseled by his friends to go abroad. As Mr. Esmond sincerely regretted the part which he had taken, and as the august Prince who came to rule over England was the most pacable of sovereigns, in a very little time the Colonel's friends found means to make his peace.

Mr. Esmond, it has been said, belonged to the noble English family which takes its title from Castlewood, in the county of Hants; and it was pretty generally known that King James II. and his son had offered the title of Marquis to Colonel Esmond and his father, and that the former might have assumed the (Irish) peerage hereditary in his family but for an informality which he did not choose to set right. Tired of the political struggles in which he had been en-

gaged, and annoyed by family circumstances in Europe, he preferred to establish himself in Virginia, where he took possession of a large estate conferred by King Charles I. upon his ancestor. Here Mr. Esmond's daughter and grandson were born, and his wife died. This lady, when she married him, was the widow of the Colonel's kinsman, the unlucky Viscount Castlewood, killed in a duel by Lord Mohun at the close of King William's reign.

Mr. Esmond called his American house Castleton, from the patrimonial home in the old country. The whole usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after the English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that Charles II. had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England. English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there. The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown.

The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation each estate had a multitude of hands—of purchased and assigned servants—who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game. The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol, bringing back English goods, and articles of home manufacture, in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate. Their hospitality was boundless; no stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of Slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginian gentleman, nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty; the poor black people lazy, and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood, as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both.

Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on very many points; but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected than rebellious. At one period this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in latter days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life which had

cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence. He was not unhappy—to those about him most kind—most affectionate, obsequious even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours, when he was going to lay it down.

Having lost his wife, his daughter took the management of the Colonel and his affairs, and he gave them up to her charge with an entire acquiescence. So that he had his books and his quiet, he cared for no more. When company came to Castlewood he entertained them handsomely, and was of a very pleasant, sarcastical turn. He was not in the least sorry when they went away.

"My love, I shall not be sorry to go myself," he said to his daughter; "and you, though the most affectionate of daughters, will console yourself after a while. Why should I, who am so old, be romantic? You may, who are still a young creature." This he said, not meaning all he said, for the lady whom he addressed was a matter-of-fact little person, with very little romance in her nature.

After fifteen years' residence upon his great Virginian estate, affairs prospered so well with the worthy proprietor, that he acquiesced in his daughter's plans for the building of a mansion much grander and more durable than the plain wooden edifice in which he had been content to live, so that his heirs might have a habitation worthy of their noble name. Several of Madam Warrington's neighbors had built handsome houses for themselves; perhaps it was her ambition to take rank in the country which inspired this desire for improved quarters. Colonel Esmond, of Castlewood, neither cared for quarters nor for quarterings. But his daughter had a very high opinion of the merit and antiquity of her lineage; and her sire, growing exquisitely calm and good-natured in his serene, declining years, humored his child's peculiarities in an easy, bantering way—nay, helped her with his antiquarian learning, which was not inconsiderable, and with his skill in the art of painting, of which he was a proficient. A knowledge of heraldry, a hundred years ago, formed part of the education of most noble ladies and gentlemen. During her visit to Europe, Miss Esmond had eagerly studied the family history and pedigrees, and returned thence to Virginia with a store of documents relative to her family, on which she relied with implicit gravity and credence, and with the most edifying volumes then published in France and England respecting the noble science. These works proved, to her perfect satisfaction, not only that the Esmonds were descended from noble Norman warriors, who came into England along with their victorious chief, but from native English of royal dignity; and two magnificent heraldic trees, cunningly painted by the hand of the Colonel, represented the family

springing from the Emperor Charlemagne on the one hand, who was drawn in plate-armor, with his imperial mantle and diadem, and on the other from Queen Boadicea, whom the Colonel insisted upon painting in the light costume of an ancient British queen, with a prodigious gilded crown, a trifling mantle of furs, and a lovely symmetrical person, tastefully tattooed with figures of a brilliant blue tint. From these two illustrious stocks the family-tree rose, until it united in the thirteenth century somewhere in the person of the fortunate Esmond, who claimed to spring from both.

Of the Warrington family, into which she married, good Madam Rachel thought but little. She wrote herself Esmond Warrington, but was universally called Madam Esmond of Castlewood, when, after her father's decease, she came to rule over that domain. It is even to be feared that quarrels for precedence in the colonial society occasionally disturbed her temper; for though her father had had a marquis's patent from King James, which he had burned and disowned, she would frequently act as if that document existed, and was in full force. She considered the English Esmonds of an inferior dignity to her own branch, and as for the colonial aristocracy, she made no scruple of asserting her superiority over the whole body of them. Hence quarrels and angry words, and even a scuffle or two, as we gather from her notes, at the Governor's assemblies at Jamestown. Wherefore recall the memory of these squabbles? Are not the persons who engaged in them beyond the reach of quarrels now, and has not the republic put an end to these social inequalities? Ere the establishment of Independence there was no more aristocratic country in the world than Virginia; so the Virginians, whose history we have to narrate, were bred to have the fullest respect for the institutions of home, and the rightful king had not two more faithful little subjects than the young twins of Castlewood.

When the boys' grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son, George, her successor, and heir of the estate; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honor; the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was made as bearable as it might be under the government of the Lady of Castlewood. In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster-mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer, and stronger, and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins. In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike; but in feature they resembled each other so closely, that, but for the color of their hair, it had been

difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast ribboned nightcaps which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or mother to tell the one from the other child.

Howbeit alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No threats of the ferule would provoke Harry to learn in an idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate, and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing-matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted; whereas George was sparing of blows, and gentle with all about him. As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him; and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch of a blackamoor asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it and brushed the flies off the child with a feather-fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated—burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went off beseeching his young master not to cry.



A fierce quarrel between mother and son ensued out of this event. Her son would not be pacified. He said the punishment was a shame—a shame; that he was the master of the boy, and no one—no, not his mother—had a right to touch him; that she might order *him* to be corrected, and that he would suffer the punishment, as he and Harry often had, but no one should lay a hand on his boy. Trembling with passionate rebellion against what he conceived the injustice of the procedure, he vowed—actually shrieking out an oath, which shocked his fond mother and governor, who had never before heard such language from the usually gentle child—that on the day he came of age he would set young Gumbo free—went to visit the child in the slaves' quarters, and gave him one of his own toys.

The young black martyr was an impudent, lazy, saucy little personage, who would be none the worse for a whipping, as the Colonel, no doubt, thought; for he acquiesced in the child's punishment when Madam Esmond insisted upon it, and only laughed in his good-natured way when his indignant grandson called out,

"You let mamma rule you in every thing, grandpapa."

"Why, so I do," says grandpapa. "Rachel, my love, the way in which I am petticoat-ridden is so evident that even this baby has found it out."

"Then why don't you stand up like a man?" says little Harry, who always was ready to abet his brother.

Grandpapa looked queerly.

"Because I like sitting down best, my dear," he said. "I am an old gentleman, and standing fatigues me."

On account of a certain apish drollery and humor which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favorite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantine heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say. George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could well-nigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age. Their grandfather's ship was sailing for Europe once when the boys were children, and they were asked what present Captain Franks should bring them back? George was divided between books and a fiddle; Harry instantly declared for a little gun: and Madam Warrington (as she then was called) was hurt that her elder boy should have low tastes, and applauded the younger's choice as more worthy of his name and lineage. "Books, papa, I can fancy to be a choice," she replied to her father, who tried to convince her that George had a right to his opinion, "though

I am sure you must have pretty nigh all the books in the world already. But I never can desire—I may be wrong, but I never can desire—that my son, and the grandson of the Marquis of Esmond, should be a fiddler."

"Should be a fiddlestick, my dear," the old Colonel answered. "Remember that Heaven's ways are not ours, and that each creature born has a little kingdom of thought of his own, which it is a sin in us to invade. Suppose George loves music? You can no more stop him than you can order a rose not to smell sweet, or a bird not to sing."

"A bird! A bird sings from nature: George did not come into the world with a fiddle in his hand," says Mrs. Warrington, with a toss of her head. "I am sure I hated the harpsichord when a chit at Kensington School, and only learned it to please my mamma. Say what you will, dear Sir, I can *not* believe that this fiddling is work for persons of fashion."

"And King David who played the harp, my dear?"

"I wish my papa would read him more, and not speak about him in that way," said Mrs. Warrington.

"Nay, my dear, it was but by way of illustration," the father replied, gently. It was Colonel Esmond's nature, as he has owned in his own biography, always to be led by a woman; and, his wife dead, he coaxed and dandled and spoiled his daughter; laughing at her caprices, but humoring them; making a joke of her prejudices, but letting them have their way; indulging, and perhaps increasing, her natural imperiousness of character, though it was his maxim that we can't change dispositions by meddling, and only make hypocrites of our children by commanding them overmuch.

At length the time came when Mr. Esmond was to have done with the affairs of this life, and he laid them down as if glad to be rid of their burden. We must not ring in an opening history with tolling bells, or preface it with a funeral sermon. All who read and heard that discourse, wondered where Parson Broadbent of Jamestown found the eloquence and the Latin which adorned it. Perhaps Mr. Dempster knew, the boys' Scotch tutor, who corrected the proofs of the oration, which was printed by desire of his Excellency and many persons of honor at Mr. Keimer's press in Philadelphia. No such sumptuous funeral had ever been seen in the country as that which Madam Esmond Warrington ordained for her father, who would have been the first to smile at that pompous grief. The little lads of Castlewood, almost smothered in black trains and hat-bands, headed the procession, and were followed by my Lord Fairfax from Greenway Court, by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia (with his coach), by the Randolphs, the Careys, the Harrisons, the Warringtons, and many others, for the whole country esteemed the departed gentleman, whose goodness, whose high talents, whose benevolence and unobtrusive urbanity had earned for

him the just respect of his neighbors. When informed of the event, Colonel Esmond's stepson, the Lord Castlewood of Hampshire in England, asked to be at the charges of the marble slab which recorded the names and virtues of his lordship's mother and her husband; and after due time of preparation, the monument was set up, exhibiting the arms and coronet of the Esmonds, supported by a little chubby group of weeping cherubs, and reciting an epitaph which, for once, did not tell any falsehoods.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH HARRY FINDS A NEW RELATIVE.

KIND friends, neighbors hospitable, cordial, even respectful—A noble name, a large estate, and a sufficient fortune, a comfortable home, supplied with all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, and a troop of servants, black and white, eager to do your bidding; good health, affectionate children, and, let us humbly add, a good cook, cellar, and library—ought not a person in the possession of all these benefits to be considered very decently happy? Madam Esmond Warrington possessed all these causes for happiness; she reminded herself of them daily in her morning and evening prayers. She was scrupulous in her devotions, good to the poor, never knowingly did any body a wrong. Yonder I fancy her enthroned in her principality of Castlewood, the country gentle-folks paying her court, the sons dutiful to her, the domestics tumbling over each other's black heels to do her bidding, the poor whites grateful for her bounty and implicitly taking her doses when they were ill, the smaller gentry always acquiescing in her remarks, and forever letting her win at backgammon—well, with all these ben-

efits, which are more sure than fate allots to most mortals, I don't think the little Princess Pocahontas, as she was called, was very happy in the midst of her dominions. The Princess's husband, who was cut off in early life, was as well, perhaps, out of the way. Had he survived his marriage by many years they would have quarreled fiercely, or, he would infallibly have been a henpecked husband, of which sort there were a few specimens still extant a hundred years ago. The truth is, little Madam Esmond never came near man or woman but she tried to domineer over them. If people obeyed, she was their very good friend; if they resisted, she fought and fought until she or they gave in. We are all miserable sinners: that's a fact we acknowledge in public every Sunday—no one announced it in a more clear, resolute voice than the little lady. As a mortal, she may have been in the wrong, of course; only she very seldom acknowledged the circumstance to herself, and to others never. Her father, in his old age, used to watch her freaks of despotism, haughtiness, and stubbornness, and amuse himself with them. She felt that his eye was upon her; his humor, of which quality she possessed little herself, subdued and bewildered her. But, the Colonel gone, there was nobody else whom she was disposed to obey—and so I am rather glad for my part that I did not live a hundred years ago at Castlewood in Westmorland County in Virginia. I fancy one would not have been too happy there. Happy, who is happy? Was not there a serpent in Paradise itself, and if Eve had been perfectly happy beforehand, would she have listened to him?

The management of the house of Castlewood had been in the hands of the active little lady long before the Colonel slept the sleep of the just. She now exercised a rigid supervision over the estate; dismissed Colonel Esmond's English factor and employed a new one; built, improved, planted, grew tobacco, appointed a new overseer, and imported a new tutor. Much as she loved her father there were some of his maxims by which she was not inclined to abide. Had she not obeyed her Papa and Mama during all their lives, as a dutiful daughter should? So ought all children to obey their parents, that their days might be long in the land. The little Queen domineered over her



little dominion, and the Princes her sons were only her first subjects. Ere long she discontinued her husband's name of Warrington and went by the name of Madam Esmond in the country. Her family pretensions were known there. She had no objection to talk of the Marquis's title which King James had given to her father and grandfather. Her Papa's enormous magnanimity might induce him to give up his titles and rank to the younger branch of the family, and to her half-brother, my Lord Castlewood and his children; but she and her sons were of the elder branch of the Esmonds, and she expected that they should be treated accordingly. Lord Fairfax was the only gentleman in the colony of Virginia to whom she would allow precedence over her. She insisted on the *pas* before all Lieutenant-Governors' and Judges' ladies; before the wife of the Governor of a colony she would, of course, yield, as to the representative of the Sovereign. Accounts are extant, in the family papers and letters, of one or two tremendous battles which Madam fought with the wives of colonial dignitaries upon these questions of etiquette. As for her husband's family of Warrington, they were as naught in her eyes. She married an English baronet's younger son, out of Norfolk, to please her parents, whom she was always bound to obey. At the early age at which she married—a chit out of a boarding-school—she would have jumped overboard if her Papa had ordered. And that is always the way with the Esmonds, she said.

The English Warringtons were not over-much flattered by the little American Princess's behavior to them, and her manner of speaking about them. Once a year a solemn letter used to be addressed to the Warrington family, and to her noble kinsmen, the Hampshire Esmonds; but a Judge's lady with whom Madam Esmond had quarreled returning to England out of Virginia chanced to meet Lady Warrington, who was in London with Sir Miles attending Parliament, and this person repeated some of the speeches which the Princess Pocahontas was in the habit of making regarding her own and her husband's English relatives, and my Lady Warrington, I suppose, carried the story to my Lady Castlewood; after which the letters from Virginia were not answered, to the surprise and wrath of Madam Esmond, who speedily left off writing also.

So this good woman fell out with her neighbors, with her relatives, and, as it must be owned, with her sons also.

A very early difference which occurred between the Queen and Crown Prince arose out of the dismissal of Mr. Dempster, the lads' tutor and the late Colonel's secretary. In her father's life Madam Esmond bore him with difficulty, or it should be rather said Mr. Dempster could scarcely put up with her. She was jealous of books somehow, and thought your book-worms dangerous folks, insinuating bad principles. She had heard that Dempster was a Jesuit in disguise, and the poor fellow was

obliged to go build himself a cabin in a clearing, and teach school and practice medicine where he could find customers among the sparse inhabitants of the province. Master George vowed he never would forsake his old tutor, and kept his promise. Harry had always loved fishing and sporting better than books, and he and the poor Dominic had never been on terms of close intimacy. Another cause of dispute presently ensued.

By the death of an aunt, and at his father's demise, the heirs of Mr. George Warrington became entitled to a sum of six thousand pounds, of which their mother was one of the trustees. She never could be made to understand that she was not the proprietor, and not merely the trustee of this money; and was furious with the London lawyer, the other trustee, who refused to send it over at her order. "Is not all I have my sons'?" she cried; "and would I not cut myself into little pieces to serve them? With the six thousand pounds I would have bought Mr. Boulter's estate and negroes, which would have given us a good thousand pounds a year, and made a handsome provision for my Harry." Her young friend and neighbor, Mr. Washington, of Mount Vernon, could not convince her that the London agent was right, and must not give up his trust except to those for whom he held it. Madam Esmond gave the London lawyer a piece of her mind, and, I am sorry to say, informed Mr. Draper that he was an insolent pettifogger, and deserved to be punished for doubting the honor of a mother and an Esmond. It must be owned that the Virginian Princess had a temper of her own.

George Esmond, her first-born, when this little matter was referred to him, and his mother vehemently insisted that he should declare himself, was of the opinion of Mr. Washington, and Mr. Draper, the London lawyer. The boy said he could not help himself. *He* did not want the money; he would be very glad to think otherwise, and to give the money to his mother, if he had the power. But Madam Esmond would not hear any of these reasons. Feelings were her reasons. Here was a chance of making Harry's fortune—dear Harry, who was left with such a slender younger brother's pittance—and the wretches in London would not help him; his own brother, who inherited all her Papa's estate, would not help him. To think of a child of hers being so mean at *fourteen years of age!* etc., etc. Add tears, scorn, frequent innuendo, long estrangement, bitter outbreak, passionate appeals to Heaven, and the like, and we may fancy the widow's state of mind. Are there not beloved beings of the gentler sex who argue in the same way nowadays? The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears, and Justice, in their courts, is forever in a passion.

This occurrence set the widow resolutely saving for her younger son, for whom, as in duty bound, she was eager to make a portion. The fine buildings were stopped which the Colonel had commenced at Castlewood, who had freight-

ed ships from New York with Dutch bricks, and imported, at great charges, mantle-pieces, carved cornice-work, sashes and glass, carpets and costly upholstery work from home. No more books were bought. The agent had orders to discontinue sending wine. Madam Esmond deeply regretted the expense of a fine carriage which she had had from England, and only rode in it to church groaning in spirit, and crying to the sons opposite her, "Harry, Harry! I wish I had put by the money for thee, my poor, portionless child—three hundred and eighty guineas of ready money to Messrs. Hatchett!"

"You will give me plenty when you live, and George will give me plenty when you die," says Harry, gayly.

"Not unless he changes in *spirit*, my dear," says the lady, with a grim glance at her elder boy. "Not unless Heaven softens his heart and teaches him *charity*, for which I pray day and night—as Mountain knows; do you not, Mountain?"

Mrs. Mountain, Ensign Mountain's widow, Madam Esmond's companion and manager, who took the fourth seat in the family coach on these Sundays, said, "Humph! I know you are always disturbing yourself and crying out about this legacy, and I don't see that there is any need."

"Oh no! no need!" cries the widow, rustling in her silks; "of course I have no need to be disturbed, because my eldest born is a *disobedient son* and an *unkind brother*—because he has an estate, and my poor Harry, bless him, but a *mess of pottage*."

George looked despairingly at his mother until he could see her no more for eyes welled up with tears. "I wish you would bless me, too, Oh my mother!" he said, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. Harry's arms were in a moment round his brother's neck, and he kissed George a score of times.

"Never mind, George. I know whether you are a good brother or not. Don't mind what she says. She don't mean it."

"I *do* mean it, child," cries the mother. "Would to Heaven—"

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE, I SAY!" roars out Harry. "It's a shame to speak so to him, ma'am."

"And so it is, Harry," says Mrs. Mountain, shaking his hand. "You never said a truer word in your life."

"Mrs. Mountain, do you dare to set my children against me?" cries the widow. "From this very day, madam—"

"Turn me and my child into the street? Do," says Mrs. Mountain. "That will be a fine revenge, because the English lawyer won't give you the boys' money. Find another companion who will tell you black is white, and flatter you: it is not my way, madam. When shall I go? I shan't be long a-packing. I did not bring much into Castlewood House, and I shall not take much out."

"Hush! the bells are ringing for church,

Mountain. Let us try, if you please, and compose ourselves," said the widow, and she looked with eyes of extreme affection, certainly at one—perhaps at both—of her children. George kept his head down, and Harry, who was near, got quite close to him during the sermon, and sate with his arm round his brother's neck.

Harry had proceeded in his narrative after his own fashion, interspersing it with many youthful ejaculations, and answering a number of incidental questions asked by his listener. The old lady seemed never tired of hearing him. Her amiable hostess and her daughters came more than once, to ask if she would ride, or walk, or take a dish of tea, or play a game at cards; but all these amusements Madam Bernstein declined, saying that she found infinite amusement in Harry's conversation. Especially when any of the Castlewood family were present, she redoubled her caresses, insisted upon the lad speaking close to her ear, and would call out to the others, "Hush, my dears! I can't hear our cousin speak." And they would quit the room, striving still to look pleased.

"Are you my cousin, too?" asked the honest boy. "You seem kinder than my other cousins."

Their talk took place in the wainscoted parlor, where the family had taken their meals in ordinary for at least two centuries past, and which, as we have said, was hung with portraits of the race. Over Madam Bernstein's great chair was a Kneller, one of the most brilliant pictures of the gallery, representing a young lady of three or four and twenty, in the easy flowing dress and loose robes of Queen Anne's time—a hand on a cushion near her, a quantity of auburn hair, parted off a fair forehead, and flowing over pearly shoulders and a lovely neck. Under this sprightly picture the lady sate with her knitting-needles.

When Harry asked, "Are you my cousin, too?" she said, "That picture is by Sir Godfrey, who thought himself the greatest painter in the world. But he was not so good as Lely, who painted your grandmother—my—my Lady Castlewood, Colonel Esmond's wife; nor he so good as Sir Anthony Vandyck, who painted your great grandfather, yonder—and who looks, Harry, a much finer gentleman than he was. Some of us are painted blacker than we are. Did you recognize your grandmother in that picture? She had the loveliest fair hair and shape of any woman of her time."

"I fancied I knew the portrait from instinct, perhaps, and a certain likeness to my mother."

"Did Mrs. Warrington—? I beg her pardon, I think she calls herself Madam or my Lady Esmond now."

"They call my mother so in our province," said the boy.

"Did she never tell you of another daughter her mother had in England, before she married your grandfather?"



THE FAMILY FEW.

"She never spoke of one."

"Nor your grandfather?"

"Never. But in his picture-books, which he constantly made for us children, he used to draw a head very like that above your Ladyship. That, and Viscount Francis, and King James III., he drew a score of times, I am sure."

"And the picture over me reminds you of no one, Harry?"

"No, indeed."

"Oh, here's a sermon!" says the lady, with a sigh. "Harry, that was my face once—yes, it was—and then I was called Beatrix Esmond. And your mother is my half-sister, child, and she has never even mentioned my name!"

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

[Written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Never too late to Mend," "Christie Johnstone," etc.

THERE are Nobs in the world, and there are Snobs.

(I regret to say, I belong to the latter department.)

There are men that roll through life, like a fire new red ball going across Mr. Lord's Cricket Ground on a sunshiny day: there is another sort that have to rough it in general, and above all to fight tooth and nail for the quatern loaf—and not always win the battle; I am one of this lot.

One comfort, folk are beginning to take an interest in us; I see nobs of the first water looking with a fatherly eye into our affairs, our leaden taxes and feather incomes, our 15 per cent on undeniable security when the rich pay but three and a half; our privations and vexations; our dirt and distresses: and one day a literary Gent, that knows my horrible story, assured me that my ups and downs would entertain the Nobility gentry and commonalty of these realms.

"Instead of grumbling to me" says he "print your troubles, and I promise you all the world will read them—and laugh at them."

"No doubt sir," said I rather ironical; "all the world is at leisure for that."

"Why, look at the signs of the times;" says he—"can't you see workmen are up? so take us while we are in the humor, and that is now. We shall not always be for squeezing honey out of weeds, shall we?" "Not likely, sir"—says I. Says he "how nice it will be to growl wholesale to a hundred thousand of your countrymen, (which they do love a bit of a growl) instead of growling retail to a small family that has got hardened to you!" And there he had me; for I am an Englishman, and proud of it, and attached to all the national habits, except delirium tremens. In short, what with him inflaming my dormant conceit, and me thinking "well I can but say my say and then relapse into befitting silence," I did one day lay down the gauge and take up the pen, in spite of my wife's sorrowful looks.

She says nothing, but you may see she does not believe in the new tool, and that is cheerful and inspiriting to a beginner.

However there is a something that gives me more confidence than all my literary friend says about "workmen being up in the literary world."

It is this. "I am not the hero of my own story."

Small as I sit here behind my wife's crockery, and my own fiddles in this thundering hole, Wardour Street, I was for many years connected with one of the most celebrated females of modern times; her adventures run side by side

with mine: she is the bit of romance that colors my humble life, and my safest excuse for intruding on the public.

CAP 1.

FATHER and mother lived in King Street, Soho; he was a fiddle maker, and taught me the A B C of that science at odd times; for I had a regular education, and a very good one, at a school in West Street. This part of my life was as smooth as glass: my troubles did not begin till I was 13. At that age, my mother died and then I found out what she *had been* to me: that was the first, and the worst grief; the next I thought bad enough; coming in from school one day, about 9 months after her death, I found a woman sitting by the fire opposite father.

I came to a stand in the middle of the floor, with two eyes like saucers staring at the pair; so my father introduced me.

"This is your new mother! Anne this is John!"

"Come and kiss me John," says the lady: instead of which John stood stock still, and burst out roaring and crying without the least leaving off staring, which to be sure was a cheerful encouraging reception for a lady just come into the Family. I roared pretty hard for about ten seconds, then stopped dead short, and says I with a sudden calm, the more awful for the storm that had raged before—"I'll go and tell Mr. Paley!" and out I marched.

Mr. Paley was a little hump backed tailor with the heart of a dove and the spirit of a lion or two. I made his acquaintance through pitching into two boys, that were queering his protuberances all down Prince's Street, Soho: a kind of low humor, he detested: and he had taken quite a fancy to me: we were hand and glove the old man and me.

I ran to Paley, and told him what had fallen upon the house: he was not struck all of a heap as I thought he would be; and he showed me it was legal, of which I had not an idea, and his advice was "put a good face on it, or the house will soon be too hot to hold you, boy."

He was right: I don't know whether it was my fault or hers, or both's, but we could never mix. I had seen another face by that fire side and heard another voice in the house that seemed to me a deal more melodious than hers, and the house did become hotter, and the inmates' looks colder, than agreeable: so one day I asked my father to settle me in some other house not less than a mile from King Street Soho. He and step mother jumped at the offer, and apprenticed me to Mr. Dawes. Here I learned more mysteries of fiddle making, fiddle doctoring, and fiddle selling; and lived in tolerable comfort nearly four years; there was a ripple on the water though. My master had a brother, a thickset, heavy fellow, that used to bully my master especially when he was groggy, and less able to take his own part. My master being a good fellow, I used to side with him,

and this brought me a skinful of sore bones more than once, I can tell you. But one night, after some months of peace, I heard a terrible scrimmage, and running down into the shop parlor I found Dawes Junior pegging into Dawes Senior no allowance, and him crying blue murder.

I was now an able-bodied youth, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and, having a little score of my own with the attacking party, I opened quite silent and business like with a "one two," and knocked him into a corner flat perpendicular: he was dumb-founded for a moment, but the next he came out like a bull at me. I stepped on one side, and met him with a blow on the side of the temple, and knocked him flat horizontal; and when he offered to rise I shook my fist at him, and threatened him he should come to grief if he dared to move.

At this he went on quite a different lay: he lay still and feigned dissolution with considerable skill, to frighten us: and I can't say I felt easy at all, but my master, who took cheerful views of every thing in his cups, got the enemy's tumbler of brandy and water, and with hecups and absurd smiles, and a tea spoon, deposited the contents gradually on the various parts of his body.

"Lez revive 'm!" said he.

This was low life to come to pass in a respectable tradesman's back parlor. But when grog comes in at the door, good manners walk to the window, ready to take leave if requested. Where there is drink, there is always degradation of some sort or degree: put that in your tumblers and sip it.

After this no more battles. The lowly apprentice's humble efforts restored peace to his master's family.

Six months of calm industry now rolled over and then I got into trouble by my own fault.

Looking back upon the various fancies, and opinions, and crotchets that have passed through my head at one time or another, I find that between the years of 17 and 24 a strange notion beset me: it was this; that women are all angels.

For this chimera I now began to suffer, and continued to at intervals till the error was rooted out with their assistance.

There were two women in my master's house, his sister, aged 24, and his cook, aged 37; with both these I fell ardently in love; and so, with my sentiments, I should have with six, had the house held half a dozen. Unluckily my affections were not accompanied with the discretion so delicate a situation called for. The ladies found one another out, and I fell a victim to the virtuous indignation that fired three bosoms.

The cook, in virtuous indignation, that an apprentice should woo his master's sister, told my master.

The young lady in virtuous indig. that a boy should make a fool of "that old woman" told my master, who, unluckily for me, was now the

quondam Dawes Junior; Dawes Senior having retired from the active business and turned sleeping and drinking partner.

My master whose V. I. was the strongest of the three, since it was him I had leathered, took me to Bow Street, made his complaint, and forced me to cancel my indentures: the cook, with tears, packed up my Sunday suit; the young lady opened her bed room door three inches and shut it with a "don't come a nigh me" slam; and I drifted out to London with eighteen pence and my tools.

On looking back on this incident of my life, I have a regret; a poignant one; it is that some good Christian did not give me a devilish good hiding into the bargain then and there.

I did not feel quite strong enough in the spirits to go where I was sure to be blown up; so I skirted King Street, and entered the Seven Dials, and went to Mr. Paley and confessed my sins.

How differently the same thing is seen by different eyes! All the morning I had been called a young villain, first by one then by another, till at last I began to see it; Mr. Paley viewed me in the light of a martyr, and I remember I fell into his views on the spot.

Paley was a man, that had his little theory about women, and it differed from my juvenile one.

He held that women are at bottom the seducers, men the seduced. "The men court the women I grant you, but so it is the fish that runs after the bait" said he. "The women draw back? Yes, and so does the angler draw back the bait, when the fish are shy, don't he? and then the gudgeons of men, misunderstand the move, and make a rush at it, and get hooked like you."

Holding such vile sentiments he shifted all the blame off my shoulders; he turned to and abused the whole gang, as he called the Family in Litchfield Street I had just left, instead of reading me the lesson for the day, which he ought, and I should have listened to from him—perhaps.

"Now then don't hang your head like that" shouted the spunky little fellow—"sniveling and whimpering at your time of life! We are going to have a jolly good supper, you and I; that is what we are going to do: and you shall sleep here; my daughter is at school, you shall have her room. I am in good work—thirty shillings a week,—that is plenty for three Lucy, and you, and me" (himself last). "Your father isn't worth a bone button, and your mother isn't worth the shank to it. I'm your father and your mother into the bargain, for want of a better; you live with me and snap your fingers at Dawes, and all his crew—ha ha!—a fine loss to be sure—the boy is a fool—cooks and coquettes, and fiddle touters, rubbish not worth picking up out of a gutter—they be d—'d!"

And so I was installed in Miss Paley's apartment, Seven Dials; and nothing would have

made my adopted Parent happier than for me to put my hands in my pockets, and live upon goose and cabbage. But downright laziness was never my character. I went round to all the fiddle shops and offered, as bold as brass, to make a violin a tenor or a bass and bring it home. Most of them looked shy at me, for it was necessary to trust me with the wood, and to lend me one or two of the higher class of tools, such as a turning saw, and a jointing plane.

At last I came to Mr. Dodd in Berners Street: here my Father's name stood me in stead: Mr. Dodd risked his wood and the needful tools, and in eight days I brought him, with conceit and trepidation mixed in equal parts, a violin, which I had sometimes feared it would frighten him and sometimes hoped it would charm him. He took it up, gave it one twirl round, satisfied himself it was a fiddle good bad or indifferent, put it in his window along with the rest, and paid for it as he would for a penny roll. I timidly proposed to make another for him; he granted a consent, which it did not seem to me a rapturous one.

Mr. Metzler also ventured to give me work of this kind. For some months I wrought hard all day, and amused myself with my companions all the evening, selecting my pals from the following classes: small actors, showmen, pedestrians, and clever discontented mechanics; one lot I never would have at any price, and that was the stupid ones, that could only booze, and could not tell me any thing I did not know about pleasure, business, and life.

This was a bright existence, so it came to a full stop.

At one and the same time Miss Paley came home, and the fiddle trade took one of those chills all fancy trades are subject to.

No work—no lodging without paying for it—no wherewithal!

CAP 2.

JOHN BEARD, a friend of mine, was a painter and grainer. His art was to imitate oak, maple, walnut, satin wood, etc. — etc. — upon vulgar deal, beach, or what not.

This business works thus; first a coat of oil color is put on with the brush, and this color imitates what may be called the back ground of the wood that is aimed at; on this oil background the champ, the fibre, the grain and figure, and all the incidents of the superior wood, are imitated by various manœuvres in water colors; or rather in beer colors: for beer is the approved medium. A coat of varnish over all gives a look of unity to the work.

Beard was out of employ; so was I: bitter against London; so was I. He sounded me about trying the country, and I agreed; and this was the first step of my many travels.

We started the next day; he with his brushes and a few colors and one or two thin panels painted by way of advertisement; and I with hope, inexperience, and threepence! On the

road we spent this and his five pence and entered the Town of Brentford toward nightfall as empty as drums, and as hungry as wolves.

What was to be done? After a long discussion we agreed to go to the Mayor of the Town, and tell him our case, and offer to paint his street door in the morning, if he would save our lives for the night.

We went to the Mayor: luckily for us he had risen from nothing, as we were going to do: and so he knew exactly what we meant when we looked up in his face and laid our hands on our sausage grinders. He gave us eighteen pence, and an order on a lodging house, and put bounds to our gratitude by making us promise to let his street door alone: we thanked him from our hearts, supped, and went to bed, and agreed the country, (as we two Cockneys called Brentford) was chock full of good fellows.

The next day up early in the morning, and away to Hounslow; here Beard sought work all through the Town; and just when we were in despair he got one door; we dined and slept on this door, but we could not sup off it: we had twopence over though for the morning, and walked on a penny roll each to Maidenhead.

Here, as we entered the Town, we passed a little house with the door painted oak, and a brass plate announcing a plumber and glazier and Housepainter: Beard pulled up before this door in sorrowful contempt. "Now, look here, John," says he; "here is a fellow living among the woods, and you would swear he never saw an oak plank in his life to look at his work."

Before so very long we came to another specimen: this was maple, and farther from Nature than a lawyer from Heaven, as the saying is. "There, that will do," says Beard. "I'll tell you what it is, we must try a different move: it is no use looking for work; folks will only employ their own tradesmen: we must teach the Professors of the Art at so much a panel."

"Will they stomach that?" said I.

"I think they will, as we are strangers and from London. You go and see whether there is a fiddle to be doctored in the Town, and meet me again in the Market Place at 12 o'clock."

I did meet him, and forlorn enough I was: my trade had broke down in Maidenhead; not a job of any sort.

"Come to the Public House?" was his first word; that sounded well I thought.

We sat down to bread and cheese and beer, and he told his tale.

It seems he went into a shop, told the master he was a painter and grainer from a great Establishment in London, and was in the habit of traveling and instructing Provincial artists in the business. The man was a pompous sort of customer, and told Beard he knew the business as well as he did, better belike.

Beard answered, "Then you are the only one here that does; for I've been all through the Town, and any thing wider from the mark than

their oak and maple I never saw." Then he quietly took down his panels, and spread them out, and looking out sharp he noticed a sudden change come over the man's face.

"Well," says the man, "we reckon ourselves pretty good at it in this Town. However, I shouldn't mind seeing how you London chaps do it—what do you charge for a specimen?"

"My charge is two shillings a panel. What wood should you like to gain a notion of?" says Beard as dry as a chip.

"Well, satinwood."

Beard painted a panel of satinwood before his eyes; and of course it was done with great ease, and on a better system than had reached Maidenhead up to that time. "Now" says Beard "I must go to dinner."

"Well come back again my lad," says the man "and we will go in for something else." So Beard took his two shillings and met me as aforesaid.

After dinner he asked for a private room. "A private room?" said I; "had'n't you better order our horse and gig out, and go and call on the Rector?" "None of your chaff" says he.

When we got into the room he opened the business.

"Your trade is no good; you must take to mine."

"What teach painters how to paint, when I don't know a stroke myself?!"

"Why not? you have only got it to learn: they have got to unlearn all they know: that is the only long process about it—I'll teach you in five minutes," says he: "look here." He then imitated oak before me, and made me do it. He corrected my first attempt; the second satisfied him: we then went on to maple and so through all the woods he could mimic: He then returned to his customer, and I hunted in another part of the Town; and before nightfall I actually gave three lessons to two Professors: it is amazing but true, that I who had been learning ten minutes, taught men who had been all their lives at it—in the country.

One was so pleased with his Tutor that he gave me a pint of beer besides my fee. I thought he was poking fun when he first offered it me.

Beard and I met again triumphant, we had a rousing supper and a good bed, and the next day started for Henley, where we both did a small stroke of business, and on to Reading for the night.

Our goal was Bristol. Beard had friends there: But, as we zigzagged for the sake of the Towns, we were three weeks walking to that City; but we reached it at last, having disseminated the science of graining in many cities, and got good clothes and money in return.

At Bristol, we parted. He found regular employment the first day, and I visited the fiddle shops and offered my services. At most I was refused; at one or two I got trifling jobs; but at last I went to the right one. The master agreed with me for piece work on a large scale, and the terms were such that by working quick,

and very steady, I could make about 25 shillings a week. At this I kept two years and might have longer, no doubt,—but my employer's niece came to live with him.

She was a woman; and, my theory being in full career at this date, mutual ardor followed, and I asked her hand of her uncle, and instead of that he gave me what the Turkish ladies get for the same offense—the sack—Off to London again, and the money I had saved by my industry just landed me in the Seven Dials and sixpence over.

I went to Paley, crest-fallen as usual. He heard my story, complimented me on my energy, industry, and talent; regretted the existence of woman, and inveighed against her character and results.

We went that evening to Private Theatricals in Berwick Street, and there I fell in with an acquaintance in the fire work line: on hearing my case, he told me I had just fallen from the skies in time; his employer wanted a fresh hand.

The very next day behold me grinding and sifting and ramming powder at Somers Town, and at it Ten months.

My evenings, when I was not undoing my own work to show its brilliancy, were often spent in private Theatricals.

I hear a row made just now, about a Dramatic School. "We have no Dramatic Schools" is the cry. Well, in the day I speak of there were several; why I belonged to two. We never brought to light an Actor: but we succeeded so far, as to ruin more than one lad who had brains enough to make a tradesman, till we heated those brains and they boiled all away.

The way we destroyed youth was this; of course nobody would pay a shilling at the door to see us running wild among Shakspeare's lines like pigs broken into a vineyard: so the expenses fell upon the actors, and they paid according to the value of the part each played. Richard the Third cost a puppy £2, Richmond 15 shillings, and so on; so that with us, as in the big world, dignity went by wealth, not merit. I remember this made me sore at the time, still there are two sides to every thing: they say Poverty urges men to crime; mine saved me from it. If I could have afforded I should have murdered one or two characters that have lived with good reputation from Queen Bess to Queen Victoria; but as I couldn't afford it, others that could did it for me.

Well, in return for his cash, Richard, or Hamlet, or Othello, commanded tickets in proportion; for the tickets were only gratuitous to the Spectators.

Consequently, at night, each important actor, played, not only to a most merciful audience, but a large band of devoted friendly spirits in it, who came not to judge him, but express to carry him through triumphant—like an election. Now, when a vain ignorant chap hears a lot of hands clapping, he has not the sense to say to himself "paid for!" No! it is applause, and

applause stamps his own secret opinion of himself: he was off his balance before, and now he tumbles heel over tip into the notion that he is a genius; throws his commercial prospects after the two pounds that went in Richard or Beverley—and crosses Waterloo Bridge spouting,

"A fiao for the shop and poplins base!
Counter avaut—I on his southern bank
Will fire the Thames!"

Noodle, thus singing, goes over the water. But they wont have him at the Surrey or the Vic: so he takes to the Country: and while his money lasts, and he can pay the mismanager of a small Theatre, he gets leave to play with Richard and Hamlet. But when the money is gone and he wants to be paid for Richard and Co., they laugh at him, and put him in his right place, and that is a Utility, and perhaps ends "a Super;" when if he had not been a Coxcomb he might have sold ribbon like a man to his dying day.

We, and our Dramatic schools, ruined more than one or two of this sort by means of his vanity in my young days.

My poverty saved me. The conceit was here in vast abundance, but not the funds to intoxicate myself with such choice liquors as Hamlet and Co.; nothing above Old Gobbo (5s.) ever fell to my lot and by my talent.

When I had made and let off fire-works for a few months, I thought I could make more as a rocket master, than a Rocket man. I had saved a pound or two. Most of my friends dissuaded me from the attempt: but Paley said "Let him alone now,—dnt keep him down,—he is born to rise. I'll risk a pound on him." So, by dint of several small loans, I got the materials and made a set of fire-works myself and agreed with the keeper of some tea gardens at Hampstead for the spot.

At the appointed time, attended by a trusty band of friends, I put them up; and, when I had taken a tolerable sum at the door, I let them all off.

But they did not all profit by the permission. Some went; but others whose supposed destination was the sky, soared about as high as a house, then returned and forgot their wild nature, and performed the office of our household fires upon the clothes of my visitors; and some faithful spirits, like old domestics, would not leave their master at any price; would not take their discharge. Then there was a row, and I should have been mauled, but my guards rallied round me and brought me off with whole bones, and marched back to London with me, quizzing me, and drinking at my expense. The publican refused to give me my promised fee and my loss by ambition was twenty-eight shillings, and my reputation—if you could call that a loss.

Was not I quizzed up and down the Seven Dials! Paley alone contrived to stand out in my favor. "Nonsense, a first attempt!" said he, "they mostly fail, don't you give in for those fools—I'll tell you a story. There was a chap in prison—I forget his name. He lived

in the old times a few hundred years ago, I can't justly say how many. He had failed at something or other I don't know how many times—and there he was. Well Jack, one day he notices a spider climbing up a thundering great slippery stone in the wall—She got a little way, then down she fell,—up again, and tries it on again—down again. Ah! says the man you will never do it. But the spider was game—she got six falls, but, by George, the seventh trial she got up. So the gentleman says, 'a man ought to have as much heart as a spider. I won't give in till the seventh trial.' Bless you, long before the seventh he carried all before him, and got to be King of England—or something!"

"King of England!" said I, "that was a move upward out of the stone jug."

"Well," said Paley the hopeful, "you can't be King of England; but you may be the Fire King, he! he! if you are true to powder. How much money do you want to try again?"

I was nettled at my failure, and fired by Paley and his spider, I scraped together a few pounds once more, and advertised a display of Fireworks for a certain Monday night.

On the Sunday afternoon, Paley and I happened to walk on the Hampstead Road, and near the "Adam and Eve" we fell in with an announcement of Fireworks. On the bill appeared in enormous letters the following:

"No connection with the disgraceful exhibition that took place last Friday week!"

Paley was in a towering passion. "Look here John, says he—but never you mind—it wont be here long, for I'll tear it down in about half a moment."

No you must not do that said I, a little nervous.

"Why not, you poor spirited muff," shouts the little fellow—let me alone—let me get at it—what are you holding me for?"

No! no! no! well then—

Well then what—?

Well then it is mine.

What is yours?

That advertisement.

How can it be yours when it insults you?

Oh! business before vanity!

Well I am blest! Here's a go—look here now—and he began to split his sides laughing; but all of a sudden he turned awful grave—you will rise my lad—this is genuine talent—they might as well try to keep a balloon down. In short, my friend who was as honest as the day in his own sayings and doings, admired this bit of rascality in me, and argued the happiest results.

The district of London which is called the Seven Dials, was now divided into two great parties: one augured for me a brilliant success next day; the other a dead failure. The latter party numbered many names unknown to fame; the former consisted of Paley, I was neuter, distrusting not my merits but what I called my luck.

On Monday afternoon I was busy putting out the fireworks, nailing them to their posts etc. Toward evening it began to rain so heavily that they had to be taken in, and the whole thing given up; it was postponed to Thursday.

On Thursday night we had a good assembly. the sum taken at the doors exceeded my expectation—I had my misgivings on account of the rain that had fallen on my Kickshaws, Monday evening; so I began with those articles I had taken in first out of the rain; they went off splendidly, and my personal friends were astounded; but soon my poverty began to tell: instead of having many hands to save the fireworks from wet, I had been alone, and of course, much time had been lost in getting them under cover; we began now to get among the damp lot, and science was lost in chance—some would and some wouldn't, and the people began to goose me.

A rocket or two that fizzed themselves out without rising a foot inflamed their angry passions; so I announced two fiery pigeons.

The fiery pigeon is a pretty firework enough; it is of the nature of a rocket, but being on a string it travels backward and forward between two termini, to which the string is fixed: when there are two strings and two pigeons, the fiery wings race one another across the ground, and charm the gazing throng. One of my termini was a tree at the extremity of the gardens; up this tree I mounted in my shirt sleeves with my birds—the people surrounded the tree and were dead silent. I could see their final verdict and my fate hung on these pigeons; I placed them, and with a beating heart lighted their matches. To my horror one did not move. I might as well have tried to explode green sticks. The other started and went off with great resolution and accompanying cheers toward the opposite side. But midway it suddenly stopped, and the cheers with it; it did not come to an end all at once; but the fire oozed gradually out of it like water—a howl of derision was hurled up into the tree at me: but, worse than that, looking down I saw in the moonlight a hundred stern faces with eyes like red hot emeralds, in which I read my fate; they were waiting for me to come down like terriers for a rat in a trap, and I felt by the look of them they would kill me, or near it, so I crept along a bough the end of which cleared the wall and overhung the road. I determined to break my neck sooner than fall into the hands of an insulted public. An impatient orange whizzed by my ear, and an apple knocked my hat out of the premises. I crouched

and clung—luckily I was on an ash bough, long, tapering, and tough; it bent down with me like a rainbow. A stick or two now whirled past my ear, and it began to hail fruit. I held on like grim death till the road was within 6 feet of me, and then dropped and ran off home, like a dog with a kettle at his tail; meantime a rush was made to the gate to cut me off; but it was too late; the garden meandered and my executioners, when they got to the outside, saw nothing but a fitting spectre: me in my shirt sleeves making for the Seven Dials.

Mr. and Miss Paley were seated by their fire, and, as I afterward learned, Paley was recommending me to her for a husband, and explaining to her at some length, *why* I was sure to rise in the world, when a figure in shirt sleeves begrimed with gunpowder and no hat burst into the room and shrank without a word into the corner by the fire.

Miss Paley looked up and then began to look down and snigger. Her father stared at me, and after a while I could see him set his teeth and nerve his dear obstinate old heart for the coming struggle.

"Well, how did it happen," said he, at last. "Where is your coat?"

I told him the whole story.

Miss Paley had her hand to her mouth all the time, afraid to give vent to the feelings proper to the occasion because of her Father.

"Now answer me one question. Have you got their money?" says Paley.

"Yes I have got their money for that matter."

"Well then what need you care? You are all right; and if they had gone off they would be all over by now just the same; he wants his supper Lucy—give us something hot to make us forget our squibs and crackers, or we shall die of a broken heart all us poor fainting souls—such a calamity! The rain wetted them through—that is all—you couldn't fight against the elements, could you? Lay the cloth, girl."

"But Mr. Paley," whined I, "they have got my new coat, and you may be sure they have torn it limb from jacket."

"Have they?" cried he—"well that is a comfort any way. Your new coat—eh? Lucy, it hung on the boy's back like an old sack. Do you see this bit of cloth? I shall make you a Sunday coat with this and, then you'll sell. Fetch a quart to night girl instead of a pint: Fire King is going to do us the honor—cheer up!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE financial revulsion from which the country is now suffering has absorbed public attention during the past month. Early in October there was a decided increase in the stringency of the money market, and a consequent accession to the

number of mercantile failures. Houses whose assets exceeded their liabilities by hundreds of thousands of dollars were unable to meet engagements of comparatively small amounts. Domestic exchanges became so unsettled that it was utterly impossible to remit funds from distant points.

Here and there the banks gave way, and the notes of all out of the city were suspected. A steady demand for specie set in upon the New York banks, which was promptly met until the morning of the 13th, when a universal panic set in. By noon the run upon the banks was general. Wall Street was choked by thousands of people endeavoring to force their way into the banking houses to demand specie for notes and checks. Before the close of business hours eighteen city banks were forced to close their doors and announce that they had suspended specie payments. During the evening a meeting was held of representatives from the banks. It was found that the specie in their vaults had been during a few days reduced from \$11,476,000 to \$5,500,000. It was then unanimously resolved that all the banks should suspend the payment of specie, but should receive and pay out notes as usual, and should receive at par the notes of all banks of the State secured in the Bank Department at Albany, and the notes of certain specified Safety-Fund Banks. The example of suspension was at once followed throughout the country. A severe run had in the mean while set in upon the Savings' Banks, some of whom had strengthened themselves by selling the United States stock held by them. These followed the example of the banks, and suspended the payment of specie. It was generally supposed that, under the law, the banks suspending would pass at once into the hands of receivers to wind up their affairs. But a majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court put forth an opinion to the effect that the mere fact of suspension of specie payments (when general) was not sufficient to warrant the issuing of an injunction or the appointment of a receiver, when a bank was clearly solvent, and that it was solvent when able to pay its liabilities, though it had for a time suspended specie payments. The immediate effect of the suspension was that the notes of New York and New England banks were at once received and paid out as usual in all business transactions. Those who had withdrawn specie in the expectation of being able to sell it at a premium were disappointed, one and two per cent. premium being the utmost which could be obtained. The effect of the pressure upon business has been disastrous. Trade was almost annihilated; the revenues of Government fell far below the current expenditures. The surplus on hand was in a few weeks reduced from \$20,000,000 to half that amount; and instead of a balance of more than \$20,000,000, which was anticipated would remain in the treasury at the close of the fiscal year, it has been apprehended that Government may be obliged to resort to a loan. The effect upon the industry of the country has been equally disastrous. Almost all the large manufacturing establishments have either suspended operations or are working upon short time. In New York alone it is estimated that 80,000 or 40,000 mechanics and workmen are out of employment.

During the month of October elections were held in several States. In *Mississippi* the Democrats elected their candidates for Governor and members of Congress by decided majorities. In *Georgia* the same party elected their Governor, and seven out of eight members of Congress. In *Pennsylvania*, Mr. Packer, Democrat, was chosen Governor by a majority of about 10,000 over both the Republican and American candidates; the Legislature is Democratic by a decided majority. In *Ohio* the Republican candidate for Governor was chosen by a small

majority, together with all the State officers except one; their majority is small, and the Democrats have the preponderance in the Legislature. In *Iowa* the Republicans were successful, electing their Governor and a majority in the Legislature. In *Minnesota* the contest was close, but the Democrats have probably succeeded. In *Kansas* the election passed off quietly, and resulted very decidedly in favor of the Free State party, Mr. Parrott, their candidate for Delegate to Congress, having been chosen by a large majority. The political complexion of the Legislature depended upon the disposition made of the returns from the precinct of Oxford, in the County of Johnson. The returns from this district presented 1628 votes, nearly one half of the total vote of the election district, which is entitled to three Councilmen and eight Representatives. This vote was almost unanimously given to the Democratic candidates, only a single one being for the Free State delegate. It was perfectly notorious that the whole county did not contain as many voters as were returned from this single precinct. Governor Walker rejected the entire vote from this precinct, and gave certificates of election to the candidates chosen by the regular returns, thus securing to the Free State party a majority in both branches of the Territorial Legislature. On the 19th of October the Governor issued a proclamation announcing this decision, and detailing the facts in the case. He found upon visiting Oxford, a small village with but six houses, that not more than one tenth of the number of persons represented to have voted were present on the two days of the election; and that on the last day of the election, when more than fifteen hundred votes were represented to have been cast, not more than forty or fifty people were in the village. Both there, and in the village of New Santa Fé, in Missouri, separated only by a street from Oxford, persons of all parties were surprised and indignant at the declared result of the election, of which they only heard several days after its alleged occurrence. He was satisfied that the whole county did not contain a population which could furnish more than one-third of the vote returned from this one small precinct. There was no irruption of voters from the neighboring State of Missouri; and the returns were beyond all doubt simulated and fictitious. They were, in fact, on their very face illegal, because there was no evidence that the judges of election had taken the prescribed oath to fulfill their duties according to law; and because the paper presented was evidently not one of the original poll-books kept at the election, but was evidently either a copy of some other document, or was itself made up for the occasion; and because, as the vote of each elector was to be given *viva voce* for each of twenty-two candidates, and recorded, it was a physical impossibility that the number of fifteen hundred votes purporting to have been cast on the second day could have been so announced and recorded. If the rejection of these returns upon merely technical grounds would have defeated the will of the people, fairly expressed, the Governor says he might have hesitated; but in the present case he felt bound to adhere to the very letter of the law, in order to defeat a gross and palpable fraud, and the consideration that his own party would thereby lose the majority in the Legislative Assembly did not make his duty less solemn and imperative. Nor did he feel himself justified in relieving himself of the proper responsibility of his office, in a

case where there was no valid return, by submitting the question to the Legislative Assembly, and in that very act giving to the parties that might claim to be chosen by this spurious vote the power to decide upon their own election.

A portion of the troops destined for Utah left Fort Laramie, in Nebraska, early in September, en route for Salt Lake City, 518 miles distant. At the latest intelligence the advance guard were within 800 miles of their destination. The troops are to rendezvous on Green River, 165 miles east of Salt Lake City, and there await the arrival of the commanding officer. The military force which will pass the winter in Utah amounts to about 1500 men, a portion of the body designed for that territory having been detained in Kansas. The trains have suffered severely from drought and consequent scarcity of grass, from disease among the cattle, and from attacks by the Indians. On the 5th of September, a train of 56 wagons was attacked near Ash Hollow, between the North and South Platte Rivers, by a band of 150 or 200 Indians, who succeeded in cutting off five wagons and killing three men. They were beaten off, and the wagons were recovered; but the Indians carried off a number of rifles and a large quantity of ammunition. The train was threatened the next day, but no attack was made. Attacks upon other trains are also reported. Captain Van Vliet, who had been sent on in advance to make arrangements for the reception of the troops, reached Salt Lake City on the 8th of September. He remained there for a week, and then returned with intelligence and dispatches. He had daily interviews with Brigham Young and the leading Mormons, who treated him with great courtesy, but expressed a determination to resist the ingress of the troops during the present autumn; their object being to gain time, in hope that the General Government would reconsider its action in reference to the Mormons. In the event of an overwhelming force being thereafter sent against them, they would destroy their houses, burn their crops, and take refuge in the mountains. The speeches of the Mormon leaders, as reported in the *Deseret News*, are full of defiance. "We are the people of Deseret," said Heber C. Kimball, "and it is for us to say whether we will have Brother Brigham for our Governor, or those poor miserable devils they are trying to bring here. They shall not rule over us nor come into this territory. I have a right to say that we shall never be ruled over by the Gentiles from this day forth." To this there were responses of amen. "Well," he continued, "we have got to sustain these amens. Arm yourselves universally, and that too with weapons of war; for we may be brought to the test, to see if we will stand up to the line. We are the Kingdom of God; we are the State of Deseret; and we will have Brigham for Governor as long as he lives. We will not have any other Governor." Brigham Young fully endorsed these sentiments. "Brother Heber," he said, "has been prophesying. You know I call him my prophet, and he prophesies for me. And now I prophesy that, if this people will live their religion, the God of Heaven will fight their battles, bring them off victorious over their enemies, and give to them the kingdom. This is my prophecy. I said amen to all that Brother Heber prophesied, for it is true. And he may say amen to all that I prophesy, for it is true also." It is estimated that the Mormons can bring five or six thousand men into the field.

EUROPE

In *Great Britain*, Wednesday, October 7, was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer, in consequence of the disasters in India. Meetings were held in all the churches, and contributions were taken up in aid of the sufferers. At the Crystal Palace an audience of 27,000 persons, each of whom paid one shilling for admittance, assembled to hear a discourse from Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, a young Baptist clergyman, who has within a few months become highly popular.—Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, has been delivering lectures, the object of which is to show that Central Africa is capable of producing cotton to such an amount as ultimately to become the rival of the United States.

The Emperors of France and Russia had a personal interview at Stuttgardt, the capital of Wurtemberg, on the 15th of September. They met with great apparent cordiality. A similar interview took place on the 1st of October, at Wiemar, between the Emperors of Russia and Austria. Nothing has been made public indicating that these meetings had in view any special political object.

The Russian ship of the line, *Le fort*, foundered in the Baltic on the night of September 10th, having on board 813 persons, all of whom perished.

THE EAST.

From *India* intelligence has been received to the middle of September. Its general aspect is favorable. The forces before Delhi were considerably augmented, and offensive operations had been undertaken, in all of which the mutineers had been worsted. It is reported that the King had made proposals of submission. Although General Havelock was unable to effect the relief of the Europeans besieged in Lucknow, his approach drew toward him so large a portion of the besiegers that the beleaguered garrison were emboldened to make a sally against the remainder. They succeeded not only in destroying many of the enemy, but took back with them supplies sufficient for three weeks' consumption. It was therefore anticipated that they would be able to hold out until General Havelock, strengthened by reinforcements which were on the march, could force his way to their relief. The mutiny has not spread to any considerable extent in the Bombay army; Central India remains undisturbed; and the great Mohammedan festival of the Mohurram, whose approach excited apprehensions even in Calcutta, passed off quietly throughout India. In Calcutta a meeting of merchants and others has been held, at which a petition was framed to be presented to Parliament, representing that the East India Company was altogether inadequate for the government of the country, and praying that measures might be taken to remove the government from the Company, substituting in its place the direct government of the Queen. Among the victims of the mutiny are four American missionary families, stationed at Futtehgurh. These are Rev. John E. Freeman and wife, Rev. David A. Campbell and wife, Rev. Albert O. Johnson and wife, Rev. Robert E. M'Mullen, wife, and two children. They were sent out by the Presbyterian Board. The property of the mission, amounting to \$100,000, was totally destroyed.

From *China* there is nothing of importance beyond reports of fresh victories obtained by the rebels, the capture of a fort, and the blockade of Canton River by the English fleet, under Admiral Seymour. The proclamation of blockade was issued on the 4th of August.

Literary Notices.

Journeys and Researches in South Africa, by DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The African explorations of Mr. Livingstone have established his reputation as one of the most enterprising and intelligent travelers of the age. In the commencement of this work he gives a scanty allowance of personal confessions, serving in some degree to gratify the natural curiosity which is cherished concerning the history of a distinguished man. Mr. Livingstone is a Scotchman, descended from a race of honest ancestors, in whose unsullied character he takes not a little excusable pride. His parents were in humble life, and found it difficult by the most vigilant economy to make both ends meet. At the age of ten he was put into a cotton factory, to aid in the support of the family by his little earnings. With an intense thirst for learning, he combined diligent study at an evening school with his daily toils, and thus acquired a knowledge of Latin, reading Horace and Virgil at sixteen with great ease. At the same time, he eagerly devoured every book he could lay his hands on, except novels, from which he was restrained by his religious training. Scientific works and books of travel were his especial delight, but he could not get up a taste for Boston's "Fourfold State" or Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," in spite of the recommendations of his father, which, on due occasion, were fortified by the rod. He, however, became the subject of profound religious impressions, and soon conceived the idea of devoting himself to missionary labors among the heathen. His first plan was to select the empire of China; and he commenced the study of medicine in order to be qualified for the enterprise. In this way a love of natural history was excited, and much of his scanty leisure was devoted to botanical and mineralogical excursions. He still continued to work in the factory during the summer, and was thus enabled to support himself while attending the medical and Greek classes in Glasgow, and also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, in the winter. Having made such proficiency in his medical studies as to be admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, he was anxious to carry into effect his project of engaging in a Chinese mission. The Opium War at that time, however, was at its height, and it was deemed inexpedient for him to proceed to China. In this dilemma he turned his thoughts to Africa, and in 1840 embarked for Cape Town. He reached that place after a voyage of three months, and soon went into the interior, where, from that time until the past year, he has been devoted to medical and missionary labors without cost to the inhabitants.

The relation of his experience in this work is singularly interesting. His life abounded in adventures during his residence in Africa. He sees the most extraordinary aspects of barbarous life. With the keen observation of a scientific explorer he combines an almost childlike simplicity of feeling, which gives his narrative a certain unconscious naiveté, almost like the antique flavor of a chronicle of the Middle Age. Of all the recent admirable works on Africa, no one surpasses it in richness of information and attractiveness of style.

After various peregrinations he selected the beautiful valley of Mabotsa as a missionary station, and pitched his tent there in 1843, intending to make it his permanent centre of operations. One of his earliest adventures was a rencontre with a lion, of such a marvelous character that he meant to keep it in store to tell his children when in his dotage. But it was extorted from him by the importunities of friends, and certainly, from any other lips than those of the good Scotch missionary, it would possess a decided air of romance. The people of the village had been much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night, and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed they were bewitched, and were too cowardly to face the enemy in a fair field. They occasionally went out in pursuit of them, and in one excursion of the kind our missionary took a very decided part. They found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Livingstone remained below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mebalwe. As they saw one of the lions sitting on a rock within the closed circle of men, the schoolmaster fired, hitting the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, and then made off through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed they saw two other lions in it, but were afraid to fire lest they should shoot the men, who allowed these beasts also to get away. Despairing of killing one of the lions, the party retraced their steps toward the village, but on going round the hill another lion was seen sitting on the rock, with a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, Livingstone fired his double-barreled gun into the bush, and they all cried out, "He is shot! he is shot!" But before he could load a second time the lion sprang upon him, seized him by the shoulder, and they both came to the ground together. The lion gave a horrible growl, and shook his victim as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor like that which is probably felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess—there was no terror, no sense of pain—although the man in the paws of the lion was perfectly conscious. It seemed like the partial action of chloroform described by patients, who see the operation without feeling the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake removed every emotion of fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. Perhaps, our author suggests, this peculiar state is produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, it is a merciful provision for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve himself of the weight of the lion's paw, which was on the back of his head, he saw Mebalwe trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun missed fire in both barrels, and the lion immediately left his prize and

turned upon his new victim. Spears and musket-balls, however, soon did the work for him, and he fell down dead. The whole scene lasted but a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. The effect on the tough Scotchman was of no trivial magnitude; besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven tooth-wounds on the upper part of the arm. A bite from the lion is stated to resemble a gun-shot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically forever afterward. The author had on a tartan jacket at the time, and, as he thinks, it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for he felt no subsequent inconvenience, while two of his companions in the affray suffered from the peculiar pains, and a man whose shoulder was wounded showed the wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.

A sketch of the author's African housekeeping presents a picture of domestic life under novel circumstances. As there are no shops, every thing must be made up from the raw material. You want bricks to build a house, and you must go into the field, cut down a tree, and saw it into planks to make the brick-moulds. The materials, too, for doors and windows, you must find in the forest. Having got the meal ground, the wife proceeds to make it into bread. The oven may be a large hole scooped in an ant-hill, with a slab of stone for a door. Another way is to make a good fire on a level piece of ground, and when the ground is thoroughly heated, to place the dough in a small frying-pan, or directly on the hot ashes; invert any sort of a metal pot over it, draw the ashes round, and then make a small fire on the top, and you will soon have a fine batch of bread. The family made its own butter, churning in a jar; candles were run in a mould; soap was procured from the ashes of the plant *salsola*. Every body was up betimes in the morning. It was then fresh and delightful, however hot a day might be in prospect. After family worship, and breakfast between six and seven, school was opened, men, women, and children being invited to attend. School over at eleven o'clock, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic affairs, the missionary himself had some active labor as a smith, gardener, or carpenter, which he took hold of without gloves. After dinner and a brief siesta, the wife attended her infant school, which was very popular with the young urchins whom their parents left entirely to their own caprice. They generally mustered a hundred strong. Both husband and wife were kept busy until after sunset in superintending the various affairs of the day. In the evening the missionary went into the town to converse with the natives, but not always on religious subjects, however. On three nights of the week, as soon as the cows were milked, and it had become dark, they had a public religious service, and one of secular instruction, aided by pictures and specimens. They suffered much from drought. At one time, corn was so scarce that they were obliged to live on bran. They craved animal food, but were often glad to accept a dish of locusts. These insects are strongly vegetable in taste, the flavor varying with the plants on which they feed. They are sometimes roasted and pounded into meal, which, with a little salt, is not unpalatable. They are not good boiled, but roasted they have a better relish than shrimps. There is a physiolog-

ical reason why locusts and honey should be eaten together. A large kind of caterpillar was in great request with the natives, and the children became fond of them. They also partook with avidity of a very large frog, which, when cooked, have the appearance of chickens.

In addition to the curious descriptions of the native manners and customs with which this work abounds, it is rich in information concerning the natural history of the interior of Africa, a branch of inquiry to which Dr. Livingstone's attainments and tastes qualify him to do ample justice.

The Life and Labors of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL.D., by Rev. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D. (Published by Robert Carter and Brothers.) The eminent position of the late Mr. Gallaudet in the cause of education, religion, and philanthropy will make this volume highly welcome to a large class of readers in this country. As a pioneer in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, his name was widely celebrated, while his devotion to the work of juvenile culture and public philanthropy in various branches entitles him to a distinguished place among the benefactors of the age. His biography is here narrated with singular felicity by his friend and class-mate, President Humphrey, who has found a congenial task in the commemoration of the moral beauty which was the most conspicuous element in the character of its subject. The intellect of Mr. Gallaudet was by no means of an ordinary cast; his mental activity was finely tempered with sound judgment; his perceptions were both accurate and lucid; his rare power of expression and illustration was under the habitual control of an exquisite taste; but still you were not so much impressed with the brilliancy of his talents as with his purity of heart, his remarkable disinterestedness, his wonderful freedom from worldly aims and personal ambition. You might admire the one, but you could not fail to venerate the other.

Mr. Gallaudet was born in Philadelphia, December 10, 1787. His ancestors were of the brave Huguenot stock which has furnished this country with so much of its best blood. While he was yet very young his parents removed to Hartford, where he soon attracted attention as a bright and promising boy. Having completed his preparatory studies in the Grammar-School of that city, he entered the sophomore class of Yale College in 1802, before he had entered upon his sixteenth year. Although the youngest member of his class, he had no superior in general scholarship, while his youthful appearance, his modest bearing, and his amiable disposition made him a universal favorite. He evinced an uncommon talent and taste for mathematics, but his forte was English composition, in which branch he gave anticipations of the excellence for which he was afterward distinguished. He graduated in 1805, with the highest honors of his class, and the prediction of all who knew him that he was destined to a bright and peculiar career.

Upon leaving college he entered the office of Chauncey Goodrich, one of the most eminent lawyers at the Hartford bar, and applied himself with characteristic diligence to the study of Coke and Blackstone. But his health failed him before the end of the first year, and soon after he was appointed tutor at Yale, and, returning to New Haven, discharged the duties of the office in a highly acceptable manner for about two years. While there,

he passed his leisure hours in the study of English composition and literature, and laid the foundation of that idiomatic and transparent style in which he had few equals among American writers.

Upon completing his engagement in the Faculty of Yale College, his health did not permit his continuing in sedentary pursuits, and he accepted the agency of a large commercial house in New York. His duties took him into active life, and a tour in the bracing air of the Alleghany Mountains improved his health and gave fresh vigor to his constitution. Upon his return he entered a counting-house as clerk, intending to devote his life to mercantile pursuits. But about this time he became the subject of strong religious impressions; and, relinquishing his prospects in business, decided to become a minister of the Gospel, and entered the Andover Theological Seminary in the autumn of 1811. He passed through the prescribed course of studies, and, in 1815, was licensed to preach. Meantime, he had become deeply interested in the case of Alice Cogswell, the daughter of a physician in Hartford, who had the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. Her father, a man of sense and information, had early directed his attention to the European institutions for the education of deaf mutes, and was anxious that his daughter should enjoy the benefit of their methods. The calamity of his own child had also awakened his sympathy for others in a like condition. He succeeded in imparting his own interest in the subject to several friends in Hartford, and an association was at length formed for the establishment of an asylum. It was found necessary to send a person to Europe in order to study the system of instruction, and thus prepare the way for its introduction in this country. Mr. Gallaudet was at once selected for the purpose, and on the 25th of May, 1815, embarked for Liverpool, furnished with letters of introduction to the most distinguished philanthropists in Great Britain, and to the heads of the deaf and dumb schools in London and Edinburgh. He arrived in England after a voyage of thirty days, and soon made his way to the metropolis. But he did not there find the encouragement which he had been led to anticipate. The schools for the deaf and dumb were private establishments, whose proprietors, intent on the main chance, were reluctant to initiate a stranger into the secret of their management. He met with no better success in Edinburgh, which city he immediately visited after his disappointment in London. As a last resort, he decided to avail himself of an offer of the Abbé Sicard, the celebrated teacher of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Paris, who had consented to give him every facility for the accomplishment of his purpose. The political state of France being in great confusion, he delayed his visit for a few months, remaining meantime in Edinburgh, and enjoying the social and literary advantages of that intellectual city. He made the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, and other Edinburgh celebrities, and formed an agreeable intimacy with Dr. Thomas Brown, the brilliant lecturer on moral philosophy. It was not until the month of March, 1816, that he arrived in Paris. Here he at once placed himself under the instruction of the Abbé Sicard, and in less than three months had so far mastered the system as to be prepared to return home and commence the asylum for deaf mutes in his own country. During his stay in Paris he regularly preached in the English chapel of the Ora-

toire, delivering the remarkable course of sermons which were afterward published in London, and which, though perhaps now little read with the prevailing taste for a more bustling and impassioned style, are among the most admirable specimens of pulpit eloquence which this country has produced.

Mr. Gallaudet returned to this country in August, 1816, accompanied by Mr. Laurent Clerc, a deaf mute of France, and one of the principal assistants of the Abbé Sicard, whose name has since been honorably connected with the system of instruction for the deaf and dumb in America. In April, 1817, the Connecticut Asylum was opened, and for several years was indebted to the wisdom and energy of Mr. Gallaudet for an eminent degree of success. His impaired health at length compelled him to tender his resignation, and in April, 1830, he retired from the service. He was soon invited to become the agent of the American Colonization Society, and to take charge of the New England Asylum for the Blind, in Boston, but, on account of the state of his family and his own health, he declined each of the proposals. In 1832 he received the appointment of Professor of the Philosophy of Education in the University of New York, which he felt it to be his duty not to accept. Overtures were also made to him from various quarters to secure his services in new projects of education, but they all received a negative, Mr. Gallaudet devoting most of his time to the preparation of the juvenile works which have rendered such essential aid to the cause of popular religious education. In 1838 he accepted the office of chaplain to the Hartford Retreat for the Insane, and continued to discharge the duties of that station until 1850. In the spring of that year his health began to show symptoms of serious decline, and as the summer advanced, he often complained much of exhaustion. In the month of July he was attacked with dysentery, from the prostration of which he only rallied at intervals. He lingered until the 10th of September, when he quietly breathed his last. His daughter, who was fanning him at the time, was not aware of any change till the physician came into the room and told her he was dead. He had dreaded the final struggle, but so calmly did he pass away that he was no more conscious of the change than the infant is when it falls to sleep in the arms of its mother. The wife of Mr. Gallaudet was a deaf-mute lady of Connecticut, and a family of eight children, all of whom hear and speak, was the result of the union.

The memory of this excellent man will long be revered by the lovers of human improvement. He was inspired with a native passion for doing good; his life was devoted to objects of great public importance; he took the lead in several of the philanthropic movements which characterize the age. At the same time, he presented a beautiful example of the graces of private character. With religious convictions of the most austere stamp, he was a model of amenity and sweetness in social life. Although absorbed in duties of high and urgent moment, he neglected no act of kindness in his power, and was as faithful to the charities which constitute the grace of the domestic hearth as to those which court the observation of the world. In these days of wild devotion to material pursuits it is good to contemplate the career of such a pure and unworldly person, and we again thank his biographer for the interesting record of his life.

Editor's Cable.

CHEERFULNESS.—The subject to which we would solicit the attention of our readers this month is Cheerfulness, in the largest sense of that genial and joy-suggesting virtue. We fear that the observation, if not the experience, of a good portion of our readers will bear us out in saying that, in the United States, this cheerfulness does not occupy a high place either among the pleasures or duties of life. Discontent, indeed, is a prominent characteristic of our age and nation, visible in our virtues as well as our vices, in our morals as well as our manners, in our philanthropy as well as our selfishness and greed. This discontent, though good as an occasional sting and spur, tends to weaken and distort activity the moment it becomes a chronic disease of the mind; and as all healthy action, physical, intellectual, and moral, depends primarily on cheerfulness, and as every duty, whether it be to follow a plow or to die at the stake, should be done in a cheerful spirit, we have thought that some exploration of the sources and conditions of this most vigorous, exhilarating, and creative of the virtues might be as useful as the exposition of any topic of science or system of prudential art. It would seem that, to intelligent beings, there should be as much interest gathered round the analysis of the soul of a man as the anatomy of the fin of a fish, and that as much attention is due to the question, "How to get life?" as to the question, "How to get a living?"

And first it may be said that in the absence of this cheerfulness—this clear, bracing, sparkling atmosphere of the mind—industry, learning, genius, and virtue are robbed of their greatest right, and shorn of their most endearing charm; for happiness, without being their aim, should be their source and end. God is glorified, not by our groans, but our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer. There must be something defective, morbid, one-sided, or excessive in the thought that inaugurates despair, in the action that ends in self-disgust; for rightly sings the poet:

"Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

Let us then inquire what are the sources and conditions of cheerfulness—what are the easy frailties which retard—what are the difficult virtues which aid its accomplishment; how, if it spring from a natural sweetness and felicity of disposition, it can be preserved amidst the fret and stir of daily life? how, if it be not an original gift and grace of Nature, what mental and moral discipline will instill into the soul its precious cordial and balm? In attempting to answer these questions, we shall confine our remarks to the mental causes of cheerfulness—the physical causes being implied; although we think, as a general rule, the body is more often disordered by the mind than the mind by the body, and that the indigestion, to which some ingenious materialists are wont to refer all misanthropy and dejection, is more likely to be caused by those dismal moods than to cause them, and has often yielded to the witchery of fun, or, at least, to a judicious mixture of diet and Dickens, after resisting the craftiest siege of physic.

Cheerfulness, then, is a state or mood of mind consisting either in the equilibrium and harmonious

interaction of the mind's powers and passions, or in the sly infusion of humor into the substance of character. Its predominant feeling is one of inward content, complacency, and repose: but its content is not self-content; its complacency is not self-complacency; and its repose has none of that apathetic negation of all sympathy which we observe in the sleek and selfish serenity of those frilled and lavendered pharisees, who show so much Christian resignation to the misfortunes, and exhibit such exemplary fortitude in enduring the miseries, that fall on their neighbors. Its virtues are modesty, hope, faith, courage, charity, love—all those qualities which give beneficence to the heart and comprehensiveness to the brain; which calm inordinate passions, adjust our expectations to our circumstances, moderate the infinitude of selfish desires, and, above all, instill that delicious sense of nearness to the mysterious fountains of joy. Now there seem to be some persons, the favorites of fortune and darlings of nature, who are born cheerful. "A star danced" at their birth. It is no superficial risibility, but a bountiful and beneficent soul that sparkles in their eyes and smiles on their lips. Their inborn geniality amounts to genius—the rare and difficult genius which creates sweet and wholesome character, and radiates cheer. The thunder-cloud over their heads never darkens their comforting vision of the sunlight beyond. The hard problems which puzzle sadder intellects, and the great bullying miseries which overthrow and trample on more despairing spirits, never perplex their faith or crush their energies; for, with an insight that acts like instinct, they detect the soul of good hid in the show of evil, and are let into the secret of that sacred alchemy by which patience transmutes calamity into wisdom and power. This pure happiness of being, thus seated deep in the heart of their natures, realizes the meditative poet's ideal of growth in genial virtue; for

"It can so inform
The mind that is within them, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Can e'er prevail against them, or destroy
Their cheerful faith that all which they behold
Is full of blessings."

But this genius for good-nature is perhaps as rare as any other form of genius. Cheerfulness, in most cheerful people, is the rich and satisfying result of strenuous discipline; and to attain this, as to attain other blessings, the proverb holds good of "No pains, no gains; no sweat, no sweet." The first aim of such a discipline will, of course, be to implant a desire for the object; to hold up to love and emulation the wise, and beautiful, and winning content that finds a home in glad and genial spirits; and especially to teach that this all-embracing sunniness of soul comes to us by a series of steps, the light gradually gaining on the gloom, until darkness is slowly dispelled by dawn, and dawn by day, and we greet the full sunrise at last with a psalm as exulting as that in which Browning's pure-souled maiden pours out her ecstasy to the morning air:

"Day!

Faster, and more fast,
O'er Night's brim, Day boils at last;
Bolla, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurning and supprest it lay—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprest,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the
world!"

Here, however, at the very threshold of the subject, and as if to give us the lie, starts up that surly and savage theory of life which connects hopefulness with foolishness, and sourly resolves all intelligence into spleen. Here we come plump against that very large, very respectable, and very knowing class of misanthropes who rejoice in the name of Grumblers—persons who are so sure that the world is going to ruin, that they resent every attempt to comfort them as an insult to their sagacity, and accordingly seek their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased. Their raven croak drowns all melodies of lark and linnet. Indeed, like Jacques, "They can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs." It is to them we are doubtless indebted for that phrase which includes all our actions, and all the circumstances of our being in this world, under the general term of "the concerns of life." Doleful and crabbed, their conversation is a succession of ominous prophecies emitted in a series of growls. Mad at the infatuation of those simpletons who insist on feeling cheered by cheerful things, they gruffly hint of the tempests which are cradled in the sunshine and the calm. You meet one of them in the street, and in a gush of delight at the heavenliness of the weather, venture the suggestion that it is a fine day. "Yes," he replies, "one of those infernal storm-breeders!" Such a creature having no other comfort than a kind of fretful satisfaction in finding fault, you make him hopelessly miserable when you leave him no shadow of a cause for complaint. Thus Charles Lamb speaks of one of his companions who, in the game of whist, was always grumbling because he had so few trumps. By some artifice in dealing, the whole thirteen were once given him, in the hope that some sound of glee might be audible through his instinctive grunt; but after examining his hand attentively, he looked more wretched than ever. "Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you got enough trumps now?" "Yes," was the growling answer, "but I've got no other cards!"

Indeed, discontent, in the confirmed grumbler, is literally a complaint—a settled disease of the mind. All his perceptions of nature and life being twisted and distorted into the shape of his own wretched fancies, he can see nothing as it is. Obstinate in absurdity, you can not tempt or coax him into sense. "He is as stiff as a poker," said a friend of one of these unreasonable and unreasoning dogmatists. "Stiff as a poker!" was the reply; "why, he would set an example to a poker!" Dejection in the heart is thus apt to become stupidity in the head; and against stupidity, Goethe tells us, heaven and earth fight in vain. In fact, the grumbler cultivates his crabbed folly as a conscientious duty, and swaggers and swells on the strength of it, as if to be a snarling bore was to reach the summit of human excellence, and to

grow in stupidity was to grow in grace. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson in reference to one of this class, "Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but he must have taken a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity is not in nature, Sir. I am willing to allow him all the merit for it he can claim."

Closely connected with this grumbling spirit, though often superior to its baser qualities, is that mood of the mind, made up of pride and dejection, which has been aptly named sulkiness—a bog in which the souls of some men seem to flounder about during the whole term of their lives, with sympathies resolutely shut to all the approaches of kindness and cheer. There they abide, in the soul's "muggy" weather, "sucking," as Coleridge says, "the paws of their own self-importance," and finding, we may add, but little juice and nutriment therein. The word, and the unamiable mood it expresses, seem both to have had their birth in England. "There is nothing," says Sydney Smith, in his sharp, sweet way, "which an Englishman enjoys more than the pleasure of sulkiness—of not being forced to hear a word from any body which may occasion to him the necessity of replying. It is not so much that Mr. Bull disdains to talk, as that Mr. Bull has nothing to say. His forefathers have been out of spirits for six or seven hundred years, and, seeing nothing but fog and vapor, he is out of spirits too; and when there is no selling or buying, or no business to settle, he prefers being alone and looking at the fire. If any gentleman was in distress he would lend a helping hand; but he thinks it no part of good neighborhood to talk to a person because he happens to be near him. In short, with many excellent qualities, it must be acknowledged that the English are the most disagreeable of the nations of Europe—more surly and morose, with less disposition to please, to exert themselves for the good of society, to make small sacrifices, and to put themselves out of the way. They are content with Magna Charta and trial by jury; and think they are not bound to excel the world in small behavior, if they are superior to them in great institutions."

In our own country, which, with a certain exquisite irony, we are fond of calling the "happiest" country in the world, we are preserved by our eager, insatiable activity from so stolid a fault as sulkiness; but this activity, though it may evince large powers of mind and great energies of will, does not evince them as harmoniously combined, and the restless and curious spirit of the nation is vexed with the demon of nervous discontent. Doubtless this is owing, in a great degree, to the flood of new opinions which has been poured into the public mind—opinions which satirize the facts of our daily life without infusing into the will and the moral sentiments the vigor requisite to change them, and demand the exercise of energies which they have not the power to evoke. Hence that fretful impatience with the actual which comes from the union of vague aspiration with imbecile purpose—largeness of mental view with limitation of moral power. Such persons should be more, or know less.

Another source of individual and national cheerfulness, too often disregarded in our country, is the trained capacity to take pleasure in little things—to bend our whole energies to the progressive realization of moderate but ascending aims—and to regulate those passions of pride, vanity, envy, avarice, and ambition which poison instead of purify-

ing the sources of action. This *power* of enjoyment proceeds from right ideas as well as from right sentiments. It evinces that breadth and penetration of understanding by which objects are seen in their real dimensions and natural relations, with the occasional harshness of the truth softened by the sense of beauty and the sense of humor. We then perceive the world as it is, and, what is more, we perceive our own modest place in it; and, in our gratitude for what we have, lose all feeling of discontent for what we have not. But in America each individual is prone to be more impressed with his deserts than his duties or his capacity to compass his deserts; and nowhere else is mediocrity subject to such agonies of baffled desire. Our business, driving along through a storm of panics, too often proves to us that "going ahead too fast" really means going backward, and is continually producing those desperate pinches in the money-market in which the debtor's troubled heart stamps on his face that look of ruin, which, to the shrewd banker, says as plainly "Don't trust me," as his lips say "Do lend me!" But still the eager and headlong rush proceeds—every merchant ravenous to be an Astor, every politician a Clay, every clergyman a Channing, every showman—oh! help us, genius of anti-climax!—a Barnum! Continually nettled by the failure of our selfish aspirations, we resent as injustice the disappointments of our vanity and greed; and are apt to feel, when foiled in expectations it was foolish to have ever cherished, something of the irritated self-sufficiency of that monarch whom Montaigne mentions, who, on the sudden death of an only child, indicated to Providence his sense and resentment of the injury by abolishing in his dominions the Christian religion for a fortnight!

So wide-spread is this discontent, that a talent for unhappiness is fast getting to be a source of distinction; and among the many tones in the hubbub of universal talk, the voice that quickest arrests attention is the voice that wails, snarls, groans, shrieks, howls, or hisses. Our best qualities and our best people are apt to catch the infection of this screaming forcible-feebleness, and to lose their power to cheer in their passion to declaim. Even our religious people, paralyzed, seemingly, by a contemplation of the works of Satan, are not celebrated for entering into the joy of their Lord. Our morality, the moment it sets about the work of reform, has a strong impulse to become grim, haggard, and screechy; and even the loftier virtues are prone to put on a vinegar aspect, and to depress rather than exhilarate. Our benevolence, for instance, sometimes labors most conscientiously to make itself unamiable, diffuses unhappiness from the best of motives, and, growing sour and shrewish by its contact with suffering or contemplation of wrong, dispenses as much gall to its opponents as it does balm to the afflicted and oppressed. It seems to find a saturnine satisfaction in fastening its attention on the darkest side of life. If there be any thing base or brutal in the foulest dens of metropolitan iniquity, see how eagerly it seizes it, emphasizes it, detaches it from its relations, talks about it, writes about it, throws it into the faces and stamps it on the imaginations of young and old, in the hope, we may suppose, of invigorating the sense of right by corrupting the sense of beauty, and converting us into philanthropists by a process which begins by disgusting us with human nature. Scenes of misery and sin thus occupying

the most conspicuous places in the picture-gallery of the mind, it is not surprising that many humane people, aghast at the contemplation, should gradually associate cheerfulness with selfishness, and dutifully determine that nothing but wretchedness shall escape from their tongues and encamp on their faces. This morbid benevolence, first adopted as a duty, soon resolves itself into a taste; and then they hunt eagerly on the trail of offenses to gather fresh topics of horrifying scandal, and every new batch of crimes furnishes additional material for their ghastly gossip. And, to crown all, in exploring the causes of the wickedness and wretchedness which oppress their imaginations, they have a strange proclivity to hit on those things which are capable in themselves of affording innocent pleasure, and too often think their purpose is attained when they have pasted a thundering "Thou shalt not!" on all amusements and recreations.

Now this ascetic acid in our morality and religion must be modified by an æsthetic element, or we strip from virtue, and duty, and devotion the "awful" loveliness, by which they attract as well as command, inspire as well as warn, cheer as well as threaten. It is as dangerous to morality as it is destructive to cheerfulness to make virtue the husky and haggard thing it is so often held up to be; and accordingly, in the formation of harmonious character, great stress is to be laid on the education of the sense of beauty. There is nothing that cheers so much as this; and the contemplation of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away. Infuse into the purpose with which you follow the various employments and professions of life, no matter how humble they may be, this sense of beauty, and you are transformed at once from an artisan into an artist. The discontent you feel with the work you are compelled to do comes from your doing it in the spirit of a drudge. Do it in the spirit of an artist, with a perception of the beauty which inheres in all honest work, and the drudgery will disappear in delight. It is the spirit in which we work, not the work itself, which lends dignity to labor; and many a field has been plowed, many a house has been built, in a grander spirit than has sometimes attended the government of empires and the creation of epics. The cheerfulness which comes from the beautiful performance of such secluded duties disclaims all aid from mere animal spirits, and attaches itself resolutely to what is immortal in our being. It is, as South would say, "a masculine and severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason; filling the soul, as God fills the universe, silently and without noise!"

We have thus gone over some of the sources and causes of cheerfulness, and attempted to state a few of the leading principles, the disregard of which causes so much fret and discontent. It is the infirmity of us all that we rarely discover these principles, obvious as they are, until we have bitter experience of the consequences of their violation; in this somewhat resembling that astute Irish pilot who assured the captain of the ship that he knew all the rocks on the coast; "And that," he said, as the vessel struck and split—"that is one of 'em!" Still we must be allowed, even if the information be of no ethical use, to proceed to state the great crowning principle of growth in cheerful

character, including, as it does, all those which have been already considered, and suggesting many more—a principle which would repay the minutest and most extensive scrutiny, but which we have only space rapidly to indicate. This relates, of course, to the Food of the mind—the daily bread of thought, emotion, and experience which the mind eats, and converts into the blood, and bone, and sinew of character. This, more than any thing else, determines our destiny for gladness or for gloom. The chief sources of this mental food are external nature, society, and the various forms of literature and art. All these have their cheerful and invigorating or dark and depressing phase, according to the disposition we bring to the feast.

Nature is an inexhaustible fountain of cheer—not, indeed, as seen and felt by those whose simple object is to make her yield a certain amount of corn and potatoes for the body, but by those who also regard her as the dear and gracious mother, teeming with food for the brain and heart of her children. Communion with her sights, sounds, colors, and forms—the hieroglyphics of God—and with the inner spirit, which gives them life, meaning, and language to the soul—closeness to her mighty heart, and contact with her informing mind—this is the love of nature which inspires, heals, refreshes, sublimates, and cheers. And happy are they whose characters grow and ripen under her genial ministries, and who, in the words of a great poet, speaking from his own deep experience, can testify “of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plenteously as morning dew-drops; of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance; of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters; of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations; of hopes plucked like beautiful wild-flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead; in a word, of Nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties through a process of smoothness and delight.”

But hastening from this attractive theme, whose fullness of wealth we have barely hinted, let us hazard a remark or two on the nature of the mental food we derive from social life. Here, in the intercourse of conversation, there is not only the expression of thoughts and feelings, but the direct passage of mind into mind, and characters, accordingly, are mutually fed and formed. In conversation, to use a violent image, we eat each other up, and this intellectual cannibalism results, if the conversation be good, in an increase of mental substance to all. Mr. Webster was accustomed to place conversation above all the other means and implements by which knowledge is obtained and dispositions infused. How important, then, that this great element of culture should be cheerful, sympathetic, enlivening, the graceful play of knowledge, the festivity of intelligence, instead of being the sour, egotistic, sulky, or frivolous thing into which it is so often perverted. A grumbler or bigot in this intercourse should recollect that he is spoiling the temper of others in parading his own, and that a voluminous catalogue of his aches and pains, or a fierce outburst of his prejudices and hatreds, is hardly needed to gratify the civil curiosity that inquires after his health, or the polite tolerance that asks his opinion. And, in reference to this matter of health, there are some persons, bores by instinct and profession, who carry into

their conversation a strong flavor of opodeldoc and catnip-tea; who convert every body with whom they talk into a consulting physician; and who are never so happy as when they are blessed with some lucky influenza or ague, which will furnish them with a constant topic of edifying and attractive discourse. Thus it is related of Mr. Webster, that being once in a great Western city, waiting for the cars, he was entreated by the Mayor to devote the hour he had on his hands to the business of being introduced to the citizens. Somewhat reluctantly, being jaded by travel, Mr. Webster consented. The first gentleman led up was Mr. Janes—a thousand closely treading on his heels, all anxious to take the great man by the hand, and only an hour for the whole to do it in. “Mr. Webster,” said the Mayor, “allow me to introduce to you Mr. Janes, one of our most distinguished citizens.” “How do you do, Mr. Janes?” said Mr. Webster, in a tone not calculated to attract much confidence. “The truth is, Mr. Webster,” replied Mr. Janes, “I am not very well.” “I hope nothing serious is the matter,” sternly answered Mr. Webster. “Well, I don’t know that, Mr. Webster. I think it’s rheumatiz, but my wife—” Here the Mayor rapidly interposed with the next citizen: “Mr. Webster, this is Mr. Smith;” and thus, for the poor satisfaction of shaking hands with Mr. Smith, Mr. Webster was doubtless rendered wretched to the end of his days, through the profound ignorance in which he was left as to the exact nature of Mr. Janes’s complaint.

But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are, who will go on dwindling in this way from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder “where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon in her bonnet!” The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adorning them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they THINK, “It’s high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!” When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slightly venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life. Seriously, however, this levity of being, whether innocent or malevolent, which thus splits the mind up into chips and splinters of thought, and leaves it vacant of substance and sap, is it not one, out of many nobler causes, of the rumored lack of cheerfulness in American women?—a fact of which we know nothing except from the melodious wail, alternating with melodramatic shrieks, that comes up from so large a portion of our best feminine literature. The men, of course, are great rascals, and deprive women of their rights, and circumscribe the sphere of their influence, and

hypocritically sonnetize Desdemonas of the kitchen and Imogens of the nursery, and are, besides, as superficial as they are wicked—all that is freely granted; but still, is it not possible that women, the autocratic rulers at least of social life, can make it a little better subserve its great purpose of educating and enriching the mind without any loss to its more festive grace and airier charm?

But leaving a topic which is fast treading on the perilous edges of impertinence, let us pass to the consideration of books, the third source of our mental food. Here the influences springing from a communion with nature and intercourse with society are recast by the mind of genius in the form of literature. This literature, in the varieties of its spirit and depth, contains three special forms of genius, according as nature, or society, or both, contributed to build them up. Thus Wordsworth has derived his inspiration and his nutriment almost exclusively from a communion with external nature; Pope, Swift, Walpole, Chesterfield, and Thackeray have derived theirs almost as exclusively from an intercourse with society; while Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Goethe, and Scott combine the two. Authors of this last class have the most robust health of mind, and dispense the most invigorating cheer. But there is still another class, composed of men of large but diseased powers and passions, who perversely *misconceive* both nature and social life, distorting and discolored them with the morbid peculiarities of their own minds. These authors belong to the satanic or the sentimental school, according as their inspiration is mixed with a willful pride or insatiable vanity; and though their genius may intensely stir the soul for the time, they in the end deform or debilitate it. They represent the grumbler, the sulker, the caustic abstractionist, the unregulated, inharmonious mind and discontented heart, as vitalized and exaggerated—as transfigured by the light, and mighty with the powers, and tyrannous with the influence, of impassioned genius. They are, indeed, bitter fountains of mental disease and gloom; yet as long as people will go to literature as to a sort of gilded dram-shop of the brain, and love to read books that stimulate only to leave them weak and miserable, just so long will such authors continue to be the most popular. The two great European leaders of this school of satanic sentimentality are Rousseau and Byron—men whose powers and accomplishments have never been too highly lauded, and the cheerlessness of whose sentiments, the informing and directing soul of their powers, has never been adequately probed and exposed. Each was afflicted with the ravenous desire to re-create the world after his own image, and stamp on nature and man “Jean Jacques, his mark,” “Noel Byron, his seal.” How mean appears their self-exaggerating disregard of all the laws and limitations of our being, when compared with the lofty composure with which Wordsworth modestly contents his ambition for influence:

“Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide:
The form remains, the function never dies:
But we, the great, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of life, defied
The elements, must perish. Be it so:
Content if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and *help* the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through hope, through love, and Faith's transcendent
dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.”

It is not necessary to cheerful writing that it should be witty writing or even humorous writing. There is more inward joy to be derived from Thomson's Seasons or Barrow's Sermons than from Pope's insidiously misanthropic satires, or Hood's subtly pathetic extravaganzas. Cheerfulness is a characteristic of all great writers whose thoughts and imaginations have their spring in primitive feelings and affections, which are sound, vigorous, and unspotted with discontent and misanthropy. Thus Wordsworth, who never made but one joke in his life—and the wit of man has so far labored in vain to see the point even of that—is still as essentially cheerful in his sylvan serenity of mood, as that audacious, riotous, and profound buffoon, Rabelais, who, like old Fortunatus, is “all felicity up the brims.” There is often in pathos a gentle and refining melancholy, a tender sadness, which does not sadden. The visionary splendors of Spenser's romantic muse are as capable of infusing comfort into despairing imaginations, as Montaigne's chirping practical wisdom is of expelling crotchety notions from snarled and tangled intellects. The fire of Milton's genius burns away the mists and vapors of the soul as readily as they are chased away by Ariosto's more graceful and gleeful enchantments. The tempest-like passions that rend the breasts of Lear, Macbeth, and Othello are spiritual tonics. In short, where there is health in the senses and the soul of the writer, there is cheer; and, what is more, the sun-like radiation of cheer.

Young writers who believe, with Shelley, that most men

“Are cradled into poetry by wrong,

And learn in suffering what they teach in song,”

but who forget that such experience, passed through the dissolving imagination of robust natures, comes out in the form of beauty, are apt to get up an anguish to sing about; to make their particular grievance their whole stock in trade; and, mendicants for sympathy, to pass round the hat to collect such coppers of compassion and small change of tears as tender hearts can spare to relieve their puny and puerile miseries. If any good friend to them and to good letters would just hint that the greatest poets are the most cheerful, they would as quickly affect vivacity as they now worship gloom. Sterne states that when he visited Paris, in 1767, he found that every French woman of fashion went through three stages:—first, a coquette; then, as her charms began to fade, a deist; then, as she caught a glimpse of the grave, a devotee. One lady, who ought, he says, to have been a deist for some five years before he had the honor of making her acquaintance, expressed to him her fear that she was beginning to doubt the truth of the Christian religion. Sterne looked in her face, where beauty was palpably on the wane, and, as if he were overcome by its loveliness, said, “Madam, it is too soon—too soon!” She, overjoyed, dropped the deist, reassumed the coquette, and reported all over Paris that the Reverend Mr. Sterne had said more for revealed religion in half an hour than all the Encyclopædiasts had ever said against it. Now the affectation of misery in half the sentimental poetry that spoils the spirits of its readers is capable of a conversion as instantaneous as the affectation of deism in Sterne's faded coquette; for this much is to be said for human nature, that men will adopt sense as readily as nonsense, provided it flatters their vanity as well.

In these remarks on Cheerfulness we have ven-

tured slightly to suggest, without pretending to exhaust, some of the sentiments and principles which bear on the production of a state of mind without which wealth, position, genius, fame, are but splendid tombs of happiness; and with which pain, poverty, and calamity are deprived of their power to torture, if not to wound. In conclusion, let us recapitulate some of the sources of this cheerfulness, and some of the sources of the discontent which poisons it, in a series of statements as to what we should do, and what we should avoid doing. We should first vividly realize the beauty and dignity of that mood of inward content and outward beneficence, crowned as it is with life's choicest blessings, in order to see how mean is that spirit which, starving its sympathies to glut its antipathies, crabbedly grumbles or haughtily sulks through existence, perversely fertile in complaints amidst bounties which, in a cheerful heart, would call forth psalms. We should cultivate that freshness of perception by which we have a satisfying delight in little things, so that we move through common pleasures and familiar scenes as if, in the exquisite phrase of the poet, "Life were one long and sweet surprise!" We should avoid the error, so prolific of discontent, which, mistaking abstract conceptions for inspiring and productive ideas, places so wide a gulf between thought and action that every thing we think satirizes every thing we do. We should not only hold the rein on those vices and selfish passions which naturally end in despair, but should explore the causes by which the virtues and loftier sentiments, when they disdain all alliance with the sense of beauty, the sense of humor, and the sense of enjoyment, too often exhibit a morbid hatred of evil rather than a genial love of good, and tumble into the Slough of Despond while seemingly in the suburbs of the Celestial City. We should systematically purify the intellect from egotism and delusion; see things in their real dimensions and right relations, and not as they are detached and exaggerated by our passions; seek the good rather than good appearances; learn to smile at our own follies before we laugh at those of others; and, through a wide and genial communion with nature, society, and good books, feed the mind with the wholesome food which builds up vigorous and cheerful character. But especially must we watch and wait for those precious moments, not common to the most bountifully endowed natures, but coming at intervals to all, when Heaven seems graciously to open on our minds, and we become compact of bliss—when, through inlets of inspiration suddenly lifted, stream thoughts and sentiments which, for the time, make existence ecstasy! Fix these moods in the memory, hoard them in the heart, assimilate them to the very substance of the soul; for they can endear life, and make it beautiful and sweet, long after their imparadising rapture has faded into the "light of common day." "Hold," says the Eastern proverb—"hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when Heaven is raining gold!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

BUT what chair is easy now? The Lisbon of smiling palaces and faces, and the Lisbon of ruins and dismay, were hardly more different from each other than the holidays of this year and those of last.

Great commercial transactions are conducted so
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entirely upon paper—so little actual money is ever seen, and only its representative, either in bank-notes or mercantile paper—that commercial ruin seems almost a theory.

Are there not crops? are there not railroads and steam, buyers and consumers, peace and fair weather? Why there should be any limit to expansion—why, if things flourish when there are eleven millions of specie to meet one hundred and four millions of liabilities, they should not equally flourish when there are two hundred millions of liabilities, is clear enough, doubtless, to those who see it, but to the barbarian outsider it is very wonderful. If things are really sound when there is but one dollar in gold to pay fifty dollars or five dollars in paper, how can it matter whether you vary a little more or less from your five or your fifty?

But it is for Easy Chairs in bank parlors, not in editorial rooms, to answer such questions. This Chair, however, must be allowed to doubt whether they know much about it. This Chair cultivates a secret suspicion that a large stomach, watch-keys, and a situation of dignity in a marble or free-stone edifice near Wall Street, do not necessarily constitute sagacity or intelligence, although they very often coexist. This Chair is heretical to the degree of thinking that great wisdom was not found in great institutions during the height of the pressure; and that a panic among men in one place is very like that in another.

But it may ask humbly if nothing is settled in mercantile affairs—if no principle is acknowledged sufficiently to become a canon?

For instance, in an ordinary condition of harvests and general prosperity can there be no approximation to knowing precisely what ratio the coin in a country ought to bear to the liabilities of the country, never leaving out of account, of course, the possibility of a panic? A panic is the same as a general run—a stampede of specie. Now there are certain conditions when there is no panic; is there no way of settling how those conditions are to be maintained?

Well, as we said, we know such high and mighty themes are not for Easy Chairs that roll themselves around the earth, and speculate upon what they see. Our chief delight has been in watching that model man, Gunnybags—an old, and ever-present friend. He came hurrying home, and finding his bank sound he expanded his brow, and stood about Wall Street with his thumbs in his waistcoat, a benign image of large harvests and specie-paying banks. "Don't fret yourselves, gentlemen," said Solomon to the passers-by; "why trouble your minds and risk your digestions? We have expanded a little, perhaps, but look at the harvest! We have gone a little fast, perhaps, but we have no war, no alarm. Keep easy, my friends; keep cool and comfortable; above all, beware of panic!"

Thus Gunnybags. But the storm deepened and darkened. Still that beneficent waistcoat unfolded its whiteness to men's eyes, and the cheerful voice besought them to beware of panic.

The suspension in Philadelphia came. "Perplexing, doubtless, gentlemen," said President Gunnybags to his Board of Directors; "but I fear they lost their heads. I am very much afraid they suffered themselves to yield to panic."

Darker and darker it came. "For Heaven's sake, don't be frightened!" cried the good Gunnybags, with ashy lips; "we are sound, Sirs—sound as old oak!"—and the President beamed a kind

of dismal stare upon all who talked with him. "The cause of the trouble, Sir? Expansion, expansion, Sir. We are too much expanded, Sir. Men, women, and children—all expanded, Sir. But we are sound, Sir, and we shall go through; mark my words, Sir! *we shall go THROUGH!*"

The depositor withdrew, vaguely satisfied. Gunnybags grew thin. He ate no dinner. He smiled no smile. He smoked a cigar—he was unused to it, and it shook his nerves. He was gloomy—almost morose—almost savage. He stalked down town and met his friends. They asked anxiously, with haggard eyes. "Jupiter, Sirs! every body is in such a—panic. We shall pay every cent, Sir!"

"But who makes the panic?" timidly gasped a nervous man, who had large investments in the Jeremy Diddler—a pretty fancy, but not paying now.

"Who makes it, Sir? You make it, and every body else who bothers the banks!"

"But the banks will not lend—how are we to pay our debts?"

"Zounds, Sir, find the money! Do you think banks can lend to a panic-stricken community? No, Sir! They want the money themselves. But we shall go on, Sir. We shall go through, panic or no panic!"

Bluster and white waistcoat did a great deal. Timid men, interested in the Jeremy Diddler, with a view of making money suddenly—stood still, and merely shook in their shoes. If they asked for money at the bank, President Gunnybags bellowed at them that they couldn't have it. If they asked to have a bill cashed in specie, President Gunnybags sneered bitterly at merchants who were so short-sighted as to destroy all confidence, and create a panic. If they asked what they should do, President Gunnybags thundered forth that they were to help restore confidence.

The problem was difficult for brave men; for the timid ones it was quite overpowering—and the timid ones, in lands where majorities rule, carry the day. The point was that they could have helped restore confidence if they could have got a little money. "Don't come here asking for money, Sir; but, like a patriotic citizen and honest merchant, help restore confidence," was all the comfort they received.

Solomon Gunnybags took the chair at a great meeting of Bank Directors and merchants: "Gentlemen," said he, "what we want is confidence."

Some impertinent in the crowd immediately said: "The whole thing is a matter of credit. If you cut down your loans you are recreant to your implied contract with the business world. Yourself cause the panic, and could relieve it by loans!"

The tumult that followed was immense. "Hi! hi!" shouted indiscreet bank clerks. "Put him out! Hustle him! Whew! whew! Whistle! Shriek!" There was no end of noise and confusion, until some reprobate shouted out, "Hi! hi! Cheer and Tiger for Gunnybags, and bully for panic!"

The next day, of course, the banks suspended, just as Solomon Gunnybags was saying, "Come what may, Sir, we shall go through!"

Our Chair bore us through the checkered scenes of those days; and as we slipped and rolled along, we found ourselves asking, "In managers of banking institutions is comprehensive capacity desirable, or is it not?"

OLD CLO' is your only wear. Every body is proud of rusty seams. Shoulders says truly, "Pride peeps out at all the elbows." Men put on last year's coat with the air of those who are committing all the cardinal virtues in one. It is bad *ton* to wear a good hat. Seedy shoes and patched boots have exchanged respectability with white cravats and patent leathers. It is out of fashion to go to the tailor's. If you must have a new waistcoat—which is a weakness—you can go to the slop-shops. People used to wear gloves—so they did helmets. Are honest fingers not good enough for honest poverty? Those handsome threadbare trousers! that shining seat—or knee, if you prefer! that raveling coat-cuff! that frayed waistcoat! that shirt-bosom with slits! those robust, naked hands—*manzo bollito!*—those boots, frail prisons of those pale socks that gaze calmly out through the bars! that heel, which loves the mother earth, and suffers no wool or leather to separate it from its kiss! Behold the dandy's fashion of '57, the coxcomb of economy!

Poverty is proud, we heard; but such overbearing haughtiness we had not anticipated. Some unfortunates retain their carriages; some have been to the Opera; some have subscribed to the Philharmonic. Such men are unmindful of their honor, and forget their pride.

Shoulders is one of these. He is full of perverse good-nature. Ruined in pocket, he resists ruin in temper. Having lost his dollars, he will not lose his spirits too. He comes home smiling—he positively sings as he goes about the house. When his grave neighbor, Blum, who is not ruined, says to him, with a severity of sadness in which a stinging reproof is conveyed,

"Shoulders, how *can* you be so gay? Have not all your prospects come down, as it were?"

Then the gay Shoulders replies:

"Without doubt; but how if the ceiling had come down, as it were?"

Neighbor Blum looks suspiciously up at the ceiling, and concedes that it is better to have your bank broken than your head.

"There it is, neighbor Blum; and, having lost my money, suppose the ceiling should come down, strike my Amanda upon the head, instantly destroy her, or addle her fine intellects—ri too, ri too, ri too rol loo rol la!"

Neighbor Blum is confounded, and Shoulders explains that he means to say that there are many woes greater than his; and that, great as they are, they might be sadly increased by the merest accident.

"Besides, Blum, this vast system of credit—ri too, ri too—upon which the prosperity of the world is built, which requires so much lying, and swearing, and shivering, and paralysis to maintain—ri too, ri too—which makes every man a dirty money-bag, and extinguishes the love and hope of better things—ri too rol loo rol la—why should I not expect to be blown up by it again, as I was before? Behold, the apples swim!—you, for instance, Blum!"

So the rattling fellow plays with his poverty. He digs away, meanwhile, and buys a loaf for Amanda and her sprouts. Sometimes he omits the butter, and buys a bunch of flowers. Blum, who never smiles, and likes flowers in gardens, thinks it is a mild form of insanity.

"Poor Shoulders!" he says, "what a pity he lost his mind a little in his misfortunes!"

And only yesterday Shoulders said to Amanda:

"What a pity that old Blum has lost all his heart in finding his fortune!"

Our young friend Chloe is known to all mankind. She is that quiet, affectionate, industrious daughter whom you have seen putting the slippers before the fire for papa, and arranging mamma's footstool, and "catching" the dresses of the girls in the last agonies of the toilet. She is the proprietor and propeller of that needle which goes click, click, click against time, for whole winter evenings together, dropping a little private tear, as brother Hal reads aloud, over the mother turned out, with her children, into "the pitiless storm;" or the maiden who is "clasped to the heart" of her noble and handsome Don Alphonso di Medina-Cœli; or the pale and spiritual Fitz Cinnamon Whey; the poor, but high-born curate, with the straight nose and coat. It is that Chloe whom all children love; who, somehow, takes the thorn out of their quarrels, and whose cap is always more comfortable than any other cap in the world. She is that young woman who never calls the children "brats" and "plagues," and when they are very young, and can not talk, but only cry, is not forever thrusting her fingers in their necks and cheeks, and saying, "Kitchee, kitchee!" while the poor red baby kicks, and struggles, and yells in the white blanket bound with blue ribbon; but rather sings to it, in a soft under-tone, a kind of crooning, tender lullaby, during which the baby chirps, and crows, and smiles, and starts, and springs, as if only it and Chloe knew all about it. (Babies are its, we believe, madame?)

This is our friend Chloe, whom all the world knows, and that is to say loves; for, somehow, to know her is to love her. You open your heart to her involuntarily, as, when the first spring days come soft and warm, you open the window. If then you smell violets and see the golden crocuses, are you sorry—do you shut the window again? If the violet began to talk to you, as roses and passion-flowers do in Tennyson's garden-song, would you frown at the little upstart? If the harebell said to you, "Dear me! I wish I could hold more dew, for there is a blade of grass parching," would you tell it that it need not bother itself about dry blades of grass, but had better mind its own business, and look pretty? This Easy Chair will tell you what Chloe would do. She would go down to the little harebell, and bend over it, and try to squeeze a tear into it, to help out its dew—all for the love of harebells and grass—and this Chair thinks she would do it, and believes, upon its honor, that if she did so, the harebell would whisper into Chloe's ear:

"Thanks, dear; it is just as pure as that which came straight from heaven last night."

Probably we should hear nothing at all of this conversation. This poor old Chair is as deaf as a piece of wood. But then Chloe and harebells understand each other.

This is a long preface to the letter of our little friend, which we shall print, because every body knows Chloe, and if it is known what she wants, every body who chooses can help her:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I suppose you know we are very poor, being, in that, only like every body else. I am very sorry every body has lost so much money, for it will be so very hard for people to be poor who have all their lives been used to being rich. There is Cousin Dolly, who has always been

an heiress, and it was beautiful to see her, in the most splendid dresses, and jewels on her arms and round her neck, saying to all her friends, 'I am not proud of these things; it is wicked to be proud; and, besides, money is so uncertain.' Now that it is really gone, and her father, Uncle Phineas, says that he can't pay for any more tomfoolery things, Dolly only says, 'Well, I'm sure it's rather hard: for I've always been used to wear them, and it was no fault of mine—what did you let me have 'em for?' I pity her; how can I help it?

"But, dear Easy Chair, there is another case almost as pitiable. Mary Dawson has always done my fine-washing and clear-starching. She is a good, modest girl, and the best daughter you ever saw. Well, now, pa has failed, and he said to me, kindly, 'Chloe, couldn't you do your own fine-washing?' I was almost sorry that I could, and I was ready to cry to feel that I ought to. I said, 'Yes, pa, I can—but then poor Mary Dawson!' Pa said it was hard; but he added that we must economize in every possible way; that all his property had been assigned; that he had no situation and no means of income; and that, bad as it was, I must tell Mary how it was, and try to get somebody else to help her with washing or some other kind of work.

"Now that I can do. Mary must work harder for less money, and perhaps she can get on. Her case seems to me a great deal harder than Cousin Dolly's—and yet I can't help Dolly. That is the strangeness of it. She sits in the parlor practicing Thalberg's variations upon something, and she doesn't do them quite right, and then she reads 'Guy Livingstone' or some other new novel, and then she goes shopping and calling with Aunt Hepsy Ann. She does it all with the air of a martyr. When she goes into Stewart's and buys something, she seems to invite the clerk to consider what a self-sacrifice she is making in not buying all the splendid things in the shop. When she told her mother she would have only four new ball-dresses this winter, she said it as if she had been saying that she wished to sell all her gowns and go in sackcloth. She has all the time an air which seems to proclaim, 'I am entirely equal to it'—and I can't get at her. I don't dare to sympathize, and I don't dare to tell her to cheer up and to think of Mary Dawson. Aunt Hepsy Ann, too, says we must all be very careful and economical, and so she cuts down her charitable subscriptions. It doesn't seem to me to be right. I ask her if that is the best way—whether there won't be more need of charity than ever this year; but she only answers 'that we must all feel it, poor and all.' That does seem as if it were so—and yet is Aunt Hepsy Ann's feeling it any thing more than having less sweetmeat with her bread, while real poor people's feeling it is like having no bread at all?

"What can I do? I want to help my aunt and cousin, and I don't know how to do it. They seem to think they are doing wonders, when they seem to me to be doing nothing. Yesterday, when I dined there, Aunt Hepsy Ann said to me: 'Chloe, in these times we must all make Christian efforts, and do without many things to which we have been always accustomed. I should have very little respect for people who did not order their households to conform to the times. My dear husband, your uncle, has been unfortunate in business. I should be very sorry if we could not meet reverses with fortitude and cheerfulness. We must all do

so. Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. My dear Chloe, we have no fish on table, you see. We shall dispense with it hereafter, and confine ourselves to the joints and desert. It is an example I should be very sorry not to set at such a time.'

"I am so bewildered I wish you would help me. It seems to me that a person has no more right to make a merit of not spending money when they have none to spend, than of not singing when they have no voice. And yet Aunt Hepsey Ann and cousin Dolly are so solemn about it that I know I am wrong.

"Yours respectfully, CHLOE."

Now we can only say that if we knew Mrs. Hepsey Ann we should certainly tell her that she is a very absurd lady. But then we shall never have any chance to tell her so. We shall never get into her drawing-room, and she always drives in the street, while among the furniture of the houses in which she visits an Easy Chair is never found. Besides, there is one other reason. Chloe told us once—the dear child loves us, and leans fondly upon our arms—"My Aunt Hepsey Ann declares she hates pets, and will never have any four-footed thing in her house."

ENGLAND has been prostrating herself in humiliation and prayer on account of her woes in India, and we have been bending in thanksgiving over our golden harvests.

The event which summoned England into her churches is a harvest too, in some ways; and yet, while it is very easy to say that the British empire has always extended itself by base and bloody means, it would be very hard to mention any nation which has not pursued the same plan.

But we do not mean now to think of Old England, but rather of New England, and wherever, in the whole country, she has sent her old, homely, and happy festival of Thanksgiving.

That is the day which is to us what Christmas is to England. It is a day peculiar in the year, and graced with the loveliest associations. Hospitality, the reunion of family and friends, the good cheer, the kind thought of others, the hilarity of the well-to-do, the rejoicing of the poor over the one turkey of the year—all these things are the ornaments of the season, so that no day in the calendar is more truly named.

It falls, too, at the happiest moment of the year. The harvest is gathered; the stubble already bristles against the winter; the last red leaves are twirling in the gusty air; the bright Indian summer days, with their brooding haze, have drifted southward over the soft hills before the eager north winds; the huskings are over in old-fashioned country barns, lighted by candles hung upon the handle of the pitch-fork, with no other music than the sudden singing of merry neighbors, the loud laugh at the ready joke, the rustle of corn-husks, and the sighing, and breathing, and cud-chewing of the cattle in the stalls; the boys have done nutting in the yellow light of autumnal woods, and the dry sweep of the November wind through withered leaves is heard no longer; the camps of prosperity, pitched all through the valleys and all over the hills in the heavy corn-shocks, are struck, and the hosts of plenty have gone into winter-quarters in the venerable old barns, and as they peep out through the fissures which they make by their pressure, the loitering traveler sees that the whole

land is garrisoned with abundance; the huge wood-pile is thoughtfully squared and steadied, and protected against the storms; ruddy lights at evening begin to dance upon the window-panes from the flickering fire within, by which the mother and the daughters sit paring apples, while Reuben reads aloud by the tallow-dip. And now draws on the happy day, heralded even by a few snow-streaks under the walls and along the wood-sides—the children count the weeks, the days, the hours, until the longed-for morning—the mother wonders if Jerusha Jane will look as hearty as before her baby was born—the father calculates that Timothy must have got on pretty well this year—while Amanda sews on a superfluous ribbon, and blushes to think how handsome Jamie will think her when he comes.

It comes at last—the day, the friends, the children, and the profound tranquillity of content. They will go to church, for the happiness is incomplete, like love, without the pastor's blessing. There is not the constraint of Sunday in the old meeting-house. It has the novelty of a week-day service, and a day when there may be dancing after sermon. The sermon itself treats less of Jericho, and more of Jonesville. It has a flavor of the life and scenery familiar to the congregation. It speaks of the bountiful harvest, of the progress of education, of the foolishness of pride, and the triumph of truth. Would you wear gaudy clothes? says the preacher, then walk in the autumn woods, and be confounded by their splendor. Would you waste your lives in only acquiring the means of living? then consider the untoiling lilies. Would you fit your national ideas to the forms of old and exhausted nations? then try to put new wine into old bottles. Are you a mark for the world, for its hopes and prayers? then consider your responsibility—for a city set upon a hill can not be hid. Tired of life, weary of business in which, after many struggles, you have lost every thing, would you fly away and be at rest? Ah! though you should take the wings of the morning, could you fly beyond His presence who is with us here in this warm sunshine to-day, and will look at us through the night in the stars?

Then homeward to dinner—to the colossal turkey—to the vast mottled pudding—to the cider and home-made currant-wine—to that wild, rollicking, after-dinner revel when men become boys again with the boys, and women, like girls, are kissed in the corner—when Reuben embraces and kisses the whole company except Sally Ann, and Amanda trembles when Jamie's hand touches hers. Presently the children, with languid voices and dropping lids, have gone to bed; the old people talk gravely about the fire; and in the dusky parts of the room those who shall one day be old sit and forget that youth is not eternal.

But love does not forget, and tempers its joy with remembrance. The cheerful circle, warm with life, gossips over the fire, but those who were once part of that circle are not forgotten.

"We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet;
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence follow'd, and we wept."

"Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change.'"

LITERATURE is a kind of luxury, and feels the

changes of the times. This year there will not be so many books published. The glorious days—Saturdays—when whole pages of morning newspapers were not enough to set forth the number, variety, and excellence of books that were issued; when every publisher had that morning ready the most interesting, thrilling, and fascinating book of the season; when the first edition of twenty thousand was already exhausted, and purchasers would be served in the order of their coming; when a distinguished literary gentleman had declared, in a private letter to the publishers, that since Professor Ingraham's last there had been nothing of such a startling and commanding character; when the present work was vastly superior to every thing else ever written by the world-renowned author; when every book of every publisher was in the twenty-sixth thousand, and the unparalleled demand was increasing at an unprecedented rate; when presses were working night and day; when, owing to the extraordinary demand, the issue of the first edition must be postponed from Saturday to Thursday; when not more than fifty thousand copies could be furnished in three days; when the public must have patience, and would finally be supplied; when the cry was "Still they come!" when canvassers were wanted by all publishers for the most popular book ever issued; when we were all tantalized with a spicy extract from the chapter "Love, Despair, and Madness;" when we beheld the "gorgeous Julia Bowen" rushing wildly down a column of nonpareil, and pausing from plunging into the fathomless gulf only because "the outside" was two shillings a line—the days of these glories, and triumphs, and stupendous successes are past; the enormous editions are all exhausted; there are no more books calculated to create a profound sensation in the social and religious world.

No! the wind suddenly fell. There was a sudden chopping-round, a jibing, and the encouraging advertisements—cheerful whistlings to keep up the courage of the whistlers—went down into darkness, and are seen no more. The storm that has touched every thing else has not suffered Literature to escape. We must have fewer horses and diamonds, and we must also have fewer books. Jewelers and authors must slack work, but bakers may stir up their fires.

Yet, as, in the hardest times, there will be some hero who will venture to buy a pearl and defy starvation, so in these doubtful days, when no man is quite sure that he is the proprietor of an unencumbered shin-plaster, there will be some who will yearn for the resounding Saturdays of yore, and ask, What book can I buy, in which, if I can forget my care about my dollar, I shall well invest my dollar?

If you ask the Easy Chair, it will answer promptly, Get *Roumania, the Border Land of the Christian and the Turk*. It is a journal of travel along the valley of the Danube to the Black Sea and Constantinople, by Dr. Noyes, who was a surgeon in the Ottoman army. It is a journey not often made by an American, but which the author describes with such freshness and enthusiasm that the reader can not help being warmed and excited. He traveled over the wild plains of Wallachia, seeing a peasantry almost more miserable than any people under the sun; he saw the best classes also, and served medically in Bucharest during the Crimean war; he heard the national songs and traditions, and saw the native dances, and studied the native hu-

mors. He has thrown all into his book as into a talk over a cigar by the evening fire late into the night. "I was there—I was a part of it—I felt it—I enjoyed it; it was rough—it was wild and strange, but it had all the charm of remote adventure—all the romance of distance and novelty."

The Doctor's habits of observation, acquired in his surgical training, show themselves in the record of a thousand interesting details, so that, as a picture of the daily life of the Danubian provinces, his book is capital. As you read on, and are whirled by him and with him in his midnight flight through the fearful tempest over the wide plain of Wallachia, upon which the men who live seem only the fit companions of the vermin that steal away in the desolation, you recall in constant contrast the old imperial Roman Conquest of that region, when Trajan bore the fluttering eagles of the empire to the Carpathians, and amorous Ovid died upon the shores of the Euxine. The tower of the poet is still pointed out: our author gives us a drawing of it; and the point is shown where Trajan built his bridge. The very name survives, too, in the word *Roumania*, and there is a race which traces itself to the Roman. But no proper vestige survives. Like a great wave, the empire flowed to the feet of the German Mountains, then receded without fertilizing the soil. But wherever his mistress has wandered, there is the realm of romance for the lover; and the world, lover of that proud purple Rome, lingers fondly over the traces of her footsteps.

But you can not follow this cheerful guide without recalling other histories which his book indirectly suggests.

Rome planted herself upon the Danube, and held its races subject. Rome reclined upon the Western Continent of Europe, from the Orkneys to Tarentum, and along the southern shore. It was the sole empire of the world. It ruled by arts and arms. But the nations it held subject turned at last, and drove it home—drove it within the walls of its capital, followed it there, and destroyed it.

Is the hold of England upon India essentially different from that of Rome upon its provinces? Has its course and policy been essentially superior to that of Rome toward its subjects? If it has constructed public works in India, are they not few, and are they superior to those of the Romans in their Indies? Has not its government been a military subjugation, a skillful management of native jealousies, and an unscrupulous drain upon the wealth of the country? Have the Hindoos any reason to love the English?

Nena Sahib will hardly be an Alaric or Tamerlane. There may be a serious question of the duration of British rule in India, but there can be none of the subsequent course of the Hindoos. They are not a people to invade, and an irruption from the South into Europe will hardly do what the Northern irruption did. Yet, as we stroll over the plains of the Danube, of which we all know so little, and learn from Dr. Noyes what his residence there has taught him, our thoughts will press farther eastward, and the first warm breath that blows upon them from the Indian Ocean will seem poisonous with the death of empire.

We rolled up to see the new pictures. There was the great *Rosa Bonheur*, the *Horse Market*, and the new French Gallery, and the New English Gallery, and the old German or Düsseldorf Gal-

lery, and the old Bryan or Christian Gallery. There was every thing but the American Gallery.

It certainly had a metropolitan air, the reflection we made upon our bourne as we stumped and jerked up the street. (It is amazing how much harder it is to go upon four legs than upon two!)

"New York," said the Easy Chair to itself, "is the only metropolis in the world" (here it looked round apprehensively, to see if there were any Athenian or Brotherly Lover near)—"the only metropolis in the world in which there can be seen at the same moment several galleries which illustrate the present condition of the three great living schools of painting. Let us, before proceeding farther, step into the *Horse Fair*."

So we clattered into Williams and Stevens'. All the easels looked round when they heard the noise, and whispered insolently to each other, "Block-head" and "Wooden legs," as we bumped along. What cares an Easy Chair for wretched dandies of easels, the Counts d'Artois of furniture, who are all legs and can not sit down? Depend upon it, we were doubly Easy as we hobbled by; and, merely to rebuke their ill manners, we stopped before the engraving of Millais's picture of *The Huguenot Lovers*.

Surely the face of the young girl is the most tearfully tender face in all painting. Do you not see? It is the night before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the young girl, daughter of a Catholic, has learned that all Huguenots will be murdered who have not a white band upon their arms. She must not tell her lover—he might slay her father—there are untold woes that might ensue. But she can tie her handkerchief around his arm. He will not suffer it—he fondly pushes it away. Then she can not be silent, and she tells him all. It is not a whim—not a girl's fancy; but he is a Huguenot, and he will be slain. She is a Huguenot—will he kill her by being murdered? No, dearest, I can defend myself; I am young and strong, and do not fear them. But would you have me even seem a coward? would you have me save myself while my brethren perish? If the Lord calls, must I not answer him, even with my life? Oh, love, and youth, and heroism meeting in that fond embrace! Oh tender heart, forever young, that makes this ballad of French lovers, three centuries ago, so beautiful and true in other lands and times! Whoever painted it, sung it upon the canvas. Millais painted it. Then Millais is a poet. How, madame? you think the drapery is flat? Let us then, at least, console ourselves, madame, by reflecting that the drapery is not the only flat thing now about the picture.

And the lovers have kept us from the horses. But they are as good horses as the lovers are lovers. They are pure animals; they rear, they neigh, they champ, they pull proudly by! To be sure we can't get far enough away from them, but they are life-like and noble even here. Do you see a great many faults, madame? On the whole, are you a little doubtful of the propriety of women's painting such things—horses, you know? Yes, madame, and what do you think of standing and looking at them? Also, what do you think of sniffing in shiny silk and cackling immodestly, as by your allusions you do, before the simple, sincere, noble, and womanly work of one of your own sex, who deepens the respect for it of men whom the conduct of others, dear madame, leads to pity and smile at it?

The lovers, the horses, and the flouncy lady-connoisseur were enough for that morning. The Easy Chair retired, to see the other pictures another day, and knocking over two smirking easels on its way out.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As we said, a month ago, this December gossip of ours shall take its color from the shadows in the Paris streets. Switzerland, where we loitered away the last glowing days of summer, and wrestled with the first frosts of autumn, is now a study and a pageant, which engaged us actively yesterday, and to-day a gorgeous souvenir kindling the November gloom.

Switzerland and Paris! Can the rhetoricians give us a greater antithesis? Did ever railway hyphen join greater antagonism than belongs to the images and fancies which group at the mountain end, and group at the metropolitan end? How we glow yonder—before the ice-altars and the peaks that carry day on their shoulders for an hour after night-fall—into a devout and splendid Theism! And here—between the palaces—what easy, insidious, penetrating Atheism! There, how we study sky and cliff, and measure our safety—and our hope by them; here, only pavement and police. There, Providence bivouacs in the mountains, and rules from under dim, white coronal of cloud; here—from under the cocked-hat!

And now would the reader know in what quarter, and beside what window, of Paris we have drawn up our Easy Chair for our winter's outlook? Has he ever been in Paris, and does he remember the broad quay that lies over against the long line of the Tuileries Palace, upon the opposite side of the Seine? The broad quay, with its tall houses, beneath which are so many venders of old books, old porcelain, rare laces, quaint bits of furniture? And does he remember, among these, a broad entrance-way upon an old-style hotel, with the name printed in small characters over the archway—"Hôtel Voltaire?" There is a print-shop to the left of it, and a map-shop to the right of it, and a cab-stand over the way.

We are gossiping with you now from an up-stair chamber of the Hôtel Voltaire, and we will tell you how we chanced to come hither. On our way up from Switzerland our eye fell upon an advertisement in a Belgian paper, which, for your better information, we translate literally:

"GRAND HÔTEL VOLTAIRE,

"No. 19 Quay Voltaire, Paris.

"M. and Mme. Denneval, proprietors, have the honor of advising travelers that this hotel, in the centre of the city, fronting the palace of the Tuileries, offers them a healthy situation, a remarkable view, and a comfortable home.

"Price of rooms in front: First floor, six francs; second floor, five francs; third floor, four francs; fourth floor, three francs (with a balcony); fifth floor, one and a half francs.

"In the rear, rooms are from two to three francs.

"Parlors, in front: First floor, twelve francs; second floor, ten francs.

"Servants' fees apart.

"Breakfasts are furnished at two francs and a half; Dinners, three francs, without wine. Bordeaux at one and a half francs the bottle.

"One franc less per diem is demanded for rooms rented by the month.

"All the apartments are carpeted."

We said to ourselves (as we came up from Switz-

erland), We will go and see this Grand Hôtel, and find if there be some cozy front-window whereby we may roll our Chair, and look out upon the quay, the river, the palace, and the garden.

Accordingly, we gave our *cocher* orders, drove to the Quai Voltaire—to the door of the hotel—parleyed with the pretty woman in the *Conciergerie*, who took a bunch of keys from their respective office knobs, tripped away before us over the waxen stair-ways (begged pardon if too fast), ushered us into a second-floor *appartement*. “*En voici une qui est très jolie*,” said she—flirted back the curtains—showed me the view—the palace, the river, the cab-stand opposite. “There was no such view in Paris; no such air; there were the gardens; if Monsieur would trouble himself to look he would see the trees; every thing was clean—very clean; if Monsieur would trouble himself to look again, there was the *Arc de l’Étoile*; all the fire-works could be seen, if the Emperor should give a *fête*; did Monsieur think the Emperor would give a *fête*? people *did* say the Queen was coming; did Monsieur think the Queen *was* coming? And for how long would Monsieur wish the rooms? The chimney never smoked—never; besides it was just now swept; the *alcôves* were convenient opposite; or perhaps Monsieur ordered from a stable? in which case there was a very honest man in the second court below. No, the theatres were not far—*du tout*; Monsieur had only to cross the palace-court and he had Le Français; a step farther, under the peristyle, and he had Hyacinthe and Grasot; up the Vivienne, and he had the Vaudeville; besides which, there was the Odeon, just behind, where was a charming new piece by Edmund About—perhaps Monsieur had seen it?”

So, and with such pleasant volubility, we are talked out of all our doubts, and slide easily and good-humoredly into our quarters at the Grand Hôtel Voltaire.

After all, it matters so little where one lives in Paris! He comes so soon and so thoroughly to pervade it all with his presence—feeding what are home-wants in other cities with the street air and out-of-door observation.

Does any one suppose now that we have been eating the two-franc breakfasts of the Grand Hôtel Voltaire simply because we are living in the Grand Hôtel Voltaire? Not a bit of it.

We have tasted the morning on the bridge and the quays, and traversed the garden, where the crysanthemums and salvias have replaced the verbenas and geraniums of summer, and have broken our fast at the marble tables of the quiet Poissonnerie, under the Rivoli arcades (about which Poissonnerie, and its presiding mistress and *habitués*, we reeled you a page of description some three months gone).

Thence, lighting our cigar at the tobacconist of the Pyramides, we have sauntered through the quiet passage De Lorme, the stormy St. Honoré, read the day’s play-bill at the Theatre Français (bearing promise of a new comedy by Uchard, who is winning other friends and fortune by the autumn repetitions of “*Fiammina*”), glanced over “*Figaro*” at the news-vender’s stall within the drive of the palace, loitered at Chevet’s window (poor Chevet, they say, is dead, but the shop holds its name and fame), where are luscious chasselas; peaches like melons; melons grown monstrously down by Cannes, where Lord Brougham has his French estates, and where Rachel is dying; prawn

from Sicily; a silver salmon, dished, and sprigged with parsley, from Dunkeld, in Scotland; a pair of capercaillie from Christiansand; red-legged plover from the Landes by Bordeaux (Landes which are famous, just now, by reason of the cow-fights which come off twice a week at the Hippodrome, being effeminate echoes of the Castilian bull-fights); pippins from Pelham, Ulster County, New York; and smoked beef from Hamburg.

We linger before the pipe window, wondering if the venturesome trader has yet disposed of that huge amber-tubed meerschaum, mounted with gold, and ticketed, these five years past, “5000 francs.” Will he drop his price now that they are raising the discount rates at the Bank? A discount of six and a half for money is a heavy discount for France, and that is our rate now. The American eye rests wonderingly upon the tokens of trade permanence here—symbolized in so small a matter even as that amber-necked meerschaum. It is not unlikely that the very pipe we look on has hung by the same silken cord, before the same glass, through two revolutions in France—through rise and fall of Mobilier—through recruitments and capture of the Malakoff. Kings have suspended, and Councils; but the pipe-seller has not. So Chevet (or his widow) has shown the same epicurean temptations—cooked and ground the same exquisite coffee (if you provide your own table in Paris, send to Chevet’s for coffee)—served up the same salmon and herring through four dynasties, and all the crashes of their change.

Then there is the whip and cane-seller a short way beyond. Who does not remember his show, and the monstrous head, with beaded eyes, cut from some twisted root—a fearful shillelah, brimful of bloody possibilities? Yet the *blouses* have never seized upon it; they have twice sacked the palace overhead, and thrown *chef-d’œuvres* of Greuze and Læ Brun from the windows, and thrust their knives between fine portraits of queens, and smashed all Pradier’s porcelain statuettes (in the palace), but never damaged the stock or the trade of the whip and the cane-seller: regularly all his paper has gone through bank—royal bank, republican bank, imperial bank—and regularly he has met his quarterly payment of rent.

After him, and in the body of the palace, just over against the spiteful cannon which gives a loud “bang” every sunny day at noon, is that other master of time, Leroy—*Leroy et fils*. Have you never seen and coveted their pretty watches? Pretty thirty years back, but like a jewel now. Watches with pansies on them—the centre three clustering diamonds, the yellow petals of topaz, the purple amethyst. The same shop—the same show—the same quiet—the same orderly and laborious advance in their craft, whatever may be bank-rates or the tone of the *Moniteur*.

We are apt to sneer at the slowness of French tradesmen: they have not half so grand shops as ours—no such dazzling distribution of their wares; but, per contra, their suspensions are more rare; we do not lose sight of them so quickly.

Always on this morning saunter through the palace we see things we ought not to see. Photography has taken license. You remember an old story of Pauline Bonaparte in an artist’s studio: there are other Paulines. Artists have always claimed their models, and always found them: photography and the stereoscope, it is found, supply them with an infinity of attitudes and studies

at a cheap rate—so cheap that the photographers have now put the models in the market: but the police are upon their track.

Speaking of photography reminds us of another lack of ours in this department of art. When are we to have those beautiful studies from Nature—bits of foliage, rock fragments, dank pools, still life—rendered to our eye at home as they are rendered on every shop-front here? Does it not count very little for our art aspirations, when all our advances and all our efforts in this way go simply and purely to portrait-taking?

We have imperial photographs, and Hallotypes, and ambrotypes, and half-lengths, and full-lengths, but always the Honorable Mr. Flunkey, or the last lion, Fitz-Doodle. Walk the length of Broadway to see how photography is progressing, and how its wonderful hand is fixing and revealing the secrets and the beauties of Nature, and have we not always and nauseously Flunkies and Fitz-Doodles?

Nobody denies the elegance of these gentlemen; their attitude is all grace; their expression all dignity; their eye all loveliness: but when will the Bradys and Gurneys give us something else—something that shall teach us about the wonderful play of light and shadow over other surfaces than whiskered faces and Derby's coats?

Only this morning we have regaled ourselves, through shop-windows, upon our walk, with charming photographic transcripts of a street of the buried Pompeii (where the abrasions of the chariot-wheels upon the paving-stones were as distinct as if we had laid our finger in them); others of some heathen temple, all bruised as time and savages have bruised them, and yet all aglow and golden with an Ionian sun; others of rare tree tracery, showing how hopeless intricacy (as the faint heart believes) is subordinated to a harmony that commands your wonder. We put it to the good sense of Broadway picture-gazers if such things are not better worth study than all the imperial portraits of all the Prima Donnas of the Academy?

We were just now walking under the arches of the Palais Royal; we leave at the northern end, and come directly upon the Rue Vivienne. It is not a long street, or a wide one; yet a man or a woman may go astray in it—to their ruination; for the Exchange is upon it, where one may break himself in *Mobilier*, and Page's is upon it, where one may buy a *Cachemire de l'Inde* for 5000 francs.

We observe, by-the-by, that this matter of womanly extravagance is just now exciting serious remark with you—since the crash; and that some philosophers are disposed to make the women the scape-goats of the crisis. The French have more gallantry; and, although the playwrights have pointed their shafts mercilessly at feminine extravagances these three years past, they have foreborne to accuse her taste (as a cause), which was only an illustration of that insatiate thirst for money and its display, which has now run well-nigh through its nine days of fever, and which (as with you) must have its period of relapse.

(Pray, what think you of a set of sable which we see ticketed in this Rue Vivienne at 15,000 francs?)

And over opposite, or nearly opposite, is the shop and bureau of M. Perrotin, the publisher and patron of poor Béranger. Even now the *affiche* is in the windows of that delicate illustrated edition

of the poems of the garret lover and liver; and gay equipages stop to buy and feast upon the paper luxury. Such type—such picturing—such poems—such a bruised, weak, fond heart bleeding itself in the utterance! and yet how little, and how little worth Perrotin's luxurious edition, compared with the set of Russian sable over the way!

Thinking of this, and of poor Gustave Planche, who died the other day in a hospital, with only one or two friends near him (he, who had *made* opinions about art and poems which all the great, gay world accepted, and held, and uttered, and lived by), he dies there under the hand of Dr. Dubois, with some terrible gout or such like ailment, and is followed to the grave (going thither in a plain pine coffin) by only some half dozen; so utterly has he fallen away latterly from notice, so thoroughly drenched in poverty and misery—poor fellow!

Here at Galignani's now (the court is large, but dingy, and has a smell of long-kept vegetables) Gustave Planche could not have borrowed a franc to help out his dinner. We idle into Galignani's—not for a franc to help our own dinner, but for the reading of the papers: London, Belgian, East Indian, French.

And what do the papers say?

First, Stuttgart and the imperial meeting has not ceased giving food to the paragraphists and the letter-writers. And this matter of newspaper letter-writing has grown nowadays upon the Continent into almost a profession. Time was, and not long gone, when you looked vainly into a Continental paper for correspondence of interest; perhaps an occasional poster of financial affairs in London, or some one of the great capitals; but now we have in the *Débats*, the *Presse*, and the *Nord* (of Brussels), letters (and careful, painstaking letters) from St. Petersburg, London, California, New York, Rome, Calcutta, Stuttgart, wherever public attention is directed. In this comparison our American papers are losing their old relative rank; in other respects their enterprise may be equal, but too little regard is paid to the quality and variety of their correspondence.

This imperial meeting of Stuttgart has had its narrative from the first *feuilletonistes* of France. We shall not follow them; for the matter must be old at home by this time. It is enough to say that Stuttgart is a village-like city, with a great King Street, or Königs Strasse, running through its centre, and crossing the Square on which are the two palaces and the theatre; the Nesen brook runs through the city, and the hills rise swift from its valley—so swift, that the vineyards they are planted with seem to hang over the town. The King (of Wurtemberg) is a gay old gentleman, who has been thrice married (once to a daughter of Emperor Paul of Russia), who loves horses and theatres, and who keeps his money in gulden and kreitzers. In all the shop-windows of the Königs Strasse were to be seen portraits of the two Emperors, and of the august Grand Duchess d'Olga: we say august descriptively, for we chanced to have seen her queenliness some ten years back, before the glow of maidenhood was faded from her cheek. Altogether, between the Emperors, the Queen of Holland (who is daughter of the old King of Wurtemberg), the wassail, the visitors, and the pretty gardens and charming *salons* of the Wilhelma, they had a gay time of it. Alexander was northernly severe and reserved; Napoleon buoyant and pru-

dently gracious. St. Petersburg (by her organs) made light of the affair. Vienna was uneasy and suspicious. Paris jubilant and hopeful. London too full of India to talk of Tilsit and its memories. The affair, so far as personal to the two Emperors, was excellently managed by the sporting King; so that it did not appear that Russia made any advances to France, or France any advance toward Russia. All ended as quietly (in a political point of view) as it had begun. The quidnuncs have been floored. Only the gossips of the good Wurtemberg capital will talk these many years to come of the time when the great Emperor of the North and the great Emperor of the West shook hands, and ate meat together, in the pretty palace of Wilhelms, upon the banks of the Nesen brook.

Back now to Galignani's reading-room and the papers.

Chalons comes next to Stuttgart. But even Chalons is over now; the camp is raised; the Empress (who insisted upon carrying her crinoline into camp-quarters) has come home; little pet Prince, in his white pants and sailor-hat, with *Reine Hortense* inscribed upon the band, has forgotten the wooden gun and the mock coat of the guard.

If Stuttgart was "reported," so was Chalons. We, in Paris, saw the rows of tents, the new-built railway (the construction fund having come by Imperial *carte blanche*), the Zouaves playing Arab marriages upon a turf-scene of a hundred yards square, the striped pavilion of his Majesty, where he wrought with his secretaries until 10 A.M.; then in the saddle till 4 P.M.; then dining with thirty of his officers; and, after this, amusing himself with soldier theatrics, or with extempore fireworks, to which all the people of the pleasant Burgundy wine country came crowding.

Altogether there were sights there worth the seeing, and an illustration of that order and system which kept the French army sound under the hardships of the Crimea. But to what end is all this? Is the Emperor simply gratifying his old author-ambition of the artillery tactics? Is he looking forward to the day of actual service? Is he ripening familiarity with his soldiery for some new day of need?

We see no such questions in the Paris journals, not even in the British journals. Indeed, Chalons is forgotten now; we will forget it too.

But—India: no, there is no forgetting there. Pageants we forget, and fire-works, and monarch-meetings; but the griefs that strain our hearts to bursting—these we cherish.

We look around this reading *salon* to-day, here in the Rue Vivienne, and of the twenty who are present poring over those papers, wet from the mail, how many are eager for some little line of hope coming from the Indies!

This, of course; but what do Frenchmen say of the affair? Are sympathies strong with England? By no means; far less so than upon our side of the water. And for two reasons: first, because Frenchmen put down all the Sepoy atrocities—just as they put down Marshal Pelissier's burning of the Arabs—to the chances of war. They reason such matters with soldiers, and not like *Punch*, or like fathers of families. Second, they do not, and can not, forego their old and strong jealousy of British power in Asia.

A distinguished Orientalist of France has just now published a brochure respecting this question,

in which he proves, or seems to prove, that in India all encouragement has been given by the British to those institutions in which the Koran is taught. The only Christian college of the country he represents to be in a miserably neglected condition.

If we look toward China, says M. Berton, we find the same anti-Christian and purely mercenary aims: we find British fleets convoying fleets of opium, and forcing the Celestials to take their poison at the cannon's mouth. In the Ionian Isles the British Government has converted itself into an odious oppression. Even on Mount Lebanon, the Maronites are persecuted through British influence—one while by the Druses, and again by the Mussulmans. "England asks only to insure Asia to her commerce; and, that she may not be troubled in her *exploitation*, wishes to keep good the barrier between the East and the West.

"France can never consent to follow the lead of England in this selfish policy; she has another mission to fulfill."

Louis Veuillot, the writer for the *Univers*, also takes strong ground in opposition to the anti-Christian action of England, and declaims indignantly against her policy. Those journals of a Legitimist or Papist tendency, as well as many of the Bonapartist organs, take the same position, and regard the misfortunes of England in the East as a just punishment for her recklessness. The *Lébat*, meantime, sturdily undertakes the defense of British action, and entertains, or affects to entertain, no doubt of continued British successes.

But the street people—the gossips, the clubmen—they who make up the buzz which we call *on dit*?

There is no Lafayette to be tempted, if there were temptation for a Lafayette. People watch, wait, shrug their shoulders. Poor Havelock (*on dit*) winning honors and rank now, when the gray hairs have overtaken him—kept back from the epaulets and the knightly touch thus far only by the *res angusta*—not of home, but of purse and connections! Splendid incompetence and fatuous ignorance still under the plush of high places. Too tardy admission of errors, and a concealment of first lack of penetration, with arrogant *brusquerie* and cruel discharges, or insulting, courtly, cool innuendoes. So they broke down the brave, fond heart of Raglan, an excellent gentleman, and shrewdest and thoroughest of good military secretaries, to record the humors and detail the orders of such a leader as Wellington, but with no brain to construct campaigns himself. And now Canning must go and be crushed under the same Juggernaut of popular clamor. There will be want, and waste, and new courts of inquiry, and other Hotspurs, weary with taunts, to dash out their brains gallantly, like the "Five Hundred" of Inkermann and Tennyson.

So talk the clubmen.

The chatty woman, full of that outside, discursive charity which is more diffusive than penetrant, says, "Those *paures* English, how dearly it costs them to make victories! And the officers' wives, who were so hardly dealt with—*ah, mon Dieu!* I hear they had such magnificent jewelry. I suppose it's all lost now!"

Ask Monsieur Pastel how the matter is going, and if the French really feel sympathy for their neighbors over channel?

"Sympathy? *Sans doute: cela ne coûte pas:*

mais—dam, if you ask if we will go yonder to fight for the Burrapootas—*je dis que non*."

"*D'abord* first of all (and he touches up the eye of his picture)—*il fait chaud la bas*—it is warm in India; ha! ha! very warm—*nous autres—nous n'aimons pas le curry*."

Monsieur Pastel has given another vigorous touch to his work—steps back—gazes admiringly—reflects—resumes:

"*Et puis—et puis* (with spirit) *nous n'aimons pas les Anglais!*"

It comes to this at last—all the undercurrent of the street talk about India. Meantime the warm tints of October are lighting the houses; "the world" is trundling its hoop again up the Champs Elysées and down the Champs Elysées; the pleasant Pré Catalan is redeeming the lost summer with a gayety that flashes like a blazing Salvia among the yellowed leaves of autumn. Longchamps has shown, these past sunny Sundays, its races; and the mass-going Parisians have closed their devotion with a bet upon de Morny's four-year-old mare.

We can not say but there is a growing and tremulous apprehension that the Mobilier may go down, the bank run up its rates, money be rare and cherished, and hunger and dear bread make an uneasy winter for Paris. There are fears of that sort—not yet embodied in words—not yet hinted at in the journals—but covertly entertained and courageously put down—by going to see the old lady Dejazet.

One shadow, on a far-away Paris street, we have to paint, and we have finished our portraiture of the month.

A far-away street, beyond the Place St. Georges, to the south and to the westward of it, the Rue Blanche, where the street is steepest and narrowest, and least worthy of its white name, lived, these eight years past, Signor Manin, the President, in the dolorous times of '48, of the newly-sprung Venetian Republic.

Upon the third floor he lived, in a modest *appartement*, with three little uncarpeted rooms, and an old Italian for servitor. A bed, a few chairs, a plain deal table, a bronze gondola upon the mantle—these made up his room equipments. We have talked with him there of Venice past, and of Venice present, and have seen the blood mount to his forehead, and the tear to his eye, as some Dandolo hope, or some Dandolo thought, swept over him of the city he loved so well.

In those cold, cheerless, Paris rooms, his only daughter, who had followed him to his exile, died, some four years ago; and since her death a subdued melancholy had possessed the father. Hope for Italy alone enabled him, through those four years, to crowd off the disease that threatened him; but the hope long deferred brought with it a fatal heart-sickness at the last, and the best and purest of the Italian patriots is now dead.

We have no account of his last hours. A few friends only were in attendance, and these have no heart to tell the story of the exile's last moments. But those who knew him, and knew the exaltation of his patriot courage, know that the bitterness of death was sweet, compared with the bitterness of the thought which had haunted him many a year—the thought of Italy enslaved.

May God (where else to look?) some day light again, and more largely, if it be possible, the Italian hopes which perished with the exiled Manin!

Editor's Drawer.

THE open Drawer is to make December as pleasant as May.

So its readers write. From all quarters and corners of this great country!—from the farthest Down East to the most distant West (if that point has yet been settled)—from the frozen North and the sunny South, we have letters like the leaves of autumn for numbers, like the fruits of autumn for richness and sweetness, bearing their grateful testimony to the genial influence of this never-failing reservoir of mirth. Let's read two or three of these letters of cheer. Listen to the Maine man:

"The Drawer is our delight by day and night. When we open it, we never wish to shut it, except to laugh till we open it to laugh again."

Hear a Western witness, and a lawyer too:

"The legal profession owe you many thanks for the entertainment you draw from the bar, and return to us in the Drawer. We draw largely on it, and the drafts are always honored at sight."

A reverend correspondent writes, over his own name, from the interior of the Keystone State, and says:

"The Drawer is just the thing I need, and love to need. There is a time to laugh, and a time to cry; and the humor of the Drawer often aids my digestion, and its pathos provokes me to tears."

A Southern reader says:

"We watch for the *Magazine*, and when it comes, the call is first for the Drawer. No one can read the number in peace till the whole house has heard or read the Drawer."

From as far northwest as Wisconsin a reader of the Drawer sends a pair of anecdotes, and adds:

"I owe the Drawer more than these. What to do without it I do not know. I am the only subscriber in these diggings, and the stories in the Drawer I retail at all the tea fights, parties, bees, and weddings I attend, till I have got my name up as a wit and a wag. If the Drawer fails I am a gone man."

But we will turn away from the thousand-and-one testimonies to the inestimable value of these trifles, and once more open the Drawer to find what is in it for the month of December. Its friends have been very liberal. May their shadows and their letters never be less!

HOMEOPATHY has just achieved a great triumph in Little Rock, Arkansas, according to a report furnished by a correspondent of ours in that place. One of the citizens being a victim of hypochondria, imagined himself to be a goose, and procuring an egg, proceeded to *set*! The doctors of medicine of the old school were called in, and all their prescriptions proved unavailing. He was bled, but he still would *set*; he took calomel, but he would *set* still! A newly-arrived homeopath was now called upon, as a last resort. "Like cures like" is the motto of his school; that is—it takes a goose to cure a goose! He ordered a pair of feather breeches to be worn by the patient, and a dozen eggs! The spell and the eggs were broken together, and the patient was himself again. Very eggs-traordinary, was it not?

RARELY has a Quaker been in the Drawer; but a correspondent furnishes some anecdotes of a curious specimen of that excellent race, whose virtues are so generally celebrated that it is quite a treat

to read of one who has more infirmities than his neighbors:

"Wing Rogers was a Quaker, whose fiery temper and overbearing disposition spent themselves in petty tyranny over a lovely, gentle wife, who bore his abuse without complaint, and so encouraged him to become worse and worse. Perhaps the following incident is as precious an example of conjugal ugliness as the records of marital life will show. They had been married several years, but she had never been allowed to visit her parents, who lived but the distance of a two days' journey off. She had proposed it often, but it threw him into a furious passion, and she had settled down into the enjoyment of her prison. One day he delighted her by saying that if she would get ready, they would start the next day and make a visit at the old homestead where her aged parents were living. With a lighter heart than she had had for many a year, as this new streak of kindness appeared, she made all needful preparations, and the next morning they set off, full of good spirits, and with the prospect of a happy time of it. During the day, as they rode, he was full of his pleasant stories of early days, reminiscences of their courtship, and anticipations of the pleasure they would have when they reached the home from which she had been separated for so many years. They rested for the night half-way on their journey, and the good woman really began to live again, in the hope that her Quaker husband had indeed become a friend. The next morning they were up with the sun, and as they started from the door, he turned his horse's head toward the home they had left, saying, as he did so, 'Well, wife, I guess thee has felt good long enough; we will go back now!' And back they went.

"Such a wife was a world too good for such a scamp, and in great kindness to her she was permitted to die; and, in just punishment, the Quaker was soon hitched to a woman that was more than a match for him. They had been in partnership but a few days when he told her to bring a pail of water from the well, which she did, and he kicked it over, sat down, and told her to bring another. This was to establish his authority, and give her to understand that he was master. She read him in a minute. Bringing the pail of water, she very coolly threw it into his face, and as he slowly recovered from the strangling, he spluttered out: 'We'll be quits now, wife!'

"In a towering passion one day, he declared he would set the house on fire, and took a shovel of coals for the purpose. She seized the bellows and followed him, to blow them up instead of him. This cooled him off, for she was too much for him with fire as well as water.

"But Rachel was taken sick, and threatened to die. She wanted a doctor, but her loving husband would not go for one. The neighbors were in, and they were all of the opinion that she was drawing near her end. Her breath was short and quick, and her eyes were set, and her feet were cold; and her affectionate spouse at last said he thought he had better go for the doctor. As he was about to start, he stepped up to the bedside on which lay his dying wife, and said, in a plaintive voice:

"'Well, Rachel, if thee should be taken away, who would be thy choice for me to marry again?'

"Rachel arose in the bed, fixed her eyes on her loving husband, and exclaimed, 'I'll live to s-ite thee!' And live she did.

"But Wing Rogers outlived her, and consoled himself on her decease by composing the following

"EPITAPH.

"Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers,
She's safe from care, and I from bothers?
If Death had known thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped but passed thee by.
I wish him joy, but much I fear
He'll rue the day he came thee near."

THE smallest joke of the season was made last Sunday—very bad day for making a joke, but it was a lady who made it, and she thought the better the day, the better the deed. Our minister gave notice, as the day was unpleasant, and few people were out, that the contribution for foreign missions would be repeated next Sunday. It would be taken up now, when he presumed that they would only give their *mite*, but would give liberally on the next Sabbath. I remarked to a lady on the way home from church that I did not understand the preacher's idea. "Nothing is plainer," she said; "he meant that what we would give to-day might be a *mite*, but next Sunday it must be *nigh-tier*."

AMONG the strange customs of other times, an incidental allusion was lately made in the September number of the *Magazine*, in the article on "Handel," to the age of George the Second. The allusion is in this passage:

"It is curious to read that, there having been at this time a partial reconciliation of the Royal Family, his Majesty did his Royal Highness the honor to put on his shirt; and, the bride being in bed, in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room, and the Prince following soon after, in a night-gown of silver stuff, and a cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the Prince and Princess sitting up in bed."

This royal entertainment was not an uncommon one in those days, as the reader of Dr. Doran's "Kings and Queens" will remember; but it is quite a novelty to us to learn, as we do from a correspondent writing from the old North State, as North Carolina is often called, that there is a region thereabouts in which that old English royal custom is still kept up among the sovereign people. He says:

"This announcement will doubtless take many by surprise, and add another rivet, fastening upon us the *sobriquet* of the Rip Van Winkle State, in spite of the wonderful revelations of the census, which says, in so many words, that the North Carolinians do not breakfast upon tar, dine upon pitch, nor sup on turpentine. The fact, however, is indisputable that, in Wilkes County, among the mountains that are offshoots or spurs from the Blue Ridge, the people, as in the days of George the Second, are in the habit of visiting the bridal chamber, and taking a peep at the couple in bed. So, Hurrah for the old North State!"

Is the following worth a place in the Drawer? It was written by a lover who sent it with his daguerreotype to the lady who had requested it:

"Thine own is graven on my heart,
More clear than e'er could highest art
On steel or canvas place it;
For when in death that heart's at rest,
And 'dust to dust' is God's behest,
In dust thou still may trace it."

A VIRGINIA gentleman furnishes some reminiscences of the late Parson Coles, whose ministra-

tions have been attended by many of the present generation. They have been greatly entertained, if not edified; and he was just about a match for the Block Island Baptist divine whose rhetoric has in time past enlivened the Drawer. But to our Virginia letter:

"Father Coles, like many of his denomination, was not much of a scholar, and he lost no opportunity of disparaging 'human larning.' In this particular he resembled his compeer of Illinois, of whom we have all heard, who said that Paul was a great preacher, but never went to college; he was brought up at the foot of Gamil Hill (Gamaliel), and that was so poor they couldn't raise white beans on it. Father Coles, on one occasion, was preaching with the Rev. Mr. Bangs in the pulpit behind him, and taking for his text the familiar words, 'I knew thee, that thou wert an *austere* man, taking up that thou laydest not down, and reaping that thou didst not sow,' he went on to remark, first, 'What is an *oyster* man?' and having described his business—his lonely hut on the sandy waste—he said that he illustrates the truth of the text, as he takes up these oysters that he never laid down—he reaps what he never sowed; he gathers them up with a double rake made so—(clasping his hands to make an oyster-tongs). During this ludicrous description Mr. Bangs had been in a fit of fidgets, but now, unable to contain himself, he laid hold of the skirts of Father Coles and drew him backward, but did not disconcert him at all, for the worthy parson perceiving that he had been talking at random, and had probably made some prodigious blunder, said, 'Oh, never mind, Brother Bangs, nobody knows any better here but you *and me*!'

"It would have been well for Father Coles to confine himself to the hortatory, in which he excelled, and leave the exegetical to the learned brethren; but, like most men of ignorance, he loved to talk the most about what he knew the least. At one time he undertook to describe the Gospel armor mentioned in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. He got on comfortably till he came upon the 'helmet of salvation.' Here he paused, and seemed for a while to be stumped fairly; but suddenly the *truth* broke in upon his mind, and he exclaimed, 'A helmet, my brethren, is a little thing that goes before a vessel to keep it straight! Yes, yes; without a helmet the Christian can never sail straight to heaven; take the helmet of salvation, and you will be saved!'

"This race of ministers is nearly extinct. As the standard of education is raised in the country, and the average intelligence of the people advances, such men will not be tolerated, and the pulpit will cease to present their ignorance to the public. On the outskirts of society, however, and in the rude settlements among the mountains, there will always be found men whose gifts are not greater than those of Father Coles, who will take to preaching, and stick to it as long as they live."

THERE was Parson Johnson, in the State of Maine, a good man in his way, but he was as little versed in learning as Father Coles of Virginia. He was telling his people, one Sabbath day, the tender story of Joseph and his brethren—how kind Joseph was to them, in spite of all their hard treatment of him: "And when he sent them home to bring their aged father and their families, *he gave them wagons*; and then," said Parson Johnson, "see how consid-

erate he was for their safety. He knew the roads were very rough, and the wagons would be very full, and he tells them, 'See that ye *fall not out* by the way.' But for this caution, very likely some of them or their little ones might have tumbled out and broken their necks!" Exactly so. Who would have thought what that charge meant?

WHILE we are among the clerical anecdotes, let us repeat a story that comes fresh from the Nutmeg State. Our Eastern correspondent writes:

"Many years ago, when as yet there was but one church in the old town of Lyme, Connecticut, the people were without a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making a unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man, by the name of Dorr, began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party, and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow rose in the house, and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night. He thought he died, and went away where the wicked people go, and as soon as Satan saw him 'he asked me where I came from?'

"'From Lyme, in Connecticut,' I told him right out.

"'Ah! and what are they doing in Lyme?' he asked.

"'They are trying to settle a minister,' I said.

"'Settle a minister!' he cried out. 'I must put a stop to that! Bring me my boots; I must go to Lyme this very night!'

"I then told him, as he was drawing on his boots, that Mr. Dorr was opposing the settlement, and very likely he would prevent it altogether.

"'My *sarvent* Dorr!' exclaimed his Majesty. 'My *sarvent* Dorr! Here, take my boots: if my *sarvent* Dorr is at work, there is no need of my going at all!'

"This speech did the business. Mr. Dorr made no further opposition; the minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title 'My *sarvent* Dorr' with him to the grave."

It was about those days, long time ago, when, in the same good State of Connecticut, and in the town of New Haven, a negro man was found dead in the road one morning. The law required them to empanel a jury to sit on the case, and determine, if possible, in what manner and by what means the man came to his end. A jury pannel the good people had heard of never, and the only pannel they knew any thing of was a half-saddle of that name, which was used by the women when riding on horseback along with a man. It must be that the jury were to be empaneled with these; and, sending all over town, the constable managed to find eleven pannels, and splitting one of them in two, he bound one on the back of each of the twelve jurymen, and thus accoutred they sat *on the nigger*!

PARSON BROWNLOW is a local preacher in Knoxville, Tennessee, where he edits a newspaper, giving himself to politics more than to preaching. Indeed, he turns aside from his work when he preaches, as some of our preachers do when they take to politics. Parson Brownlow is one of the slang-whangers of the Southwest, and is just as fierce upon the dogs when they annoy him as he is

upon the humans who cross his path. In his paper, the Knoxville *Whig*, he thus narrates his grievances, and his manner of taking summary vengeance:

"We are unable to say what the *dog population* amounts to in Knoxville, but it is a safe calculation to estimate that it exceeds the *colored population*. Every family in the place will bear witness that the dogs of Knoxville are a great annoyance. We have borne with their intrusions and assaults until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. They tear up gardens in the spring, and throughout the summer they congregate in back yards, promenade through back porches, plunge into kitchens, thrust their noses into all manner of cooking-vessels and water-buckets. They engage in frequent fights—set up hideous yells—and they growl and bark after a fashion that drives sleep from our pillow and slumber from our eyelids.

"Now, we can submit to these impositions no longer, and we have resolved, after mature deliberation, to give the dog population of Knoxville 'war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt.' We have declared the war of extermination, and come what may, we shall vigorously prosecute the campaign 'until the last armed foe expires,' in the dog line, or we expire on the field, falling with our face to the foe! And in that event, if our neighbors shall conclude that we have rendered good service, we trust they will adorn our tomb-stone with this inscription:

"Warrior rest; thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of toil and nights of waking."

"Our first engagement took place a few nights ago, in our back yard, having *fortified* ourselves on the second floor of our back porch. We fired upon five dogs, engaged in a fight in our back yard, which we understood to be the 'advance guard' of the regular army, with a double-barrel shot-gun loaded with buck-shot. This fight, we believe, was the 'ruse de guerre,' a stratagem of war, intended to draw us out from our fort. The result was that one of their *generals* fell, and we had to pay Jordan Swan, a gentleman of color, twenty-five cents to convey his 'mortal remains' to the 'potter's field.' We sent the other four howling in various directions, but we live in expectation of the renewing of the attack. It was a profound philosopher who said:

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain,
Will never live to fight again."

"We have often kept up the fire, at intervals, ever since, and we intend to continue it 'at all hazards and to the last extremity.' We have no ill-feeling toward any neighbor, and we never were the man to injure any man's property; but we are resolved not to be turned out of 'house and home' to accommodate the dog population of Knoxville. We will act alone on the *defensive*, not going off our premises. Having fought men and devils successfully for eight years past, it is due to the party we act with, and to the reputation of our children, that we shall not now be driven out of Knoxville by dogs."

"A few years ago," says a new and welcome contributor to the Drawer, "a friend of mine went to Kentucky, on foot, in search of his uncle, Thomas

Jones, Esq., who had removed there and settled some time before. On arriving in what he thought must be the vicinity of his uncle's residence, he stopped a stranger in the road, and inquired if he knew Thomas Jones, and where he lived.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I know him well."

"And will you tell me the way to his house?"

"With a great deal of pleasure," the man replied, and began: "You see that road there: just take that road and travel it about three miles, when you will come to a log house; don't stop there, but turn down to the right of the house, and, after going about a mile and a half, you will find a small stream; follow this stream up about three miles and a quarter, and you will come to a small ridge; take along down the side of the ridge till you come to a post and rail fence; keep up along this fence about three-quarters of a mile, and you will come to a little strip of woods about three miles long; go along past these woods, in a southerly direction, and you will come to a narrow lane; follow this lane about seven miles and a half, and you will come to a ravine running through a mountain to your left. Take up this ravine—"

"Well," broke in my friend, well-nigh distracted with the directions, "pray, what next?"

"Well, I was going to tell you; but if you can't wait perhaps you had better inquire of somebody when you get to the ravine!" And with these very satisfactory words the stranger walked on, and my friend pursued his journey in quest of his uncle."

JAMES T. BROWN, of Greensburg, Indiana, a smart and saucy lawyer, was once employed to defend a case before the Circuit Court. The Judge was not very learned in technicalities, knew but little Latin, and much less Greek. The jury were taken from the country, ordinary farmers. The plaintiff's counsel had opened. Brown rose and spoke two hours in the highest possible style, soaring aloft, repeating Latin and translating Greek, using all the technical terms he could bring to the end of his tongue. The jury sat with their mouths open. The judge looked on with amazement, and the lawyers laughed aloud. Brown closed; the case was submitted to the jury without one word of reply. Verdict in the box against Brown. Motion for a new trial. In the morning Brown rose and bowed to the Court:

"May it please your honors, I humbly rise this morning to move for a new trial; not on my own account; I richly deserve the verdict; but on behalf of my client, who is an innocent party in this matter. On yesterday I gave wings to my imagination, and rose above the stars in a blaze of glory. I saw at the time that it was all Greek and turkey tracks to you and the jury. This morning I feel humble, and I promise the Court, if they will grant me a new trial, I will bring myself down to the comprehension of the Court and jury."

The Judge, "Motion overruled, and a fine of five dollars against Mr. Brown for contempt of Court."

"For what?"

"For insinuating that this Court don't know Latin and Greek from turkey tracks."

"I shall not appeal from that decision; your honor has comprehended me this time."

MR. BROWN is now residing in Lawrenceburgh, and, though an old man, his intellect is as strong as ever, and his wit much sharper. A short time

ago, before a Circuit Judge of the same State, Mr. Brown appeared for the defendant, demurred to the sufficiency of the declaration, and made a short but very pointed argument. The Judge, a very stupid specimen of his class, waking up in the midst of the argument, interrupted him, and asked what the *point* was that he was driving at? Mr. Brown hesitated a moment, and very deliberately replied:

"If the Court please, I am about to illustrate it by diagrams, and I hope to make it so plain that it will be comprehended by all the audience, and perhaps I may bring it even within the comprehension of the Court."

Mr. Brown then proceeded, and brought his speech to a close; but it is almost needless to say that Judge Dogberry decided against his motion.

At another session of the Court, Mr. Brown was arguing before the same Judge, and laying down the law with masterly ability, when the Judge remarked that he need not argue the law of the case, as the Court understood that perfectly. Mr. Brown replied, with much meekness, that he "merely desired to talk about the law as it is in the books, which would be entirely different law from any his honor was acquainted with."

Lawyers will take such liberties, but they take them generally at the expense of their clients. Judges have a great deal of "human nater" in them.

IN Saintsville, a very quiet town in one of the Middle States—we do not like to spot it exactly—Squire Williamson reigns as the supreme judge in all matters of taste, especially in the fine arts. He sets up to be the most knowing man in town, not in law only, but in all departments of science. Now and then he overshoots the mark. One of the neighbors, an intelligent mechanic, having a fine taste for natural history, spent a good deal of time and labor in preparing a cabinet of stuffed birds, arranging them, "as natural as life," on perches around his shop. The Squire was fond of dropping in from time to time to find fault with the arrangement of the specimens. He admitted the skill of the man in skinning and stuffing them, but the habit of the bird was not hit in the way he stands.

"Why don't you follow Nature?" the Squire would ask, and grumble at the work, to show his own acquaintance with a subject of which he was totally ignorant.

Rogers, the bird-fancier, was vexed at the Squire's criticisms and self-conceit, and resolved upon fixing him. A friend from the country brought him one day a live owl of beautiful plumage, and Rogers gladly took it of him, and set it up in one corner of the shop on a shelf. Presently, as the Squire was passing, he asked him in. His eye caught sight of the new addition to the cabinet, and he exclaimed:

"Hey, hey, Rogers—a splendid specimen that! elegantly stuffed, too! But, Rogers, who ever saw an owl with his head tucked up in that kind of a way? Follow Nature, man!"

"Perhaps," said Rogers, "you could fix the head as owls are accustomed to hold them."

"To be sure I can," replied the Squire; and, mounting a chair, he reached up to the bird to straighten out his head. But his owlishness did not wait to be pulled; he darted out his bill, and gave the Squire's forefinger a grip that he will carry the

mark of for many a day. Falling back out of the chair in his fright, and seeing a smile of satisfaction on Rogers's face, he saw at once he had been sold. The owl looked on as wise as a judge, and the Squire was compelled to give in; but he insisted that owls in the woods or in the barn do not hold their heads as this rascally fellow does in the cabinet.

THE lawyers are laying us under obligation by their welcome contributions. An Eastern member of the bar writes that he had occasion to send a very decided letter to a man in the country, reminding him of the necessity of appearing at Court to answer in an action for debt; to which letter he received the following interesting epistle on matters and things in general:

"BIDDLETON, September 30, 1857.

"DEAR SIR,—Your document came to hand last evening, and, in reply, I would say that the weather is extremely damp at present, and has been for some time past. If it should continue so through the next month it will be likely to help the fall feed. The crops in Europe are said to be fair, but potatoes are diseased, as they are among us. This will probably not affect you very much, as potatoes seem to grow exceedingly small in your vicinity. Do you know of any means to prevent the potato rot? There has been a caravan in this vicinity lately, and it may be of some advantage to your client to know that the proprietors are much in want of an ape or a baboon to enliven the exhibition. I do not think it necessary for me to go into further particulars; but hoping to have an answer soon, I remain your obedient servant,
HIRAM CAIRNS."

NOTHING richer in the way of electioneering has come into the Drawer's precincts since last year's campaign was over. A Western correspondent, reliable for his facts as he is ready with his pen, writes:

"I was once present on the hustings at a discussion between two rival candidates for Congress in an excited election contest in Tennessee. Both gentlemen are now in high station; one of them for twelve years was in Congress, and has been Postmaster-General, and the other has gained a reputation for brilliant and classical oratory almost as wide as that of his illustrious kinsman of the same patronymic in Virginia. But to the discussion. Mr. J—— had been rather equivocally complimenting his opponent—who was called the 'Eagle Orator'—on the remarkable suavity of his manners, and his affability with the people; and went on to say that he had an irresistible way of seizing the hands of his constituents between both his own, and bowing so affectionately as to win their whole hearts. 'I must confess,' continued Mr. J——, 'that I have practiced for hours before a looking-glass to acquire that fascinating manner, but without success. I must yield to my friend the palm in shaking hands.'

"In reply Major H—— said:

"If my honorable opponent wishes to make himself agreeable to honest people, he must leave off practicing before the glass, and cultivate more assiduously the kindly feelings of the heart. He is the last man who should accuse me of practicing behavior to win votes. I will tell you a little anecdote illustrative of the peculiar electioneering abilities of my honorable friend in his intercourse with our intelligent constituents. We were canvassing in a remote part of the district, and, having an appointment to speak near the house of a very influential Squire, we spent the previous night

at his house together. It was well known that the Squire controlled all the votes in that precinct, and that his better half controlled him, so that it was all-important to get on the right side of her. We had agreed not to electioneer with the Squire while we staid with him; but I did not think this forbade me to do my best with his family. So I rose about daybreak the next morning, and, thinking that I should make friends with the mistress of the house by bringing water to cook the breakfast, I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on "a light fantastic toe," singing merrily as I went along, when what on earth should I see, as I looked into the barn-yard, but the old woman milking the cow, while my honorable friend, with his face ruddy with morning exercise, and his long locks streaming in the breeze, was holding the cow by the tail! I saw in an instant that he had the start of me. I returned to the house discomfited, and abandoned all hope of a vote in that region."

It was once remarked, in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance, and that the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in a night.

"I should like to know, Sir," asked the child, "where the *seed* came from!"

A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from raillery by saying:

"I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."

"That you may do safely," replied a wag; "for you know, Doctor, dead men tell no tales."

THE *Spirit of the Times* has a *foul* story that we are scarcely willing to credit, and our readers know that we regard credibility as essential to the perfection of all the wonderful things that get into and out of the Drawer. But this *Spirit* writer says:

"A farmer, way out West, was greatly annoyed by the scratching of his chickens in his garden, and concluded to experiment a little with them. He procured the services of a Shanghai rooster, and the result of the cross was a brood of chickens with each one long and one short leg. When they stood on the long leg and undertook to scratch with the other they couldn't touch bottom; on reversing the order of things, as digging with the long leg while the short one supported the body, the first stroke would result in a grand series of somersaults. The consequence was, that the hens soon became 'a-weary' of that fun, and left the garden, and the farmer's 'good wife' rejoiced greatly thereat."

THE Springfield *Republican* says:

"One of the speakers at the last Commencement at Williamstown made the statement that 'the class were all bachelors with one *manly* exception.' The student thus distinguished was married either before or after entering college, we are not certain which, and felt himself obliged, in order to establish his position as a student, to make known the fact to the President. This was done in some fear and trepidation, as he did not know but it might exclude him from the privileges of the college. Calling upon President Hopkins, he finally made out to utter the words:

"I am married."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, benignantly beaming through his spectacles, 'so am I.'

"This was the whole of it. The student proved himself none the worse for his connection, and won an appointment."

LEVI JACKSON was commonly called "Old Hickory" among his neighbors in Erie County, Pennsylvania, and for many years he filled the office of constable.

"At one of the Courts of Quarter Sessions, some two or three years ago," writes a correspondent of the Drawer, "Levi, having risen above his former office, happened to be on the Grand Jury, and was made Foreman. He had never been distinguished for more wits than were necessary to do what he was told, and now that he had the responsibilities of a new office on his shoulders he felt the importance of it, and was quite willing to spread himself generally. The jury were sent out with orders to bring in all their bills indorsed by the foreman. In due time he reported a batch indorsed 'Levi Jackson.' The Court informed him that the indorsement was not sufficient; he must sign them in his official capacity. 'That is,' said the Judge, 'you must sign them *as* foreman.' He soon returned into Court and presented the bills, each one of them signed, 'Levi Jackson, ass foreman.'

"That was all that could be got into 'Old Hickory's' head, and the bills had to be taken for better or worse."

My son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may;
Alike with earth and heaven sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

THE way in which Uncle Bill Terry became Uncle Ephraim Tu Nincom is told in a letter that comes to the Drawer.

There are many yet living in Oakland County, Michigan, who recollect Uncle Bill, the crier of the Court, and how completely the gravity of Judge Williams was upset, with that of bar and jury, on a hot day in July, when they were trying some tedious suit, and every body was sick and tired of it. They had just concluded the examination of a witness, when the counsel for the defendant said:

"If the Court please, I will have Ephraim T. Newcomb sworn."

JUDGE. "The crier will call Ephraim T. Newcomb."

No response being made, every one turned to look at Uncle Bill. He was sitting bolt upright in his chair, fast asleep! The judge raised his voice, and exclaimed, in a tone of command, "The crier will call Ephraim T. Newcomb." Uncle Bill started as if he had been shot, jumped to his feet, and yelled at the top of his voice, "Ephraim Tu Nincom, Ephraim Tu Nincom, Ephraim Tu Nincom!"

The third and last call was too much for bench and bar, and for a few minutes all gravity was forgotten in the general explosion. But, to the day of his death, Uncle Bill was known as Uncle Ephraim Tu Nincom.

WHILE in Court we have two or three more judicial cases to report.

When the people of the Circuit made a judge of Lawyer Gibson they thought they were spoiling a capital *neg*, but they were mistaken. He had adjourned his Court for the evening, and was leaving the Court-house; he was met by one of the *sovereigns*, with whom he exchanged the compliments of the season on this wise. The scene is in the South.

SOV. "Mister Judge, you talked to me last night like I was a nigger!"

JUDGE. "I reckon not; you *look* like a white man."

SOV. "Yes, you did; and I want my satisfaction out of you."

JUDGE. "You want a *fight*, do you?"

SOV. "I do *that*."

JUDGE. "Do you want it very much?"

SOV. "Well, I do."

JUDGE. "I am sorry I have none on hand at present, but I expect it will suit you just as well, so I will give you an order on a free negro who owes me one, and will pay you on sight!"

THE SHARP JUROR appears in the next case.

The action was ejectment for four acres of land, worth about a dollar an acre. The case had lasted four days, and the counsel on both sides had moved instructions, which the worthy judge had given to the jury with that amiable impartiality which distinguished him! The jury had been locked up two days to consider their verdict, and now came into Court unable to agree, and addressed the Court through their foreman, a small, sharp specimen of a juror.

SHARP JUROR. "Judge, it's a dead lock—six and six."

PLIFF'S COUNSEL. "If the Court please, I do hope this case is not to be tried again. If the jury differ about the facts, they can call the witness; if about the law, they can ask the Court."

JUDGE. "They have had instructions enough."

SHARP JUROR. "Yes, that's the pint. Six of us are hanging on the plaintiff's instructions, and six on the defendant's instructions, and it's a dead lock."

JUDGE. "There is no conflict between the instructions; they only present the case in different aspects."

SHARP JUROR. "That's it exactly; six on the plaintiff's aspect, and six on the defendant's aspect, and a dead lock at that!"

JUDGE. "The jury is discharged. Sheriff, adjourn the Court."

AWAY down in Pearl Street, in those ancient times—say twenty years ago—when Pearl Street was the head-quarters of the dry-goods business in this city, Tom Smith was the head clerk in the great house of Linen, Cotton, and Co. Tom had worked himself up from a rough-and-ready country boy to the front rank of his present profession. One evening in the winter of 1836-7 he was sitting near the fire—no business was doing, and it was not quite time to shut up the store—when, reading the newspaper, he looked up and said to the book-keeper,

"Jenner, what is an Artesian well?"

Jenner was too busy to answer, but Tibbetts, a quizzical fellow-clerk who loved to make fun of Smith, answered,

"An Artesian well is a *Pierian spring*—a sort of hydraulic affair—omitted in your education."

Tom saw the others snickering, and knew that

they were laughing at him; he denied the fact, and referred to what was stated in the paper he was reading, that an Artesian well had been bored four hundred feet deep!

"Well," said Tibbetts; "that's it exactly; as the poet says:

'A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the *Pierian spring*.'

Tom had to give it up, but still he had his doubts.

HERE is a dog's tale, or a tale of two dogs, that comes to us—the tale, not the dog—all the way from St. Louis, certified to be true—a true dog story:

"We had two dogs; one of them displayed his sagacity by seizing a pail in the yard, near the well, which he brought to the children, swung it around, laid it down at their feet, and carried on with it till they were led to think that he wanted water. They filled it from the well; he drank deeply, and retired, perfectly satisfied. A few days afterward the other dog died. The survivor, Ponto by name—the well dog, or dog of the well—took up the spade, laid it down again, took it up, went with it into the wood-shed, returned, laid the spade at the feet of the children, who were watching his motions; again he went to the wood-shed with it, and they followed him till they came to the body of the dead dog! The children now took the spade from Ponto, and, to his great satisfaction, dug a grave and buried his friend. Ponto never touched the spade before or after this occurrence. Who will say that he did not reason? If he had had the power of speech he would have asked for a drink of water, and also for a grave. Without speech, he did as well as he could."

A LADY—a *mute* lady, and deaf besides—writes the following amusing incident for the *Drawer*, and intimates that she has more as good, which the *Drawer* will be pleased to receive. The story is very pleasantly told, and we shall, for obvious reasons, give it in the actual words of the fair but silent writer from the sunny South:

"Some years since there lived and flourished in these parts an original genius, whom I shall call *Bounce*. This worthy but eccentric old gentleman had a negro boy who rejoiced in the name of Top. Old Mr. Bounce was very partial to Top, and treated him with great consideration. It happened one day that Top's master found him howling in the agonies of a severe case of tooth-ache. The tender heart of old Bounce was troubled, and, after a moment's thoughtful observation of the suffering boy, assured Top that the offending tooth should be drawn without his feeling it. Commencing operations at once, Top's master first procured a good strong twine, and fastened one end securely around the tooth. Then leading Top by the other end to the vice-bench in the work-shop, he made it fast to that instrument. Now the placid face of old Bounce changed into a ferocious scowl, and seizing a heavy sledge-hammer, he made a feint at Top's top. The frightened darkey gave a leap and a shriek simultaneously, and landed *à la* spread-eagle about six feet off, minus the tooth, which hung vibrating at the end of the twine. Top afterward owned that his master had made good his word. He was wholly unconscious of the tooth's withdrawal. Apprehension of imaginary evil made him unconscious of the real—a new illustration of the triumph of mind over matter."

Imagination versus Reality.

MR. VIOLET, a romantic Youth, is fond of imagining how he would act in trying Circumstances.



What he thinks he would have done—
If he had only been at Sebastopol.



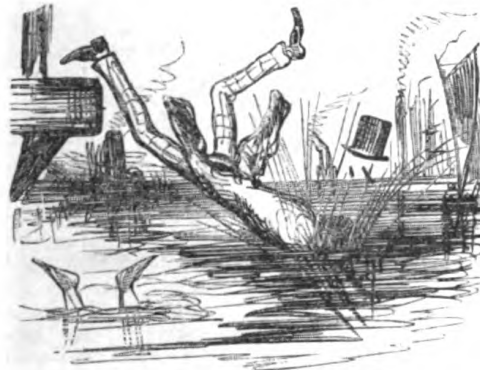
What he would have done—



How he thinks he would act—
If he were only rich, when asked for Charity.



How he would act—



What he thinks he would do—
If a beautiful Young Lady should fall overboard



What he would do—



How he thinks he would act—

If a wild beast should break loose in the Menagerie.



How he would act—



What he thinks he would do—
If a Young Lady were on the point of being run over by an Omnibus. [N.B.—The Horses in the first cut are drawn from wooden models in the possession of the Artist.]



What he thinks he would do—
If a band of Indians should attempt in his presence to make prisoner of a Lady.



How he thinks he would act—
If he should carry to a Publisher his Manuscript Novel, which he is sure is better than any thing of Dickens, and ought to bring him \$50,000.



How he thought he would behave—
When "popping the question."



How he did behave—
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—BALL DRESS.

THE dress is of pink silk; the corsage *décolletée*, pointed, and *demi-busque*, with a berthe of silk tulle, made in small puffs, sewed upon Lyons tulle, with sleeves the same, followed by a lace four inches wide. The skirt is trimmed with a wide lace, which, falling from the waist, reaches the top of a range of tulle puffs, similar to those above, but larger. The silk is now visible for a space; then follows a range of vine-foliage, interspersed with small gilt grapes, the leaves being of green and russet crape. This heads another fall of lace,

which is also succeeded by puffs of tulle. All these puffs are looped with pink and white ribbons crossing each other, ranging from No. 7 to No. 11, bows of which ornament the sleeves. The corsage has a bouquet of foliage. The hair is worn in flat bandeaux; it is low on the face, and on the head is divided into two parts, and rolled over the bandeaux; on the neck it falls low, without a knot. The ornaments consist of grape-leaves in autumnal tints, with grapes of pearl in small clusters.



FIGURES 2, 3.—COIFFURES.

In COIFFURES there is the widest latitude as to material and style. Any tasteful combinations of

foliage, flowers, feathers, chenilles, pearls, etc., may be safely adopted. We present two styles: Figure 2 is a circlet of pearls, with drops of the same. Figure 3 is also wrought in pearls, with oak-leaves, outlined with green and gold twisted braid, filled in with seed-pearls.

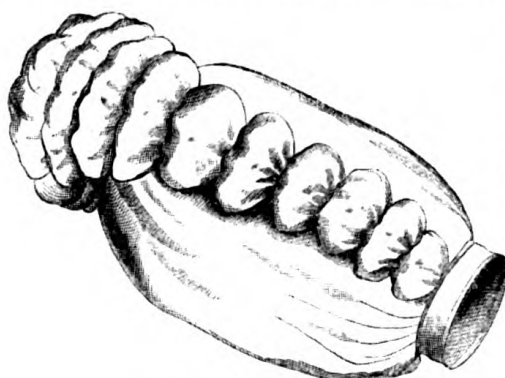
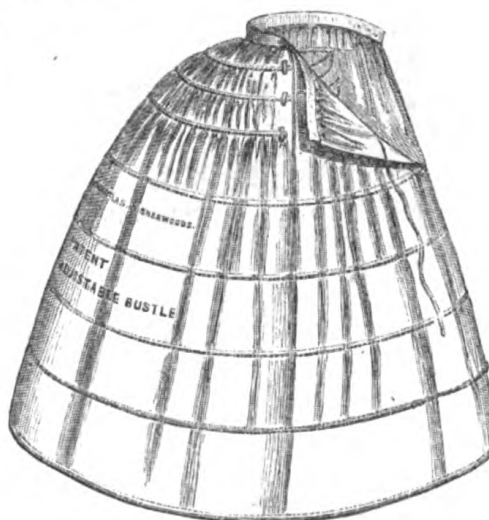
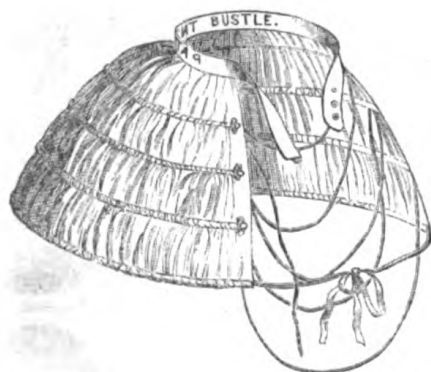


FIGURE 4.—SLEEVE

The PATENT ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE, figured below, recommends itself on grounds of health as well as convenience. The size can be regulated by means of a lace passing across the back. It is made either separate or attached to the skirt. Its pliability and elasticity are such, that while the whole garment may be compressed into a small bonnet-box, it instantly expands on being released from pressure.



FIGURES 5, 6.—ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCII.—JANUARY, 1858.—VOL. XVI.



THE numberless outgoings, of late years,
from the cities into the rural neighborhoods,
of our men of wealth and culture, bearing with
them the examples and means of refinement,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XVI.—No. 92.—K



THE COTTAGE, EAST FROM THE LAWN.

give very gratifying promise of advance in the public manners and taste. Every settlement thus made is a missionary station of social progress, which, in our ambitious and imitative land, must be speedily surrounded with a large parish of disciples, each going forth in turn to teach the faith, until the influence shall spread like the widening circles of pebble-broken water. The harvest to be, by-and-by, reaped from this broadcast sowing of the seeds of the cultivated and catholic way of life in cities must be healthful, for it is the good alone who love the country better than the town. As it happens, our authors (and lucky men they are to have it in their power!) have done, and are doing, their share in this worthy work, and no one of them more notably than Mr. Willis. First, in that little corner, loved under the name of Glenmary, which he has embalmed in the amber of his genius to all hearts; and, in later years, at the charming retreat of which we are about to write, that sweet idyl of Art-embellished and Fancy-vailed landscape—IDLEWILD.

In thus naming it there is no hyperbole, for his own enamored eyes have not seen it too partially, apt as poets are to imagine half the beauties which they sing. With the potent spells of Art and Taste he has summoned there the hidden spirit of Beauty, until what was once an unregarded and unappreciated waste is now a gem of nature so brilliant as to fix the dullest gaze.

Idlewild belonged, he says, "to a valuable farm, but it was a side of it which, from being

very little more than a craggy ravine—the bed of a wayward torrent—had always been left in complete wilderness. When I first fell in love with it, and thought of making a home amidst its tangle of mountains, my first inquiry as to its price was met with the disparaging remark that it was of little value; only an idle wild, of which nothing whatever could be made; and that description of it stuck captivatively in my memory—'Idle-wild! Idle-wild!'"

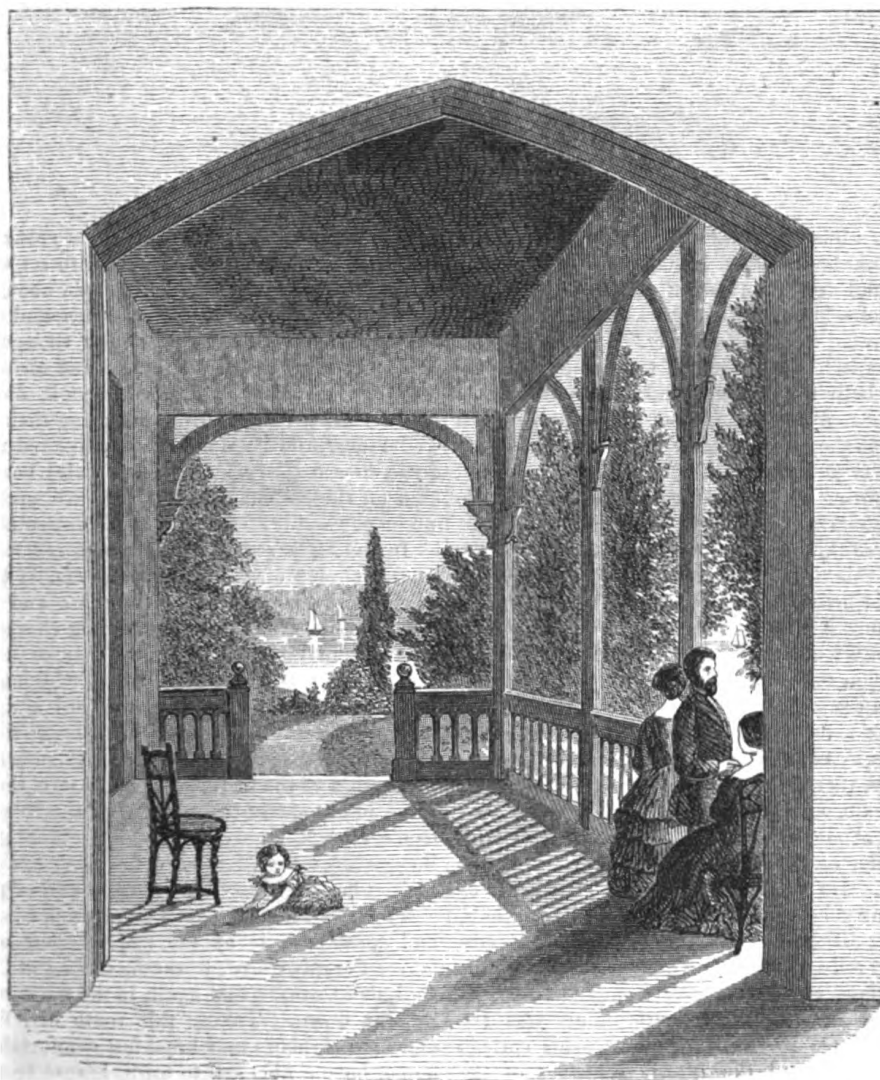
This *was* Idlewild; let us now see what it *is*. But first, how it chanced to fall under Mr. Willis's perceptive and developing culture.

Sixty miles of travel, by boat or railway, northward, through the most interesting passages of the scenery of the Hudson River, will bring the traveler within sight of Idlewild. Turning the corner of Storm King (or Butter Hill), after having successively passed the bold Palisades, the wide waters of the Tappan Sea, and the grand gorges of the Highlands, the eye falls upon the elevated reach of table-land which stretches far back from the shores of the Newburgh Bay to the base of the western hills. On the verge of this terrace, near its southern extremity, and close under the Highland group of mountains, where it steps out into the river in a bold promontory, is perched the many-gabled cottage of Idlewild, looking down two hundred feet, now into the deep glens of the wild brooklet, now over the roofs of the little village of Cornwall, into the weird shadows of the Highland Pass; or, northward, upon the distant river, valleys, and hills.

Here our poet, while secluded to his heart's content amidst the primitive wildness and wealth of Nature, has yet within his reach, when it pleases him to extend his hand, all the resources and delights of the most cultivated and generous society. On all sides villages, villas, and farms, teeming with happy, intelligent, and elegant life, encompass him about. Nature and Art have been lavish in their adornment of all the region; while the merry waters, the shady glens, and the sunny hill-sides, have each its pleasant tale of poetic tradition and historic association. The rock-ribbed walls of our poet's brook give him daily intimation of the busy world, as they gently echo the harsh voice of the locomotive; the passing sails fling hourly "extras" of human sympathy through his study window; while, high as he seems to be above the great flood of life, he has only to don the "wishing cap" of steam and stand in the heart of the metropolis. It would be difficult to imagine a greater variety of advantages

than the site of Mr. Willis's home commands, and he thoroughly understands and well employs them all—from the little social pleasures he exchanges with his guests and neighbors to the higher enjoyments gathered from the great oracles of Nature.

"My cottage at Idlewild," he says, "is a pretty type of the two lives which they live who are wise—the life in full view, which the world thinks all; and the life out of sight, of which the world knows nothing. You see its front porch from the thronged thoroughfares of the Hudson; but the grove behind it overhangs a deep-down glen, tracked but by my own tangled paths and the wild torrent which they by turns avoid and follow—a solitude in which the hourly hundreds of swift travelers who pass within echo distance effect not the stirring of a leaf. But it does not take precipices and groves to make these *close remotenesses*. The city has many a one—many a wall on the crowded street behind which is the small chamber of a life lived utterly



THE RIVER, EAST FROM THE PIAZZA.



THE HUDSON—NEWBURGH APPROACH.

apart. Idlewild, with its viewless other side hidden from the thronged Hudson—its dark glen of rocks and woods, and the thunder or murmur of its brook—is but this every wise man's inner life 'illustrated and set to music.'

Thus is Idlewild blessed with abundant provision both for the inner and the outer man: all about, from the markets of Newburgh just above to the gayeties of West Point just below; and, over and above all, with a climate pure and invigorating as the most remote and inaccessible mountain heights.

It was this latter advantage which first drew Mr. Willis thither, when, some years ago, failing health sent him in quest of the recuperating diet, moral and physical, of a country life. Wishing, while he should yet remain (as his profession required) within call of the metropolis, to escape the east winds and the sea-air, he took refuge behind the great barrier which the Highlands of the Hudson interpose to both.

Here, then—the spot answering all his wants of climate, society, and natural beauty—he took up his abode, establishing himself and his family under one of the humble farm-roofs of the region. He continued this simple, quiet life of a country boarder during a year and a half, passing all the hours spared from his necessary literary toils, on foot or on horseback, among the wild glens and the winding paths which surrounded him. His favorite haunt was the wooded edge of the terrace where his cottage now stands, and the mystic solitudes of the glens and waterfalls of the dainty brook below.

Amidst the scenes which had thus grown into his heart he determined at length to set up his home, although the practical people about him shrugged their wise shoulders, then and afterward, as stone after stone of the cottage was laid, and until it was completed and their turn to laugh was over. The worthy folk did not know what a magician was handling their rugged rocks, and no doubt they wondered not a little to see the Widow ——'s quiet boarders cast off their humble caterpillar garb, and soar up on gay and brilliant wings to their new abode.

In the taste and judgment required for the proper choice of a country-home Mr. Willis is marvelously competent. His quick and keen eye saw, no doubt, all the present charms of Idlewild in fancy, long before they existed in fact. He saw the fallen trees bridging the brook, and the far-off peeps at hill and dale through the vailing forests, impenetrable to other eyes. So ready, indeed, and so sure is his perception of the picturesque in Nature, that an artist might safely trust him with the selection of his themes, hours, and effects. What glowing pictures would have come from his easel had he happened to be painter instead of poet!

The most agreeable journey between Idlewild and New York is by the way steamer which leaves the city every afternoon, calling at Cornwall about sunset, and again in the morning on its way down. Taking this route Mr. Willis and his neighbors may breakfast comfortably at home, have a nice sail to town, leisure to shop, and be back again by rational tea-time.—An-

other route is to Cold Spring by railway, and thence across by ferry, under Cro' Nest, and round the foot of Storm King, landing at the Cornwall dock; then a ride to the summit of the Terrace, or a foot tramp thither by the river shore. Newburgh, however, a few miles above, being the capital of the region and its great dé-pôt of travel—itself, too, a favorite summer-haunt—is the point from which Idlewild is most usually approached. Properly so, too, from the pleasant ride it affords by the river banks, the promising peeps of the journey's end and object it here and there bestows; and, above all, from its final revelation of the scene in all its peculiar and individual beauty and grandeur of glen and precipice, forests and falls, with the piquant little mansion smiling far up in its secure surrounding of sunlit lawns. To see it there, over a glance at the rude access, brings grateful thought of rest after toil and weariness.

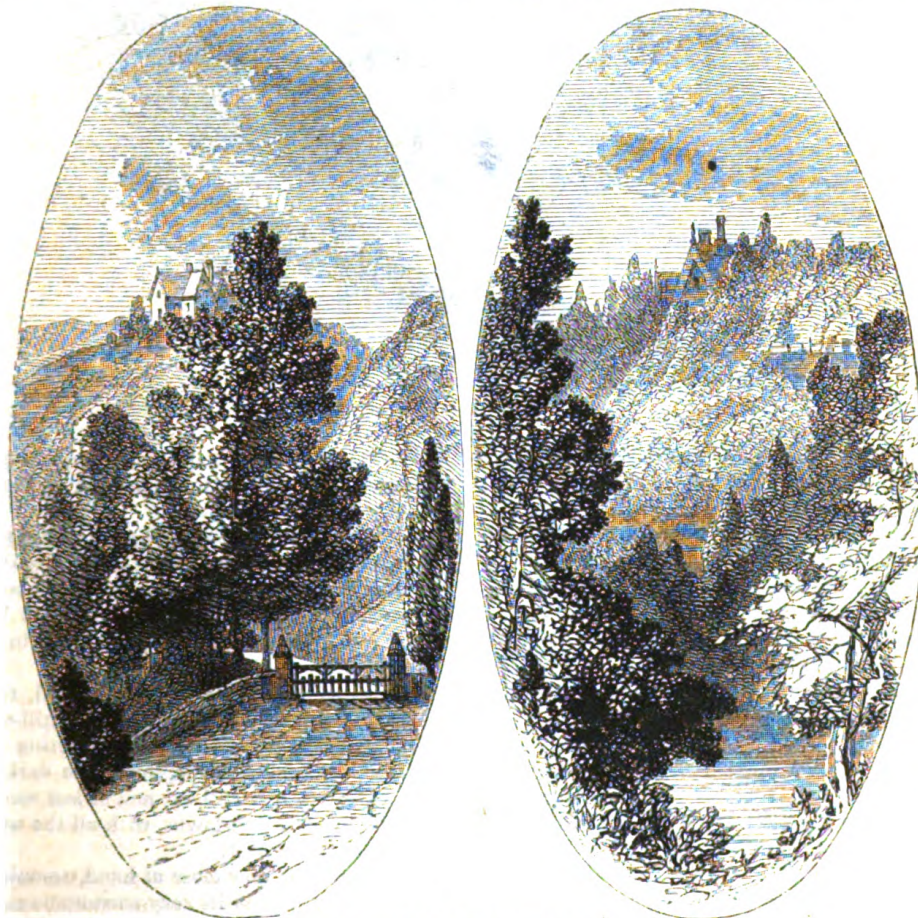
Our own first approach to Idlewild chanced to be *via* Newburgh. We had passed a long summer exploring Nature's wonders, and were returning, with the returning autumn, to town. During the season accident had led us to Glenmary, Mr. Willis's first rural home in the bright days of his early manhood and the first assurances of his literary triumphs; and so pleasant was the visit that we were minded to take Idle-

wild on our way home, and contrast the old and the new love.

As we drew near the domain, with only one more turn in the winding way hiding the whole picture from view, our impatience could not persuade us from pausing to enjoy the magnificent glimpse of river and hill which our position disclosed. We have preserved a hint at the scene in our sketch of the "Newburgh Approach to Idlewild." In the distance were the great Highland Pass and the bold cliffs of Butter Hill, while below the shadows fell upon the river-point of Mr. Willis's broad Terrace, and, nearer yet, the mountain waters of the Moodna and the grand floods of the Hudson commingled.

A few steps farther and we were in full view of the famous "Pig-Tight Gate," with its meadow and mountain inclosure. In his letters Mr. Willis makes pleasant mention of this gate, and he once told us how it won its euphonious name. In his early experiments in gate-architecture he had built a gate criticised by one of his rustic neighbors as not being "pig-tight;" and his little daughter "Daisy" (Lillian) took it into her little head, remembering the talk she had heard, to particularize it as "*de pig-tight date*," and the name, as names sometimes will, has stuck—Daisy being sponsor.

Approaching the "Pig-Tight Gate," we were



THE COTTAGE, FROM THE MEADOW.



VIEW WITHIN THE PIG-TIGHT GATE.

overtaken by a gallant-looking horseman putting spurs to a mettled steed, and then we received cordial welcome to the wilds, and walks, and walls of Idlewild from our poet himself, who was returning from his morning ride.

Though the fame of the "Pig-Tight Gate" may last but for a day, the grand landscape to which it plays sentinel has features bold and rugged enough to endure for all time. Idlewild scarcely presents a more imposing picture than the peep here at its eyrie-perched cottage. We have noted the scene in our portfolio, side by side with another upward glance from the meadow beyond, and yet another from within the gate, where the road drops charmingly under a dark archway of forest trees.

Emerging from this exquisite bit of natural bower, which could have grown only from a poet's engineering, the road falls into a broad

meadow, through which the once rampant brook now steals quietly on to its meeting with the Moodna and the Hudson.

Hereabouts the visitor looks out delightedly again upon the meeting of the Hudson and the Moodna, where the two rivers lock arms round the promontoried domain of Mr. Philip A. Verplanck. This passage, too, is included in our Idlewild gallery.

The meadow and its bridges crossed, there comes the winding ascent of the steep hill-side, with its diverging paths, ever tempting you down into the unknown depths of the dark ravine. Up, up, and still up, and at last we rest upon the lofty terrace-lawns, with all the world at our conquering feet.

The cottage is now close at hand, seemingly quite unconscious, in its cozy surroundings, of all the toil it has cost us to reach it. Though

really a very modest edifice, it struck us at first sight, in its unexpected position amidst so much wild nature, as rather stately for a poet's home, and particularly in contrast with the little vine-hidden box at Glenmary.

A visitor once undertook to explore his moonlight way alone over the river-path from the Cornwall Landing to Idlewild. Illy directed, he mistook a barn *en route* for the veritable cottage of the Muses, and kept knocking, knocking at the gray old door, looking up ever and anon interrogatively, and soliloquizing thus: "'Tis very plain! very plain house, indeed! But, *Mon Dieu, Willis is a poet!*'" Though a stranger might not set it down as the home of a poet, he would at once admit that it *ought* to be.

The cottage was designed by Mr. Calvert Vaux, an architect of Newburgh. It is built of brick, painted in quiet yellow. It is, in the popular fashion of the day, called Gothic. The gables and pinnacles, oriel windows and piazzas, are pleasantly disposed for picturesque effect and prospect without, and for convenience and comfort within. It stands upon the verge of a broad lawn, which occupies much of the entire domain of seventy acres; while behind—with space for promenade only intervening—are the crags and cliffs of the great ravine, traversed by

the famous brook, the pet feature of the spot. As such, perhaps the reader may expect our ciceroneship to conduct him thither incontinently; but we know too well the generous and graceful hospitality of Idlewild to give a thought even to the brook before paying our respects within doors. Besides, we have arrived at glaring noon, when nature is *en deshabille*, with all her shadows off. As Mr. Willis himself once said, regretting the unfavorable hour which the convenience of most of his visitors selects, "The glen is there to be sure—every tree and every rock; and so is 'Childe Harold' in the pocket dictionary—every word of it. And the poem may be appreciated by fumbling the dictionary, wherein are all the words that *might* be put together, as well as scenery by being visited when all its lights and shadows are unlinked."

Eager as we may be, though, to enter the cottage, we can not well cross the lawn in front without laying by an inkling of the noble panorama which it overlooks. The grand river-pass and the towering heights of the Storm King in the south must be seen, and seen again. So, too—as the eye turns lingeringly toward the east and north—the broader reaches of the Hudson, thronged with busy sails, and lined with village-studded shores—the richly-wooded



RIVER GLIMPSE, FROM THE MEADOW.



FROM THE STUDY WINDOW.

cape called Denning's Point and the Danskamer hills in the distance. In this direction the terrace commands a wonderfully winning vista across river, just at the dip of the Fishkill hills, with Polopol's rock-island for a landmark. The seats from which it may be seen at ease are ever in much request at morning and at evening. The water in the middle-distance is reached by the descent of an ancient path, dark with the foliage of venerable trees. This path, in the olden time (ten years ago), was the route from the river-point to the antique mill yet standing at the head of the glen. The rustic lads and lasses then affected it greatly in the light of the moon, and called it Love Lane. Mr. Willis has "annexed" and adapted it with such aptness, and given it so completely the Idlewild air, that one is led to believe that hoary-headed forest-trees grow at his bidding, no less promptly and obediently than do Gothic walls. This picture is still more interesting from the higher point from which we have snatched it—framed by our poet's "study window." It is his daily habit and delight to gaze upon it thence in the first blush of the morning light. We have preserved the scene in yet another setting—the arches of the charming piazza—which is the favorite tryst of the family group in the evening hours.

The terrace looks out upon a still differing series of views, as the eye continues to turn by the north, westward—lovely inland pictures of river, valley, and hill. Over the ravine and the peaceful waters of the Moodna, the villages of New Windsor and Newburgh, to the summits

of Skunnemunk, sliced off, as Mr. Willis expresses it, "several times a day by the swift smoke-tails of the Erie cars." Our own picture, this-wise, is from the edge of the lawn back of the cottage, and including the road below to Newburgh, through the meadow and the Pig-Tight Gate. From very nearly the same point we have selected another glimpse from a rustic seat down into the shadows of the glen.

The surprise of the bold gorge behind the cottage is all the more delightful to visitors approaching by the terrace gate, as no hint of it is given by the quiet pastoral air of the landscape in that direction.

The interior of the poet's mansion, like the outside, and indeed all the Idlewild "betterments," is remarkable for the entire absence of superfluous and belittling ornamentation; while there is every where embellishment enough for comfort, and elegance enough to show that wealth of taste rather than poverty of means has withheld what is not there. The bridges, for example, are firm and picturesque, but simple and rude as those which nature might have sprung in prostrate trees; and the cottage walls have the unpretending grace and the sturdy strength which befits companionship with blended lawn and precipice. In-doors, extravagant mouldings and fresco follies are eschewed for dainty pictures and choice little treasures in marble and bronze for mantle, bracket, and table, all with a voice and words quite worth the hearing and the heeding. Books there are, too—pleasant books, but not too rich for use. No library editions in untouchable bindings, sacred

to jealous cases and surly locks. They are not numerous, by-the-way; for Mr. Willis has ever been a greater reader of the world around him—its physical beauty, its feeling and action—than of musty tomes. He prefers black eyes to black letter, and makes daily life his library and teacher.

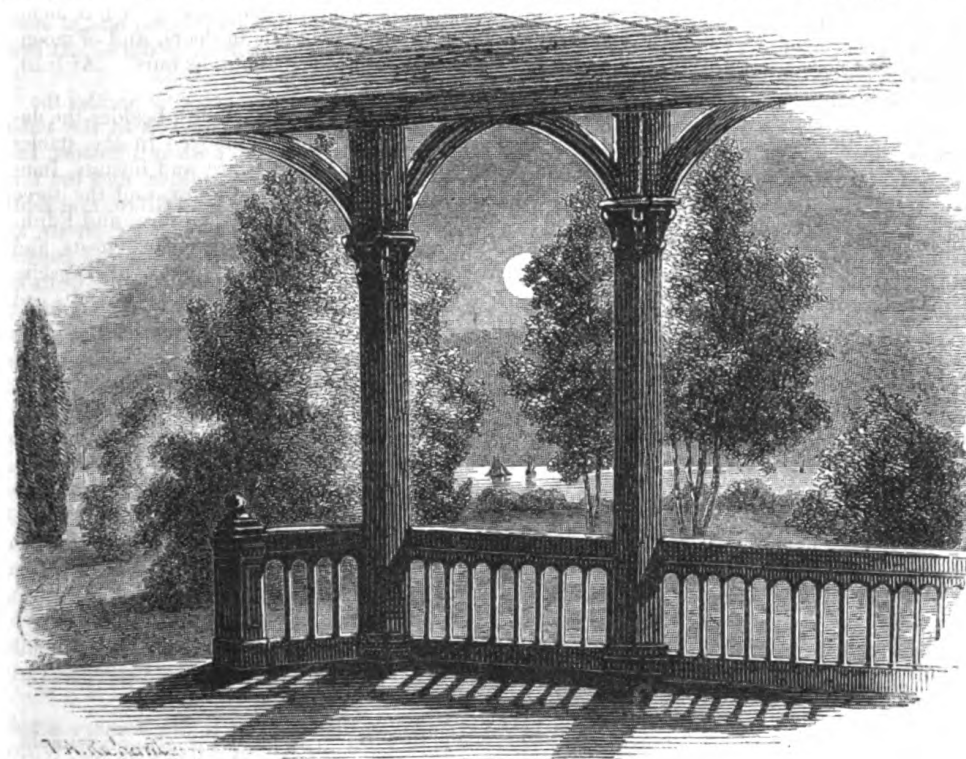
But, resuming our peep at the interior of the cottage, the charming piazza, upon which we step from the lawn, opens into a spacious hall in the centre of the mansion, giving admission on one side to the drawing-room and the library, and on the other to the dining-hall, with the star-chamber opposite the entrance, overlooking the glen. The parlor has a cozy oriel window, with a repetition of the "across-river" vista to which we have already referred; a scene once more commanded, with variations, from the eastern piazza, upon which the French windows of the library open. Both these apartments have, in all their fittings and furnitures, the grateful air of dainty grace which would be expected in our poet's home. The library, especially, is a little miracle of boudoir enchantment, all the more loved by the Idlewild guests, as in it they are always free to read, or write, or dream, at will, the only rule (a tacit one) being that possession is *ten* parts of the law—chance occupants not to be disturbed.

Mr. Willis's own especial sanctum, where he makes his thunder or weaves his spells to bewitch the world, is a little den overhead, where pens, papers, prints, and books take higgledy-piggledy possession of all the space not occupied by his invalid couch. It is a jealous sanc-

tum into which few are permitted to enter, and, indeed, into which few could, by any possibility, enter at a time.

From this little lair he watches, as we have said, the daily dawns—for he is an early riser—and does his whole day's in-door work—and hard work too—before the sun is in the meridian. With the morning so laboriously bestowed, he has, of course, thus far, little time for any thing else. Indeed, he breakfasts sparingly by himself, and is rarely visible until his work is put aside. Then, if you are in the way, you may exchange *bon jours* with him, as he passes out in quest of the trusty steed which is wont to bear him on his morning ride. He is a hearty lover of the horse, and to be in the saddle is one of his chief occupations and delights. The stables are thus close at hand, and under the personal observation which his estimation of them demands. They are ordered (like all the Idlewild appointments) more for use than show. All the miserable fifty-dollar hacks, he says, of the neighborhood are trotted over to him; but, somehow or other, under his management they quickly improve, and develop their lost or latent gifts—feeling, perhaps, in their new and distinguished position in a poet's stable, that, as the French proverb runs, "*noblesse oblige*."

By-and-by you may catch a glimpse of him in the recesses of the glen, and you will be sure to meet him with the assembled family at two around the dinner-table, where the "wine and walnuts" will catch a rare relish from the exchange of your individual experiences of the day thus far, and your general projectings for the



SOUTH—FROM THE PIAZZA.



NORTH—FROM THE TERRACE.

happiest employment of the afternoon and evening, which yet remain.

When the weather permits—and the weather always smiles upon Idlewild—a favorite afternoon occupation is a general ride to Newburgh, or some other of the thousand attractive points in the neighborhood. The family vehicle rolls up to the porch, and as many as are so disposed and can find places (half a dozen at least) plunge in and rattle away over the terrace, or down the steep glen paths. We were returning once with a wagon full from such a tramp, and lingered on the way to watch the gorgeous splendors of a wonderful storm-sky, instead of hastening on, like wise travelers, to escape its treacherous beauties. Mr. Headley and his gig—met on the way—brought us to our senses, with, alas! untimely warning of the impending danger.

The clouds gathered low, and dark, and dense above us, and a few heavy drops came down by way of tuning to the orchestral storm-burst which was to follow. There was a quick rustle of unfolding umbrellas, like the turning of the *libretto* leaves at the Opera; but the startling blasts of the wind instruments as quickly closed them up. Our only hope now was, as Mr. Willis urged on his flying steeds, to reach the shelter of the Moodna bridge, a mile from home, before the heavens should be opened. The hope was vain as vanity, for, when we did make the bridge, we were all so despairingly drenched that sun or shower were quite alike to us, and we paused not until our damaged dry-goods were greeted with merry laughter at the Idlewild porch.

Then there followed extraordinary retirement to apartments, and a very late reassembling at tea. Headley, we are sorry to say, reached home without even getting damp; but it is not likely that his afternoon was followed by such a memorable evening of music in-doors, and of moonlight walk and talk without, as ours. At least, we hope not!

The Idlewild census includes, besides the domestics and the men employed in the stables and on the grounds, the host and hostess, Imogen, the poet's eldest daughter, and the three younger children, Grinnell, Lillian, and Edith. The family is always increased by guests, and would be, in summer-time, to the full capacity of the cottage limits, if its hospitable walls had not, like the omnibus, always "room for one more." The wonder is, how the Idlewild guests ever get away, with such rare attractions out of doors, and such frank and genial hospitality within.

A spot so attractive as is Idlewild in its own right, and with the rich dower of romance which its poet-owner has bestowed upon it, situated, too, so accessibly on a great thoroughfare like the Hudson, and in the immediate vicinage of West Point, Newburgh, and other towns, must of necessity be a place of popular and curious resort; so, not a summer-day passes without bringing scores of pilgrims to its welcoming gates, and filling the otherwise quiet glens with happy faces.

Whether the magnet is the scenery simply, or the poetic association it has with Mr. Willis's life and genius, we leave the reader to deter-

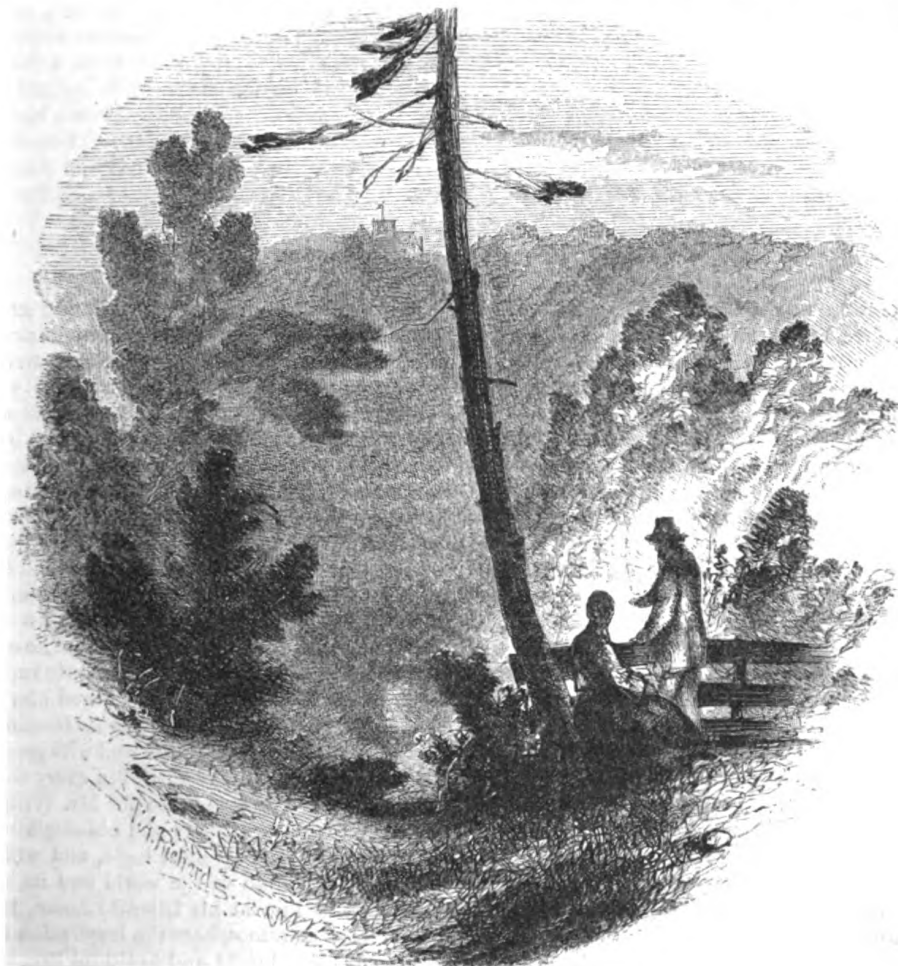
ine. Certainly, at this day, Glenmary, with no charms beyond those of a simple pastoral material beauty, and its remembrances of our poet's residence there long years ago, is scarcely less a loadstone to the literary pilgrim than is Idlewild itself. During our own sojourn at Glenmary, we occupied quarters in the cottage under the landlordship of the farmer, that "unknown purchaser and next occupant," to whom Mr. Willis's eloquent farewell letter was addressed. Not a pleasant day then passed that we did not count numerous carriages waiting at the little gate, while gay groups eagerly explored the meadows, and glens, and creek. The old stone seat "under the bridge," and which is there in part yet, whence the famous "Rural Letters of Glenmary" were penned, was an object of marked interest, and even more so the little grave away up in the tangled wild-wood of the glen, which recalls those sweet "Thoughts, while making the Grave of a New-born Child:"

"Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to heaven." Often have the little cottage walls been repainted to efface the pencillings of remark and remembrance left by visitors. Once our hostess went out to forbid some boys shooting the squir-

rels in the Glenmary meadows. "Mr. Willis," said she, "liked the squirrels, and asked us (she referred to the plea in the farewell letter) to spare them, and I won't have them disturbed."

In this connection we are reminded that once a conductor in an Erie Railway car, who knew Mr. Willis by sight only, presented him with a curious pebble, which he had picked up just before on a visit to Glenmary, "thinking," he said, "that it might be a welcome memento to his daughter (Imogen) of her birth-place."

To less generous and genial people than the family at Idlewild the unceasing flow of stranger-curiosity might be irksome; but the domain is a republic of the largest liberty, freely granted. On this point Mr. Willis thus writes: "Strangers coming to Idlewild often send to the cottage-door to inquire 'whether a stroll through the glen would be any intrusion.' A beautiful boy—so beautiful, that, as he stood upon a rock by one of the waterfalls, he left a picture there which the sight of the rock will always recall to me—said he had 'often wanted to stroll through the glen, but that his uncle, with whom he had driven past the gate, would not go into any man's grounds with whom he was not acquainted.' Why, my sweet fellow, it would



THE GLEN, FROM THE TERRACE.



EASTWARD—ACROSS THE GLEN.

be time for a new deluge if any bright spot on the surface of the earth could be so shut from you. No, no; there is no such 'right of property' possible in a republic. Fence out pigs we may, if we know how, and nobody leaves the gate open; but to fence out a genial eye from any corner of the earth which Nature has lovingly touched with that pencil which never repeats itself; to shut up a glen or a waterfall for one man's exclusive knowing and enjoying; to lock up trees and glades, shady paths and haunts along rivulets—it would be an embezzlement by one man of God's gifts to all. A capitalist might as well curtain off a star, or have the monopoly of an hour. Doors may lock, but outdoors is a freehold to feet and eyes."

In the same spirit he once said, speaking of the building of his bridge at Glenmary: "To be sure, the beggar may go down the bank on the road, and, entering by the other side, sit under it as well as I; but he is welcome. I like society *sans gêne*, where you may come in or go out without apology, or whistle, or take off your shoes; and I would give notice here to the beggary of Tioga that, in building a stone seat under the bridge, and laying the banks with greensward, I intend no sequestration of their privileges."

The country is the proper mediating ground for the reconciliation and the harmonizing of the two opposing natures, the moral and the mundane, which especially characterize poets, and Mr. Willis, perhaps, more than most men. The unlovely mask which is worn in cities in defense or defiance of the envy and uncharitableness around, is here laid ingenuously aside, and the better inner spirit is left to manifest itself in freedom. When the Idlewild talk once leaned toward this thought, Mr. Willis remarked that, catching a glimpse of his face in a shop mirror in New York, he was astonished at his own careworn, watchful, and ungenial look, and he could not believe that his head at any time gave such an index until his friends candidly assured him that such was his habitual expression—in *Broadway*.

With his intuition of genius, and with genius's fraternization with the beautiful in every shape, the country is the true place for Mr. Willis to work. He comes at facts and philosophies by feeling rather than by hard logic, and while a sufficient suggestion of the world and its mysteries gets to him at his Idlewild home, in its pure and loving atmosphere the inspiration buds and blooms into bright and healthful life.

Thus, by the magnetism of feeling, seizing

truths for which others painfully dig and delve, his fancy is restive when in harness with a slow, plodding intellect. He likes the suggestive rather than the demonstrative in his mental companionships.

"That man," said he, as we came near in a country ramble, "with whom I have just been talking, is a good fellow enough in his way, profound as a polyglott, but too heavy for my mood. Just now, when I expected him to be enchanted with the mellow freshness of this evening air, he suffocated me with thoughts upon Schiller and Zschokke."

Mr. Willis's impulsive temperament leads him into quick, though for that, perhaps, the more just, estimates of character. He forms likes and dislikes with a jump. We were once sitting with him on his Idlewild piazza, when a stranger, a proper man enough, presented himself. "How do you like him?" he asked us, when the visitor had departed. "Not at all." "Nor I; why, I can not exactly tell; but there is a reason, and I shall get at it by-and-by."

With this gossip in-doors, let us again breathe the air without, and take a look at the social neighborhood of Idlewild. We have already alluded to the populous character of the region, both native and exotic, the indigenous farmer and the imported gentleman. Mr. Willis has some friends around him—brother poets, whom we must number with both or with neither of these classes, since poets belong by nature to town and country alike.

First and foremost, across the river there, on the broad terrace at the base of mighty mural walls, which could be seen from the piazza if

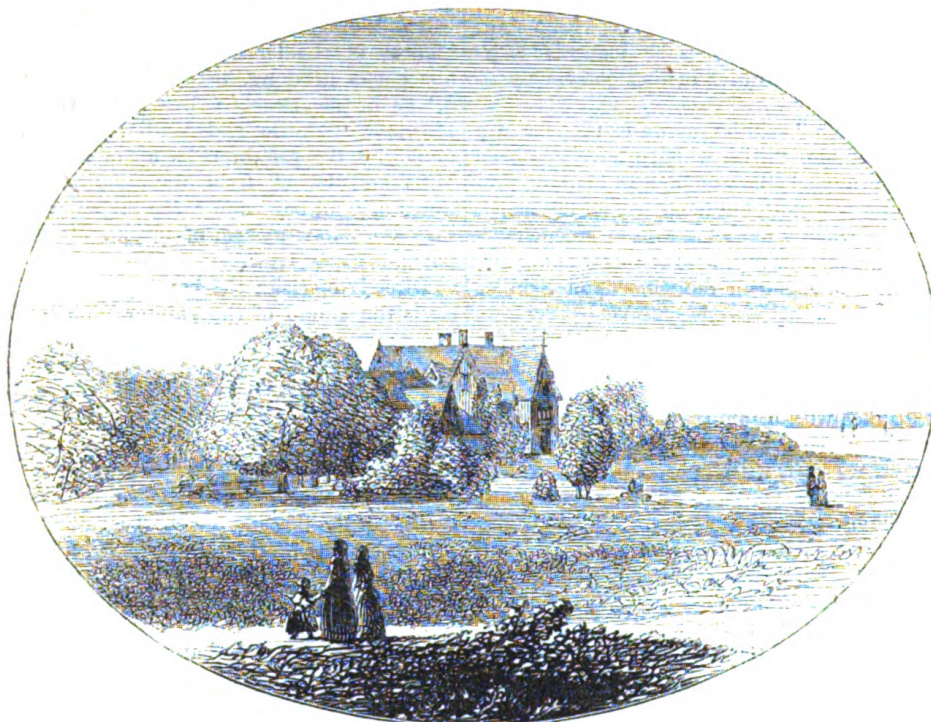
the Storm King did not intervene (perhaps by way of fairly distributing the blessings of Providence), is "Undercliff," the romantic home of our poet's life-long, trusty friend (his "dear 1/2," as he facetiously writes him), George P. Morris. "Morris and Willis!" what happy memories the refrain calls up of their united loves and labors, from the youthful *Mirror* times of "mi boy" and "the brigadier" to the sage *Home Journal*-ism of the mature philosophers.

Directly opposite the home of General Morris is the studio of the painter Weir, at West Point; and on the way thither—islanded in the river—is the residence of the Misses Warner, the popular authors of "The Wide, Wide World," and "Dollars and Cents." To either home Mr. Willis can easily pull a skiff. On the other side, and in his daily ride to Newburgh, he passes "Cedarlawn," the beautiful retreat of the graphic historian Headley. If it were proper now for us to linger here, we could scarcely resist the double temptation of the landscape charms without, and the social delights within doors.

Headley's villa was built, *con amore*, by the lamented Downing, whose own home, now in the possession of Mr. Alger, is one of the lions of Newburgh. We must not leave this part of the neighborhood without a visit to the unique "Fountain of Egeria," in the grounds of Mr. J. J. Monell. We say "grounds," but the marvel of Mr. Monell's gardening is, that while he is cooped up in his little share of a town block, the sentiment of rural retirement is so complete, it is difficult to believe yourself otherwise than



RIVER AND TERRACE, FROM NEAR MOODNA.



TERRACE APPROACH.

in the quiet heart of vast acres of Nature's freehold.

Returning to Idlewild we shall pass, as we have passed before, the elegant mansion of Mr. Philip A. Verplanck, buried in the luxuriant woods of its promontory seclusion. It is this point which officiates as groomsman at the nuptials of the Hudson and the Moodna, and which comes so invitingly into the Idlewild river-pictures.

Across the glen, and crowning the heights of the opposite terrace, we catch a glimpse of the roofs of Mr. Roe's popular summer boarding-house; and not far off, only that it is hidden from sight by intervening ridges, is the winsome village of Moodna, with its extensive paper-mill, under the administration of Messrs. Carson and Ide. Mr. Carson has made his architectural contribution to the vicinage in the recent erection of a villa, close by, in Cornwall. We must not forget the favorite school for boys here, conducted by Mr. Alfred Roe, or indeed the good people generally of the terrace-valley of Canterbury, and its throng of summer visitants in quest of country air and rural pleasures. Canterbury, in its quiet, aside position and with its gardens and grove-hidden cottages, is just the retreat for those who prefer rest and peace to a repetition, at Saratoga and Newport, of the wearisome dissipation they have left behind them. Idlewild sifts out pleasant society from the city deposits of summer lodgers in Canterbury and about.

Besides the scenes of personal interest, Idlewild is beset with stories of by-gone days. Mr. Willis, with his characteristic preference of the

living Present to the dead Past, has not written half as much as we could wish of this chapter of his home surroundings. Let us hope that by-and-by he will supply this want; or, if not, that his neighbor Headley, who knows and loves the theme so well, will tell us all about the sacred Revolutionary land which Idlewild and Cedarlawn look out upon. How Washington lived his anxious life in the old "Head-quarters" at Newburgh; how his brave army lay for months back there in the lap of the hills, all ready to fall upon the enemy should he succeed in his scheme of passing the Highland gateway; how there still remain on the famous "camp-ground" traces of its warlike occupancy, though the morass, which was then bridged with such painful engineering, is now covered with luxuriant meadow-grass and grain; how the quaint old stone houses still standing here were once the homes of Lafayette, and Rochambeau, and Knox, and other gallant generals; how the weeds have sprung up on the site of the memorable "Temple" where Washington began his solemn reply to the calumnies of the mischievous "Newburgh Letters," with the affecting words—as he put on his glasses—"Gentlemen, you see that I have grown not only gray but blind in your service!" And let us be told the thrilling story of West Point, its great perils and its happy escapes, with many other tales which the neighborhood will suggest, and which it will be most pleasant to hear.

In the village of New Windsor, and passed always in the Newburgh ride to Idlewild, there still stands the veritable old dock at which all the stores of the army of the Revolution were

landed, while it was encamped among the mountains behind. In the same vicinity, too, one can still see the old mansion of the honored family of the Clintons. Mr. Verplanck's domain yet exhibits the well-preserved remains of an ancient battery and breast-work, very curious to see.

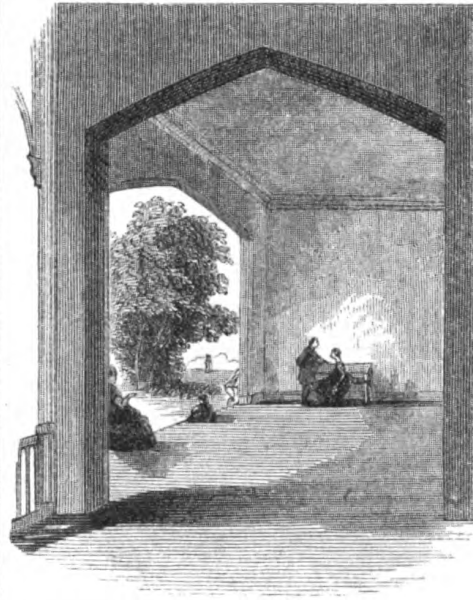
While "down among the dead men," our memory carries us yet deeper into the Past—to the fabulous time when the adventurous explorer Hendrick Hudson pushed his fearless way up the great river, and calls to remembrance a certain passage in his "journal," all about his anchoring on the bar, off the very terrace on which Idlewild now stands, and how the shores—especially on the *western* side—gave tempting invitation to settlement.

This geographical preference of the astute navigator is greatly approved by some of the inhabitants hereabouts, and as much excepted to by others. Indeed the rival claims of the two shores of the river have engendered a little social warfare, which we may call the "battle of the banks." The dwellers on either hand look in pity upon the others, and think that it is to themselves alone that the lines have fallen in pleasant places. One gentleman, who has settled on the west side, after failing to find such a domain as he desired on his preferred other shore, has spitefully named his acres "Wrong-side." For ourself, we could very well "be content with either—were the other dear charmer away."

Lavish and loving as are the tributes which Mr. Willis has paid to his darling *Brook* (to which we come at last), the visitor will confess that they are no more—even if they thus suffice—than the telling of the feeling which the scene calls up in his own heart. It is one of those admirably perfect works of Nature which the poet or the painter can adorn no more than he may the lily.

In times of flood, the stream grows so unruly and disports itself so roughly in its rocky cage as to forfeit its pet name of brook, though its propriety at most seasons subdues it to the diminutiveness of what Mr. Willis calls "a kind of Trenton Falls for one," and places it within the pale of the true sentiment of "landscape-loving," which, he says, is ever "more affectionate than reverential."

Born back in the mountains, it has an easy, merry life in valley and wood, until it reaches

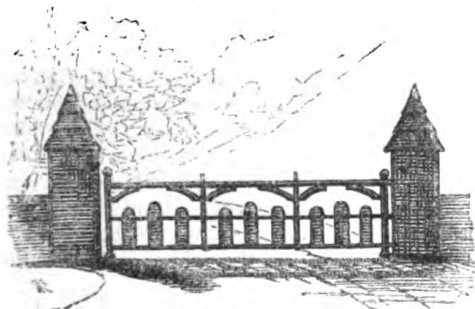


THE COTTAGE PORCH.

the head of the ravine at the western edge of the Idlewild grounds, when it comes twisting and twirling, in foam and fall, over a varied rocky descent of between one and two hundred feet, to the quiet meadow below the cottage. This rugged passage is a grand gallery of wonderful pictures, which Mr. Willis's magic art—his vistas, his bridges, and his wood-paths—has restored, and framed, and hung up for the delight of the public eye. How much longer the "catalogue" will be at our next visit there is no telling; for with the hatchet among the forest-boughs, and the spade and pick on the sides of the precipices, he is every day providing new gems for his walls.

The Gradgrind visitors of the brook who affect facts, may now have the relish of some actual personal incident or association with each locality, while the more romantic may people the bowers, and glens, and caves with the Undines, the Lurleys, the Egerias, and the Arethusas of their dreaming fancies. It is a gentle conceit of Idlewild to name scenes and objects after personal friends. Thus the fall in our picture up the glen from the foot-bridge reminds us of Bayard Taylor; and we were once greatly alarmed to hear, when the carelessly-tied horses of some stranger-visitors were lunching upon the leaves of a favorite hemlock in front of the cottage, that they were eating up "Mrs. Harry!"

At our last visit to Idlewild the torrent portion of the brook possessed three bridges—the upper, or "the foot-bridge" (though they are all for pedestrians only, of course), the middle, or "zigzag," and the lower one, just above the dam over which the waters fall quietly into the meadow. Winding wood-paths lead to and connect all these transits of the chasm. Our portfolio includes a peep at the steep way to the upper bridge, and a glimpse thence to the head of the brook. The frontispiece is from the hill-



THE PIG-TIGHT GATE.



UP THE GLEN, FROM THE FOOT-BRIDGE.

side midway between the first and the zigzag passages. We have saved, too, a look up from the lowest of the bridges and of the "Drip Rock," which belongs to the same paragraph. Near by is a magnificent old boulder called "Chapel Rock." In the "dim religious light" of the glades beneath, worshipers may kneel when they have dipped their fingers in the holy water of the pure spring with which the spot is blessed.

Once upon a time, during a freshet (and freshets make mighty transformations here sometimes), there came down with the rushing torrent a marvelous old stump, which, upon due introduction, proved to be a very great personage indeed—a personage to whom all visitors make their best respects, and whom the Idle-wilders hold in reverence. At first sight he seemed to be that powerful god of the woods

and waters—the venerable Woden himself; but when, with his coming, there came too the record of the death of the belligerent Emperor Nicholas, he was immediately recognized as the disembodied spirit of the departed Czar, and as the Czar, or Russian Bear, he has been exalted to a shrine on the lawn. The likeness of the old forester to *Ursus* is so amusingly remarkable that we have admitted him into our gallery.

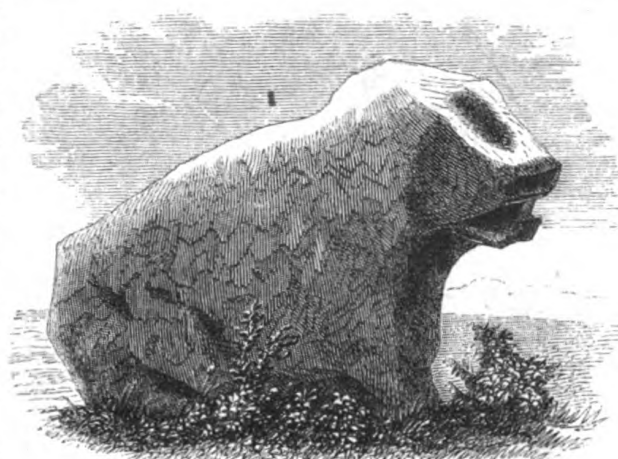
As the waters of the ravine glide through the meadow they fall in with the ripples of Funny-child Brook—a little stream which has stolen quietly down from a convergent glen, over mossy rock and amidst tangled shrubbery on the opposite side of the precipice. Hand in hand, the sister brooks now ripple along to the wide bed of the Moodna and the wider waves of the Hudson.

The growing fancy for rural homes, to which

we alluded at the opening of our gossip, is giving an almost fabulous price to the river lands as romantic ground. Especially is this the case in respect to the neighborhood of Idlewild. Mr. Irving relates a story of the worthy hostess of Glenross, who was wonderfully attentive to Sir Walter Scott when he visited that place. The secret of the matter was, as it came out, that she "had been told he was the gentleman who wrote a bonnie book about Loch Katrine, and she hoped he would write a little about Glenross also, for she understood that the book had done the inn at Loch Katrine a muckle deal of good!" And so have Mr. Willis's "Idlewild Letters" and residence done all the region round "a muckle deal of good."

If the reader has followed us thus far with pleasure in our explorations of the beauties of Idlewild, we need not hesitate to ask his company in a hasty review of the life and literary labors of the magician of the place.

Mr. Willis comes of good, sturdy English stock, though a long way off. As early as 1658 one of his ancestors was admitted freeman of Massachusetts. As to his inclination toward literature, that came by inheritance through two generations at least. His grandfather was one of the proprietors of the *Independent Chronicle*, a provincial political journal in Boston during the period of the Revolution. Afterward he migrated to Virginia, where he published the *Potomac Guardian*, and, later still, he conducted the *Scioto Gazette*, the first paper established in Ohio. He was at one time State printer in Ohio, and among the incidents of his life, which was a long and active one, it is recorded of him in the biographies that he was an apprentice in the printing-office of Franklin, and a guest at the immortal Boston Tea-Party.



THE BEAR.

Our poet's father, who is still living in useful and revered old age, in his native city of Boston, has been all his years a journalist, and with some noteworthy and most interesting incidents. In 1803 he established the *Eastern Argus* in Portland. Returning from Maine in 1816, he commenced the publication of the *Boston Recorder*, the first religious newspaper in the world; and and for the last twenty years he has edited, and still edits, the *Youth's Companion*, the earliest child's paper ever published. We have seen the monthly issues of this little journal eagerly welcomed by the children at Idlewild.

Mr. Willis was called upon, in 1844, to grieve for the death of his mother, whom he has taught us to revere in his verse. She is every where remembered as a woman of very marked intellectual endowments, and not less distinguished for her truthful piety and the earnest, active benevolence of her character. She was held in the highest regard by the best and wisest men of her circle and time, many of whom—among them the Rev. Doctors Payson and Storrs—were her admiring and habitual correspondents.

Our poet, Nathaniel Parker Willis, was born in Portland, Maine, on the 20th of January, 1807. His school life began under the tutorship of the Rev. Dr. M'Farland, of Concord, New Hampshire. Afterward he was successively a pupil of the Latin School of Boston, the Phillips's Academy of Andover, and of Yale College. He graduated in 1827 (at the age of twenty), with high honors and brilliant hopes. His first appearance in the literary world was as a poet, in which character he was winning a bright fame before he was known as a prose writer. While in college he published various religious pieces, under the signature of Roy, and he bore off the chief prize offered by Lockwood the publisher, for the best poem which



PASSAGE IN THE GLEN.

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PATH IN THE GLEN.

should be contributed to his gift-book, "The Album."

After leaving college he became editor of the *Legendary* and the *Token*, a series of sketches and tales, published by Mr. S. G. Goodrich, known later as "Peter Parley." In the following year, 1828, he established the *American Monthly Magazine*. He conducted this enterprise for two years and a half, when it was merged in the *New York Mirror*, and the interesting literary fraternity of the respective editors, N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, began.

No sooner was this partnership formed than he set sail for a tour in Europe, of which the *Mirror* readers had piquant and palatable reports in "Pencilings by the Way."

Ancient as was the theme of his journeyings even at that day, he saw men and things with such new and observant eyes, and recorded his impressions in a style so graphic, fresh, and genial, that he might have gone, or others might go, to the ends of the earth with no more pleasure to the public.

This first residence abroad was a long and eventful one. It led our traveler through all the capitals of Europe, even to the City of the Sultan, and yet beyond, to the poetic altars of the Orient, and every where under agreeable cir-

cumstances, his own commending accomplishments being set off with the diplomatic button of *attaché*, which had been given to him by Mr. Rives, the American ambassador at Versailles.

In his wanderings in many lands he gathered up great stores of sparkling warp for the after weavings of his fancy. Last of all, his vagabondizings led him to London, where he pitched his tent for a time in such peace as his literary labors and the social pleasures of that restless metropolis would permit.

At this period he contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine* the tales and sketches of "Philip Slingsby," soon after republished under the title of "Inklings of Adventure."

The most interesting result of this residence in England was his marriage, in 1835, to Mary Leighton Stace, the daughter of a distinguished officer who had won high honors at Waterloo, and was then Commissary-General, in command of the Arsenal, Woolwich. The portraits

which remain of our author's English wife, and the remembrances of all who knew her, describe her as a woman of great personal beauty and of unwonted grace, gentleness, and sweetness of character. She died in New York, leaving one child, Imogen, the eldest daughter of the family.

In 1837, Mr. Willis returned to his native land, and soon after established himself in that little retreat in Central New York, near the village of Owego, and the romantic waters of the Susquehanna, now lovingly known to the world as "Glenmary." The portrait of this happy home and of the landscape around is drawn with graphic and affectionate minuteness and truth in his "Letters from Under a Bridge." Rugged and mountain-bound as the Susquehanna is in some portions of its long course, here, by Glenmary, its mood is sunny and serene as a Sabbath morning, not wanting, though, in animation and change. The cultivated hill-slopes look out curiously upon wide reaches of fruitful valley and winding river, and upon the capricious outlines of far-off mountain heights; while the little cottage below, veiled by clustering leaves and flowers, is within reach of the scent of summer meadows and the cadence of flowing waters. "There are," as Mr. Willis himself says, "more romantic, wilder places

than this in the world, but none on earth more *habitably* beautiful. In these broad valleys, where the grain-fields, and the meadows, and the sunny farms, are walled in by glorious mountain sides, not obtrusively near, yet, by their noble and wondrous outlines, giving a perpetual refreshment and an hourly-changing feast to the eye; in these valleys a man's household gods yearn for an altar. Here are mountains that to look on but once 'becomes a feeling'; a river at whose grandeur to marvel; and a hundred streamlets to lace about the heart. Here are fertile fields nodding with grain, 'a thousand cattle grazing on the hills.' Here is assembled together in one wondrous centre a specimen of every most loved lineament of nature. Here would I have a home! Give me a cottage by one of these shining streamlets—upon one of these terraces that seem steps to Olympus; and let me ramble over these mountain sides, while my flowers are growing and my head silvering in tranquil happiness."

We are glad to transcribe this passage (as we would many others of like spirit, if our opportunity allowed), not only as bearing directly upon our especial theme—the *home-feeling* of our author—but as a leaf from that chief literary labor of his Glenmary life, and perhaps of all his life, in the department of descriptive art—the ever-green "Letters from Under a Bridge."

As the course of true love never did run smooth, so this, our poet's first affection, was doomed to early blight, and the clouds of reverse and change gathered and fell upon his contented roof. The sudden loss of his income by the death of his father-in-law, and by the failure of his booksellers, compelled him to return to more laborious and more lucrative life in the city; and after five years' happy retirement, his exiled Lares and Penates were again sent wandering to and fro on the earth.

Once more in New York, he engaged for a while with Dr. Porter in the publication of the *Corsair*, a weekly critical journal; and in its service soon went again to England, where he enlisted, among other contributors, the novelist Thackeray, not then come into his present fame.

While in London, he published a collection of stories, poems, and letters, under the title of "Loiterings of Travel," and another volume called "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," which contained his plays of "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortosa the Usurer." These dramas still maintain their place on the stage. At this time Mr. Willis also prepared the text for Virtue's beautiful volumes upon the scenery of the United States and Canada.

When he returned home he found the *Corsair* "among the missing," and engaged with General Morris in the publication of the *New Mirror*, first as a weekly, and afterward as a daily journal. Unhappily, severe labors soon made the first breach on a constitution which had hitherto seemed invulnerable. His health failed

rapidly, and as sorrows come in battalions, his afflictions were doubled by the death of his wife. He went abroad for respite and relief, and suffered, in England, from an attack of brain fever, and afterward from long and painful illness at the baths of Germany. Here he fell in, at Berlin, with his old *Mirror* confrère, Theodore Fay, the American Secretary of Legation. Mr. Wheaton, our ambassador, offered him attractions which determined him to remain and labor on the Continent; but going to England to place his daughter at school, he was too sick to return to Germany, and soon after took her back to America.

The *Mirror*, meanwhile, had passed into other hands, and General Morris had launched a new literary bark, under the flag of the *National Press*, where he sat alone at the helm. His old shipmate coming alongside, on his return from foreign seas, was cordially pressed to "put in his oar"—the lonely colors, after floating a year, were lowered, and the bright banner of the *Home Journal* was nailed to the mast, where it still waves over the rich freightage of thought and fancy its weekly voyages convey to every appreciative home in the land.

In 1845 Mr. Willis was married to Cornelia.



FROM THE LOWER BRIDGE



THE COTTAGE—SOUTH FRONT.

only daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of Massachusetts, and, by-and-by, he made that more intimate acquaintance with the beauties of the Hudson Highlands, which ultimately resulted in the establishment of his family altar at Idlewild.

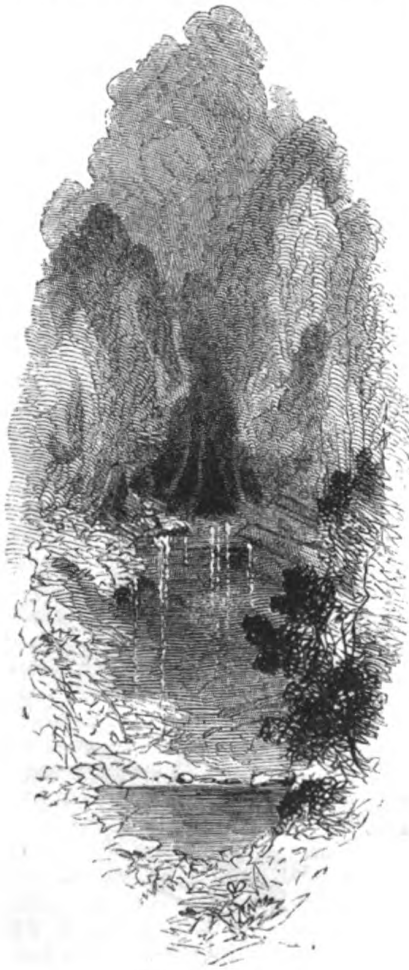
In the mean while a complete edition of his works, in a closely-printed and ponderous oc-

tavo, was issued; and his poems were reproduced in an elegant volume, illustrated by Leutze.

More recently, a uniform collection, in a dozen handsome and convenient volumes, of some five hundred pages each, has come from the press. This edition includes, we believe, all the prose issues, of which we have already spoken, sometimes, though, under different classification and titles, and collections of magazine and newspaper contributions not before made.

One volume of the series contains the "Pencilings by the Way," excepting certain portions which, with other material of the same nature form the "Famous Persons and Places." "Further Record of Travel," and "Observations on Europe," are preserved in the "Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American Frigate." In the "Fun Jottings, or Laughs I have taken a Pen to," we have the sketches of the "Ghost Ball at Saratoga," "Pasquali, the Tailor of Venice," "The Spirit Love of Ione S—," and other favorite tales. The two volumes of "People I have Met; or, Pictures of Society and People of Mark: drawn under a thin Veil of Fiction," and "Life Here and There; or, Sketches of Society and Adventure at far-apart Times and Places," was also composed of the author's sparkling magazine novelettes; among them the "Lady Ravelgold," "Edith Lindsay," "Leaves from the Heart-Book of Earnest Clay," "Miss Jones's Son," and "Born to Love Pigs and Chickens." "The Rag-Bag" and "Hurrygraphs" are volumes of briefer and slighter material, collected from editorial letters, leaders, and items. "Rural Letters" contains the "Germany Papers and Poems," "Invalid Rambles in Germany," "Letters from Watering-Places," and other matter. The "Health-Trip to the Tropics" is a republication of the editorial letters from the Bermudas, the West Indies, and the Southern and Western American States, written during the author's invalid rambles in the winter of 1851-2.

In a later volume is collected the long series of letters to the *Home Journal*, suggested by the natural scenery and the daily experience of Highland life on the Hudson, under the title



THE DRIP ROCK.

of "Out-Doors at Idlewild; or, the Shaping of a Home on the banks of the Hudson." The catalogue concludes, at present, with the reprint, from the *Home Journal*, of "Paul Fane; or, Parts of a Life else untold"—Mr. Willis's most ambitious venture into the regions of romance, and his *only* attempt at the full-grown novel. It abounds in that dainty analysis of certain subtle traits of character and social manner, in which Mr. Willis is always so singularly successful.

This list might, no doubt, be easily swelled from the stores of wandering waifs not yet called home; and the unfailing activity and fertility of the author's fancy promise a long future extension. If it were proper, some rare volumes might be filled by his liberal and characteristic private correspondence.

This edition does not include the poems, the most eagerly sought for of all Mr. Willis's labors, and of which the unflagging sale contributes a liberal item to his yearly income. Various editions may be had—for the pocket, the library, or the drawing-room table. One can not go amiss in choosing among these volumes, whether it be for the gentle occupation of an idle hour, for suggestions to laggard fancy, or for sympathy and companionship in more earnest moods.

Mr. Willis's chief literary occupation now, as for some years past, is in the service of the *Home Journal*, which, through the genius and the untiring and affectionate industry of its editor, has won exalted esteem as a family and parlor newspaper. It is scarcely known how much and how ponderous is his share of this weekly toil.



FUNNY-CHILD BROOK.

In the editorial chair Mr. Willis has been uniformly and eminently successful, always displaying a delicacy and nicety of appreciation and judgment, a subtle tact and taste, a habitual and hearty kindness for his brother authors, and a comprehension intuitive of the wants of all classes of readers rarely possessed; though he can not well be spoken of as a journalist, except at the same time as an author, so closely



RIVER POINT AND GATEWAY,

has he been devoted to the labors of both, and so much has the product of the one grown out of the other.

No writer has so unvariedly and so entirely won the admiration of readers of the most refined sentiment and the daintiest fancy, and at the same time the full sympathy of the masses of all tastes and calibres. This result comes from that proper blending, of which we have before spoken, of the two natures, both so manifest in Mr. Willis's character, the physical and the æsthetic—the social feeling which sends him for his themes to the actualities, great and trivial, of daily passing life, and his poet's vision, through which he sees them, instantly and instinctively in their broadest and most striking lights, and is enabled to present them, decked in all the richest glories of the palette, and with a point and force quick and dazzling as the lightning. He is essentially the man of genius, as that term is understood in contradistinction to talent and learning merely. Fanciful, and perhaps unreal, as the plots of his stories may sometimes seem, and scanty as are the incidents, the reader is always carried away captive, and, as by magic, into entire sympathy with the author's mind and imagination. Even the vagaries and eccentricities of his language have their value, as growing out, necessarily, of his singularly unique and original style, and as they never overstep the pale of idiomatic English.

"The life and fertility of the mind of Mr. Willis," says Dr. Griswold, in his *Prose Writers of America*, "are very remarkable. His spirits and faculties seem to have been bathed in perpetual freshness. The stream of thought and feeling in him is like the bubbling outspring of a natural fountain, which flows forth with gayety and freedom, if it flows at all. His powers seem never to be lessened by exhaustion. His fancy is never soiled by fatigue. He never copies others, and he never repeats himself; but always prompt and always vivid, his mind acts with the certainty of a natural prism which turns every ray that reaches it into peculiar beauty."

We have made allusions to the gradual failure of Mr. Willis's health of late years. It is very generally known that he is an invalid, but not to what extent. To see him about his home, on foot or horseback, or in Broadway, with his wonted elasticity of step, his air of habitual easy grace, his tall and elegant figure as much obeying the volitions of his will as the smile on his lips; his rosy cheeks, the still joyous luxuriance of his clustering hair, as though his body had, like his mind, been bathed in the fountain of perpetual youth and freshness, the stranger would not think that he owed him any great debt of sympathy as a sick man, and yet it is only the patient philosophy and the cheerful endurance with which he has borne his maladies, and the heroic courage with which he has struggled against them, that has kept him alive. Let us hope that he may be able still to fight the good fight victoriously for many a long year to come.

NUPTIAL VERSES.

I.

Two souls are blended into one,
Like drops of crystal dew,
Two streams which long apart have run
Now the same course pursue;
Then wake! my Muse, my Lyre awake,
Tune up a joyful note,
As sweet as comes at morning's break
From the linnet's silver throat.

II.

Let no rude touch a discord make,
So sweep the trembling string
As those mild notes of love to wake
Which seraph-minstrels sing;
So sing that Heaven's listening ear
Shall bend to catch the strain,
And joy shall glisten through the tear
Like sunlight through the rain!

III.

Hark! in what sweet and solemn strains
The answering Lyre replies;
How fast the tears come trickling down
To dim the brightest eyes!
And yet the strain, it is not sad,
'Tis not of Sorrow born,
Not happier did the young stars sing
Upon creation's morn.

IV.

"Children of love, and faith, and joy!
Your hopes are now your life,
Your prayers are answer'd, go ye forth
A Husband and a Wife!
A Husband and a Wife: how much
Those simple words contain
The stoutest heart of all to touch,
And make it throb again;
How much of weal, how much of woe,
Of changing hopes and fears,
How much of life, how much of death,
Of blended smiles and tears!

V.

"Children of Love! unite your prayers,
And lift your voices up,
That God with happiness may fill
For you life's brittle cup;
Its bitter waters, be they few,
And yours be Virtue's charm
To make them sweet as morning dew,
Or Gilead's healing balm.

VI.

"Children of Joy! go forth anew;
Your union, let it be
Union to be, and love, and do
What God requires of ye—
Union in love, and hope, and faith,
In day and darkest even,
Union in life, union in death,
Union at last in Heaven!"



AN INTERIOR.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

Fourth Paper.

"Good Ceres, with her plump, brown hands,
And wheat sheaves that burst their bands,
Is scornful of the mountain lands.

"But mountain lands, so bare of corn,
Have that which puts in turn to scorn
The goddess of the brimming horn.

"No lands of fat increase may vie
With their brave wealth, for heart and eye,
Of loveliness and majesty."—P. P. COOKE.

"It is astonishing," quoth Squire Broadacre, setting down his empty glass with an air of complacency, "how well I have borne these unusual hardships. What with my age and previous habits of life, I did not believe myself capable of such efforts; but, bless me, a man never knows what he can do until circumstances develop his powers."

"That is strikingly true, Sir," replied Larkin, demurely; "for who would have thought that we three could, by our unaided efforts, have emptied this bottle of apple-jack at a sitting, and be none the worse for it?"

"Is it empty, Robert? God bless me; then we may as well go to bed."

Next morning, before the frost melted, our adventurers had bid adieu to Burnsville, and were on their way to the Bald Mountain, fourteen miles distant. This peak rises from the great ridge dividing North Carolina from Tennessee to a height but little inferior to that of its proudest neighbors. Its smooth, rounded summit is covered with a rich growth of grass, and is entirely bare of trees; from which peculiarity it takes its name.

With the object of their journey in full view, our travelers rode rapidly along the mountain-road, discoursing pleasantly upon such subjects as were suggested by their surroundings.

"This country," said Larkin, "is certainly the grandest in its physical features that I have seen in the United States; yet by no means so savage and inaccessible as many other regions I have visited, where the elevation is much less; and while abounding in beauty and sublimity, in every element of the picturesque, the idea of sterility, the usual concomitant of mountain scenery, is not suggested here."

"On the contrary," said the Squire, "the mountains are cov-



HARDSHIPS.

ered with good soil and timber to their very summits; and where trees are wanting, their place is supplied with fine summer pastures instead of arid and frightful rocks. The valleys and rolling hills between the great ranges appear to be well adapted to cultivation and cattle raising. There is another observation which I have made, also indicating a more genial soil and climate than belongs to our mountain regions farther north; that is, the extraordinary beauty of the children and young people we have seen. Have you not marked them, Robert?"

"Indeed I have, Sir, the girls especially; but I did not suppose you had been so observant."

"All extremes," continued the Squire, "are prejudicial to the perfect development of the human species. It is in the temperate zones that man attains his greatest perfection, and there always in that condition of life which is midway between hardship and ease, privation and luxury, and, to my eye, the greatest charm that any country can possess is a handsome, healthful, and vigorous population.

"Right hardy are the men, I trow,
Who build upon the mountain's brow,
And love the gun, and scorn the plow.

"Not such soft pleasures pamper these
As lull the subtle Bengalese,
Or Islanders of Indian seas.

"A rugged hand to cast the seed,
A rifle for the red deer's speed,
With these their swarming huts they feed.

"Such men are Freedom's body-guard;
On their high rocks, so cold and hard,
They keep her surest watch and ward."

"Those verses are very beautiful," said the Tennessean, "and evidently written by one who drew his inspiration fresh from Nature, just such Nature as this by which we are surrounded. What themes for the poet lurk in these shadowy vales! how full of wild romance the history of the simple and hardy race which inhabit them!"

"Ah!" said the artist, "these mountains have a charm for me that neither Alps nor Apennines possess. One soon gets tired of the everlasting ice and snow, and sooner of the treeless, shrubless hills, and castle-crowned rocks of Italy; but the sylvan beauty of these scenes, the glory of these virgin forests, hold my fancy with a power like fascination. Were it not for the cold, and other engagements, I would wander about here for the next six months, and explore every part of this magnificent region."

"Nevertheless," replied the Tennessean, "I have always entertained a great desire to see those castled rocks and snow-capped peaks of which you speak."

"Well," said Bob, thoughtfully, "they are, in truth, very grand, well worth seeing. Perhaps I am splenetic, but I never could appreciate sights or endure countries that have been so inked over with dottings and jottings, etchings and sketchings—besmoked, besmeared, be-daubed, repainted—gaped at and slavered over,

by every litterateur, artist, and snob in Europe and America."

"That sentiment," quoth the Squire, "is more natural than rational."

"And," said Jones, "it all only amounts to this—our friend don't admire cant: cant only disgusts us without affecting that which is intrinsic.

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

The horsemen reached the foot of the Bald Mountain about mid-day; but being entirely uninformed in regard to the neighborhood, they spent some time riding up and down in search of a guide. The first house at which they called was empty; and the next, about half a mile distant, although sufficiently populated with women and children, afforded them even less satisfactory information in regard to the object of their wishes.

At length they met a tall, wiry mountaineer, somewhat advanced in years; and on entering into conversation with him, ascertained that he was no other than Thomas Wilson, Senior, uncle to the sturdy pioneer of the Black.

After some little hesitation, Uncle Tom consented to accompany them himself, and without more words they started on their way.

The ascent of the Bald, from the North Carolina side, is through an open forest; and after the savage scenes through which our adventurers had lately passed, it appeared to them a matter of no moment. It was accomplished without dismounting, and without an incident worthy of note. When they arrived at the edge of the open ground near the summit, the guide gave them some directions for descending on the western side; and, taking a friendly leave, returned from whence he came.

Left to themselves, our friends struck into a cattle-path, which led them by a circuitous route to the summit of the Bald Cone on the southern end of the mountain—its peculiar feature and highest point.

The panoramic view from this peak is similar in its general features to that obtained from the Roane; but of this latter, the summit itself presents many points of grandeur and interest, with its dark groves of balsams, huge heaps of disjointed rocks, and frightful precipices; while the crown of the Bald is tame, and, instead of pictures, only affords good pasturage. In recompense for these defects, this knoll is furrowed with a rectangular ditch, or sort of intrenchment, of considerable extent, whose singular history invests it with peculiar interest. It is said to have been the work of one Davy Grier, who went mad for love, fled from society, and lived a hermit on the side of this mountain, whose romantic life and death still furnish themes for the log cabin fire-side for a hundred miles around.

But the surroundings are too extensive for a sketch—too sublime for description. Our friends stood enjoying them in silence—now looking westward over the vast rolling plains of East Tennessee—now recognizing the Roane among

his towering brothers to the northward—now glancing regretfully at the Black, whose peaks that day rose clean and clear against the eastern sky; then to the southward, from the magnificent valley of the French Broad, the soul, incapable of satiety, might quaff draughts of loveliness and grandeur, as it were, from a mighty bowl.

But it was long after mid-day, and the breeze cut sharper than a knife—so, leading their horses down the slope, they sought a place protected from the wind, and proceeded to refresh themselves with rolls and ham, the produce, as Squire Broadacre said, of their experience on the Black Dome.

This frugal repast concluded, they again mounted, and in a careless, rollicking manner, went in quest of the path by which they were to descend. The Squire took the lead, and under his guidance they rode for some distance along the open ridge without finding the object of their search. Now and then they were deluded by the appearance of cow-paths, which seemed to lead in the proper direction; but as these invariably terminated in a frozen lick or a laurel thicket, the bewildered travelers would return to the summit, after a disputatious consultation, to renew the fruitless search. As the sun was rapidly declining, and the icy northwester hissed through the naked woods, these consultations at length degenerated into an open wrangle.

Mr. Jones declared that, if he had been consulted in the first place, they would already have been half-way down the mountain. Larkin swore that they had passed the place two miles back; that he had remarked it at the time, but no one chose to listen to him, although he knew more about mountains than any one else.

"I'll warrant you do," said the Squire, sharply. "Look you, youngster; you are my kinsman, and you came of an arrogant and conceited race—people who always knew more about every thing than every body else, and who would butt their brains out against a mountain rather than acknowledge an error."

"All true enough," retorted Larkin; "and, unfortunately, age, instead of curing, rather increases the family peculiarity."

Here the Squire began to thrash his horse, and the Tennessean spoke up:

"Gentlemen, the heat of your argument will scarcely prevent our freezing if we remain here. We must adopt some plan of action, and that right speedily. See, the sun is setting."

The Squire's steed, impatient of the unmerited blows, had carried him under the branches of a scrub oak, which scraped his hat off. The old gentleman regarded his fallen head-gear with a look of direst vexation, and with an audible groan prepared to dismount. Before he could do so, however, Larkin sprung to the ground and politely handed him the hat.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Jones, "hear what I have to propose. As we ascended, the

sides of the mountain appeared to be quite practicable, free from rocks and undergrowth; now let us take a free path down, and trust to fortune for the result."

"That is bold counsel, and timely," said the Squire. "Lead on!"

The last gleam of sunlight shone upon the weather-beaten and determined faces of the three travelers as they started down the steep mountain side, dodging the limbs of the dwarf oaks, and with whip and rein warily urging their horses over the loose and moss-covered rocks.

For half a mile or more they pursued their zigzag course without meeting with any serious obstacle. Soon, however, the hill-side grew steeper, and was furrowed with deep-washed gullies, half filled with ice and snow. Dark thickets of rhododendron were visible in every direction through the trees, while impenetrable abattis of fallen timber effectually closed the passages between the ravines. The horses were already panting from exhaustion, while the horsemen were wet with toil and vexation. In attempting to cross a deep gully the Squire's horse lost his footing, and with his rider went crashing into a briery thicket. By Larkin's ready aid both man and beast were presently rescued without damage.

"Bob," said the old man, "I knew your father well. The Larkins were a spirited race, and always showed best in times of trouble and danger."

It soon became manifest that such times were at hand. Precipitous ledges of rock were now seen towering above the trees, their dark faces grinning with icicles; the ravines had increased in size and depth until they were impassable. Between, a steep stair-way of loose, angular rocks, rendered more slippery and dangerous by a crust of snow, was the only road. The horsemen dismounted, and with voice and whip urged their beasts down the dangerous path, which seemed hardly safe for a practiced footman. In the patience and ingenuity with which they strove and struggled, avoiding a precipice on this side, a mass of fallen timber on that, tearing through a tangled thicket here, there forcing their reluctant steeds to some more desperate leap; in the uncomplaining fortitude with which they suffered scratches, cuts, and bruises, in the general recklessness of life and limb exhibited in their movements, one might perceive that the circumstances of our travelers were becoming well-nigh desperate. Sliding, jumping, tumbling down a break-neck declivity, Larkin was at length brought up with a jerk which threw him across a moss-covered rock at the bottom. The Black stood naked and smoking beside him; the saddle, baggage, and equipments being strewed in pieces along the steep descent. His companions arrived immediately after, hardly in better plight. The crown of the Squire's respectable hat flapped up and down like a smoke-jack, and the knees of the Tennessean's horse were cut and bloody.

They stood upon the brink of a precipice, over which poured a mountain torrent with a clear leap of fifty feet.

The first movement of the travelers was to quench their fiery thirst, and the next to attend to the wants of their whinnying companions. Then they sat down quietly, face to face, to see what cheer and counsel could be gathered from communion.

The roar of the torrent made the woods tremble. The twilight was fast deepening into utter darkness, but it was still light enough to see the awful loneliness that hemmed them in, and read despair in each other's faces.

No one had any thing to suggest, so they sat

still and rested, until their beards and hair were white with frost. Anon, Larkin's voice was heard, sharp and scornful, as if reading a passage from a newspaper.

"In the month of December last, three gentlemen, who had visited the Bald Mountain, attempted to descend on the Tennessee side without a guide. In so doing they lost their road, and perished, it is supposed, from cold and exhaustion. Their bodies were found half devoured by the wolves."

The Squire seized the speaker's arm.

"Robert, my boy, you have aroused me from a pleasant dream."

"Friends," said the Tennessean, "this is not a time for rest or dreams. Listen to me. We can get no farther with the horses—that is evident. I suppose they must perish; it is hard, but we can't help them. Perhaps we have still spirit and stamina enough to save ourselves."

"Skin for skin," groaned Squire Broadacre. "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

"All, uncle—save his honor. Shall we desert the faithful brutes?"

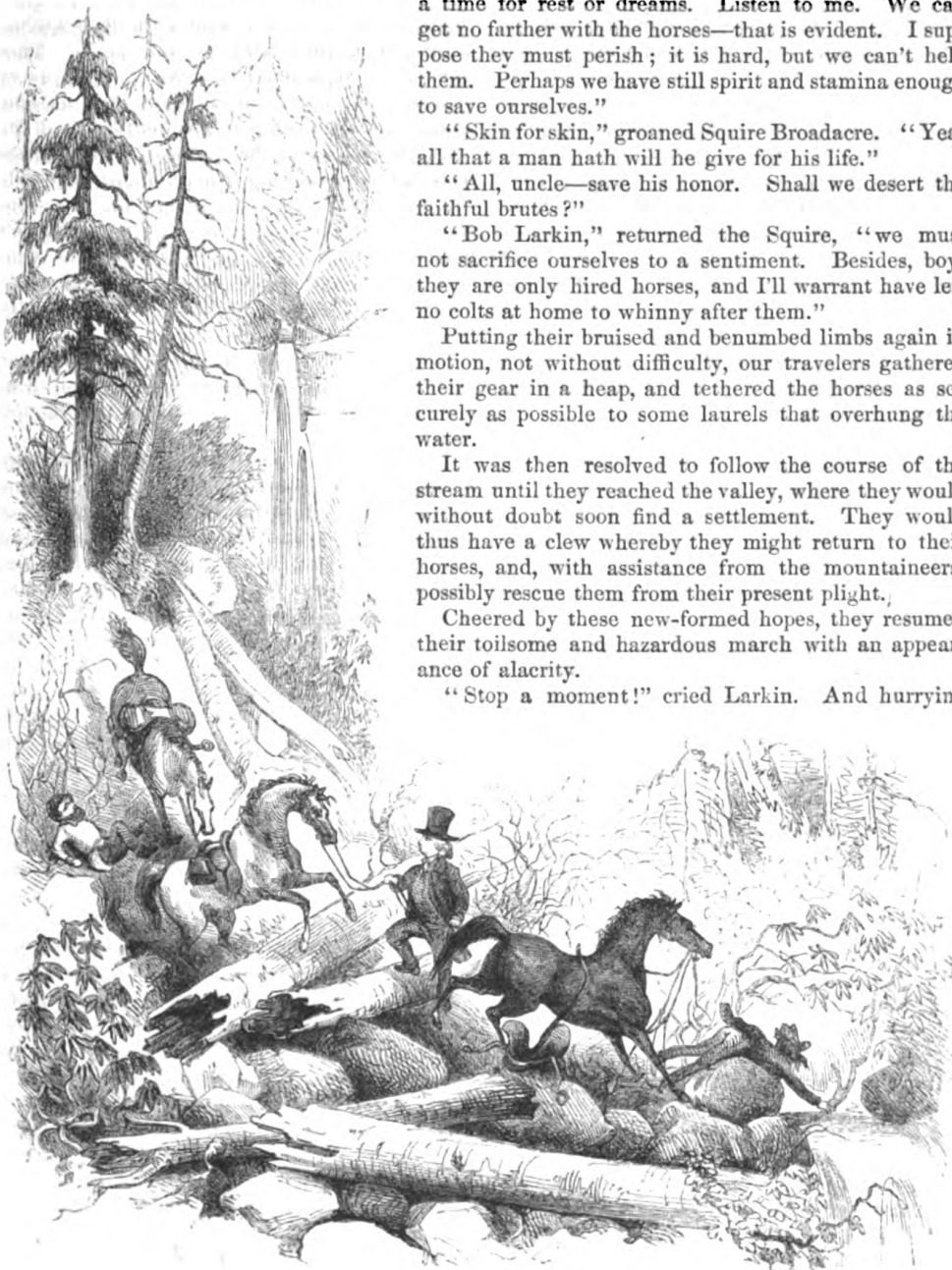
"Bob Larkin," returned the Squire, "we must not sacrifice ourselves to a sentiment. Besides, boy, they are only hired horses, and I'll warrant have left no colts at home to whinny after them."

Putting their bruised and benumbed limbs again in motion, not without difficulty, our travelers gathered their gear in a heap, and tethered the horses as securely as possible to some laurels that overhung the water.

It was then resolved to follow the course of the stream until they reached the valley, where they would without doubt soon find a settlement. They would thus have a clew whereby they might return to their horses, and, with assistance from the mountaineers, possibly rescue them from their present plight.

Cheered by these new-formed hopes, they resumed their toilsome and hazardous march with an appearance of alacrity.

"Stop a moment!" cried Larkin. And hurrying



DESCENDING THE TUMBLING FORK.

back to where the baggage lay, he took his sketch-book from the saddle-bags, and bestowed it carefully in the pocket of his hunting-coat. "When they find my body," he coolly soliloquized, "they will be enabled to recognize it by this." And then saying good-by to the horses, he hastily followed his companions down the precipice.

It would be a task far beyond the powers of our unskillful pen to describe that trying and hazardous tramp. To tell how they groped, in utter darkness, along the brink of that savage torrent, periling life and limb at every movement; how they crawled and struggled through dense thickets that during the passage seemed interminable; how they fell from slippery rocks, and were plunged waist-deep into foaming pools, and still kept on their way, reeking with toil, while their outer garments were frozen hard as boards; and when the stream grew larger, and they dared not attempt to stem the furious current, how they were forced to climb ragged cliffs, and creep along the verge of overhanging precipices, feeling cautiously for a place to plant each step; and when the advanced foot found no resting-place, and the turmoil of the waters rose loud and clear from a chasm of unknown depth, how the wanderer would start back with a thrill of terror, painfully and warily to seek some other road. Still they moved, for the most part, in silence. No one uttered a complaint; and when a voice was raised to call up a loiterer, or give warning of a danger, the tones were gruff and manly.

At length the cold, solemn face of the moon appeared over the awful heights from which they had descended. Although her presence was inspiring, the few straggling and deceitful beams which reached the dark gorge threw but little light upon the path of the wanderers. Then after a time the route became more practicable. The ravine widened, and on either side of the stream were long stretches of open forest, and every heart leaped as they discovered a pathway evidently worn by human feet. Believing their toil was about to end, for a while they gave themselves up to jollity, but the path, at length, terminated at a sugar-camp. The sight of a couple of tenantless, half-ruined cabins froze their new-blown hopes, and they resumed their march, dispirited and forlorn. The valley again closed up, and they found themselves again struggling through a narrow gorge, surrounded with difficulties and dangers similar to those which had beset their way at the starting; and these even on a grander scale.

However strong may be the instinctive love of life in the human breast, it often fails men in desperate emergencies, and they will lie down quietly and die, when a spirited effort might have saved them. But we find in some characters a stubborn will, an unreasoning tenacity of purpose, which sustains when the common instinct of self-preservation has failed, and urges onward when the ordinary limits of human endurance are passed.



THE TUMBLING FORK, BY MOONLIGHT.

Thus the younger men tugged on with slow and dogged perseverance, but the good old Squire—the man of easy life and luxurious habits—what carried him through this trying night? The Squire was generally behind, and rarely spoke. Sometimes, however, he seemed to get dreamy and credulous, calling to his companions that he heard dogs barking, or had discovered paths, which, upon examination, turned out to be fancies—based, possibly, upon the distant hooting of owls, and the deceptive appearances of moonlight.

Sometimes, too, the young men were startled by the lofty strains of some old ballad resounding through the forest; but after two or three bars, this usually terminated with a crash or a splash; then some half-suppressed groans and muttered anathemas. Occasionally he would sink down upon the hill-side, lying for a time motionless, as if unconscious of his condition, or careless whether he should ever rise again. Then starting up suddenly, he would resume his march with renewed pluck and energy. What stirred him at such moments—freshened the current of his blood, and nerved his failing limbs? Who knows? Some trifling thing it

may have been—a thought—a dream—a child's dimpled hand that beckoned—a blue-bird voice that whispered, "We're waiting for you, Papa! Be brave—be strong!"

The three travelers were at length assembled upon the brow of a cliff, and one after another sunk down like men who had made their last effort.

"I'll go no farther," said the Tennessean; "I'll lie here and take my chance."

"You'll freeze to death in an hour," said Larkin.

"Freezing, they say, is not a hard death—certainly not so hard as the life we've led for some hours."

"Now," said Squire Broadacre, "I am persuaded that I see a path there, just above us, on the hill-side."

"What's the use of a path to a man who can walk no more?" said Jones, in a tone of deep despondency.

"Uncle," said Larkin, "the tracks of the deer and wild hogs deceive you. It will lead to nothing."

"Has it come to this?" quoth the Squire; "must an old fat foggy like myself be the last to yield? Shame on you, boys! Give me a hand here, and help me to rise."

Bob sprang up in a moment and helped the Squire on his pegs. The path was examined, but whether it was worn by pigs or deer they could not make out. However, as it led down the hill by an easy grade, they agreed to follow it.

As they wound around the point of the hill, Larkin, who was in front, gave a sudden joyous whoop that made the welkin ring, exclaiming, "A light! a light!"

The shout was answered by the loud baying of dogs. Oh faithful guardians of the night, how often has that warning voice brought cheer to the heart of the midnight wanderer, turning him from dark and dangerous paths and guiding him to the welcome shelter!

The men that before could not walk broke down the hill in a lively trot, and they were soon at the cabin-door knocking for admittance. An old man opened the door, and as the fire-light flashed upon the haggard faces of the travelers, he started back in terror.

"Food, fire, and rest!" cried the Tennessean, as they rushed in.

An old woman, with a grown-up boy and girl, were added to the party in a moment, all looking somewhat aghast at the new-comers.

"Whose house is this? and where are we?"

"This is Chandler's, Sir, on Indian Creek, at the foot of the Bald. And you, men, who mought you be?"

"Benighted travelers, ready to perish with cold, hunger, and fatigue. We lost our horses in the mountain, and came down this valley to the right—"

"Good Lord!" whispered the elder, in a husky voice. "Did ye come down the Tumbling Fork?"

"That's it!" cried Squire Broadacre; "you've named it."

"Men alive!" screamed the old woman, holding up her hands. "Come down thar, and at night, too! and ye're not dead?"

"No," replied Jones; "but I'm afraid our horses are. We left them tied near the head of this stream."

"Then the bars and painters has eat 'em, certain," said the boy. "Hit's a mighty place for wild varmints up thar."

As the visitors sat by the blazing fire, picking the ice from their matted hair and beards, detailing their adventures by snatches, the cottagers stared and listened with awe-stricken countenances, as the fascinated wedding-guest hearkened to the tale of the Ancient Mariner, half doubtful of his claim to human brotherhood.

As there seemed to be no preparation for supper going on, the demand for food was reiterated in form, when, to their surprise and disappointment, old Chandler informed them that there was nothing to eat on the premises. At this the Tennessean bent his brows and observed, fiercely, that it was as easy to take it as to ask for it. The old man looked alarmed.

"Men," said he, "you may kill me if you can find any thing to eat here, except a sack of corn in the ear, and them pumpkins in the corner there."

He was so evidently in earnest that his guests listened respectfully to the rest of his speech. Thus he continued:

"If you can wait till they are cooked, you're welcome to them; but, if you'll listen to me, you can do better, if you can make out to walk over to Kan Foster's—only a mile from here. Kan has plenty to eat; and if there's a man in these mountains that can save your horses that man is Kan Foster."

This last suggestion touched our travelers to the quick, and as the boy very civilly offered to be their guide, and promised a fair road, they concluded to go on. Their limbs had already begun to stiffen, but, under the influences of the bright moonlight and cheerful prospects, the distance was soon accomplished.

Now, with what old Chandler had told them, and the wonderful stories with which their guide enlivened the walk, the travelers approached the group of cabins which constituted the establishment of the mountain hero with feelings of lively interest and curiosity.

Although it was near midnight when they arrived, the door of the principal cabin stood open, and, by the glare of the blazing hearth, they saw two persons engaged in skinning a wild hog. The woman steadied the carcass by the hind legs, while the man, holding a bloody hunting-knife between his teeth, with arms bared and gory to the elbow, kneeled at the head of the slaughtered animal.

At the first signal whoop he sprung to his feet, took the knife out of his mouth, and shouted the welcome "Come in!"



KAN FOSTER.

This person was of the middle height, of a keen and wiry build, his every motion betokening promptness, activity, and resolution in the highest degree. His features, though weather-beaten, were regularly handsome, partly covered with a short black and grizzled beard, and his black eye glittered like a hawk's. His dress consisted of a nondescript hat and a well-worn suit of tawny-colored mountain jeans, made hunting-shirt fashion, and girt about the waist with a leathern belt which bore his knife-sheath. It needed not young Chandler's introduction to tell that this was Kan Foster. There was a free, frank, hearty hospitality, even in the expression

of his face, that warmed like the glow of his blazing chimney.

Our friends told their story briefly: "Strangers, lost in the mountains, in want of food and shelter."

"Friends," said the mountaineer, "I rejoice that fortune has led you to the door of my poor cabin. You are at home; the house and all that is in it is at your service."

His smiling dame seconded her lord's welcome with cheerful alacrity, and having aroused her eldest daughter, a comely lass of seventeen, they retired to an adjoining cabin, and in a short time the guests were invited in to supper. Now

it was a pleasant sight to see the three wanderers seated at the smoking board; to mark the brave struggle between courtly politeness and hollow-eyed famine; to observe how the good dame and the lively maiden replenished the emptied dishes, and smiled to see such sincere approval of their culinary skill. Their manly host sat by and earnestly listened to the details of the night's adventures, often interrupted by swigs of coffee and mouthfuls of meat; and when at length he had obtained a clear idea of the route by which they had come, he spoke up, stoutly and cheerily,

"I think, strangers, I know the spot where your horses are at this minute—at the head of a high fall on the Tumbling Fork, a place where I have often killed bar. It is an awful place, to be sure; but this I'll promise, that if mortal man can save them I'll do it. Before light in the morning I will take my son and start. It may be eight or ten miles distant by the way we will go; but we'll reach them by sunrise, so as to have the whole day before us for our work; for it's an awful country indeed."

The Squire leaned back and heaved a sigh expressive of enormous contentment.

"I am filled, my gallant friend—"

"I'm truly glad to hear it," said Bob.

"Be quiet, Robert. I am filled with comfort by your assurances in regard to our horses. I see that in your eye which tells me they are safe."

"Now that I have room for no more proven-der," said Jones, "I begin to feel great sympathy for the poor brutes."

"It is the disgrace that I feel," said Larkin. "To lose our steeds and equipments is as if an army should lose its artillery and baggage. How could we return to Jonesborough in such a plight to face our ladies?"

"It will be harder to face Tom Dosser," said the Squire. "But it is now past midnight—we must to bed."

Long before the dawn Foster had equipped himself, filling his pockets with corn for the horses, and, with his eldest son, started for the mountain.

Their excessive fatigue, and the excitement



DORKEY.

incident to their position, prevented our travelers from sleeping soundly; still they enjoyed the much-needed repose until a late hour in the morning, and only left their bed in answer to a call to breakfast.

After a vigorous meal they returned to the sleeping-cabin, there, around the wide-mouthed chimney, to find what pastime they could while awaiting the return of the woodman.

The Squire got hold of an old fiddle, and having tuned it up succeeded for a time in making himself the centre of attraction. But having in a short time fiddled out the few tunes he remembered, he laid the instrument aside, and interested himself in Larkin's sketching.

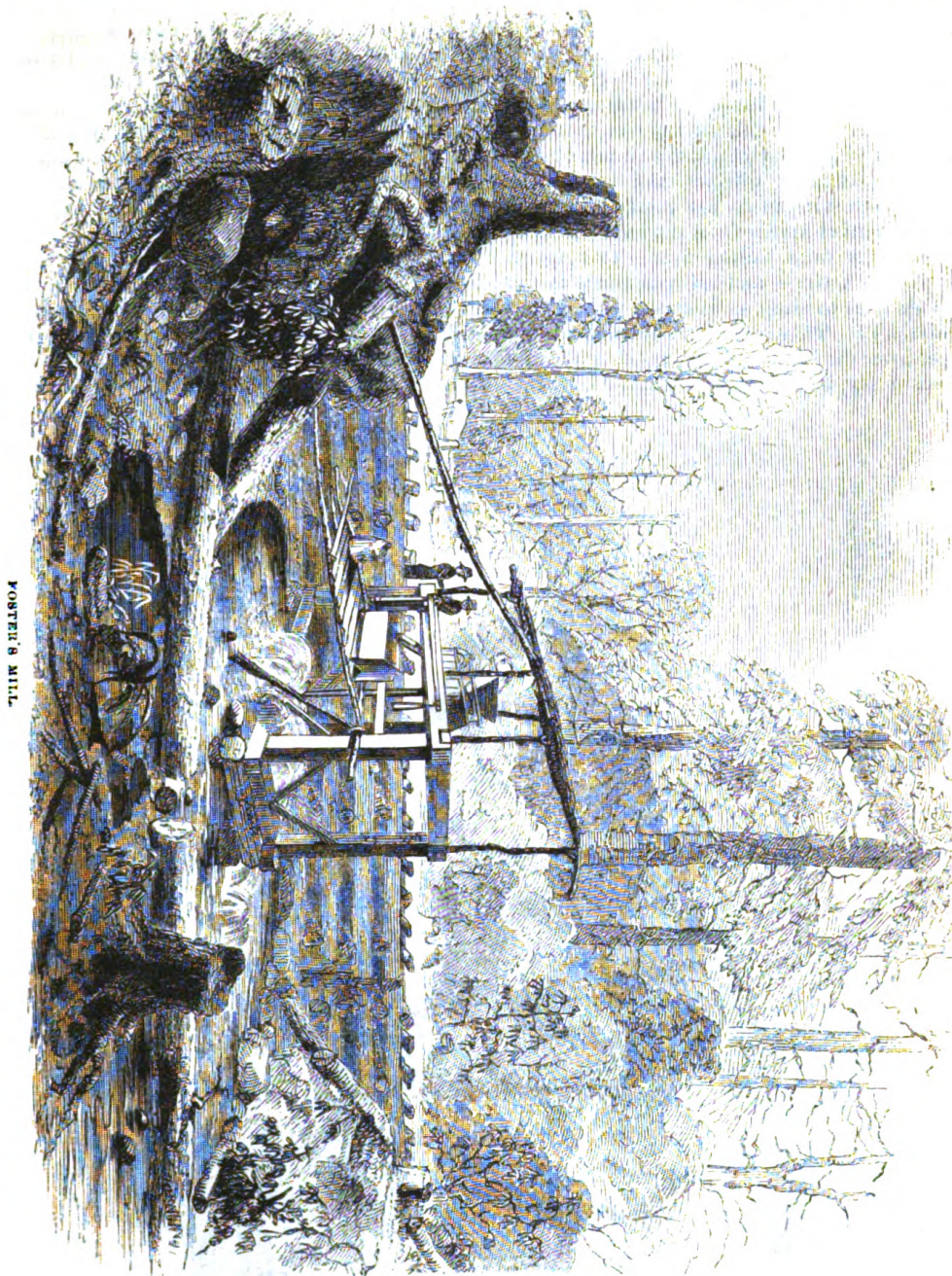
Now the artist found himself in clover. There was Foster's brood to begin with—nine in number—a likely set, and the younger children endowed with singular beauty. It appeared, too, that there was a tub-mill belonging to the mountaineer's establishment, and thither came the neighbors from far and near—some mounted and some on foot—bringing their scanty grists tied up in sacks or pillow-cases, and lounging about the premises until the corn was ground.

During the progress of the sketching, these gathered around Bob, as though he were some great necromancer, performing mysterious feats far beyond the comprehension of the world at large, with winks and whispers testifying their astonishment at his skill or their approbation of his success.

First, there was the pretty girl who served them at supper on the night before. As she sat with her sleeping sister in her arms, they might have served Raphael as a model for another Madonna and Child. There was chubby-faced Dorkey running barefoot in the frost like a young partridge, cheeks all chapped, and purple with health; eyes dancing with merriment; arms



PASTIME.



JOHN S. NELSON

and legs shining with plumpness. She was the pet and beauty of the family; but Bob laughed at such rustic taste.

"Pretty she is, doubtless, but look at this one."

Nancy was a year or two older—slender and graceful as the spotted fawn, with a face whose regular beauty vied with the Greek ideal. Yet what has the cold classic marble to compare with the fire that lights those great romantic eyes, or the life that warms those rose-tinted cheeks?

"Verily, Robert, were she six or seven years older, we might expect to return to Jonesborough without you!"

"Nonsense, uncle. But I can not help thinking what a superb figure that child might make one day, if, perchance, she were taken and educated in all the graces of civilization."

"Civilization! Robert. What do you mean by that? Hoops, the polka, and point lace?"

"They are merely incidental, Sir. But I mean a general cultivation of the tastes, sentiments, and intellectual faculties."

"That sounds very well for a flourish, Robert, but is not sufficiently specific for an argument. Now let me talk a while. Have you observed our good hostess here, how she hurries to and fro, bringing out her stores of dried pump-

kin shavings, prepared corn, maple sugar, and sweetmeats—how she bakes, boils, and stews—striving, with all grace and cheerfulness, to do honor to her husband's guests? Have you marked how tidy she keeps her handsome brood—all clad in home-made of her own weaving, fashioned and patched with her own hand? Or the elder daughter, diligent and meek, how smilingly she skips to do her mother's bidding—to fetch dried apples from the loft—to keep the coffee-pot from boiling over—to help off with the big kettle—and between times to lull the little ones to sleep, or keep the wakeful out of mischief? Those who have learned so well to perform the duties of daughter, wife, and mother, I say, have been well educated, wheth-

er their dwelling is the brown-stone palace that rears its carved front on the Fifth Avenue, or the mud-chinked cottage that nestles under the magnificent shadow of the Black Dome."

"That," said the Tennessean, "is an unanswerable *argumentum ad hominem*. Warmed, fed, and rested, what more does a man want in the world? Bless the women! they're a comfortable institution, any where or under any circumstances."

"And," said Bob, "I suppose I must abandon the idea of taming my little gazelle. Well, let her run wild; and if her life here is less brilliant, it will be more natural and poetic. In a year or two she will go to school, and pick up a little beau, who will help her to build play-



MARY FOSTER.

houses in the rocks, and furnish them with acorn-cups and snail-shells; or make dams across the brook, to turn miniature tub-mills, framed of corn-stalks. The growing friendship will be nourished by presents of bird-eggs and pet squirrels; and when they grow up he will woo her with gay ribbons and store-goods from Jonesborough. Then, of course, they'll get married—build a cabin, hardly after the pattern of this one, and live as their fathers have done."

"A pretty little romance," said Jones; "and if, perchance, you should ride this way fifteen or twenty years after, you might see the conclusion of it."

Among the visitors at the cabin there was one that particularly attracted Squire Broad-acre's attention. This was a comely young matron, whose maiden beauty had not yet entirely succumbed to the hard trials of wedded life. She of all others examined the portraits as they were turned off with the greatest interest and curiosity, and hovered around the busy limner with looks of feverish anxiety. "That's Dorkey alive! Well, it beats all!" Then she would sigh, and half whisper to Mary, "He admires to draw pretty children, does he? Well, I wish— But pshaw, no matter!" She would look up to see if the remark had been noticed, and then continue, "He thinks Nancy the pret-



CIVILIZATION.

tiest, does he? Well, the child *is* handsome, but too proud and fierce-like—the very spit of



NANCY AND BECKY FOSTER

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her father. Dorkey is my favorite, but she is spoiled with fat; and Becky's eyes are too wild, for all the world more like a rabbit's than a human's. I'd rather see a face more modest-looking, as it were. Ah-me, if I thought he would like it—but no matter." As Mary only laughed and shook her head, and no one else seemed to notice her, the demure little woman presently disappeared from the premises.

"Bob," said the Squire, "you should have requested that lady to sit for her portrait; she has been a great beauty, no doubt, and evidently expected the compliment."

"Who is she?" asked Bob.

"The Widow Foster—Kan's sister-in-law."

"Then bring her along."

It was too late, the widow had gone home.

The day wore on; the meridian was past; dinner over, and still no news of the horses.

As the neighbors dropped in one after another, the story of the lost horses was repeated over and over, and the subject discussed in all its bearings. It was suggested as the cause for Foster's delay that there were several branches to the Tumbling Fork, all alike in their general features, and that he might not have found the right one. Then, in their hunger, the horses might have eaten laurel and died; or have been killed by wild beasts; or, in their fear, have broken loose and tumbled over the precipices. Still the confidence in Kan Foster was universal and unlimited, and the strangers were assured



GOING TO SCHOOL.

that "if them horses were livin' Kan would bring them in, and if they were dead he'd bring their skins."

"Well, hit's a turrible idee," said Henderson Hensley, emphatically striking the butt of his rifle on the ground, "that of a man or a hoss being out in the Bald last night. Why, hit was cold enough to freeze the har off a bar."

This observation having been well received, he continued: "I've hunted some in all these mountains round about; but the Bald is more devilish sava-ger than any of 'em, specially on the Tumbling Fork."

Now a gentleman, who had arrived astride of a pacing bull, put in, "If I mought be so bold, did the gentlemen come into these mountains in sarch of minerals or jist from kuriosity?"

"Simply from kuriosity," replied the Squire; "to see the highest mountains in the United States."

"Well, to be sure, I have hearn say they were the highest mountains in



GOING TO MILL.



THE ROMANCE CONCLUDES.

the world; but they're no curiosity to us folks here. We see too mighty much of 'em."

"But," said the first speaker, "I've heard there was another mountain higher than these here, somewhar in Kaintuck, or p'raps New York, or some furrin place. My darter read it to me outen a book. It was a fire mountain, and they called it Mount Vesy-vyous."

"Durn sich a name as that for a mountain. It sounds like gibberish; as if it mought be a strange language, sich as Dutch or English."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a messenger from the cabin—

"I say, mister, the Widow Foster has brung hern for ye to look at."

Bob Larkin, to whom this information was addressed, turned his eyes upon the speaker with an expression of listless perplexity, as if awaiting further revelations. The Squire, however, stepped into the house and presently came back, his jolly face suffused with sentiment.

"Bob," said he, in an under tone, "come, get your pencils ready."

"I can't sketch now," replied Bob. "My fingers are cramped and my faculties wearied."

"But you must, Bob. Indeed you shall sketch them. It was not personal vanity after

all, as I had supposed, but a feeling beautifully natural and true womanly. Don't you think, the poor thing went all the way to her cabin and has lugged her two children full a mile and a half over that steep ridge, on purpose that we might admire them."

Larkin followed the Squire into the house, where he saw the widow seated with her ideals beside her. After the strangers entered she modestly cast her looks upon the floor, and only raised her eyes with occasional timorous glances, to see how her babies were appreciated.

"Madam, stop—just as you are—don't move an inch! By George, that's beautiful! Hensley! you men get out of the door with your ugly mugs, and let in the light. Hist, little darling, take your finger out of your mouth. There, that will do!"

When the sketch was completed the Squire snatched the paper and handed it over to the widow, keeping his eyes fixed upon her as she examined it with tremulous eagerness.

"Hain't it like them? the sweet, little, modest-faced things!"

The gratified mother could no longer contain herself, and a tear trickled down her cheek as she clasped the little ones in her arms.



HENDERSON HENSLEY.

"And now, Robert," said Squire Broadacre, in a coaxing tone, "one more favor. Have you noticed a poor little hard-favored child, flitting around us since morning, while no one has paid her the least attention?"

"What, that dirty, freckled, snub-nosed, ugly little imp? Uncle, it is too much."

"Bob, Bob, I shall be haunted by that forlorn forsaken child, if you don't draw her portrait. Did you never read Hans Anderson's story of the Ugly Duck?"

"May the devil fly away with her!" cried Bob. "I'd as soon think of getting sentimental on a corn-cob."

As the day waned our friends grew uncontrollably restless, and cast more anxious and frequent glances toward the road which led over the hill. Jones, who had been sleeping the greater part of the day, was now on his feet, and proposed they should take a walk up the creek. As they were about starting, a faint halloo attracted their attention to the hill. There was a man just coming over the ridge on a white horse.

"Some one coming to mill," said the Squire.

The Tennessean gave a signal-whoop. The horseman waved his hat, and answered the shout.

"By Heavens, it's Kan Foster!" cried Larkin, capering around like a pointer just unchained.

"And the boy?" asked the Squire, manifesting great excitement; "is he on foot?"

"Oh, smiling Fortune!" cried Jones, "there is the boy following with the black and the gray—my gray; one, two, three horses, all in a free trot, coming down the hill! Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Now the whole population was out—men, women, children, and dogs all joining in the triumphant clamor. If every individual had gained a horse the rejoicing could not have been more sincere and general.

Kan Foster's manly face glowed with triumph as he rode up amidst the loud congratulations and well-merited compliments that were showered upon him from all sides. There was another cheek, too, that warmed with equal pride and pleasure, albeit its owner strove hard to appear unmoved. How could Dame Foster so chide her assistants, the widow and Mary, for neglecting the cooking and listening to the men, when she herself so often paused in her labors, ay, stood up by the chinks in the wall, that her willing ears might drink in the praises bestowed upon her lord.

"Now, Foster, my gallant friend, tell us about it all—how you found them, and how you got them out."

"Well, gentlemen," replied he, "all I can say is, that we are quite as curious to know how you ever got them down there. It's easier for a horse to go up those steep rocks than down; and that boy and I worked seven mortal hours with axe and hatchet. It was uncertain then



THE UGLY DUCK.



THE WIDOW'S JEWELS.

for a while whether we could do it. But I had promised, and, by the help of Providence and that square bottle we found in your baggage, we succeeded in making my words good."

In the mean time the horses were abundant-

ly fed, and after some sewing up of bridles, stirrup-straps, and girths, our travelers mounted.

Foster hospitably pressed them to tarry with him another night, but the Squire would not hear of it; he said they had already overstaid



GOING TO MARKET.



FORDING INDIAN CREEK.

their time, and he wouldn't be surprised if there was a storm brewing. His fellow-travelers looked at the cloudless sky and setting sun, and speculated in silence on the intuitive knowledge which enabled the elder gentleman to foresee

the tempest when the elements seemed to promise clear weather.

Our adventurers started down the road at a pace that tried the mettle of their steeds, dashing through the deep and rocky fords of Indian

Creek, and clattering over hill and dale, as if they had never known hunger or sorrow. About nine o'clock that night they drew rein before the mansion of Squire Irving, on the banks of the "Chucky," about twenty-five miles from Jonesborough. Here they were received with true Western hospitality, and here we will leave them to dream of past perils and anticipated joys.

Indeed it is high time we were looking after our long-neglected ladies in Jonesborough.

For some days after the departure of the gentlemen they amused themselves indifferently well, shopping in a small way, altering the fashion of their dresses, ripping the flounces off some, re-flouncing others, and adjusting their brass and whalebone hoops, which had been sadly deranged by the stage ride from Blountville.

In the course of a week these things grew tedious. Annette began to yawn, and Madame to grow fidgety; Leonore had skimmed over a wheelbarrow-load of British classics; Tiny had broken the limbs and poked out the eyes of several dolls, and the dis-



"THEY'RE COMING!"

position to ennui seemed general. They looked out of the windows fifty times a day, and in the afternoons, when the weather permitted, walked on the road toward the mountains, in the hope of meeting the returning troop. As they were disappointed day after day, Madam B. patience at length gave way. She declared it was outrageous, yowed she didn't care if they never came back, and spoke of gathering up and returning home without them. Unfortunately the Squire had all the money, and this idea had to be abandoned. Finally, she bought another dress and seated herself to sewing, drawing the window-curtains close, and positively forbidding any allusion to the absentees. Nevertheless would the good lady start involuntarily at the sound of every footstep on the stair, or the clatter of hoofs on the street. Then she would bite her lip, sharply chide the girls for laughing, and resume her work with redoubled energy.

At length a mountaineer, who had come down to trade in Jonesborough, brought tidings that three strangers, with their horses, had perished in the mountains. As a matter of course, this report was immediately conveyed to the Eutaw.

The girls, with white lips, pronounced it nonsense. Mrs. Broadacre said it was just what they deserved; she was glad of it; and then fell into hysterics. Leonore's steadfast spirit was again in requisition, calming the matron's alarm with sensible assurances, drying the tears that trembled in Annette's eyes, and diverting Tiny's mind from the subject to renewed interest in her dolls.

Still the hours wore on heavily enough. Jim Bug was sent out on the mountain to reconnoitre, but could hear nothing except some vague rumors that went rather to confirm the story. But this the faithful servant carefully concealed; nay, on returning to the house, he even invented a soothing tale to tell instead. About the middle of the afternoon there was heard a heavy footstep on the stair. Suddenly Tiny threw aside her doll and started up:

"They're coming! they're coming!"

"Be quiet, child. It is only some one bringing up wood."

"They're here!" she cried, bounding toward the door. "I know the voice of Papa's feet."

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SAILORS.

ON that eventful night when the five hundred men composing the ship's company of the ill-fated steamer *Central America* were struggling for life with darkness and the billows, an old-time superstition of the sea turned toward them the prow of the Norwegian bark *Ellen*, whose brave crew succeeded in rescuing the survivors of those despairing swimmers. The circumstances of the rescue are too fresh in the public mind to need recital at our hands. We will simply quote the words of the Norwegian Captain, as to the cause of his so fortunate presence upon the scene of disaster and death:

"Some time before I saw or heard you (so he

spoke to one of the rescued), the wind hauled and I altered my course a little—thus standing away from the then unknown scene of wreck. Immediately after altering my course, a small bird flew across the ship twice, and then darted at my face. I took little notice of the circumstance. Again the bird flew around the ship, and again it darted in my face. This time I began to regard it as something extraordinary, and while pondering upon the matter, and hesitating whether to pay attention to the feathered monitor, it appeared for the third time and repeated its extraordinary actions. I immediately put the ship's head back to the course we had been originally steering; and shortly after we heard noises in the water about us;" which proved to be the shouts of the shipwrecked.

The vessel was in their midst. Had she been continued upon her altered course, it is certain that the cries of the swimmers would have failed to reach the bark, and they would have been in all probability lost.

If a disposition to believe more than is warranted by reason be the true meaning of superstition, then, to a certain extent, the existence of this faculty in the mind of an uneducated sailor is pardonable; placed in the sphere of action of the greatest wonders in creation he beholds the working of mysterious influences, acting on a gigantic scale—the rising and falling of the tides, awful from their immensity, and wonderful from their exact regularity; he sails, and in a few weeks the fickle and inconstant wind is changed for one that never varies—the needle, obeying a secret law occult from his investigation, becomes his constant friend and companion; and placing implicit reliance on these mysterious agents, he is easily led to give credence to things of meaner note, predisposing him to superstition.

With slight powers of observation, and still less reflection, the sailor is not an adept at tracing causes. Most things beyond the range of the familiar are a mystery to him—hence he is easily imposed upon. Continually exposed to perils of great moment, from habit he becomes bold and daring, as regards physical dangers; but at the same time he is the veriest slave of superstitious fear, and the dull hours of the middle watch are often passed in feverish excitement, as some garrulous old tar narrates to his listening mates the voices and echoes he has heard, and the flashes he has seen, since he first followed his restless calling.

Seamen are prone to wonder, and in their rambling vocation this faculty is constantly exercised. Flying Dutchmen and other supernatural appearances have ever been considered by them as among the things entitled to implicit faith; it is this faculty in its excited state that has produced the vision of the phantom ship—the sea serpent—and made them converts to the belief in all the wonderful tales about the Kraken.

The objects which induce the seaman to superstition are various, and in proposing to enu-



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

merate some of the most popular, we will commence with fishes.

The common barnacle, or shell-fish, frequently found sticking to the bottoms of ships, is believed by Scotch and English mariners to become a species of goose; and, indeed, when we find Hollinshed gravely asserting, that "with his own eyes he saw the feathers of these barnacles hang out of the shell at least two inches," who can be surprised at the credulity of the illiterate sailor? In Scotland this is widely believed, and the goose supposed to owe its existence to the barnacle has a name:

"Like your Scotch Barnacle, now a block,
Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."*

Another very common superstition is, that the black spot on each side of the gills of the John Dory, and haddock, was made by St. Peter with his finger and thumb, when he took the tribute money out of the mouths of fish of these species, and which mark continued on the whole race ever since the performance of this miracle.

The dolphin and porpoise are never looked upon as favorable omens if they make their appearance during a calm—the belief is, that the fish and the wind come from the same quarter. If they spring and bound about with energy, it is held to be a sure prognostic of an approaching gale—on the contrary, if they are seen pursuing each other during a storm, or when the sea is rough, it is a sign of fair and calm weather to ensue.

There is an ugly fish called a sea urchin. If these are observed to thrust themselves into the mud, or endeavor to cover their bodies with

sand, it foreshows a storm. Cockles and other shell-fish frequently have sand and gravel sticking to them previous to bad weather. The philosophy of this appears to be, they try to ballast themselves, in order to resist being raised from the bottom by surges; and as a general rule, it is observed that both salt and fresh water fish leap and bite more eagerly before rain than at any other time.

A deadly feud exists between the sailor and the shark; and of all the fish which swim "the ocean stream," there is not one upon which he exercises such unrelenting animosity as this ravenous fish. Once in his power, on the deck, and instantly his knife is plunged into its voracious maw; and with greedy delight he gloats over the expiring agonies of his victim. He believes if one of these fish follow the ship for a few days a death is sure to occur on board.

With Danish and Norwegian seamen are associated many singular superstitions. The Neck is one of these: in shape he is described a handsome boy, wearing a red cap on his head, beneath which escapes a rich profusion of golden hair, luxuriant and dazzling; he is shaped below like a horse; his amusement is playing on a golden harp, sitting on the waters—he plays exquisitely. This superstition is interesting, inasmuch as it is connected with Christianity; for it is believed the Neck will teach any one the art of playing on his golden harp who will present him with a black lamb, at the same time promising him redemption, as the loss of his salvation troubles him exceedingly.

From Norway also comes the story of the Kraken; and although the authority of Bishop Pontoppidan of Bergen, and member of the Royal Academy of Science at Copenhagen, appears to support the truth of the appearance of this wonderful marine production, still great deliberation must be exercised before we adopt

* "There are (says Gerard, in his Herbal, edit. 1597, p. 1391), in the north parts of Scotland, certain trees, whereon do grow shell-fishes," etc., etc., "which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call Barnacles—in the north of England, Brant Geese—and in Lancashire, Tree Geese," etc.

the contradictory statements concerning it—nay, perhaps we may be pardoned if we place the whole account of it to superstitious fear, or at least to a want of proper investigation.

This immense marine animal (according to the authority above mentioned) frequents the northern seas, particularly near the coasts of Norway and Sweden; and the bishop, in his natural history of the latter kingdom, gives an interesting account of this stupendous creature. According to him the Kraken lies in deep water, in eighty or one hundred fathoms, and when he rises to the surface, which it appears he seldom does, the calmest sea becomes troubled to a vast distance around him, the heaving billows pointing out the more immediate space in which he will emerge; those parts of his back above the surface assuming the aspect of so many islands, variable in dimensions as well as shape, at every motion of the Kraken. The form of this monster is likened to a crab, and the back or upper part is said to be a mile and a half in circumference, or, as some affirm, even more. Its limbs, and it has many, are truly enormous, appearing, when elevated above the sea, as large as the masts of moderate-sized ships, and are besides possessed of such strength that with one of them he can seize on boats and the smaller kinds of ships, and draw them under water. His descent is no less terrible than his rising, since it occasions a swell and whirlpool, so violent and irresistible, that ships of the greatest size coming within its action inevitably sink into the abyss of waters—and sink to rise no more.

Various authors mention this tremendous animal besides Pontoppidan; among others, Denys Montfort, who, it appears, gave the subject much attention; he even classed him with the sepia—while some think he partakes of the mixed character of the sepia and medusa. He is also stated to belong to the mollusca order, or family of worms peculiar to the sea.

In proof of the existence of such an animal, the Norwegian sailors state, that on the coast adjacent to the place where the Kraken inhabits, the waters often suddenly become shallow—that is to say, the ground fished upon a few hours since in fifty or eighty fathoms, is rapidly reduced to five or ten, or even less than that; they believe this sudden shoaling of the water to be caused by the rising of the Kraken; and as fish always abound in the vicinity of the spot where he is supposed to be, they regard it as a fortunate circumstance; should the Kraken, however, approach very near the surface, they are compelled to pull for their lives, to avoid being killed by the enormous monster.

The opposite feelings of profaneness and superstition are often found united in sailors, and the same individual who would dread the storm-raising effect of whistling a jig, will often be guilty of the most revolting excesses and licentious conduct. One beautiful weakness, however, they possess, compensating for the absurdity of many others—it is, that children are always deemed lucky to a ship. May not this amiable

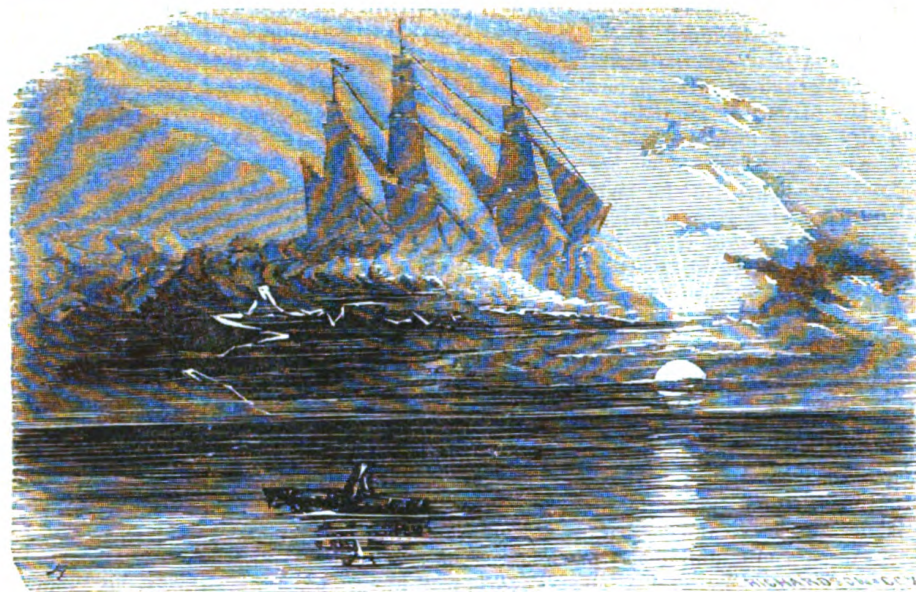
superstition in some way explain the reason of the faith in a child's caul, or the holy and fortunate cap, as it is called by some? In France, "*être né coiffé*," is an expression signifying that a person is extremely fortunate. The possession of a caul is esteemed an infallible preservative against drowning, as occasional newspaper advertisements, in the middle of this nineteenth century, will sufficiently prove.

The stormy petrel, or Mother Cary's chicken, is of the catalogue of marine superstitions. This delicate little ocean bird is not much larger than a lark, and takes the widest flight of any from the shore; and hence, when a gale springs up, it is frequently obliged to seek refuge on rocks in the sea, or on vessels. For this reason it has been called the tempest bird. The French name *petit Pierre*, is taken from their habit of walking on the water by the help of their wings. Mermaids are too well known to need a description; a lovely woman upward from the waist, and a fish below; they delight in combing their long golden locks with a comb, and examining themselves in a mirror; they are considered dangerous to approach, as their fascinating beauty, heightened and assisted by their delicious melody, entice the unwary into the water, to drown them. They are supposed to abide in caverns in the sea, and to delight in submarine grottoes. This fabulous creature, no doubt, owes its origin to the resemblance which a certain kind of seal, when in the water, bears to the upper part of the human body.

The belief is very common among old seamen that Fins and Laplanders are wizards, possessed of mysterious and occult powers over winds and storms. Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," gives some particulars concerning this belief. One of his shipmates had been with a Fin, a sail-maker, "who could do any thing he had a mind to." This sail-maker, it was believed, kept in his bunk a very mysterious junk bottle, which was always just half full of rum, though he got drunk upon its contents nearly every day. The sailors believed that he daily placed this bottle before him on a chest, and talked to it by the half hour.

There are at sea numerous legends of head-strong Fins, who, taking dudgeon at some fancied insult from officers, have detained the ship, by causing head winds of weeks' duration. "John" told Mr. Dana that he had himself been in a ship where they had a head wind for a fortnight, and the captain discovered at last that one of the crew, whom he had given some hard words some time before, was a Fin. Upon this he immediately told him that, if he did not stop the head wind, he would shut him down in the fore-peak (a dark and narrow hole in the bow of the vessel). The Fin would not give in (so said John), and the captain shut him up, and stopped his allowance of food. After a day and a half of starvation the obstinate Fin was subdued, and "did something or other which brought the wind round again," upon which they let him up.

All seamen are more or less superstitious about



SHIP SAILING THROUGH THE AIR.

the moon; they prognosticate from her appearance the kind of weather to ensue. If her horns appear sharp, fine weather is considered likely to follow; it is a bad omen when the new moon lies on her back, that is, when her horns are pointed toward the zenith. It often occurs that the dark side of the moon is seen, or, in other words, that part of the moon which is covered with shadow is visible through it. This they call the new moon carrying the old moon in her arms, and is considered a bad sign; a hazy circle round the moon foretells rain, the distance of the circle from the luminary indicating the near or distant period of its occurring.

Friday has, hitherto, been considered an unfortunate day for commencing a voyage—Sunday the reverse. This superstition probably arose from the circumstance of the crucifixion of the Redeemer on the first-mentioned day, and his resurrection on the last. It was the custom of the early mariners to obtain the good wishes of the church previous to going to sea, to protect them from its perils; and it is conjectured the priesthood, in order to enforce a strict observance of their religious rites, were the instigators of this superstition. The grand leveler, steam, however, is fast depriving the one of its supposed evil influence, and the other of its fancied good.

All good fortune is supposed to leave the ship while she carries a corpse on board. To lose a mop, or drop a water-bucket into the sea while drawing water—to drown a cat or to kill one, are deemed evil omens; and as a wind-up to these absurd notions, it is believed by most British mariners that all persons born at sea belong to Stepney parish, in London.

Some sailors believe that a kingfisher suspended freely in the air, by means of a piece of thread passed through its beak, will show from which quarter the wind blows, by an occult

and secret law of its own turning its breast in the true direction, thereby introducing natural weathercocks.

Hanging a rope over a ship's side is a superstitious idea which many seamen possess; the belief is that their friends, sweet-hearts, or wives, as the case may be, secretly take hold of it, and help to pull the ship home again.

Events frequently happen at sea, strongly tending to feed and cherish a superstitious feeling; and men who too frequently judge of things from appearances, without inquiring into the cause, are apt to ascribe to supernatural agency what might be readily explained by scientific observation. The following is an example:

On a calm and sunny day a ship was sailing over the sea, hundreds of miles away from any land, and no other sail in sight, when suddenly the attention of her crew was arrested by the loud and distinct ringing of a bell. Clang, clang, clang it went, to the amazement of all. They ascended the rigging, but nothing could be seen but the gently-heaving sea and the fair blue sky. From whence could this sound proceed? No bell, by the ordinary mode of conveying sound, could be heard from the distance they could see; still the inexplicable sounds continued—clang, clang, clang—and terror was depicted in the countenances of the crew; it seemed to them as though they heard the ship's knell, and many a hardy tar grew pale. A scientific individual calmed their fears, for he accounted for the strange bell at once—upon the well known principle of the acoustic tube—in this way: as the sound of a gun discharged from a high mountain echoes from cliff to cliff, so, in the present instance, the clouds reflected the sound of a bell of a distant ship to the spot in which they were placed. Soon after, on the following day, they met a ship, and on inquiring they found it was her bell they had heard—

her crew had been violently sounding it for their amusement. But for this explanation, and its happy confirmation, every seaman on board would have believed that the sounds of the bell were caused by supernatural agency.

Ships apparently navigated among the clouds are sometimes seen at sea, owing to certain peculiar states of the atmosphere, and under these circumstances it requires no ordinary effort to calm the superstitious apprehensions of ignorant men.

A few years ago a ship left an English port on a distant voyage—she was expected to be absent about a year. After that period of time had elapsed, and some few months over, her owners began to be uneasy about her fate; still she came not. Month after month rolled away, until all hope of seeing her return had been banished from the mind of the most sanguine. In the course of the summer a violent storm of thunder and lightning arose, which on clearing away left the sky serene, when a ship bearing a great resemblance to the missing vessel appeared in the air, standing under all her canvas, and bearing for the harbor—she kept in sight twenty minutes. The phantom ship was borne along until she appeared within half a mile of the spectators; she then gradually disappeared, became fainter and fainter, until she wholly vanished into air. The vision was of course believed to be the spectre of the lost ship, and came to warn the towns-people of her fate. In thirty hours after the real missing ship sailed into the harbor. Science explains this mysterious appearance in the following manner: When the spectre of the missing ship was first

seen, the real ship herself was a great distance off at sea, but her image was reflected on the clouds within the vision of the spectators in the town, by certain laws of optics well understood, before her outlines could be discerned on the horizon. A slight shifting of the sun's rays, or a different density of the atmosphere, caused her sudden disappearance.

A familiar illustration of the above singular appearance may be seen by trying the following experiment: Look at any object through alcohol lying on water, and the object will appear reversed; so a ship, or other object, seen through two strata of air of different densities will appear the same.

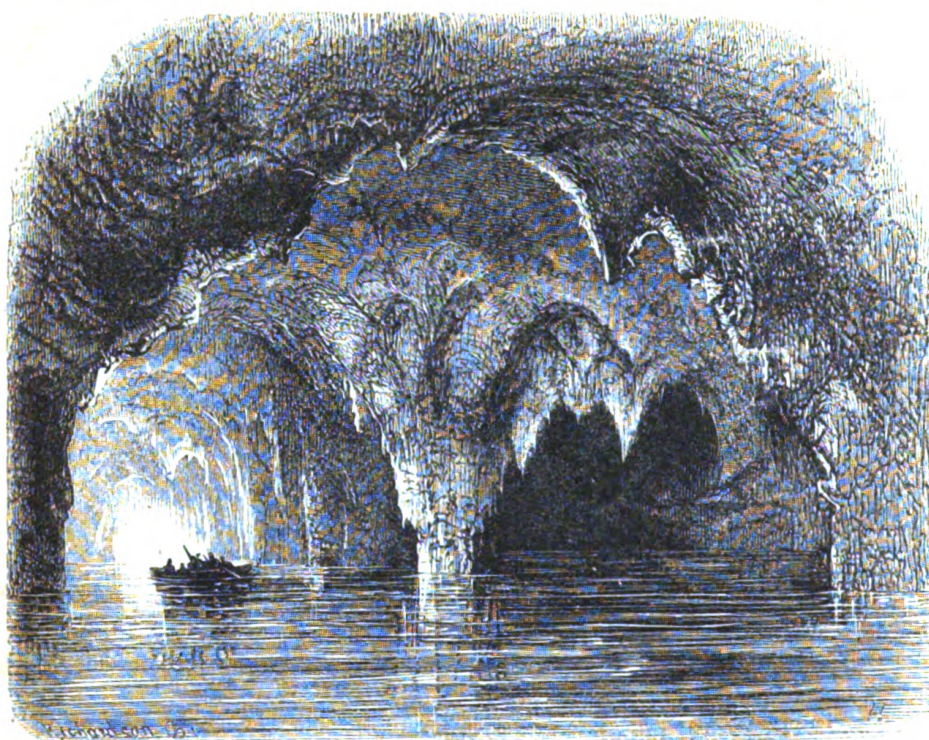
In the Isle of France there are persons who predict the approach of vessels long before they are visible to the ordinary eye; this is, no doubt, owing to their being reflected in the atmosphere or on the clouds, and caused by the high electric state of the air in that part of the world. Sailors call the lightning seen in those parts "Madagascar lightning," the most incessant and vivid known.

Whenever we are at a loss to assign to an object presented to our notice for the first time its proper class, or to trace a cause to its effect, we exercise the faculty of wonder, differing in intensity in proportion to the power of the exciting cause; and in elucidation of this theory, a circumstance which occurred to some English sailors, while investigating an island in the Pacific, is introduced here.

The shore-going party had left the ship, and were proceeding toward the land, which the morning sun had revealed to them rather unex-



THE CAVE.



EXPLODING A MONSTER.

pectedly. They had two boats, the jolly-boat and a cutter. On nearing the shore they were much surprised to find the sea covered with branches of the most beautiful coral, in places rising level with the surface of the sea, forming beautiful little bays and creeks, the margins of which were of the most dazzling hues; in one of them was a bed of coral a few feet below the surface; and as the boats skimmed over it the varying shades caused by the gentle rippling of the water afforded one of the most delightful sights that nature ever presented. It appeared to grow from the shore in a lateral direction, and branched out in surprising luxuriance, but its extensive ramifications prevented its root being seen; it had, therefore, the appearance of hanging in the water. The smooth sea, the bland air, and the bright sun illumined the different kinds of coral, and exposed them, in all their brilliancy, to the delighted gaze of the party. Bright as the coral was, it was dullness itself when compared with the myriads of fishes which glided about at their leisure in these coral basins; the intensity of their hues baffles all description, and the enchanting harmony of the whole was completed by the variety of their size and form.

After passing over this singular place the water suddenly deepened, and pulling direct for the shore, distant about half musket shot, they perceived the mouth of a cavern into which the sea flowed. At the entrance the water was about six fathoms deep, which gradually became shallower as they advanced into the interior; at a distance of about three hundred yards

from its mouth the cavern branched off in two directions almost at right angles—the main channel, however, continuing in a straightforward course, the branch to the right having an opening which communicated with the sea, though at a considerable distance. After a little delay, spent in examining the glittering sides of the cavern, the boats separated, the one taking the opening to the right, and the other the opening to the left, which was but obscurely lighted. We will follow the fortunes of the first boat. After passing some distance down the new-found opening they came to others, branching off in various directions, in most of which there was water sufficient to float the boat; they continued to gently grope their way toward the light, leaving the side channels unexplored, fearing to lose themselves in the labyrinths of the grotto.

Pulling gently along, and constantly sounding the bottom with a boat-hook, they ultimately arrived at the other entrance of the cavern; but before coming to it they entered one of the most stupendous and magnificent-looking halls the mind can contemplate, placed at such a distance from the mouth of the cave as to exclude the too scrutinizing effects of the daylight, and yet obtaining sufficient light to indistinctly show the outlines of the place.

It was impossible to ascertain the height of the roof, as it was totally concealed from view in impenetrable gloom; on rowing round it, the circumference was considered at least a quarter of a mile. In different places broad, lofty aisles, flying buttresses, Gothic pillars—all on the

grandest scale—were presented to the imagination; and the effect of the whole was singularly heightened by the flashes of phosphorescent light emitted from the water as the boat passed through it; living streams of pale blue fire seemed to cling to the blades of the oars, and the boat's wake shone with the brilliancy of melted silver.

Admiration and astonishment are but poor terms to express the emotions of the mind in visiting this extraordinary place. If a mermaid or a siren, or any other fabled creation of the brain, had sprung out of the water, she would have been considered in her proper place; in short, it seemed the fitted abode for such beings. After lingering about, loth to leave the spot, containing such singular beauty, and regretting that a natural curiosity so stupendously elegant should be so far removed from the civilized world, the boat's crew retraced their course, in order to join their companions.

They were doomed to be terrified as well as delighted ere they reached the open day again, as, by the time they had gained the spot where the boats separated, they found their shipmates waiting their return in the greatest impatience.

It appeared, after their separation, the boat's crew investigating the opening in the cavern to the left, after penetrating a little distance, found their further progress impeded by some object which nearly reached across the channel of the cave, and which appeared to move itself up and down as if endowed with life. The indistinctness of the light prevented an accurate examination, and as mystery always magnifies danger, they concluded it was some huge marine monster entangled in the mazes of the cavern; and not knowing what to make of it, they paused at a respectful distance, to examine more closely. One roll of the mass, however, completely disconcerted their nerves; and the sighing of the wind through the vaulted roofs and arches of the cave gave a moaning and indistinct sound, which had a powerful effect upon their imagination. After waiting a single instant they pulled the boat's head round, and rowed with all their might toward their companions, who arrived just in time to witness their excitement. Now these very men, who, in all probability, would have faced the battery of a ninety-gun ship, hour after hour, without flinching, fled from an indistinct and unknown danger acting upon their superstitious fears.

After quieting their apprehensions, the boats united and returning to the charge with increased numbers, they set about in right earnest to unriddle the cause of their dismay. Upon close examination it proved to be an old palm, which, having been blown from the land into the sea, had floated into the cavern, where the set of the tide had placed it in the position found by the party. One end was poised upon a shelving rock, and time had covered the whole with a mass of long sea-weed. The rising and falling of the waters, caused by the swell of the sea from the outside, gave it that motion which the

excited imagination of the sailors converted into the agonizing throes of some dying sea-monster. How many of our superstitious fears might be calmed if a similar investigation into cause and effect were instituted!

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

[Written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Never too late to Mend," "Christie Johnstone," etc.

CAP 3.

IT was now time that Miss Paley should suffer the penalty of her sex. She was a comely good-humored and sensible girl. We used often to walk out together on Sundays, and very friendly we were. I used to tell her she was the flower of her sex, and she to laugh at that. One Sunday I spoke more plainly and laid my heart, my thirteen shillings, the fruit of my last imposture on the public, and my various arts, at her feet out walking.

A proposal of this sort, if I may trust the stories I read, produces thrilling effects: if agreeable, the Ladies either refuse in order to torment themselves, which act of virtue justifies them they think in tormenting the man they love, or else they show their rapturous assent by bursting out crying, or by fainting away or their lips turning cold, and other signs proper to a disordered stomach; if it is to be "no" they are almost as much cut up about it, and say no like yes, which has the happy result of leaving him hope and prolonging his pain. Miss Paley did quite different. She blushed a little and smiled archly and said "Now John you and I are good friends, and I like you very much; and I will walk with you, and laugh with you as much as you like: but I have been engaged these two years to Charles Hook, and I love him, John."

"Do you? Lucy!"

"Yes," under her breath a bit.

"Oh!"

"So if we are to be friends you must not put that question to me again John; what do you say? we are to be friends are we not?" and she put out her hand.

"Yes Lucy."

"And John, you need not go for to tell my father. What is the use vexing him? He has got a notion, but it will pass away in time." I consented of course and Lucy and I were friends.

Mr. Paley somehow suspected which way his daughter's heart turned, and not long after this a neighbor told me he heard him quizzing her unmerciful for her bad judgment. As for harshness or tyranny that was not under his skin as the saying is. He wound up with telling her that John was a man safe to rise.

"I hope he may, father, I am sure," says Lucy.

"Well and can't you see he is the man for you?"

"No, father, I can't see that, he he!"

CAP 4.

I DON'T think I have been penniless not a dozen times in my life. When I get down to twopence or threepence, which is very frequent indeed, something is apt to turn up and raise me to silver once more, and there I stick. But about this time I lay out of work a long time and was reduced to the lowest ebb. In this condition a friend of mine took me to the "Harp" in Little Russell Street to meet Mr. Webb, the manager of a strolling company. Mr. Webb was beating London for recruits to complete his company which lay at Bishop's Stortford, but which owing to desertions was not numerous enough to massacre 5 Act plays. I instantly offered to go as Carpenter and Scene-shifter: to this he demurred. He was provided with them already—he wanted Actors; to this I objected, not that I cared to what sort of work I turned my hand, but in these companies a carpenter is paid for his day's work according to his agreement, but the actors are remunerated by a share in the night's profits, and the profits are often written in the following figures—£0 0s. 0d.

However Mr. Webb was firm: he had no carpenter's place to offer me, so I was obliged to lower my pretensions; I agreed then to be an Actor. I was cast as "Father Philip" in the Iron Chest next evening: my share of the profits to be one-eighth. I borrowed a shilling, and my friend Johnstone and I walked all the way to Bishop's Stortford. We played the Iron Chest and divided the profits. Hitherto I had been in the mechanical arts. This was my first step into the fine ones. Father Philip's share of the Chest was 2½d.

Now this might be a just remuneration for the performance; I almost think it was; but it left the walk, thirty miles, not accounted for.

The next night I was cast in "Jerry Sneak." I had no objection to the part, only under existing circumstances the place to play it seemed to me to be the road to London, not the boards of Bishop Stortford; so I sneaked off toward the Seven Dials. Johnstone, though cast for the hero, was of Jerry's mind and sneaked away along with him.

We had made but 12 miles when the Manager and a Constable came up with us. These were peremptory days; they offered us our choice of the fine arts again or prison; after a natural hesitation we chose the arts, and were driven back to them like sheep. Night's profits, 5d. In the morning the whole company dissolved away like a snow ball. Johnstone and I had a meagre breakfast and walked on it 26 miles. He was a stout fellow—shone in Brigands—he encouraged and helped me along but at last I could go no further.

My slighter frame was quite worn out with

hunger and fatigue. "Leave me," I said "perhaps some charitable hand will aid me, and if not why then I shall die: and I don't care if I do, for I have lost all hope."

"Nonsense," cried the fine fellow "I'll carry you home on my back sooner than leave you—die? that is a word a man should never say—Come, courage, only four miles more."

No. I could not move from the spot. I was what I believe seldom really happens to any man, dead beat, body and soul.

I sank down on a heap of stones. Johnstone sat down beside me.

The sun was just setting. It was a bad look out: starving people to lie out on stones all night. A man can stand cold and he can fight with hunger: but put those two together and life is soon exhausted.

At last a rumble was heard, and presently an empty coal wagon came up: a coal-heaver sat on the shaft, and another walked by the side. Johnstone went to meet them—they stopped, I saw him pointing to me, and talking earnestly.

The men came up to me: they took hold of me and shot me into the cart like a hundred weight of coal. Why he is starving with cold said one of them, and he flung half a dozen empty sacks over me, and on we went. At the first public the wagon stopped, and soon one of my new friends, with a cheerful voice, brought a pewter flagon of porter to me: I sipped it: "don't be afraid of it," cried he,—"down with it; it is meat and drink that is:" And indeed so I found it—it was a heavenly solid liquid to me—it was "stout" by name, and "stout" by nature.

These good fellows, whom men do right to call black Diamonds carried me safe into the Strand, and thence, being now quite my own man again, I reached the Seven Dials. Paley was in bed. He came down directly in his night gown, and lighted a fire and pulled a piece of cold beef out of the cupboard and cheered me as usual, but in a fatherly way this time; and of course at my age I was soon all right again, and going to take the world by storm to-morrow morning. He left me for a while, and went up stairs: presently he came down again.

"Your bed is ready, John."

"Why," said I "you have not three rooms."

"Lucy is on a visit," said he: then he paused—"stop a bit, I'll warm your bed."

He took me up stairs to my old room and warmed the bed. I, like a thoughtless young fool rolled into it, half gone with sleep, and never woke till 10 next morning.

I don't know what the reader will think of me, when I tell him that the old man had turned Lucy out of her room into his own, and sat all night by the fire that I might lie soft after my troubles. Ah—he was a bit of steel. And have you left me, and can I share no more sorrow or joy with you in this world!? Eh dear! it makes me misty to think of the old man, after all these years.

CAP 5.

I USED often to repair and doctor a violin for a Gent. whom I shall call Chaplin, he played in the Orchestra of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Chaplin was not only a customer but a friend; he saw how badly off I was, and had a great desire to serve me: now it so happened that Mr. Yates the Manager was going to give an entertainment he called his "At Homes" and this took but a small Orchestra of which Mr. Chaplin was to be the leader; so he was allowed to engage the other instruments and he actually proposed to me to be one of the second violins.

I stared at him. "How can I do that?"

"Why I often hear you try a violin!"

"Yes, and I always play the same notes, perhaps you have observed that too?"

"I notice it is always a slow movement—eh? never mind, this is the only thing I can think of to serve you. You must strum out something—it will be a good thing for you you know."

"Well," said I, "if Mr. Yates will promise to sing nothing faster than 'Je-ru-sa-lem my hap-py home' I'll accompany him."

No! he would not be laughed out of it; he was determined to put money in my pocket; and would take no denial. "Next Monday you will have the goodness to meet me at the Theatre at 6 o'clock with your fiddle. Play how you like—play inaudible for what I care, but play, and draw your weekly salary you must and shall."

"Play inaudible!" these words sunk to the very bottom of me. "Play inaudible!"

I fell into a brown study: it lasted three days and three nights; finally to my good patron's great content, I consented to come up to the scratch: and Monday night I had the hardihood to present myself in the music room of the Adelphi: my violin was a ringing one, I tuned up the loudest of them all and Mr. Chaplin's eye rested on me with an approving glance.

Time was called: we played an overture, and accompanied Mr. Yates in his recitatives and songs, and performed pieces and airs between the acts, etc. The leader's eye often fell on me, and when it did he saw the most conscientious workman of the crew plowing every note with singular care and diligence.

In this same little orchestra was James Bates another favorite of Mr. Chaplin, and an experienced fiddler.

This young man was a great chum of mine. He was a fine honest young fellow but of rather a Satanine temper. I mean, he was not movable to mirth at any price. He would play without a smile to a new Pantomime—stuck there all night like Solomon cut in black marble with a white choker, as solemn as a tomb, with hundreds laughing all around.

Once or twice while we were at work, I saw Mr. Chaplin look at Bates, knowing we two were chums, and whenever he did it seems the young one bit his lips and turned as red as a

beet root. After the lights were out Mr. Chaplin congratulated me before Bates. "There you see it is not so very hard, why hang me if you did not saw away as well as the best!!!" At these words Bates gave a sort of yell and ran home. Mr. Chaplin looked after him with surprise. "There's some devil's delight up between you two," said he; "I shall find you out."

Next night in the tuning-room my fiddle was so resonant, it attracted attention, and one or two asked leave to try it. "Why not?" said I.

During work, Mr. Chaplin had one eye on me and one on Bates, and caught the perspiration running down my face, and him simpering, for the first time in the History of the Adelphi.

"What has come over Jem Bates?" said Mr. Chaplin to me; "the lad is all changed, you have put some of your late gunpowder into him—there is something up between you two." After the play he got us together and he looked Bates in the face and just said to him, Eh?

At this wholesale interrogatory Bates laid hold of himself tight. No Mr. Chaplin Sir I can't—it will kill me when it does come out of me.

"When what comes out?" You young rascals if you dont both of you tell me I'll break my fiddle over Bates and Jack shall mend it free of expense, gratis for nothing—that is how I'll serve mutineers. Come out with it.

"Tell him John," said Bates demurely.

"No" said I, "tell him yourself if you think it will gratify him." I had my doubts.

"Well," says Bates, it is ungrateful to keep you out of it Sir, so—he! he! I'll tell you Sir this second violin has two bows in his violin case.

"Well stupid what is commoner than that for a fiddler?"

"But this is not a fiddler" squeaked Bates—he's only a bower. Oh—oh—oh!

"Only a bower?"

"No! Oh! oh! I shall die, it will kill me." I gave a sort of ghastly grin myself.

"You unconscionable scoundrels," shouted Mr. Chaplin, "there look at this Bates, he is at it again, a fellow that the very clown could never raise a laugh out of—and now I see him all night smirking, and grinning, and looking down like a jackdaw that has got his claw on a thimble. If you dont speak out I'll knock your two tormenting skulls together till they roll off down the gutter side by side, chuckling and giggling all day and all night!" At this direful mysterious threat Bates composed himself. "The power is all out of my body Sir, so now I can tell you."

He then in faint tones gave this explanation which my guilty looks confirmed. "One of his bows is resined Sir—that one is the tuner. I dont know whether you have observed, but he tunes rather louder than any two of us. Oh dear it is coming again."

"Dont be a fool now. Yes—I have noticed that."

"The other bow Mr. Chaplin Sir, the other

bow is soaped, well soaped Sir—for orchestral use—ugh, ugh!”

“Oh the varmint.”

Bates continued. “You take a look at him—you see him fingering and bowing like mad—but as for sound, you know what a greasy bow is.”

“Of course I do! I don’t wonder at your laughing—hah-ha. Oh the thief—when I think of his diligent face and him shaking his right wrist like Paganinni.”

“Mind your pockets though—he knows too much.”

It was now my turn to speak. “I am glad you like the idea,” said I, “for it comes from you Sir.”

“How can you say that?”

“What did you tell me to do?”

“I didn’t tell you to do that. I don’t remember what I told him Bates, not to the letter.”

“Told me to play inaudible!!!”

“Well I never,” said Mr. Chaplin.

“Those were your words, Sir, they did not fall to the ground you see.”

My position in this orchestra and the situations that arose out of it were meat and drink to my two friends. With the gentry, whose lives are a succession of amusements, a joke soon wears out, no doubt; but we poor fellows can’t let one go cheap, how do we know how long it may be before Heaven sends us another. A joke falling among us is like a rat in a kennel.

At intricate passages the first violin used to look at the tenor, and then at me and wink, and they both swelled with innocent enjoyment, till at last unknown powers of gayety budded in Bates. With quizzing his friend he learned to taste a jest, so much so that one night Mr. Yates being funnier than usual if possible, a single horse-laugh suddenly exploded among the fiddles. This was Bates, gone off all in a moment, after his trigger being pulled so many years to no purpose. Mr. Yates looked down with gratified surprise—“hallo! Brains got in the orchestra! After that any thing!”

But do you think it was fun to me all this? I declare I suffered the tortures of the you know what. I never felt safe a moment. I had placed myself next to an old fiddler who was deaf; but he somehow smelt at times that I was shirking and then he used to cry, “pull out! pull out! ye dont pull out!”

“How can you say so?” I used to reply, and then saw away like mad; when, so connected are the senses of sight and hearing apparently, the old fellow used to smile and be at peace. He saw me pull, and so he heard me pull out. Then sometimes friends of the other performers would be in the orchestra, and peep over me and say civil things and I wish them further, civilities and all. But it is a fact that for two months I gesticulated in that orchestra without a soul finding out that I did not suit the note to the action.

At last we broke up, to my great relief, but I did not leave the theatre. Mr. Widger, Mr. Yates’s dresser got me a place behind the scenes at 9 shillings per week.

I used to dress Mr. Reeves, and run for his brandies and waters, which kept me on the trot I assure you—and do odd jobs.

But I was now to make the acquaintance that colored all my life, or the cream of it. My time was come to move in a wider circle of men and things and really to do what so many fancy they have done—to see the world.

In the month of April 1828 Mr. Yates, Theatrical Manager, found his nightly receipts fall below his nightly expenses. In this situation a manager falls upon one of two things—a spectacle or a star. Mr. Yates preferred the latter, and went over to Paris and engaged Mademoiselle D’jek.

Mademoiselle D’jek was an elephant of great size, and unparalleled sagacity. She had been for some time performing in a play at Franco-ni’s, and created a great sensation in Paris.

Of her previous history little is known. But she was first landed from the East in England, and was shown about merely as an elephant by the proprietor an Italian called Polito. The Frenchmen first found out her talent. Her present owner was a M. Huguet, and with him Mr. Yates treated. She joined the Adelphi company at a salary of £40 a week and her grub.

There was great expectation in the theatre for some days: the play in which she was to perform “the Elephant of the King of Siam” was cast and rehearsed several times; a wooden house was built for her at the back of the stage, and one fine afternoon, sure enough, she arrived with all her train, one or two of each nation, viz., her owner Mons. Huguet (French) her principal keeper Tom Elliott (English), his subordinates, Bernard (French) and an Italian nicknamed Pippin. She arrived at the stage-door in Maiden Lane and soon after the messenger was sent to Mr. Yates’s house.

“Elephant’s come, Sir.”

“Well let them put her in the place built for her; and I’ll come and see her.”

“They can’t do that, Sir.”

“Why not?”

“La bless you Sir, she might get her foot into the Theatre; but how is her body to come through the stage door; why she is almost as big as the house.”

Down comes Mr. Yates, and there was the elephant standing all across Maiden Lane, all traffic interrupted except what could pass under her belly—and such a crowd! my eye!

Mr. Yates put his hands in his pockets and took a quiet look at the state of affairs—“You must make a hole in the wall.”

Pickaxes went to work and made a hole or rather a frightful chasm in the Theatre, and when it looked about two thirds her size, Elliott said, “Stop.” He then gave her a sharp order and the first specimen we saw of her cleverness

was her doubling herself together and creeping in through that hole bending her fore knees and afterward rising and dragging her hind legs horizontally, and so she disappeared like an enormous mole burrowing into the Theatre.

Mademoiselle D'jek's bills were posted all over the Town, and every thing done to make her take, and on the following Tuesday the Theatre was pretty well filled by the Public; the Manager also took care to have a strong party in the pit. In short she was nursed as other stars are upon their debut. Night came. All was anxiety behind the lights and expectation in front.

The green curtain drew up and Mr. Yates walked on, in black dress coat, and white kid gloves, like a private gentleman just landed out of a Bandbox at the Queen's Ball. He was the boy to talk to the Public: soft sawder—dignified reproach—friendly intercourse—he had them all at his fingers' ends. This time it was the easy tone of refined conversation upon the intelligent creature he was privileged to introduce to them. I remember his discourse as well as if it was yesterday.

"The Elephant" said Mr. Yates "is a marvel of nature. We are now to have the pleasure of showing her to you as taking her place in Art. Then he praised the wisdom and beneficence of creation. Among the small animals such as cats and men, there is to be found such a thing as spite; treachery ditto, and love of mischief, and even cruelty at odd times: but here is a creature with the power to pull all our Houses about our ears like Samson, but a Heart that will not let her hurt a fly. Properly to appreciate her moral character consider what a thing power is: see how it tries us—how often in history it has turned men to demons. The Elephant added he, is the friend of man by choice not by necessity or instinct: it is born as wild as a Lion or a buffalo, but the moment an opportunity arrives, its kindred intelligence allies it to man its only superior or equal in reasoning power. We are about," said Mr. Yates, "to present a play in which an Elephant will act a part, and yet act but herself—for the intelligence and affectionate disposition she will display on these boards as an actress, are merely her own private and domestic qualities. Not every one of us actors, gentlemen, can say as much." Then there was a laugh in which Mr. Yates joined. In short Mr. Yates who could play upon the public ear better than some fiddlers (I name no names), made his debutante popular before ever she stepped upon the Scene. He then bowed with intense gratitude to the audience for the attention they had honored him with, retired to the prompter's side and as he reached it the act-drop flew up and the play began—it commenced on two legs; the elephant did not come on till the second scene of the Act.

The Drama was a good specimen of its kind: it was a story of some interest and some length and variety, and the writer had been sharp enough not to make the elephant too common in

it: she came on only three four or times, and always at a nick of time, and to do *good business*, as theatricals say—i. e. for some important purpose in the story.

A King of Siam had lately died and the Elephant was seen taking her part in the funeral obsequies. She deposited his sceptre etc. in the tomb of his fathers, and was seen no more in that act. The rightful heir to this Throne was a young Prince to whom this elephant belonged. An usurper opposed him, and a battle took place: rightful heir was worsted and taken prisoner, usurper condemned him to be thrown into the sea. In the next act this sentence was being executed: four men were discovered passing through a wood carrying no end of a box. Suddenly a terrific roar was heard—the men put down the box rather more carefully than they would in real life and fled—and the Elephant walked on to the scene alone like any other actress. She smelt about the box and presently tore it open with her proboscis, and there was her master the rightful heir, but in a sad exhausted state. When the good soul saw this what does she do but walk to the other side and tear down the bough of a fruit-tree, and hand it to the sufferer, he sucked it, and it had the effect of stout on him, made a man of him: and they marched away together the elephant trumpeting to show her satisfaction.

In the next act the rightful heir's friends were discovered behind the bars of a Prison at a height from the ground. The order for their execution arrived, and they were down upon their luck terribly. In marched the Elephant tore out the iron bars and squeezed herself against the wall, half squatting, in the shape of a triangle, so then the prisoners glided down her to the ground slantendicular one after another.

When the civil war had lasted long enough to sicken both sides, and enough widows and orphans had been made, the Siamese began to ask themselves "but what is it all about?" the next thing was, they said "what asses we have been! was there no other way of deciding between two men, but bleeding the whole tribe?" then they reflected and said "We are asses, that is clear—but we hear there is an animal in the nation that is not an ass; why of course then she is the one to decide our dispute." Accordingly a grand assembly was held, the rival claimants were compelled to attend, and the Elephant was led in. Then the High Priest or some such article having first implored Heaven to speak through the Quadruped bade her decide according to justice. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the Elephant stretched out her proboscis, seized a little crown that glittered on the usurper's head, and waving it gracefully in the air deposited it gently and carefully on the brows of the rightful heir. So then there was a rush made on the wrongful heir; he was taken out guarded and warned off the premises: the rightful heir mounted the throne and grinned and bowed all round, the Elephant trumpeted—Siam hurrahd—D'jek's party in the

house echoed the sound and down came the curtain in thunders of applause. Though the curtain was down, the applause continued most vehemently, and after a while a cry arose at the back of the pit, "Elephant!" "Elephant!" That part of the audience that had paid at the door, laughed at this call, but their laughter turned to curiosity when in answer to the cry the curtain was raised, and the stage discovered empty. Curiosity in turn gave way to surprise, for the Elephant walked on from the third grooves alone, and came slap down to the float. At this the astonished public literally roared at her. But how can I describe the effect, the amazement, when in return for the compliment the débütante slowly bent her knees and courtesied twice to the British public, and then retired backward as the curtain once more fell. People looked at one another and seemed to need to read in their neighbors' eyes whether such a thing was real, and then followed that buzz which tells the knowing ones behind the curtain that the nail has gone home, that the Theatre will be crammed to the ceiling to-morrow night and perhaps for eighty nights after.

Mr. Yates fed Mademoiselle D'jek with his own hand that night, crying—"Oh you duck!"

The fortunes of the Adelphi rose from that hour: full houses without intermission.

Mr. Yates shortened his introductory address, and used to make it a brief, neat, and I think elegant eulogy of her gentleness and affectionate disposition; "her talent the public are here to judge for themselves" said Mr. Yates, and Exit—P.S. A Theatre is a little world, and D'jek soon became the hero of ours. Every body must have a passing peep at the Star that was keeping the Theatre open all summer and providing bread for a score or two of families connected with it. Of course a mind like mine was not among the least inquisitive.

But her head keeper Tom Elliott, a surly fellow, repulsed our attempts to scrape acquaintance—"Mind your business and I'll mind mine" was his chant. He seemed to be wonderfully jealous of her. He could not forbid Mr. Yates to visit her, as he did us, but he always insisted on being of the party even then. He puzzled us, but the strongest impression he gave us was that he was jealous of her; afraid she would get as fond of some other as of him and so another man might be able to work her, and his own nose lose a joint as the saying is; later on we learned to put a different interpretation on his conduct. Pippin the Italian and Barnard the Frenchman used to serve her with straw and water etc., but it was quite a different thing from Elliott. They were like a fine lady's grooms and running footmen; but Elliott was her body servant, groom of the bed chamber or what not. He used always to sleep in the straw close to her: sometimes, when he was drunk, he would roll in between her legs, and if she had not been more careful of him than any other animal ever was (especially himself) she must have crushed him to death three nights in the

week. Next to Elliott, but a long way below him, M. Huguet seemed her favorite. He used to come into her box and caress her and feed her and make much of her: but she never went on the Stage without Elliott in sight, and in point of fact all she did upon *our Stage* was done at a word of command given then and there at the side by this man and no other—going down to the float, courtesying, and all. Being mightily curious to know how he had gained such influence with her I made several attempts to sound him, but drunk or sober he was equally unfathomable on this point.

I then endeavored to slake my curiosity at No. 2. I made bold to ask M. Huguet how he had won her affections. The Frenchman was as communicative as the Englishman was reserved: he broke a whole faggot of English over me: if I wrote what he said you would be little the wiser, but it came to this—that the strongest feeling of an elephant is gratitude, and that he had worked on this for years; was always kind to her and seldom approached her without giving her lumps of sugar—carried a pocket full on purpose. This tallied with what I had heard and read of an Elephant: still the problem remained why is she fonder still of this Tom Elliot whose manner is not ingratiating, and who never speaks to her but in a harsh severe voice.

She stood my friend any way—a good many new Supers were engaged to play with her, and I was set over these: looked out their dresses, and went on with them and her as a slave. 9 shillings a week for this was added to my other 9 which I drew for dressing an actor or two of the higher class.

The more I was about her, the more I felt that we were not at the bottom of this quadruped, nor even of her bipeds. There were gestures and glances and shrugs always passing to and fro.

One day at the rehearsal of a farce there was no Mr. Yates. Somebody inquired loudly for him.

"Hush," says another. "Haven't you heard?"

"No!"

"You mustn't talk of it out of doors."

"No!"

"Well, then—half killed by the elephant this morning."

It seems he was feeding and coaxing her as he had often done before, when all in a moment she laid hold of him with her trunk and gave him a squeeze. He lay in bed six weeks with it, and there was nobody to deliver her eulogy at night. Elliot was at the other end of the stage when the accident happened: he heard Mr. Yates cry out, and ran in, and the Elephant let Mr. Yates go the moment she saw him.

We questioned Elliot. We might as well have cross-examined the Monument—then I inquired of M. Huguet what this meant. That gentleman explained to me that D'jek had mis-

calculated her strength, that she wanted to caress so kind a manager who was always feeding and courting her, and had embraced him too warmly.

The Play went on, and the Elephant's popularity increased. But it was destined to receive a shock so far as we little ones behind the curtain were concerned.

One day while Pippin was spreading her straw she knocked him down with her trunk, and pressing her tooth against him—bored two frightful holes in his skull, before Elliot could interfere. Pippin was carried to St. George's Hospital and we began to look in one another's faces.

Pippin's situation was in the market.

One or two declined it—it came down to me. I reflected and accepted it—another 9 shillings—total 27 shillings.

That night two supers turned tail. An actress also, whose name I have forgotten, refused to go on with her. "I was not engaged to play with a brute" said this lady "and I won't; others went on as usual but were not so sweet on it as before. The rightful heir lost all relish for his part, and above all, when his turn came to be preserved from harm by her, I used to hear him crying out of the box to Elliot, "are you there?" "are you sure you are there?" and when she tore open his box, Garrick never acted better than this one used to now; for, you see, his cue was to exhibit fear and exhaustion, and he did both to the life, because for the last five minutes he had been thinking—"Oh dear! oh dear!" Suppose she should do *the foot business* on my box—instead of the proboscis.

These however were vain fears; she made no mistakes before the public.

Nothing lasts for ever in this world, and the time came that she ceased to fill the house. Then Mr. Yates re-engaged her for the provinces, and having agreed with the country managers sent her down to Bath and Bristol first. He had a good opinion of me and asked me to go with her and watch his interests. I should not certainly have applied for the place, but it was not easy to say "No" to Mr. Yates, and I felt I owed him some reparation for the injustice I had done that artist in accompanying his voice with my gestures.

In short we started, D'jek, Elliot, Bernard, I, and Pippin on foot (he was just out of St. George's). Messrs. Huguet and Yates rolled in their carriage to meet us at the principal towns where we played.

As we could not afford to make her common, our walking was all night work and introduced me to a rough life.

The average of night weather is wetter and windier than day, and many a vile night we tramped through when wise men were abed; and we never knew for certain where we should pass the night, for it depended on D'jek. She was so enormous that half the Inns couldn't find us a place big enough for her. Our first even-

ing stroll was to Bath and Bristol; thence we crossed to Dublin, thence we returned to Plymouth. We walked from Plymouth to Liverpool, playing with good success at all these places. At Liverpool she laid hold of Bernard, and would have settled his hash, but Elliot came between them.

That same afternoon in walks a young gentleman dressed in the height of Parisian fashion—glossy hat, satin tie, trowsers puckered at the haunches, sprucer than any poor Englishman will be while the world lasts—and who was it but Mons. Bernard come to take leave. We endeavored to dissuade him, he smiled and shook his head, treated us, flattered us, and showed us his preparations for France.

All that day and the next he sauntered about us dressed like a gentleman, with his hands in his pockets, and an ostentatious neglect of his late affectionate charge. Before he left he invited me to drink something at his expense and was good enough to say I was what he most regretted leaving.

"Then why go?" said I.

"I will tell you *mon pauvre garçon*," said Mons. Bernard. "We old hands have all got our orders to say she is a duck. Ah, you have found that out of yourself. Well now as I have done with her I will tell you a part of her character, for I know her well. Once she injures you she can never forgive you. So long as she has never hurt you there is a fair chance she never will: I have been about her for years, and she never molested me till yesterday. But if she once attacks a man that man's death warrant is signed. I can't altogether account for it; but trust my experience it is so. I would have staid with you all my life if she had not shown me my fate; but not now—*Merci!* I have a wife and two children in France. I have saved some money out of her, I return to the bosom of my family; and if Pippin stays with her after the hint she gave him in London, why you will see the death of Pippin my lad. *Voilà tout*; that is, if you don't go first: *qu'est que ça te fait à la fin, tu es garçon toi—buons!*"

The next day he left us, and left me sad for one. The quiet determination with which he acted upon positive experience of her, was enough to make a man thoughtful. And then Bernard was the flower of us all; he was the drop of mirth and gayety in our iron cup. He was a pure unadulterated Frenchman, and, to be just, where in the world can you find any thing so delightful as a Frenchman?

He fluttered home singing

"*Les doux yeux de ma brunett-e
Tout-e mignonett-e tout-e gantillett-e*"—

and left us all in black.

God bless you, my merry fellow. I hope you found your children healthy and your brunette true, and your friends alive, and that the world is just to you, and smiles on you as you do on it, and did on us.

From Liverpool we walked to Glasgow: from

Glasgow to Edinburgh; and from Edinburgh on a cold starry midnight we started for New-castle.

In this interval of business let me paint you my companions Pippin and Elliot. The reader is entitled to this, for there must have been something out of the common in their looks since I was within an ace of being killed owing to the Italian's face, and was imprisoned 4 days through the Englishman's mug.

The Italian, whom we know by his nickname of Pippin, was a man of immense stature and athletic mould. His face, once seen, could never be forgotten. His skin almost as swarthy as Othello's was contrasted by dazzling ivory teeth, and lighted by two glorious large eyes, black as jet and brilliant as diamonds: these orbs of black lightning gleamed from beneath eyebrows that many a dandy would have bought for mustaches at a high valuation; a nose like a reaping hook completed him—perch him on a tolerable sized rock and there you had a black eagle.

As if this was not enough Pippin would always wear a conical hat, and had he but stepped upon the Stage in Masaniello or the like, all the other brigands would have sunk down to rural Police by the side of our man. But now comes the absurdity: his inside was not different from his out, it was the exact opposite. You might turn over twenty thousand bullet heads and bolus eyes, before you could find one man so thoroughly harmless as this thundering Brigand. He was just a pet, an universal pet, of all the men and women that came near him. He had the disposition of a dove and the heart of a hare. He was a lamb in wolves' clothing.

My next portrait is not so pleasing.

A man turned brute.

Some ten years before this, a fine stout young English rustic entered the service of Mademoiselle D'jek. He was a model for bone and muscle, and had two cheeks like roses: when he first went to Paris, he was looked on as a curiosity there. People used to come to D'jek's Stable to see her, and Elliot the young English Samson. Just ten years after this, young Elliot had got to be called "Old Elliot." His face was not only pale it was colorless: it was the face of a walking corpse. This came of ten years Brandy and Brute. I have often asked people to guess the man's age, and they always guessed 60, 65 or 70, oftenest the latter.

He was thirty five; not a day more.

This man's mind had come down along with his body. He understood nothing but elephant, he seldom talked, and then nothing but elephant. He was an Elephant man. I will give you an instance, which I always thought curious.

An elephant, you may have observed, can not stand quite still. The great weight of its head causes a nodding movement which is perpetual when the animal stands erect. Well, this Tom Elliott, when he stood up, used always to have one foot advanced, and his eye half closed, and his head noddling like an Elephant all

the time; and with it all such a presence of brute and absence of soul in his mug, enough to give a thoughtful man some very queer ideas about man and beast.

LETITIA'S BRIDAL GIFTS.

"COME, Letitia, and see how your friends love you; we have arranged your gifts. Some have come since last evening."

And two lovely young women, hand in hand, went slowly from one room to another, where stood a table beautifully ornamented with flowers, and laden with superb silver, jewelry, vases, and all the choice and rare achievements of modern art.

About the table stood two or three young girls, who had busied themselves with the arrangement of the table, and now stood looking on with much satisfaction.

It was the affectionate plan of these friends and Letitia's sisters to receive all these gifts and arrange them before she saw them, that she might have all the enjoyment without any of the trouble or loss of time; for Letitia was about to perpetrate marriage, and her time was very full, as we all know, from intuition, that the time of young expectants must necessarily be.

Letitia looked a moment at the glittering table, and immediately burst into tears, as she was bound to do, and would have been very hard-hearted not to do; for though Love had followed her, and watched over her all the days of her life, and prosperity had smoothed the path before her, yet here were testimonials which she had *earned* by her sweetness of temper, her honest, courageous friendship for her companions, her fine talents, and her good principles. And she felt a glow of inward joy and gratitude, deeper, perhaps, than she had felt ever before; for she saw that her life had not been unworthy of its great requirements.

Prosperity may be compared to a garden, in which grow choice fruits against sunny walls. Careful hands turn the peach to the sun, guard it from the insect, the shower, and the frost; and it ripens into a rare, delicious flavor. The richness of the garden may breed a race of poisonous and destructive creatures, making the gardener's task no easy one. He must watch his peach; but, if Heaven is propitious and the gardener watchful, the fruit is like that which grew in the gardens of the Hesperides, and fills the world with its fragrance.

Letitia had been cared for like the peach. Heaven had given her a sweet and lovely appearance and noble talents; fond, careful parents had nurtured and tended the precious fruit; the long summer of an uninterrupted prosperity had perfected what nature so well began; and Mr. Vaughan, walking along the sunny parterre, saw the fruit, and—selfish man—plucked it. But here the simile ends, for Letitia was not made to be eaten.

"Here, Letitia, wipe your eyes; they will have crying enough to do hereafter. See this perfect vase which Blanche has sent you."

"And this lovely set of mosaics from Mrs. Emory—"

"And this pair of silver pitchers, which will hold a pipe of wine—"

"And this loveliest of bracelets—"

"And this fan—"

"And set of gold forks and spoons—"

"And gold *tête-à-tête* set—"

"And here, dear Letitia, a cameo from dear Gertrude, a most exquisite thing—two angels flying through space, the one angel guarding the other. See how sweetly regardful the face of the one, how trustful that of the other! and here is her letter:"

"DEAR SISTER.—Thus did you guard me when we were together; and thus, I hope, may we one day float through the soft atmosphere of a better world.

"GERTRUDE"

Letitia took the little ornament and kissed it. It was from her younger sister, who had married and gone abroad, and who could not return for the marriage of this beloved older sister, but who sent her this token. It was long before Letitia could look at any thing else.

"But, Letitia, the great surprise remains—here!" and Caroline drew a curtain, and revealed a superb piano, a gift from Mr. Vaughan's father.

Letitia felt the keenest delight. Music was her passion, and she sat immediately down to the superb instrument and ran her fingers over it. It was thoughtful of her future papa to give her a piano. She thought with pleasure of the many hours of delight which this piano would give her—so pleasantly associated too with her wedding.

But a shade of disappointment crept over her face—Frederic had sent nothing. Frederic, the bridegroom, was he to be distanced in any thing, even the giving of presents? No; for the cunning damsels had foreseen and arranged every thing in a scientific manner. All the emotions were to come in proper sequence.

A beautiful little table of *Marqueterie* came to light, which was only a casket of things more beautiful than itself. It opened in every direction, and revealed camel's-hair shawls; lace in all arrangements, elegant handkerchiefs, marked with Letitia's cipher; gloves, and many other belongings of a lady's wardrobe. In one of the drawers was a card, on which was written,

"For my wife."

That little legend was worth all the rest. There was written the most eloquent word in the language—the word most full of all emotion, all trust, all hope!

Yes, Frederic had distanced them all. Things which could only pertain to *herself*—the shawl that folded her fair figure, the glove that covered her little hand, the lace that gave grace to her most stately toilet—all alike were from him, and her jealous, womanly pride rejoiced that his presents were the most beautiful and well-chosen of all.

Then the card! We will not say what became of that; every woman knows, and it is of

no consequence that the men, who are conceited enough already, should ever know.

But it is time to dress for the wedding, and we must go.

Grace Afton, Letitia's friend, and one of the *Machiavels* of the policy of the wedding-presents, was the next victim sacrificed at the altar, and from Letitia's gorgeous and grand wedding she returned to prepare for her own simple and quiet one.

Grace Afton was the daughter of one of those men who seem to live on the uncertain surface of a glittering bubble. No house so gay, no expenditure so lavish as that of Mr. Afton; no dinners so good, no dressing so extravagant, no Newport and Saratoga visits so constant as those indulged in by the Aftons. One day Mr. Afton's last bubble burst, and there was no convenient bubble near for him to step on, and he, poor man! stepped into another world, where, it is hoped, he found something better than a bubble.

There was a "little something," as there always is, for the family; but they became genteelly poor, sustained by their old friends, and holding their own position in society, but no longer the gay and successful Aftons of former times.

Grace, pretty, stylish creature, attracted young Mr. Liston, who was beginning life as an author, and had already made his mark. Mr. Liston had a small fortune, and did not care for more, but was a favorite—and deservedly so—in society; Grace had very little education, and was not at all prepared to recognize what was most valuable in her lover's character, but "somehow" (that invaluable word) she fell in love with him. It was considered a very poor thing for both. Liston, every one said, might have done so much better; he might even have married Serafina Quesado, the great Cuban heiress, who liked him; or Alice Bruen, the Miss Coutts of Two Hundredth Street, who was not indifferent to him; but he foolishly preferred a girl he liked—with nothing.

The club thought he had done a very "green" thing; and Alice Bruen married immediately a man she detested to spite him, which was a very sensible thing to do, as she is at present convinced.

Grace was thought to have done a very foolish thing, for young Veau, with his immense fortune, began to look attentively at her when she danced, and even leaned over her opera box one entire scene of the "*Trovatore*," which was thought by some to be encouragement enough; and perhaps if Grace had assiduously flattered and courted Veau for a year, he might have thrown her the handkerchief. It would have been a very handsome handkerchief undoubtedly, but Grace did not wait for it, but took Liston's plain one.

So, perhaps, all things considered, it was not unnatural that Grace looked rather enviously on Letitia, and thought that fortune had been unjust. Her own bridal gifts were pretty and

useful, but not superb; for by a certain magnetic power wealth attracts wealth, and every one's purse opened wider for Letitia than for Grace. People said, "Letitia's gifts will all be so handsome it will not do for me to send any thing plain; but poor Grace will have a much plainer establishment, and will be glad of any little tasteful thing." Then Liston stood alone in the world, and there were no rich relatives to shower down silver tea-sets; on either side, a few books, bronzes, tasteful, quiet ornaments, and some rare and beautiful antique gems from Liston, the spoils of a Roman winter, were the bridal gifts of Grace; a few old friends of her father contributed some handsome pieces of silver, but the "show" was poor compared with that of Letitia's.

Grace looked at the meagre preparation, and shed a few tears. To her surprise one pearly tear fell down on her lap, turned amber-colored, and, gradually taking shape, became a little glittering snake. It crawled down her dress, and, writhing about after the fashion of its tribe, finally reached the table, and ascended its standard by little lithe movements. Reaching the table-top, it settled down in graceful curves, and remained as still and rigid as if really carved out of amber. Grace was somewhat astonished, of course; but reaching out her hand for it, she took it up, and discovered that it was a real and very graceful little amber *presse papier*, and would look very well on an *etagère*. Before she had time to consider how very profitable it would be if all the tears of discontented young women could be turned into amber ornaments, her fairy godmother, a very nice little old woman-fairy, appeared, looking very displeased.

"Ah! my dear, I trust every fit of crying you have over the superior fortunes of others may result in a large crop of serpents, and every one turn and sting you, if they will only run out of your eyes instead of your mouth. Ah! how ugly, and venomous, and yellow he looks!" And at that moment Snakey's eyes sparkled; his little delicate tongue wriggled; he looked as if he were tasting a reputation.

"See, dear Grace, that creature is a distillation of your brewing. Could you believe it? Could I believe it—looking at your delicate face—your sweet lips! and you a bride, the chosen among women. What would Liston say?"

"Well, Fairy Godmother, I am not so bad. I was only quietly regretting that I had not as much on my bridal table as Letitia has, and I don't know why that little snake should have run out of my eyes. I am sure that was not as bad as if I had spoken ill of any one, or had done any thing wrong."

"That little snake is the representative of a large family, dear Grace, and he has providentially been caught, so as to tell you where his tribe congregates, that you may smoke out the whole race. Those animals live, I am sorry to say, in the secret warm foldings of the human heart, and your false human life steadily

warms them into existence. They might be stifled if this terrible warming-process did not go on all the time. If each and every one of you could only stand nobly on your great high pinnacle of humanity, living an individual life, regardless of all this foolish emulation, as you might do, and as some of you have done, then these creatures would die, and you would be comfortable. I have found that a great idea is a very good vermifuge. Poetry, humanity, love, maternity—but how I am *spreading*. I should include it all in one word."

"Religion, you mean. No, dear Fairy Godmother, call it by all these other names. They are nearer my weakness; they are less abstract. I am reached by them."

"True, dear child. Then let me give you an axiom from a man I very much respected—Dr. Franklin."

The Fairy here adjusted her false front, took a delicate pinch of snuff, and looked sentimental; it was an idea to which she always, perhaps, lent a coloring, that she and the Doctor had had a flirtation!

"Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly."

"A course of conduct systematically pursued, my dear," said the Fairy Godmother (who was a little dogmatical), "although it may not kill the serpents at once, is apt to so starve them that they die at length. If you have the strength to walk in bravely and strangle them; if you can say at once, 'Die, little disturbers! I will not listen to your poisonous suggestions; you shall not come between me and peace,' then you are a very great woman, and I have nothing more to say; but if you are weak and would fain be strong, then I would recommend you to the words of—in fact, there is no use mincing matters—my old admirer, Dr. Franklin."

"Fairy Godmother, have you ever thought why Fortune is so very unequal?"

"Dear, I am a Yankee, and must answer your question by asking another. You saw Letitia receive her presents: which affected her most?"

"Her sister's cameo, her piano, and lastly and most powerfully, her lover's gifts," and Grace cast a fond look toward the Roman gems.

"Fraternal feeling, taste, love. So far, very good; and now you know, Letitia—tell me, if your positions were reversed, would she have cried over the superiority of your fortune?"

"No, she would not. Letitia is too elevated a person. She would have rejoiced, and have enjoyed my fortune as her own." Grace said all this with quite a glow, for she was an honest little thing.

"Very good—*ve-ry good*. The snakes are being exterminated. Then let me tell you that Letitia has been well chosen for the ordeal of prosperity. That of all others, my dear Grace,

is the climate which nurses the snakes! that rich tropical climate of eternal sunshine! Oh, what noxious growths it can put forth! what poisonous and what monstrous creations! Firstly, Idleness, the slime in which these things take birth; then Excess, which educates them; then diseased Sensation, which makes the mind a prey to the gangrene of the worst passions."

"Good gracious! I hope Letitia isn't coming to all this."

"No; Letitia will be a happy wife—the joyful mother of children. She will be honored and cared for. The wind shall not visit her cheek too roughly, and she shall be able to bear it without vainglory or presumption. But she will still suffer; for is she not God's creature, to be fitted for his eternal world, and is not her life here, like yours and all others, a probation? She is to be tried with prosperity, that is all; and let me tell you what that brings. She has a clear, comprehensive mind, which will tell her the immense uses and power of wealth; an enlarged conscience, which will demand that she administers her trust well. There is work enough for one poor little woman. Then prosperity almost always has its peculiar disappointments and trials, which wrinkle the brow and depress the spirits, such as losses, defection of tried and trusted servants, and the like. Then, more potent than all, it separates husband and wife, while adversity draws them together. Each is necessarily independent of the other. The bonds which draw them together are few; there is no mutual dependence, save of mutual tastes. The husband may like his wife's music, and she his literary tastes, but there is no mutual sacrifice—an important bond, dear Grace. Then distraction and envy (your little snake) will follow her like shadows, nestle in her footstool, climb to her very chamber-door. She shall never have peace from them! So, does she not need all she has—her noble principles, her strong sense, her warm affections? Yes, all of them."

The snake had gone to sleep during this homily of the Fairy Godmother. There he lay, a mere amber toy, pretty in his lithe, graceful curves and transparent texture, a silent and motionless stone.

"Hark! who knocks? I am off. Good-by, dear," and the Fairy Godmother disappeared.

Enter Agnes, a bridesmaid.

"Well, Gracey, how pretty every thing is! how tasteful! Do you know I thought the display at Letitia's perfectly disgusting—such taste! And I have heard such stories of Mr. Vaughan—been so gay! Well, well, if any thing will only take down Letitia's pride! Ugh! what an ugly little snake! Ah! does he bite? Oh no, only a *presse papier*. I am sure, however, as I took hold of him he stung me."

"It is amber, and perhaps may have some electrical effect. You may be highly charged, and have received a shock."

"Well, it is an ugly creature. I would not have it about. See, it absolutely snaps its eye at me!"

"Fancy, dear Grace—fancy."

"Well, good-morning. You have been crying, I declare—begin to repent, hey?"

Enter Fairy Godmother, with her false front awry, and a color on her cheek probably gained in rapid descent from the chimney.

"My dear, keep that snake as a talisman. It really stung Agnes; it recognized a nestful of its kindred. Whenever such a tongue as that's let loose, do you let loose the snake, no matter how much he bites, only be careful that he is the only one you keep about you."

[Exeunt omnes.]

Two breakfast tables await our presence, we are expected at both. First Letitia's, as befits its superior elegance.

"The sun on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Mr. Vaughan sat at the table reading the paper. The light fell from a beautiful window, with its artistic tracery, on the table, which threw back the light from its burnished surfaces of silver and glass. A conservatory opened from the room, and lent its fragrance and beauty to the morning. Now and then a bird trilled a note from his pretty cage among the flowers, and a fountain plashed in a marble basin surrounded by calla lilies. So much had art emulated nature, that one's senses were irresistibly compelled to believe that summer reigned, and that the snow outside the window was an illusion.

Mrs. Vaughan entered presently. Her husband rose and kissed her hand. "You are pale this morning; not ill, I hope?"

"No, only fatigued; I was so late last night. Three balls! but I was obliged to show myself at all of them; and you—I hoped to meet you at Mrs. Calton's; where were you?"

"Oh, I dined at Montgomery's, you know; and then looked in at the club; and staid late at whist, feeling little disposed for a ball."

At this moment a beautiful child was brought in by his nurse; both father and mother turned to kiss and caress him.

"How is he, Rosine? Has he slept well?"

"*Passablement, madame.*"

"I want him to walk to-day."

"*Mais, madame.* Madame knows I have such weak ankles."

"Ah! well you can go in the carriage."

"Rosine is such a tyrant," said Mrs. Vaughan, laughing.

"Why keep her, then?"

"Oh, all good nurses are, particularly French ones. If you could only have competent ones, without tempers and wills, it would do very well; but you must take them as they come; and Ro-

sine is very competent. She keeps him beautifully dressed, and is very kind to him, and her accent is perfect; so I must submit to a few *airs*."

"Do rest to-day, dear Letitia! you look very pale."

"Oh! rest! impossible! I must go to my society at twelve, after spending an hour with my baby; and then I must make at least twenty visits. I shall be very glad if I can rest twenty minutes before dressing for dinner. Remember, to-day we have the two young Englishmen to dinner; and to the Browns' this evening. You will not fail me?"

Letitia observed her husband looking anxiously at his watch.

"Excuse me, dear wife, I must be off. I have a busy day before me, and, I fear, some trouble. Gardner, my head clerk, has been behaving queerly; I fear he has been somewhat dishonest, poor fellow! so good, so competent a clerk! He is married to a little vain woman, who evidently makes you her model in dress, as she sees you in the street, and I fear she spends more than he makes. So I am in no mood for dinners. It is not a cheering spectacle to see a man ruined by an amiable weakness. I wish I could ever find a day to spend at home with you; but, good morning! try and rest dear, and get back your bright eyes."

So the man of fortune, driven by invisible scourges, was forced away from his luxurious breakfast-room, his beautiful wife and child, to a counting-house where trouble of all sorts awaited him, and where he toiled until dark; then coming hurriedly up town to dress for a dinner, which he ate without an appetite and presided at while his heart was far away with his disgraced and discharged clerk, one of the many victims of our false and ruinous style of living.

And Letitia left with a sigh her pretty nursery and its sweet little tenant for a round of duties which her wealth and commanding position required of her. She came home happier than her husband, for her day had been blessed with some opportunities of doing good, and its record went not unworthily up to Heaven. Yet she was worn and pale, and even her exquisite toilet at dinner did not conceal from the anxious and loving eyes of her husband that this daily and nightly effort was telling upon his wife, and causing her roses to wither all too soon.

In a very neat little dining-room, which has for its ornaments some good engravings, a few flowers growing, and a green vine twined about the window in place of stone tracery, we come to our second breakfast. It is a plain, neat little affair, not inelegant, but quite inexpensive. A bright coal-fire gives it cheerfulness, the same gorgeous sun illuminates it that brought out the superb points of Letitia's grand apartment. At the table are Liston and Grace, talking and laughing.

"So your book will not be published this spring?"

"No, and farewell to our European summer."

"That is a disappointment. I had hoped to see the Alps this summer."

"A disappointment! Grace, you speak as if you had simply lost an opportunity to go to the theatre. Does it not deserve a more 'falling inflection' than that?"

"Well, no, Alfred. I am so happy, so much more so than I dared to hope, that I can well afford to wait another year for this great enjoyment. Then the boy may be able to go with us; now he is too young—hear him crow up stairs! By-the-way, I am about to tell you of something pleasant. We are invited to dine with Letitia on Thursday. I met her to-day as I was returning from the German school, down in Avenue A, dispensing her charities. How that woman works!"

"Yes, too much. I saw her yesterday, and thought I had never seen her so lovely—but a trifle pale."

"Oh, she looks dreadfully!"

"No, she does not, Grace; that is your jealousy because I praised her so much. She simply looks as all gay ladies look who go every night to some heated party, who dine, pay visits and the like all the time, and have also hearts and minds which must be attended to. They burn the candle at both ends."

"And how do I look?"

"Very old, and wrinkled, and ugly. Mrs. Liston, do not expect to induce me to be complimentary at such short notice. But good-by. At three I will come to go with you to see those pictures."

Grace and Liston had overcome the world. They were content to live plainly, dress plainly, receive their friends unostentatiously, and, in fact, to have all the gold without any of the glitter. They thus spared themselves a great deal of trouble and many heart-burnings, and were in the enjoyment still of all that their elegant tastes demanded. Every one liked to come to their house; no one envied Grace her camel's-hair shawl, or Liston his fast horses, because they had no such luxuries; but no one was more eagerly sought for than Liston as a companion, and all the women, even, acknowledged that Grace had never been so handsome in her life.

It occurred to Grace shortly after this conversation to look on her *étagère* for the little amber snake which had once shown such vitality. For several years it had remained in yellow composure, only showing its potency by giving an electrical shock occasionally to some slanderer or careless talker; but Grace remembered that, for some time, she had not seen it. She now looked for it in vain. It was gone. It had crawled off probably to some more elegant mansion. It was a luxurious snake, and liked more riotous living; at any rate it was gone. Grace never saw it again, and the places that had known it knew it no more forever.

LOU.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

THERE'S a little joyous-hearted girl, to see whom is a blessing,
That lives a square or two from us, upon our quiet street;
Her merry face is bright beyond the painter's sweet expressing,
And trippingly as dactyls move her tiny, twinkling feet.
She seems as if she never yet had known a childish care,
And the soft October sunshine is tangled in her hair.

Above the din of noisy girls I catch her radiant laughter,
Beneath the dusky lindens on the long, long summer days,
And see her foremost in the romp, with dozens running after—
The first beam glancing through a cloud chased by a troop of rays.
'Tis but a poor similitude—the bravest would not do—
For music, perfume, starlight, all seem commonplace for Lou!

At morning, when, with many books, I meet her on the way to
Her school, I often wonder what they teach my little friend;
The lessons she herself might teach are wiser far than Plato—
Simplicity and truth, the means to compass wisest end;
But much I wish the privilege as tutor I might claim
To ask her softly *aimez-vous?* and hear her answer *j'aime*.

And sometimes when at church I see her happy, trustful features,
A tender, wayward thought will come between me and the psalm,
That like to such a little child must all we erring creatures
In simple-minded faith appear, with passions hushed and calm,
Before the Eternal Truth shall break upon our sight so dim—
For such an one the Saviour saw, and bade come unto Him!

THE NIECES OF A CARDINAL.

THERE are few sketches which afford such interest to historian, painter, or public as Cardinal Mazarin, surrounded by his seven nieces and three nephews, the children of his two sisters, Mancini and Martinozzi.

What a man was the uncle! Not a monarch of his time was so powerful as *he!* Sprung from a Sicilian family of low condition, he played many parts, and most of them exceedingly well. The grandson, if not son, of a Sicilian tradesman of humble degree, rose to be, virtually, King of France; and, if we have said of him what a man was that "uncle," we may fairly add, what an incomparable but what an ill-requited uncle was that man! Had the renowned "Children in the Wood" survived to punish *their* uncle for his misdeeds, they could hardly have treated him with less courtesy, living, or with more contempt, dead, than was evinced for "mon oncle Mazarin" by his nieces and nephews, the Martinozzis and the Mancinis.

He had fought hard for himself and for them. He had had, it is true, his licentious time, and to the last he remained a desperate gambler; but he never lost sight of, or rather he never ceased to search for, the avenue by which he was to advance, with as little peril as might be,

toward fame, fortune, power, and the general glorification of himself and his family.

He was born in stirring times, 1602; and at an early age, and with a good college reputation, found the world before him where to choose. Most men fancy that they select their own havens, into which, as they suppose, they force the bark freighted with their fortunes, and there enjoy existence. This, however, is only given to the few. The majority do not stem the tide; they float with it, and are carried by "circumstances" which they can not control into the positions where they cast anchor for life. It was so, though not *always* so, with Mazarin. If he could have had his own way, when he fell in love with the notary's daughter, at Madrid, he would probably have ended his days as a crafty and successful Spanish lawyer. So, when he subsequently entered the army, had Captain Mazarin only seen a little more fighting, he would have experienced the usually acquired taste for a profession which requires constant iteration on the part of historians, poets, and courtiers, in proclaiming it glorious, to render it respectable. Captain Mazarin would then, had he lived long enough, have developed into a roystering old general, with interminable stories of tented fields, and sieges, and dicing on

drum-heads, and rough homage paid to beauty. But it chanced that the young captain was very early employed in a diplomatic capacity, and he performed his task so admirably that matters of vast importance were intrusted to him, and as his skill was as triumphantly demonstrated in great as in small matters, he passed from the service of small potentates to that of mighty sovereigns, as successful actors rise from little provincial circuits to lead in metropolitan theatres. It is sufficient praise of Jules Mazarin to say that Cardinal Richelieu so appreciated him as to point him out to Louis the Thirteenth as the only man with the requisite capacity to succeed to the effectual management of the affairs of France. It will be additionally characteristic of him, if we add, that Mazarin not only succeeded Richelieu as the minister of Louis the Thirteenth, but he succeeded Louis the Thirteenth as the husband of Anne of Austria. At all events, if he did not, the letters published, written in a very easy, authoritative, familiar, and marital vein, are inexplicable.

Without Mazarin, his nephews and nieces would probably never have been heard of. When on the high road to greatness, he at various times sent for them, till he had assembled them all around his hearth. He had resolved that they, too, should achieve greatness, and he may be said to have carried out his resolution. They shared in all the varieties of his fortune, including his misfortunes and the hatred with which they were all heartily pelted by the French people. These young persons *ought* to have stood in awe of their uncle, for that once humble individual had not only risen to be Cardinal-Minister, but, when the Pope refused to make a Cardinal of his brother, Mazarin set siege to the town in which the Pontiff lay, and with twenty-pounders and the shedding of much valuable blood, forced him into compliance.

Laura Mancini is the first on the list of fortunate young Italian ladies whom their uncle was determined to raise above the respectable condition of their parents, and very far above that of their honest, or rascally, shopkeeping grandfathers and grandmothers. Laura did very well; she became Duchess of Mercœur, and a right gallant husband she possessed in the Duke, who was the son of Vendôme—the son of Henri the Fourth and the fair Gabrielle. The eldest son of Laura Mancini was the *great* Vendôme, one of the bravest generals and nastiest fellows that ever reaped honor on a field, or polluted the air, which nobody near liked to breathe in common with him.

Laura might have been any other bachelor-duke's duchess, for there was no lack of noble suitors, every one of whom knew that if he gave his nobility to the Cardinal-Minister's niece, the Cardinal would confer on him, in return, places, pensions, orders, and privileges without end. It was a matter of business. Laura was on the point of marrying that handsome young libertine, the Duke de Candale, but the Duke suddenly died—and, perhaps, this was as well for

Laura, seeing that he resembled his father in many things, and that among the little paternal failings was a bad habit the elder Duke had of beating his wife in public, and pommeling even archbishops in open church, if he happened to be offended with them.

Before the Cardinal could unite Laura with the Duke de Mercœur, the Fronde temporarily hurled the Cardinal and his house into ruin. In spite of the threats of the newly-constituted Government, De Mercœur espoused the lady. His gallantry, or speculation, was nobly rewarded when the Cardinal marched back with his nieces to power and good fortune. The happy and well-regulated household did not last many years. The Duchess, on giving birth to a third child, was attacked with paralysis, and she died, with a smile on her lips at the odd mourning grimace which she saw on the face of Madame de Venelle, her lady of honor. To this beautiful and exemplary wife her widowed husband paid a splendid homage. He entered into holy orders, and this exquisite compliment, or speculation, carried him to the highest ecclesiastical honors. He died Cardinal and Legate of the Holy Roman See at the Court of France.

Anne Maria Martinozzi, "sweet sixteen," and a marvel of beauty, whose fair hair formed meshes to catch hearts, caught a higher title, but not nearly so good a husband, as her cousin. She became the wife of the pretty-featured, but little, hump-backed, and acid scamp, the Prince of Conti, brother of Condé. To Anne, too, Candale had been a suitor, but he made way for Conti, who, for his own part, politely remarked, that he did not care a ducat which niece he married, as, in point of fact, his intention was only to "marry the Cardinal." The brilliant beauty, on her side, was any thing but enamored of her husband. His jealousy was frightful and unfounded. The King himself, in the Prince's absence, once ventured to be "gallant" to her at a ball, and the proud young wife so fiercely met the homage that Mazarin insisted on her making an apology. Like her cousin named above, she was a true wife. She was the victim of her husband's villainous course of life, but she won his pity, his respect, and his affection. They finally retired to Bordeaux, the scene of his most disgraceful dissipations, where they lived a dignified and devout life, and where, we are told, "the beauty of his repentance exceeded by far the hideousness of his vices." One phase of the Prince's repentance was, perhaps, a little questionable. He wrote a bitter invective against plays and playwrights—of these, in his health and strength, he had been the gayest of patrons. We quite agree with Voltaire, that he would have done much better if he had written a treatise against civil war. He died, an old young-man, in 1666. The princess survived him only six years, during which she was what Madame de Sévigné sneeringly calls, a "mother of the Church." Apoplexy was the proximate cause of a death the details of which are familiar to all who are

acquainted with the letters of the lively lady last mentioned. This niece of Mazarin had two sons, the elder of whom was that brave, brilliant, and witty Prince de Conti who was elected to the crown of Poland, and who was (according to St. Simon) the divinity of the people, the idol of the army, and the lasting delight of the world. But we must pass from the mother of so accomplished a prince to make way for her younger sister, Laura, who was mother of a Queen of England.

Laura Martinozzi had only been two years in France, as much under the guardianship of her *quasi* step-mother, Anne of Austria, as of her uncle, when at the age of sixteen she was espoused to Alphonse, Duke of Modena. This prince had never seen his wife, when the father of Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had married her by proxy, conducted her to the foot of the ducal throne. Like the other virtuous and honorable nieces of Mazarin, she early lost a husband who had married her in order to have a protector in the Cardinal, but who, it must be acknowledged, did no dishonor to the military dignities and responsibilities intrusted to him by the latter. At the age of twenty-eight, A.D. 1662, he died, worn out by ceaseless attacks of gout. Laura of Modena became Regent for her worthless son Francis, till the latter reached the age of fourteen, and throughout the duration of her government she remained the firm friend and the ready ally of France. She was the mother of one daughter, Mary Beatrice, the wife of James the Second, King of England, of whose fall she did not live to be conscious. She is praised by M. Renée as the tenderest of mothers; but we have read that when poor Mary Beatrice was at Chaillot, she used to tell the nuns there, one of whom published the narrative, that her mother was a stern, grave woman, who rather exacted fear than won love from her children, and who very commonly pinched, slapped, and smacked them for trivial daily faults, and soundly flogged them with her own hands, which were not quite so white and delicate as those of Anne of Austria, for offenses of a more serious nature. If we may believe Mary Beatrice, she never had any childhood, that is, any joyous one, for what is childhood without joy? Her mother had laid to heart a savage old adage touching the excellence of chastisement, and she instilled stringent principles by the help of a rod, of which the recipient had smarting reminiscences as long as she lived. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mary Beatrice never blamed her mother. She remembered the frequent and terrible whippings as a salutary discipline, and she subsequently accepted the scourge from God, in the same meek and unrepining spirit with which she spoke of the stripes laid on her by her mother. That mother died, a stern, suffering, saintly woman, at Rome, and she is the last of the nieces of Mazarin to whom terms of eulogy or sympathy can be fairly applied.

Olympe Mancini is the next in order of mar-

riage, and among the most remarkable for the details of her life. In common with her sisters and cousins she had been partly educated under the superintendence of Anne of Austria, to whom Mazarin used to address letters touching the education and manners of his nieces, as a rather dissatisfied husband might to a step-mother who was not altogether fulfilling her duties toward her husband's children. When Olympe had accomplished her sixteenth year, she was less beautiful than her sisters and cousins, who carried off her lovers and got married before her. She was, however, more natural in her manners than any of them, and so attractive to the young Louis the Fourteenth that she was not without hopes of becoming Queen of France; and Mazarin was not without an expectation of seeing fulfilled those very hopes—which were always ridiculed by Anne, the Queen-mother. For a time the youthful couple were inseparable. It would be difficult to say at what hour of the twenty-four they were not together. In every *ballet* represented on the court stage, wherein Louis generally played three or four of the most graceful of the gods by turns, Olympe always played the nymph in whom he was most interested. The King's breath had tarnished the mirror of her fame in her earliest youth. His marriage did not change her affection for *him*, but she hated his wife, and still more heartily did she hate his mistresses. Mazarin was content to marry her to Eugene de Carignan, of the house of Savoy, by his mother related to the Bourbons of the branch of Soissons. The bridegroom inherited the royal title of Count de Soissons, and my lady Countess may be better known to our readers by that title than by her original names of Olympe Mancini.

The life of the Countess de Soissons was not a happy one. She was now winning, now losing, the heart of the King. To-day deceiving, to-morrow deceived by, her own lovers. To procure the downfall of any young favorite raised to bad eminence by being cursed with the King's love, was to her as a business of her life. Therewith she kept a splendid establishment and found time to become the mother of, but not to be a mother to, eight children, of whom one was not only famous, but deserving of his fame.

While the Cardinal-uncle lived, the Countess de Soissons could commit many little offenses, to which we should now give very uncomplimentary designations, with impunity. But when his death deprived her of a protector, and she continued to trouble the King, interfering with the love passages of one who no more troubled himself about hers than her own husband did, the minister Louvois and the mistress *en titre* speedily found means to rid themselves of her.

It was at this period that the famous poisoner, La Voison, was selling her "succession powder," and telling fortunes to distant relatives who desired to remove the heirs standing between them and great estates. This desire was to be easily

effected by means of a pinch or two of the powder, every grain of which was worth a ducat. In those days, if the King of France wished to convict any one of a conspiracy against his life, the process was the most simple imaginable. It was only to say that the intended victim had spoken or written—*any thing*; whatever was so spoken or written was interpreted as signifying dreadful menace against the life of his sacred Majesty. Some mere nonsense penned by Olympe was thus made use of, and as she and Madame de La Ferté had really paid a visit to La Voison, proceedings were taken, which so terrified this niece of Mazarin that she suddenly left her palace, and fled across the frontier into Flanders.

Madame de Sévigné has an exquisite way of depicting the lucky fate and questionable character of Olympe's friend, Madame de La Ferté. "This affair," says the famous letter-writer, "has given La Maréchale de La Ferté, a pleasure which, ordinarily, she does not enjoy, namely, that of hearing herself pronounced perfectly *innocent*. Mrs. Candour is nothing to this. It is like the drop of sweet oil that falls on the wasp, and which, sweet and soft as it is, conveys to the wasp inevitable destruction."

As for Olympe, for years she had no rest in body or mind. She was hunted, hooted, pelted, howled at in every city where she sought a refuge, and that by mobs chiefly hired by the French minister. If she approached a garrison town, the guards closed the gates against her. If she entered a church, the raging multitude threatened to murder the poisoning countess. If she found an asylum in a convent, the virtuous citizens sang unsavory songs beneath the walls. There is not the slightest proof of her having been a poisoner; but if any body had before doubted it, he ceased to be a disbeliever after hearing of Olympe's visit to Madrid, and her swift flight therefrom, when the young queen, the grand-daughter of English Charles the First, perished there by poison. The Countess de Soissons died at Brussels in the early part of the last century. For some previous time she had maintained a house of much magnificence, and as she gave splendid entertainments, the Brussels charitably concluded that she *must* be respectable.

The French court never was reconciled with her, but she was well avenged for its contempt. Among her eight children left in Paris, there was one who, when he reached man's estate, was a weak, stunted, rather crooked, and gentle little fellow—the Abbé de Savoie. He was not ill-provided with church preferment, but he hated the clerical profession, and asked to be allowed to change his benefices for a regiment of dragoons. Louvois rudely repulsed, and Louis rudely laughed at "the little Abbé." Some time later they laughed still more heartily at hearing that "le petit Abbé" had really entered the military service of the Emperor of Germany. "Oh! oh!" cried the Grand Monarch, holding his sides to catch breath, "don't

you think, gentlemen, don't you think we have had a great loss?" Loss! it was the loss to him of head, and arm, and sword. By losing the little Abbé, Louis lost many a province, and suffered not only many a defeat, but endured many a humiliation. With that one man more he might have died the master of Europe. But there was a higher will than his in this matter; the grand-nephew of Mazarin passed his sword through and through the very breast of France, and Marlborough had the noblest of colleagues in little Prince Eugène of Savoy.

Marie Mancini, the next niece, was one of those whom Mazarin did not send for to France till he had found matches for his other young kinswomen, and began to feel lonely for want of youthful company. He drew her from a convent to plunge her, at eighteen, into the brilliant vortex of the Louvre. She was not good-looking, but she possessed a noble visage in her mind, and when young Louis the Fourteenth, who fell in love with every *demoiselle*, fell *honestly* in love with her, she devoted her influences to the very best of purposes. She was not alone his gentlest, and indeed his sole, nurse when once he lay in peril of death, but she taught the idle prince the Italian language, read aloud to him, furnished him with ideas, aroused his lazy spirit to desire martial glory, and saved him from being the mere sensual beast that France beheld in his successor. Perhaps the only true, hearty, well-enjoyed love-passages in the life of Louis were those shared with him by Marie. Louis had admired or adored other of the Mazarin nieces, but Marie Mancini enslaved, subdued, enchanted him. Had *she* been the slave of her uncle instead of the true friend of the King, she probably would have ascended the throne; but the Cardinal and the Queen-mother fiercely opposed the idea of a marriage, and they separated the really enamored pair. At their last meeting, when Louis was dissolving, like a Greek hero, in showers of tears, the heart-broken Marie "lui adressa, avec un dernier regard, ces paroles fières et charmantes, 'Vous m'aimez, vous êtes Roi, et je pars!'" This mixture of tenderness, suggestion, and reproach has never been surpassed.

The King married a Spanish princess, and as she brought with her a treaty of peace, Mazarin reaped glory enough by accomplishing this union; and he bade his niece take patience and read Simon. She reappeared at court after the marriage of Louis, whose homage to her became at once so marked that it was, perhaps, to save her from disgrace that the Cardinal provided her with a husband in the person of the Constable Colonna, who carried her off to Rome; and who, rude and eccentric as he was, seems to have been a very fair husband, *for an Italian*, till Marie, after giving birth to three sons, put her house on a strict conventual footing, and lived like Diana—but with a score of Endymions. This drove Colonna mad, by exciting a jealousy which, curiously enough, she entertained, on her side, on account of certain acts

of the poor Constable, who would have deserved our pity had he been less of a brute. Her conduct was, assuredly, of the very lightest; and with all her ability and self-possession she could not laugh away incidents in which she participated, which look very well and read very prettily in erotic poetry, but which can hardly be so considered when a husband is the critic. The Constable, accordingly, shut Marie up, used her cruelly, and was preparing worse measures, when his wife, in company with her sister Hortense, who had come to visit her, tucked their petticoats up to their knees, and rode over the mountains to Louis. The escape was well contrived; the details are romantic in character, and Marie hoped to find refuge in Paris, and perhaps even to recover an old lover. But access to the King was denied her, and the most accomplished of the nieces of Mazarin was fairly hunted from convent to convent, in France, Italy, and Spain, by her indefatigable and implacable husband. The best proof of the misery she endured is to be found in the fact, that there is not the slightest record of the last years of her life. No one knows whether Marie Mancini died a nameless nun, or whether she filled a grave dug for her by Colonna—"à la façon de Barbari, mon ami."

Hortense Mancini, so well known to the princes, poets, philosophers, churchmen, infidels, gamblers, and gastronomes of the court and fine world of England, in her day, was not more fortunate in her marriage than her unhappy elder sister, Marie—after whose nuptials she was taken from convent to court; and, at sixteen, placed tacitly on the list of marriageable young ladies. Charles the Second, then a refugee in Paris, made her an offer, and Mazarin lived to regret that he had refused it, in her name. Other princes, and heirs to crowns, and rich cousins of kings, and pennyless descendants of royalty, flung themselves at the feet of this magnificently imperious damsel, but the young heir of the ducal house of La Meilleraye carried her off from them all. There was a good deal of matter-of-fact business in the affair. The Cardinal was consciously drawing toward his end, and he had a strong desire to perpetuate his name and memory by keeping up the splendor of his fortune in connection with his family appellation. He had a nephew Philippe, whom he had made Duke de Nevers, but that graceful scamp and amateur literary man was not a likely person for the purpose. The desired individual was found in Armand de la Meilleraye, who, on condition of submitting to be Duke de Mazarin, was made the chief heir of the Cardinal, and received with the hand of Hortense countless millions, splendid palaces, and princely estates. The head of the family reserved, however, very comfortable legacies for other relatives. The marriage took place in 1661, and his Eminence died shortly afterward, to the great delight of all parties—even of his heirs! As for the new Duke de Mazarin, whose face, according to Madame de Sévigné, was a justifi-

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cation for any trick a handsome wife could play him, he had not head enough to sustain the weight of his numerous government offices and the gorgeous fortune of which he found himself possessed, by right of his wife. Of her he became so jealous, that he lived rather on the high road than in any mansion, dragging his consort with him, whatever might be her condition of health, and leaving one residence for another, if only a good-looking lackey spoke civilly to the Duchess. His jealousy could only be exceeded by the eccentricity of his devotion. The Mazarin marbles were famous in their day, but the Duke, offended by their naked beauty, marred the most exquisite of these statues by hammering them into what he considered a condition of decency. His Titian and other Venuses he clapped into kilts, or smudged into propriety. He went to Louis the Fourteenth with a mission from the Archangel Gabriel, directed especially against the intercourse of the monarch with Mademoiselle de La Vallière. He wrote a treatise against wet nurses exercising their motherly office to babies on Fridays and Saturdays; he excited the awe of milkmaids, by denouncing the milking of cows as a sin; and, in short, his mania for making regulations was so intense that, says M. Renée, "Il en fit un entre autres, et des plus burlesques, pour déterminer les règles de décence à observer, en certains cas, par les garçons apothicaires!"

The Duke was the Sir Andrew Agnew of his day, and something more. He, moreover, rendered his wife wretched by comical crosses and cruelties. She could neither eat, walk, sleep, nor live in peace. He, in a frolicking, but terribly decided way, opposed every wish she expressed, and she bore all as well as such a woman *could*, which was not as Griselda would, till he deprived her of her diamonds; and *then* the cup was full! A duchess without her diamonds was as a poetic dairymaid without virtue—a soldier without courage—a philosopher without wisdom. Diamonds were what most distinguished duchesses; and when Hortense was despoiled of hers, she rebelled. The Duke, in his pleasant, joking way, put her into a convent; and one day, being more funnily disposed than before, he flung her (by authority) into a sort of conventual prison. The Duchess and her friends caused him infinite trouble by their opposition; but this only delighted him. He loved to be in disturbed waters. He was the defendant in three hundred actions, and he lost nearly all. The Cardinal's fortune was dissolved by this madman, who, when one of his own palaces was on fire, reproved his servants for attempting to extinguish the flames, and thereby obstructing the good pleasure of the Almighty.

We can hardly wonder that, when the law seemed inclined to sanction the proceedings of this extraordinary husband, the wife, who naturally dreaded being compelled to put herself in his power, contrived to don male attire, and, with a little lady similarly accoutred, galloped

off, as fast as steeds could carry them, to friendly Lorraine. The Duke de Mazarin rushed to the King for help. His Majesty recommended the Duke to go to the Angel Gabriel!

Strange and various were the adventures of the errant lady—but they are too long to enumerate. She found rest for a time with her sister of Colonna; but, what with lovers, and quarrels, and family dissensions, the house of the great Constable became an undesirable residence for more parties than one, and the two sisters fled from Italy together. It is Madame de Grignan who says of these remarkable women, on this occasion, that “they journeyed like heroines of romance, with countless jewels and not a change of linen.” After fruitless attempts to come to an understanding with her husband, the Duchess wandered from one country to another, till she found refuge in Savoy. St.-Evremond says, she passed three years there in reflection and study. She, probably, had other pastime; for the Duke of Savoy, who had paid her the most gallant attentions, was no sooner dead than his widow, the regent, turned her out of the country. The act was stringent, but very significative.

Plumed and perruqued, the wandering Amazon, fearing nothing but being compelled to travel about with her restless husband, journeyed over Europe, and at last reached England, where the dashing beauty was received with enthusiasm. Who, acquainted ever so slightly with the memoirs of the times from Charles the Second to William the Third, has not heard of the Duchess of Mazarin, first cousin to the Duchess of York? She and Morin introduced the game of basset, and if they did not ruin the Cavaliers, it was because that consummation had fallen on those gay gentlemen already. The whole Cavalier court was in love with her; duels were fought about her. Soldiers, sages, poets, philosophers (of whom the Memoirs of the Cardinal Dubois name more than M. Renée) paid her homage. The wisest, who refrained from courting her, acknowledged her beauty, admired her wit, and wondered at her audacity. The latter was astounding, and she would with little or no scruple address herself to her friend “Vossius, Canon of Windsor,” with the flattering remark, “Now, Mr. Canon Vossius, as you have read all sorts of books, except the Bible, you can probably explain this matter to us.” She resided among our gay and grave ancestors during a score of years, not all of which were brilliant, for her husband would allow her nothing unless she consented to live, that is, trot about France, with him in the heavy family-coach; and, with the overthrow of the Stuarts, she lost the pension originally granted her by Charles the Second. The tardy, and not very requisite, gallantry of William the Third at length awarded her two thousand pounds a year, and with this she kept a frolicsome house in Kensington Square. Or, rather, not with this, for the goddess of St.-Evremond and the temporary idol of Waller was not a woman to keep

within her income. She lived far beyond it, for she had no really honest principle, and the splendor of her life was only a splendid misery. She had as many creditors at her doors as cavaliers, and it would be difficult to say which carried importunity farthest. At Chelsea, she maintained her little summer-court. There she died, in 1699; and then, and not till then, her husband triumphed. He got possession of her body, stuffed it into his traveling carriage, and exultingly galloped with it all over France, in spite of her! Evelyn has not forgotten to make record of this extraordinary woman in his Diary. Under date of July 11, 1699, he says:

“Now died the famous Duchess of Mazarine. She had been the richest lady in Europe; she was niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and was married to the richest subject in Europe, as it is said. She was born at Rome, educated in France, and was an extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute, and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband, and banished, when she came into England for shelter, lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by intemperate drinking strong spirits. She has written her own story, and so has her other extravagant sister, wife to the noble family of Colonna.”

Marianne Mancini was the sole niece of Mazarin left unmarried at his death; but the Cardinal may be said to have negotiated her marriage with the Duke de Bouillon, the relative of Turenne, as he lay dying. She was a precocious child, who, in the year 1662, became a duchess, at fifteen, and at that age was at the head of a little college of great wits, and made verses herself with the readiness of a lady who mistakes inclination for inspiration. It was at her house that La Fontaine learned the way to become celebrated. At the age of forty-four he had achieved no reputation—a fact that may be very consoling to middle-aged rhymers inclined to despair of ever being famous. It was Marianne Mancini who impressed on the poet that his grace and strength lay in “Fable-making.” It were well if she had impressed him with no other conviction, but, unfortunately, the fact remains, that if he composed Fables to please the world, he also composed his famous, or infamous, “Contes” to please the Duchess, whose love for that sort of literature was like the morbid taste of the *gastronome* for corruption and rottenness. Perhaps at none of the intellectual courts maintained by the nieces of Mazarin were so many illustrious men, of all classes, ever assembled as at that of which Marianne Mancini was the glittering sovereign. Their judgment, like that of any other court, was not infallible, for courtiers and sovereign lady patronized Pradon against Racine. When the latter produced his “Phèdre” the Duchess de Bouillon took the whole of the tickets, packed the house from the pit to the roof, during the first six representations, and hissed the piece from the stage. She lost her time and her money, and in no way prof-

ited poor Pradon. While the Duchess was thus engaged, the Duke was over the frontier, at war, or at some one of his country seats, hunting the stag or the wolf.

Such a lady was likely to get into one of those little family difficulties which were thought to be expiated by a temporary confinement in a convent. From thence she returned more joyous and brilliant than ever, and "people of quality" hailed her return among them as honest folk in legends welcome back the victorious virgin who had gone forth to slay a dragon, or enact any other service for a distracted community.

Like the buxom lady in the "*Marchande des Goujons*," the device of the Duchess was, with regard to *les gros mots*, that "*les plus gros sont les meilleurs*." She sat out orgies with the Vendômes, and feared nobody in heaven, or in the earth beneath, not even the King. Moreover, though she appears to have had little belief in God, she had great faith in the Devil—for she, too, went to the poisoning fortune-teller, La Voisin; and her worship there was followed by an exile, part of which she spent in England with her sister, the Duchess of Mazarin. She remained here till the accession of William the Third. Marianne looked on him as a monster, and expected rough usage at his hands, but he gallantly sent her back to France in his own yacht. She did not experience any thing like similar gallantry at the hands of Louis, who, on her asking permission to reside in the capital, replied that she might live where she pleased—except in any of the places she would have been pleased to live in. Nevertheless, after some wandering, she succeeded in returning to the capital, where, with or without her Duke, all the court was at her feet, and all people beyond it bowed low to the idol, and named her Queen of Paris. She does not seem to have kept her position there, but she did what was, probably, as agreeable to her—namely, retained her beauty, her grace—indeed, her entire charms, until the period of her death, in 1714.

We have said nothing of the nephews of Mazarin. Indeed, of the three, Philippe, Duke de Nevers, alone reached man's estate. The only thing that can be said of this worthless personage—of whom some horrible, and, we trust, groundless, stories are told—is that he was the grandfather of the Duke de Nivernois, the last of the Mancinis. Even of the nieces, after the first two, we cease to "*régler nos comptes avec la vertu*." There is this, at least, remarkable in them—that, productive as was each marriage, for which such care was taken to secure wealth and greatness for the respective couples and their progeny, the families have, with their wealth, entirely perished. There are representatives of them, perhaps, in the case of the Colonnas, but there is no direct descendant of any one of them. Mazarin thought he had done every thing to secure the glory and greatness of his name, his family, and his adopted country, by these marriages. He failed in all; and if Vendôme, the issue of one, rendered some service

to France in the bad quarrel touching Spain, Eugène of Savoy, the issue of another, inflicted more ruin on the country, the glory of which Mazarin hoped to indissolubly connect with that of himself and family, than any enemy who had ever before encountered in the field the bravest of the armies of France. The designs of Mazarin were of those fantastic tricks which, according to the poet, exact tears from the angels. While he and his nieces were plotting and devising in the face of all France, there was one woman who quietly raised herself above them all. That woman, in her early days, had asked alms of Marie Mancini. Marie was then almost Queen of France. The recipient of her charity was, however, destined to become the wife of Louis; and Madame de Maintenon may have subsequently smiled at the recollection how she had silently risen above all the glittering, restless, ambitious, and disappointed Mazarinis, Martinozzis, and Mancinis.

2 THREE CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

NOT that I could not, if desirable, divide my life into three times three chapters, or indeed divide and subdivide it after the manner of a modern novel, but that would divert me from my purpose. Besides, my life thus far seems to be distinctly marked by three epochs. I seem to have had psychologically three distinct lives; to have been born, to have lived, and to have died three times, and a new self to have arisen from the ashes of the old. I am not so venerable but that, in time, I may add other chapters. Yet, at present, I will adhere to my plan, and, beginning with Chapter One, I make at once a very homely and unprepossessing assertion. I was the child of very poor parents. My first recollections are of the privations, the annoyances, the inconveniences of poverty. From the moment I was conscious of the possession of a pair of shoes the necessity of guarding them against accident destroyed all my satisfaction in them; and so with every thing beyond our homeliest clothes; so, in fact, with the everyday garments of our childhood, we were impressed with the absolute necessity of preserving them, and an unlucky rent or stain was visited on our young heads with greater severity than many a gross dereliction of moral duty. Of course we were debarred the sports and freedom that belong to childhood; we could neither run, nor romp, nor scour the fields as other children did; we grew up without the sunshine, and a heavy atmosphere of care darkened our home; we felt its presence as a dead weight upon our souls, without comprehending what it was. I say we. There were three of us once—my sisters Belle and Lucy, and myself. My name is Ann—a hard name, and I was hard; not by nature, but I would not yield to circumstances, and hardened myself against them.

We were poor, very poor. "Oh! why are clothes so hard to get, and why should we care what we wear?" I used to say to Belle.

"I don't care what I wear," said Belle; "all I want is to be able to jump and run. I would be willing to go whitewashed all summer to have my liberty."

Lucy, the youngest of the family, was a pale, blue-eyed, very pious girl, always thoughtful, always conscientious. It makes my heart sad, now, to recall her sweet, sympathizing, helpful, patient ways. She took so much care upon herself, tried to take so much from our mother. I can not remember her as a child; I used to watch her sometimes as she sat on the floor, a puny little baby whom nobody had time to play with. My mother would take her up, nurse her at her bosom, and set her down again when her hunger was satisfied. The large blue eyes upturned with that wonderful, beseeching infant look met no sunshine from my mother's glance. She never cried, she never asked to be petted or caressed. People that came in said, "What a good baby!" But she never looked or seemed like a baby; her soul, all at once, seemed to have outgrown its childish longings, and she never had a childlike existence. She grew up with a sweet, sad unconsciousness of her own wants, to take the burden of life from others and carry it herself. God fed her with the heavenly manna, that her soul might be earlier ripe for heaven. "As a dream when one awaketh," we awoke one day to find her gone. She died in my father's arms. She was *his* child—more like him than any of us—and when she left him she seemed to draw him after her.

Nobody that saw my poor father moving on quietly in the profitless round of duty, that told little for himself and his family, knew of the wealth of love smothered in his heart. A great sorrow had passed over him, and the life of life was hid under the ashes of hopes gone out. A younger brother, one whom he had idolized, robbed him of his wealth; that he could have borne. But when he became a vagabond, and at last died in a prison, my father broke down; he never got over that grief, that shock to his pride. He lost, little by little, all his energy and ambition. Our mother's nature could not play gently into his—could not understand, much less soothe him. She had no patience with the weakness that succumbs under difficulties. She despised the head that could not plan a fortune. Her father had been a rich man; she had brought a pretty property to her husband, but it had melted away through his carelessness and inefficiency. She never quite forgave him. Her milk of human kindness was turned to gall. We loved her because she was our mother, but we loved our father because he loved us. As his health declined, our life became harder and harder. We were so poor—oh! I can not tell how poor we were—we had enough to eat and to wear, but young girls, growing up into society, even into village society, have wants, notions, often false and foolish, but natural; ideas of beauty and fitness that can not yield to bare homely necessities. We could not begin to dress or to live like our neighbors. We tried to brace

ourselves up sometimes on our antecedents; but who cared for our good family? I had a deal of pride, and that was my bane. How mortification and disappointment rankled and rankled in my restless soul! Belle was of a merrier turn and wore the hard chain of necessity more lightly. Could but some gentle spirit have come to us in youth, and softened the asperities of life to us, directing us to something higher! But some natures are left to work out their own salvation without muth help: such was our case.

One bright winter morning there came to us an invitation to a sleigh-ride. Belle's face was in a glow as she communicated the glad tidings; but I refused to go. "I will never go out in my old cloak again," said I, firmly; "besides—"

"Besides what?" asked Belle, despondingly.

"It does not keep me warm," said I. That was a falsehood, uttered to hide a truth I dared not own even to myself. "Who brought the invitation?" I asked.

"Thomas Carver," replied Belle; "and I told him we would go."

"You may go," said I, "but I shall not;" and I ran up stairs to our room. Our room! What a chilling recollection it calls up—our cold, north room, which the glow of sunlight never visited, nor "shadows of the fitful fire-light" ever peopled. Belle followed me soon, and found me shivering in my cloak, gazing out of a little patch in my frosty window-pane which I had melted with my breath.

"What is the matter, Ann?" she asked.

"I don't know, Belle," said I. "I suppose I am cross; but I think it is something worse. I am discouraged. Life is so hard, so comfortless, so wretched. I wish I was dead."

"Oh, Ann!"

"Yes, I wish I was dead. I am getting more wicked every day."

"Then you ought not to wish to die, of all things."

"Better die now than live to grow worse," said I; "and I don't see any hope of better times. Think of being so poor always, and to have so many wants you can't put down. To see what life might be, and what it is to some people. My heart is growing as hard as a stone."

"But, Ann, you don't feel so always," said Belle.

"To look forward to nothing but work, work," I continued. "Mother working, father working—all of us working—and no good to come out of it; no pleasures, no kind words to make it easy, no time to be merry. Up in the morning by daylight, to do the same things over and over; and go to bed tired night after night."

"But it is not so always, Ann," said Belle, good-humoredly. "We have to work, to be sure, but we have our laughs and our jokes sometimes. Ann, come down stairs by the fire. Your blood is freezing up. Come and thaw out, and you will see a good time coming."

"I don't feel the cold," said I; "my blood

was frozen up long ago. I can not stay at home, Belle. I have been thinking about it for a long time, and I have made up my mind to go."

"Go where?"

"Any where," said I. "To the factory and work—to the city and teach—to Australia—to California—any where. Thomas Carver came to invite us to the sleigh-ride, did he? Well, I suppose he thinks I didn't see him turn down the lane, the other day, when he was walking with Ellen Giles, that he might avoid me. And how did I feel with my out-grown cloak and my splay shoes!"

"But you are as handsome again in the face as Ellen Giles," said Belle; "and I know Thomas Carver thinks so."

I felt the color mount to the roots of my hair. "And yet," I added, "he would be ashamed to own that he thought so. No, Belle, it's no use. I ain't a child or a fool. I know that to wear scant, old-fashioned clothes, to look like some old relic of the Ark, is a real disadvantage to one's prospects in this world, and I know that the best-looking of us need something to set us off. One has a mean feeling to be dressed meanly. It shows itself in one's walking—in every thing one does. From a child I had a hankering for beautiful things. When I could steal out in the garden and trim my bonnet with marigolds, or dress myself before the glass with some old faded ribbon, and play queen, I felt happy. It is not that I care to be admired, but I like to feel satisfied with myself. It is a natural feeling. God makes the earth beautiful; He paints the flowers in fair colors; He clothes the birds in bright plumage; the trees are pleased to wear their green leaves, and the hills grow grander and higher as they look at themselves in the clear pond. It is not fancy—it is reality. Do you remember the young lady who staid at Squire Robinson's years ago—she came down from Boston for country air? Do you remember, Belle, how lovely she looked in her pink morning-dress, and her tiny cap trimmed with pink bows—her neat little feet in gaiters—her stockings so fine—her white collars so exquisitely worked; whatever she put on became beautiful with the air she gave it, and yet she did not seem to know it. She was happy, because that something within was satisfied. And do you remember that fine-looking young man that came to see her? They said she was engaged to him. She was to him like a flower—like a sweet song. Could any body love me so?"

Belle looked anxious and puzzled, but did not answer me at once. At last she said, seriously: "I don't understand all about these things, and yet I understand somewhat. I think I am made for homely, common doings; still, I find myself hoping for better times very often. It is not so much for beautiful things to wear, but for somebody to cheer up our hearts that I long. But what can we do? Let us ask the minister what is right and what is wrong."

"The minister!" I exclaimed, with contempt; "what does the minister know about

it? No, Belle, I must work it out for myself. The minister can't help me, for I ain't religious. He can talk, but I feel. I must keep on reaching after what seems good. My heart is my own, and my wants are my own. I shall never be satisfied till I have tried to do something. Oh, Belle, the world is wide! There must be some place in it for me where I can feel at home, and God is every where. He is in my darkness, I suppose; but I want to go where it is light enough to see Him better. There is but one thing that holds me back."

"What is it?" asked Belle.

"Our poor father. Oh! he is always looking for the good time that will never come. How patiently he works year after year!" Here Belle's eyes moistened. "No, Ann, you ought not to leave our poor father," said she; "it would be the drop too much if he thought his children were forced to go from home. Some time things will be different. Some time you can go and not reproach yourself. Think how much his pride has suffered already, and to have his children scattered—"

Suddenly, as we stood side by side talking and shivering with cold and excitement, a noise, like the fall of a heavy body in the room below, startled us. We rushed together down stairs. Our father had fallen in a fit.

"Run for the doctor!" said my mother. But it was of no avail. My father was going fast where no human help was needed. A ray of consciousness lit up the last hour. He looked the love he could not speak, and died.

Well, we lived on in the old homestead, poorer than ever, for we had lost the gentle presence that kept our souls from starving. We did not seem to each other to mourn, because the old restraint lay on our hearts that had closed up all outward expression of grief. It seemed as if care and perplexity had blunted the fine edge of our feelings. I look back now to see how much selfishness lay at the root of our sorrows—to see that we might have been happy in spite of our poverty; but I see also that life was hard. I feel it now—that hard, unloving, unlovely life.

With me the old feeling of discontent returned after the first shock and pressure of grief was removed. The old dreams and the old longings, too, came back. "The house is going to rack and ruin, Belle," said I; "and, besides, there is a heavy mortgage on it, and by-and-by we shall be obliged to give it up. Now my will is strong, and here is an object. I am determined to go—"

"What to do?" asked Belle.

"See here," said I, showing an advertisement in the newspaper: "'Nursery Governess Wanted.' Look! the terms are liberal. It will do for a beginning, and I am not fitted for any thing better yet. Perhaps I can find time to study there, and you know I can teach very little children."

"I am afraid you won't like it," said Belle. "You don't know what kind of people they

may be—rich and heartless, perhaps; and yet, if you *can* bear it—if you *can* do any thing to buy back the old home; it is all we have—all mother has, and she is growing old. Dear Ann, something tells me you had better go, and I should be glad if I did not know how your feelings might be hurt, and you have so much pride.”

“I have pride enough not to allow my feelings to hurt me, Belle,” said I. “Such as we are too poor to nurse our feelings.”

“Have you said any thing to mother?” asked Belle.

“No,” I replied. “I shall speak to her to-night; but now, can I make myself decent to go to the city without a cent?”

“Perhaps you could borrow a little from Squire Robinson. I have heard father tell of the time when he helped him, a poor drover boy; how he wanted to get an education, and father was rich then, and lent him money. I suppose he paid it back, but I don’t think he has forgotten it. He will be glad to show that he remembers it.”

“How can I ask him?” said I. “What shall I say? I had rather go in my old clothes.”

“I will ask him,” said Belle. “I know he will not refuse.”

In the evening I spoke to my mother of my plans, showing her the paper.

“You can not offer yourself without recommendation,” said my mother.

“I can ask Squire Robinson,” said I. “He is a rich man, and has friends in Boston.”

“If he would pay his debts it would be better than writing letters of recommendation,” said my mother, bitterly. “But ask him. I suppose it’s the only way.”

I did not ask her what he owed us; but the fact that he was in our debt, gathered from my mother’s words, made me bold to present my claims. “And perhaps,” said I to Belle, “if he knows I am going away from home—going to the city—going to try and support myself—perhaps it may enter into his mind that a little money won’t come amiss, and perhaps he may *offer* to lend me some.” Belle encouraged me to hope for the result I had suggested, and I accordingly went, with considerable self-confidence, to the Squire, presenting my plan, and asking if he would give me a good word. He did so without a moment’s hesitation, and seating himself at his desk, wrote a recommendatory letter, which he handed to me open, desiring at the same time that I would read it, and see how it suited me.

I did not know then how easy it is to be generous on paper, and thought every word of praise came straight from the heart. I felt my self-respect not a little heightened at the discovery of his high opinion of my character and my capabilities. I expressed my gratitude more warmly than was my custom, for a little spring of new life went bubbling up in my heart, and under its influence my accustomed

reserve of manner melted away. The conviction that he approved of my plan, and highly esteemed my capacities, gave me the additional courage to present my necessities more in detail; and I asked him, in full confidence that he would grant my wish, if he could lend me a little money for an outfit, promising that I would return it in a very short time if I was so fortunate as to obtain the situation.

I saw in a moment that I had ventured too far, and I would have given any thing to have unsaid those last words. He looked at me narrowly as he replied, “You are not sure of obtaining the situation.” No, I was not. At that moment I did not feel sure of any thing. I had begun to doubt my ability to fill any situation—my self-respect faded as it came. It had gone, I knew not how or where, and the old demon of pride was roused again fiercer than ever. I was preparing to bid him a cold good-morning when he desired me to wait a minute, and, taking out his pocket-book, he unrolled a package of bank-bills, more in number than I had ever seen, and, presenting me a note, said, “Young women appear best in plain clothes, particularly when they solicit the patronage of the rich. It would be very unbecoming in you, Miss Ann, to present yourself for service tricked out in finery and furbelows. Sensible people would be prejudiced against you at once.”

I think every drop of blood in my body rushed to my face at this, as I considered it, impertinent and cruel speech. Had he not eyes, and could he not see for himself the meanness of my attire? Had he not daughters—daughters whom my father’s generosity enabled him to clothe in silk and jewels? Was not *my* family better born and better bred than his? I did not take the bill—I saw what it was—a two-dollar note. Could he thus insult the daughter of one who had been his benefactor at a time when he needed help? I did not take it, but, repeating my thanks for the letter, added, “With your opinion of what the daughter of respectable parents needs, I am only sorry to have asked a favor which, as you say, I may not be able to return.” His look of blank amazement made the recollection of our interview almost ludicrous in spite of my vexation; and Belle had a hearty laugh over it. “I will make him eat his words some time,” I said. “I feel that it would be motive enough to work and struggle only to place myself high enough to look down on Squire Robinson and his whole family.”

Impotent rage of poverty! What simpletons it makes of us!

Belle said I must get a letter also from the minister, and the next day I went alone to his study to ask for one. That visit changed the Marah in my heart to sweetness. “My dear child,” said Parson Brooks, “I honor your purpose, and I must do all I can to help you. I know many good people in Boston to whom I will write, that if you fail of getting the situation you hope for they may help you to find another. I suppose you are not unprepared for some an-

noyances and vexations. They are inevitable in any situation, but they will not seriously disturb your peace if you keep always in view the object for which you labor. My dear Ann, I have a father's sympathy for you. You remember my poor Helen. It seems but a little while ago that she left her home with the same purpose that now inspires you—to gain an honorable independence, and to provide for the declining years of her parents. Her career of usefulness was short, but she filled it well, God knows." Then, opening his desk, he began busying himself with his papers—I thought to hide his emotion quite as much as to answer any other end; but returning in a few moments to the spot where I sat, he handed me a letter, which he said he wished me not to read until I got home; and added, "I will write to my friends, and also send you the needful testimonials this evening, and may God bless you, my child! Think of me as a father, and if trouble or sorrow overtake you come to me." I could have kissed the hand that was extended to me, but the habit of restraint was too strong to be overcome by any sudden impulse. Yet I am sure he must have seen—he must have felt that I was grateful. I took the letter to my room, and as I opened it a bill fell out—a twenty-dollar note—more money than I had ever owned before. So kind and considerate were the few lines accompanying it, I believed, while I read them, that my heart was so softened toward the whole world that I never should cherish resentment again—that my pride was conquered forever. We do not know how deeply rooted is the selfishness of our own hearts. How rich I felt the *millionaire* can not comprehend, unless he can remember the first lucky turn in the tide which led him on to fortune. With Belle's help I soon fitted out my wardrobe. I staid at home from church because I was too shy of being observed in my new bonnet, but I remember well the childish delight with which I contemplated the various tasteful articles that were spread out upon the bed preparatory to packing. I locked the door and tried on one after another before the glass; and with what exultation I made the discovery that my foot looked lady-like and trim in a neat-fitting shoe, and that my face, within a becoming bonnet, was a card of recommendation in itself. I am frank to confess it. I felt an honest satisfaction in the consciousness that I was handsome. But I must make my story short. I have an object in telling it, and will speak to the purpose.

CHAPTER II.

I PARTED from my mother and sister and went to Boston, presented myself with my testimonials, and was accepted. Mrs. Hammond professed to be well pleased with my appearance. After talking with me a few moments in the drawing-room she led the way to the nursery—my field of duty. A young lady sat looking out upon the street as I entered. Her back was toward the door. "Katharine," said the elder

lady, "here is Miss Ann Callender, from Camden—perhaps she knows your old friend, Squire Robinson." The young lady turned, and I recognized my heroine of the pink wrapper. It was she, but how changed! How pale and sick she looked! What a heavy drooping eyelid she bore—as if it were weighed down with unshed tears! It was plain that she did not recognize me, not even by name, and I felt relieved.

"Are you fond of children, Ann?" she asked, after Mrs. Hammond left the room.

"I think I am," I replied; "but I have never had the care of them."

"You will find it requires patience; but if you love children, if you can make them love you, it will be easier. These are very much spoiled. Harry—Susie—here is your new governess. I hope you will try to make her happy."

"I won't," said the boy. "If she don't do as I tell her I guess I'll kick her—won't you, Susie?" And Susie said "Yes," of course.

Miss Katharine sighed, "Ah! they are sadly spoiled, Ann; but I will help you bring them into order. I love children. It is the delight of my life to have them about me. I will leave you now to get acquainted with them, for I have not been out to-day."

"What is your name, little boy?" I inquired, as Miss Katharine shut the door.

"I won't tell you," replied the child.

"And you will tell me your name, little girl?" said I, extending my hand toward her in the kindest manner I knew how to assume.

"Don't you do it," said the boy; and the child echoed her brother, "I won't do it."

"Oh, very well!" I said, determined that no coaxing should enter into my discipline. "Do as you please;" and taking down a book from the shelves I began to read, quite regardless of their presence.

"That's my book," said Master Harry, "and I won't let you see it, Miss." I paid no attention to him, but kept on reading. He came round, of course, as I knew he would, and presently mounted my knee to have me show him the pictures.

It is unnecessary to describe my life day after day in my new capacity. It had its annoyances, its fatigues, and its perplexities; it had, also, its relief and its enjoyment. I learned soon to love the children, and they were truly fond of me. Yet many things seemed strange and mysterious in the family, and there was an atmosphere of unhappiness every where around. What was the strangest fact of all, I could not get a sight at Mr. Hammond. He never came into the nursery, and I seldom went out of it. I took my meals as they were prepared, at a different hour from the rest of the family. Sometimes Miss Katharine dined with the children and myself, sometimes in her own room. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond dined very late in the afternoon. How many times I tried, by making an errand down stairs, to meet him as he retired to

his room after dinner, but he came up the front stair-case only occasionally, as there was a nearer way to his own room. As to catching a glimpse of him when he went out of the house on a morning, that, too, was an impossibility, the front door being covered by a portico, which entirely screened him from observation. I thought it very strange he never came up to see the children, and still stranger that I was never told to bring them down. I might have fancied him an old dotard whom his family wished to keep out of sight if I had not once heard his voice—the voice of a young man. One day I addressed Miss Katharine as Miss Hammond. She started. “Ann,” said she, “never call me that again. My name is not Hammond. Call me Miss Katharine, or Katharine, if you please. Mr. Hammond is not my father.” Why could she not have said more, and relieved my curiosity? Was her silence, were these strange ways of the family, accidental? Did the mystery exist in my imagination merely? Certainly Katharine was unhappy—certainly there was restraint all around. I enjoyed the excitement of trying to unravel the plot that I was convinced would make an interesting romance if known.

“Ann,” said Miss Katharine to me one evening as we sat together in the nursery, “do you know how much I like you—how much I would love you if you would let me, but you are so cold?”

I looked up at her, amazed and incredulous.

“I see you don’t understand me, and I suppose you can not. You have got some false and ridiculous notions in your head, and you won’t let me come near you.”

“I do not wish to forget, Miss Katharine,” said I, “that I am nothing but a nursery governess.”

“I thought so! I knew how it was, Ann,” she continued. “You are wickedly proud, and it makes you appear cold and hard. If you were not so, you would have seen long ago how my heart turns to you for love, how I would like to call you friend! You would have seen, perhaps, how much I need a friend.”

I looked at her—she was very pale.

“Yes, Ann,” said she, rising, and laying her thin hand on my head, “I need a friend. I know I have one there where I am going, but I need one here—one who will be true to me in life and death. Will you be that one, Ann?”

I burst into tears.

“You are not cold! Oh, then, Ann, let us love each other. Be my sister. It will only be for a little while; but when I am gone it will make you happy to remember the good you did me!”

It is unnecessary to say that my life, before so barren, had now a new interest. Dear Katharine! I thank her for first calling me out of my own selfishness to feel that I could make one human life brighter by my sympathy.

I am aware that before this time I ought to have given—or, at least, to have attempted—a

description of Mrs. Hammond; I mean of her person. Deeper than the outside it does not now suit my purpose to fathom. If I could paint a portrait of her as she seemed to me at the time I was domesticated in her family, you would say never canvas showed a more beautiful face and form. She looked full ten years younger than her daughter, and was more radiant in her beauty than Katharine had ever been, though not so lovely in all the softness of womanhood. Those splendid dark eyes, that wealth of raven hair, the matchless taste with which she wore every thing, her manner of perfect ease that nothing could surprise into spontaneous emotion, that full, rounded, voluptuous figure—But the portrait has been drawn by an artist more skillful than myself, the form moulded by a sculptor to adorn his own studio; why should I try to describe her in words?

Months passed, finding me still at the same post of duty. I loved it better—I loved every thing and every body more, now that I had been admitted to an equality with Katharine. I loved her devotedly, and she was worthy. Yet, in my inmost soul, I still quarreled with my destiny.

One day, after returning with the children from their daily walk, I heard the sound of voices in Katharine’s room, which was adjoining mine. As the children were unusually sleepy and quiet, I could not help overhearing the conversation. Without intending to listen, I sat like one spell-bound. I must repeat it, in order to the unfolding of my story.

“No, no, no—never!” It was Katharine’s voice. She continued, after a moment’s pause, “I can never see him again! I do not judge, I can not judge, him or you. It is not for me to disturb the past—it is not for him to disturb my present!”

“For my sake, Katharine,” replied another voice, which I knew to be Mrs. Hammond’s. “He has asked of me this sacrifice—that I will implore you to hear once more what he has to say. Can you refuse this to your mother? Is she not already wretched enough? Oh, my child, I kneel to you! Grant me this, my last prayer! Though I stoop to this for his sake, grant it, Katharine, for mine. You do not know, you can not comprehend, my heart. I am a slave, but I love my chains—love even the pangs that have eaten into my soul—because they come through him!”

“Mother, I pity you!”

“Yes, you may well say so, but I love my wretchedness endured for love of him. Will you see him to-night? He leaves to-morrow for an absence of some weeks; may he bid you farewell?”

“How cruel of you both to ask of me this sacrifice of my pride!”

“Forgive me, Katharine. I have long ago lost mine. You can not lose yours.”

“So much the worse for you, mother. You gave up that which is woman’s sole defense! But I do not blame you. You speak truly—I do not understand such love. I left you to your

happiness. I should never have returned but at your summons, or to shield you from the carping criticism of the world. You promised me—he promised me—my retirement should be inviolate. How have you kept your word?"

"But it is the first, the last, time. Why are you so implacable?"

"Implacable! Can I believe such an epithet applied to me?"

"Oh, forgive me, Katharine. Do not lay up against me the words I utter in torture—on the rack!"

"Poor mother! Believe me, I would die to secure your true happiness. Shall I, then, shrink from what you ask me? No! I will see him this evening—this evening, in the nursery. Oh, mother, could I but make you really, truly, wisely happy; that you need not love him less, but God more—goodness, duty more; that you could only wake from this sleep, this death of the soul—from this wild dream of passion—and find your true happiness! I believe you may yet be happy; but what you feel now is only a delirium. We will not talk any more—it is only saying over and over again the old story. Mother, while I live I will pray for you; when I die, if it is permitted me to draw nearer to your spirit than I can do here, I will try to make you feel what the peace of heaven is—what that love is which links the human heart with the souls that have been purified by suffering."

"God bless you, Katharine. I thank you on my knees! He is coming! His step, even at this moment, reaches my ear, although you can not hear it. It is a madness!—I know it. It is consuming my life, but I love even its tortures!"

I heard the door close—I heard the retreating steps of Mrs. Hammond; and in a few moments more Katharine was in the chair beside me. She looked unearthly pale.

"You are very ill," said I. "Lie on the couch, and let me bathe your head."

She moved mechanically, and lay down. I could not rest until I had told her that I had overheard her conversation with her mother. She neither seemed surprised nor indignant.

"I meant to have explained many things long before this, Ann," said she. "I was waiting for a time which, I fear, will never come—when I can speak calmly, and tell you every thing—not for your sake, not to relieve my own heart even, but that you may tell my brother Alfred what he will wish to know when he comes home, and finds me gone. But I can not talk more now. Let me rest a little while. I have another ordeal to pass through, for which I must gain strength." She lay back upon the pillow and closed her eyes, nor did she move until her cup of tea was brought by the maid, when I roused her. "I have not been asleep, Ann," she said, tenderly, "but I feel refreshed. I feel an unaccountable peace here, as if my conflict was almost over. Ann, there is a promise for the faithful who bear the yoke meekly

that they shall find rest for their souls. I wish I could talk to you, my dear friend, but I must save up my strength. A great trial is before me. After it is over I will unburden my heart to you. Let me lie here while you put the children in bed; and, Ann, when you hear a step on the stairs, will you go into my room, and leave me alone—" She did not finish, but already I had gained a clew by which to solve the mystery that hung over us. I had laid the children in their little beds, and prepared to seat myself again beside Katharine, when the sound of one ascending the stairs arrested me. "It is he! Go, Ann! I will call you presently." I had no excuse for lingering; and, in spite of my curiosity to see the face of one whom I had so long tried to fancy, I made not a moment's delay in leaving the room, and not until the door had closed behind me did I realize the golden opportunity I had thrown away. Oh, how strongly I was tempted to make some errand back into the nursery! But I was ashamed—I lacked the assurance. Neither could I bear to know that I must, of necessity, overhear the conversation, unless I stopped my ears, or left the room—and she had desired me to remain there. Seating myself at the farthest possible distance from the door, I set to work steadily at my sewing. At first I distinguished a low monotone; then a silence followed, which was almost as agitating to me as if I had been one of the parties concerned; then a motion, when I heard Katharine's voice, clear, firm, and decided.

"Not a step nearer. I can hear you where you sit; and let me beg of you to shorten this interview as much as possible."

"Still unrelenting, Katharine," replied her companion. "I obey you. I do not wish to presume upon your compliance with my request. It is the last time that we shall meet face to face. Can you not give me, by one gentle look or tone, by one last grasp of the hand, a token that you do not despise me, although I know too well I merit only your contempt?"

"Why should I repeat the words of our last interview? Why should I say again what you know as well as I, how utterly futile, how impossible in the nature of things it is for us to come to a verbal understanding which involves feelings that ought to be sacred? You talk of forgiveness! What have I to forgive in you? Shall I forgive you for having once deceived yourself with the belief that you loved me, or for waking to the truth that it was a delusion of the imagination? Shall I blame you that you loved another, who also loved and still loves you? Shall I blame you that, boy as you were, you were misled by boyish impulses, unused to the world, unacquainted with society—that you were ignorant of your own wants, ignorant of your own nature? Rather, should I ever forgive myself if I had permitted my poor, pitiable claims to your divided heart to have stood in the way of your greater happiness? Believe me, I should despise myself if I had not found

somewhere within me strength to say, Go, be free and happy! No matter how strong my love for you might have been, I should consider myself a reproach to woman's nature if I had been willing to accept love at such a sacrifice of womanly pride? But why should we try to talk about it? It is useless, and it is unkind in you to allude to the past. Why will you not be happy?"

Mr. Hammond groaned.

"You think I can not understand you," continued Katharine, and there was an inexpressible kindness in her voice. "You are mistaken, George. Believe me, I understand you—I anticipate what you would say this moment. But do not say it, for it is wrong—wrong in you to speak, wrong in me to listen; and, what is more, it is wronging her who loves you, and whose happiness ought to be sacred to you and to me, to prolong this interview. The fate of each one of us is sealed—we are not living in a land of dreams, we are not grappling with shadows, but with living, vital realities that take hold on eternity. We must stand up to the work of life with courage and steadiness—all of us. Perhaps I can the easier preach fidelity to virtue and truth, knowing, as I do, that my time of conflict is short, yet if you could—"

She hesitated.

"Oh, speak on!" exclaimed her companion. "While I listen to you there is nothing I can not aspire to—nothing I have not the courage to undertake. What were you going to say to me? Why did you pause?"

"If you could but plant your aims so high as to be beyond the reach of earthly disappointments and sorrows, how much real happiness, what blessedness life would yield you!"

"Why then refuse the help you know so well how to give, Katharine? Why cut me off from the possibility of obtaining that aid, that encouragement which it is the delight of purity and goodness to bestow wherever it is needed?"

"I need not answer you. You know as well as I do the impossibility of such intercourse between us. I have but a few words more to say on this our last meeting. It must be our last, else I must seek a shelter, a home elsewhere. Listen, for I speak the words of truth and soberness. So near the world of realities, I could not trifle with your happiness or my own. I beseech of you take into your life the love of one bound to you by the holiest of ties, and let it mould you into a good, true man. Through it, lift up the nature that can not now rise above you, and become the noble ideal which it will exalt and purify her to love. Become for her sake, for your children's sake, what you are capable of becoming. George, these are my last words, this is my last prayer. Live for great ends, welcome the sacrifices that duty demands; welcome even the trials and the anguish by which your soul's strength is tested; stand firm, and though your days of passion and fancy are over, believe in that divine life, the soul of every thing that deserves to be immortal. Sub-

mit yourself to it. Be the faithful husband, the tender father, the true friend, the good man!"

Again the silence which followed Katharine's words was broken by a groan so deep, so agonizing, it must have touched a heart of stone. And it touched hers, I knew by the tender voice with which she said: "You will go now, I am not strong enough. I claim your indulgence."

I heard his convulsive breathing, almost like sobs, as he said: "Without one more word? To part so forever? Oh, God! Oh, God! Katharine do not talk to me of happiness, do not preach to me of blessedness. In losing you, I lose every thing. Henceforth I do not care where I go, what becomes of me. I know—I know—a great gulf separates us here—I know it was myself, not yours—I know you were too good for me to comprehend. I see you on the far shore, an angel in your garments of purity; I would not profane by one unholy word or thought that spotless soul, but I feel that from henceforth it grows wider and wider between us. Oh, Katharine, while we can yet meet, while I can yet see you, stretch out your hand to me over this gulf, that I can carry back into my darkness the remembrance of this hour, and of these words. Perhaps some time they may win me back to virtue, perhaps they will keep me from being utterly lost."

I heard the noise as of one staggering; I heard the exclamation "Good God, what have I done!" I heard Katharine's voice "Call Ann," and I opened the door to see my poor friend borne fainting in Mr. Hammond's arms to the couch. He seemed perfectly unconscious of my presence until I requested him to stand aside that I might apply the usual restoratives. "She has fainted," I said, for I saw he was in an agony. "She often has these turns. Leave her to me, Sir, she will soon revive." He knelt by the couch, and took within both his own her lifeless hand. He pressed it convulsively to his lips and to his heart—I never saw such a look of suffering—I shall never forget it—never, never to the last day of my life can I forget that agonized look, and as if the palsy of years had fallen upon him, he dropped the hand and staggered out of the room.

My whole attention was now taken up with my poor friend, who lay gasping for breath almost to suffocation. She saw that I was anxious, and as soon as she could speak assured me there was no cause for alarm. "It will be over soon," said she, with a faint smile.

"Shall I call your mother?" I asked.

"No, not yet," she replied. "I will tell you when. The time has come that I must speak to you, and to you alone. Let me rest but a few minutes more." I bathed her head, and urged her to be quiet; but I was more and more alarmed at her paleness and evident prostration. Suddenly she rallied. A bright color came to her cheek. "I think you know—you must have heard enough to know—Ann you must tell my brother when he comes home that I died true to my convictions of duty—that I conquered

myself, that I forgave those who had wronged me—that I found peace at the last. Give him my writing desk in which are letters containing my last wishes. Give him the chain of my hair you will find in my box of jewels—comfort him for my loss, for we were life of each other's life, soul of each other's soul. He is noble and good. He is a perfect man, a Christian. Oh! would that I could have seen him once more—that I could have breathed my last on his true heart! My griefs, my sorrows were his a thousand fold. Oh, Ann, tell him I was happy when I died." Overcome by the effort she had made, and by her own feelings, she lay back again, pallid and gasping. "Let me call Mrs. Hammond," I said again. She shook her head. "Not yet, I will tell you when," she replied. Again I sat by her head, bathing her temples, chafing her hands already cold and moist with the damps of death. Again she revived and called my name. I put my head close to her. "I ought to tell you all," said she; "I meant to—I know you must have felt many things strange and mysterious."

I begged her not to trouble herself to explain until she was stronger. She shook her head.

"No, I can not; I have not time. This only, Ann, gives me real satisfaction now, to feel that through God's help I conquered. Love is strong, strong as life, stronger than our frail bodies, for they wear out—that never does. But it may triumph over selfishness, it may lift up the soul to a higher life. If you wish to know more of my past, Alfred will tell you. He will need a friend. Be to him that friend. You are kind, Ann. You have a strong but a proud nature. Perhaps you need trouble to soften you. If you do, it will come: if it does come, bear it—use it well. You may call my mother. The light is growing dimmer—dimmer. Dear Lord, who bore the agony and bloody sweat—thou knowest human weakness must shrink—but—it is over now—" I did not dare leave her—I rushed to the hall—I called Mrs. Hammond. The mother came, but the daughter had gone.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE told of a childhood and youth of privation and hardship, sore trials to a sensitive, self-conscious nature. I have described their effect upon me at the time, showing how they hardened and soured my disposition. I have described the gradual change which an interest in others awakened, and the good effect which the calling out of my affections and sympathies had established in my character.

If I now look back upon my early trials as trivial and unsubstantial, it is because my capacity for sorrow as for joy is now deep enough to contain a fuller measure of each. How will it be when, from the mountains of spiritual growth whose tops rise above these time-shadows, I look back upon the conflicts of maturer life? Will the sorrows, patiently borne and rightly used here, be turned into joy? Will the sea of happiness to which all the rivers of Eden

flow, ever be filled there? But to go back in my story. Katharine dead, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond with their children prepare to embark for Europe, driven by that spirit of unrest which mocks the wretched soul with the promise of escape from itself.

Shall I, or shall I not, accompany them? That is the question. Love of novelty and adventure, thirst for knowledge, and a highly imaginative temperament, urge me to go. The disagreeable limitations of my position hold me back. Besides, did I not promise Katharine to see her brother on his return? But who could say when he might appear? Mr. Hammond urged my going. I was necessary, he said, to the children. As if anticipating some of the drawbacks to my personal enjoyment, he assured me I should have all the advantages a reasonable person could desire—that I should be governess, while the more menial services I had hitherto rendered should be performed by another. I liked Mr. Hammond. He was invested in my mind with that peculiar interest which a sentimental young woman always feels in an unhappy man—particularly if he be handsome. Yet I aver no one could have lived with Mr. Hammond and not have felt an interest in him. I thought I saw deeper than the surface. I thought I knew the struggle that was going on within him. I felt that he was wrestling with a great sorrow. I did not know the facts of his past life, but I could supply materials from my own fancy; and already I had woven a story which I thought, could I but put it on paper, would enlist the sympathy and interest of many a reader. And the ground-work of my tale was fact.

Circumstances sometimes occur in real life as exactly to the point as any novel-writer could desire. My irresolution and vacillation of purpose was ended—not by my own will or wisdom, but by the sudden and unexpected arrival of Alfred Sydney, Katharine's only brother. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond were absent at the time at New York. I think this meeting with one so beloved by my dearest friend should not be passed over hastily, yet I do not know what to say in regard to it. It was my melancholy office to repeat to him in detail the last words, and to describe, over and over again, the last days of his idolized sister. I saw a manly heart bowed with grief; and yet, when I told him how she died, it seemed to take a load from his heart, and he said, "Thank God!" Yes, he alone of all earthly beings knew what she had suffered. Well he might say "Thank God!" for he knew she was ripe for the harvest.

I can not describe Alfred Sydney. I thought I saw at once how good and great he was. I have learned that my life is not yet long enough to grasp it all—can never grasp it—because all goodness is eternal, ever widening and deepening; and I do not wish to feel that, standing on this sphere of apparent boundaries, I can measure the capacities of any human soul—of his soul, who owned no boundaries to its own

growth. Yet, should I try and describe him, I might say he was calm, strong, tender, and true; that he looked all this; that in all he said and did—in his face, in his bearing—he gave the impress of himself. You could see in him a quick, impassioned, fervent human nature, led by the noblest spiritual truth, warmed by a Divine love. Was he faultless? Do not ask me—ask him. To me, so imperfect as I was, and am now, he was faultless; to himself, with his far-reaching aspirations, it was still the call to buckle on his armor for conflict with new foes, and more and more interior temptations.

No, I can not describe him. I shall not try. I saw much of him the few days he was at home. I learned much through him of his sister's past life. We did not meet as strangers at the first, and not once while with him was the reflection forced upon me that we occupied different positions in life. I forgot that I was a hireling in his mother's house—that I worked for wages—forgot that I was poor—forgot that I had ever been poor. Oh, wondrous alchemy of love, changing the very meanest things of life to gold! I was too rich in his confidence, in the offer of his friendship, in the assurance of his remembrance of me, in his promise to see me at my return from Europe, to think of poverty—too wise in my new consciousness to call that poverty which pertains solely to the externals of life. All the waters of the ocean which I crossed soon after he left could not wash from my hand that good-by clasp with which he said, "See all you can, learn all you can, be as happy as you can. We shall meet again."

I was absent three years. I traveled the greater part of the time, visiting the principal cities of Europe, and lingering over the enchanted ground of Poetry and Art. I did see much, I learned much, enjoyed much, suffered—yes, such a nature as mine can not escape suffering. Had I not suffered myself, I must have seen, I must have felt, how those suffered whom I saw every day. Perhaps I felt happier than I otherwise should in the consciousness that I was able to beguile some of the weary hours of those with whom I was associated. Poor Mrs. Hammond! How often she rises before me now, with that smile on her face she always wore, as if by it she tried to cheat herself, as well as others, into the belief that she was happy. How deeper and deeper the fire of passion burned into that face, line after line, mocking at that dreadful smile. And Mr. Hammond. I believe he tried sometimes to follow the beckonings of that invisible hand which once pointed upward the path of sacrifice he must achieve; but the lower triumphed over the nobler part of his nature. Little by little he yielded to the seductions of sensuality, and when he could not conquer his wretchedness and self-reproach, he sought to drown it in dissipation and the various forms of excitement which European society offers to the pleasure-seeker and the unprincipled. For myself, I was not sorry when our pilgrimage was at an end. I was willing,

glad to do all I could for the happiness of those who could do no more than turn to my poor solace for relief, but it began to wear upon me. The children loved me; and, God knows, I tried to be faithful to them. They were truly orphans in all that is the birthright of childhood. One great, absorbing passion, in its unhealthy development, swallowed up the gentle instincts of maternity. Wide was the separation between the fevered restlessness and unsanctified love of the woman, and the guileless innocence of the children. I need not dwell on this part of the picture, but hasten now to close this third chapter of my book of life.

I am in a home of my own, now; but it is not what it was years ago, when, filled with love and happiness, I went from room to room, in which every tasteful decoration, every convenience, elegance, and comfort had been provided for me by him whom I worshiped—my dear, my noble, my generous husband. For once in my life it seemed as if every desire was gratified, as if there was nothing left to wish for. I could not have believed it possible that I should ever be ungrateful for the fullness, the beauty of my life. It did not seem that, in a heart so filled with love and happiness as mine was, room could be found for one envious thought, one selfish emotion. I have learned, I see that this is a great truth. No love but the heavenly can exclude the evils of our selfish nature. I was ambitious; I was exacting; I was worldly. I wished to be first every where. When Squire Robinson insulted me, as I thought, by arraigning my motives, and by offering me the paltry sum of two dollars when I was penniless, I longed for the day to come when I could look down upon him from a social position far above his own. This time came with my marriage; nor had love so changed and purified my nature that I did not enjoy my triumph. Blanche Robinson was married and living near me. We moved in the same circle, and I was always glad of an opportunity to bring down her colors. Nor was this the only sign of a worldly and haughty spirit. Well I knew these faults in my character gave my husband pain. Well I knew they were unworthy of me; but there they were, along with many others which even the constant presence of a noble nature could not wholly restrain.

But the scene changes. First came loss of property, to bring down my pride; then loss of my children, to wring my heart with anguish. Then I perceived, I felt that the foundations of my earthly happiness were shaken. I seemed to have no foothold in time or eternity. How rebellious I was! how unreconciled! In my heart I longed to curse God and die. For a while even my love for my husband failed to comfort me. I could not bear the home that was swept of its beautiful adornments, the home desolated of its joy and mirth, the ringing laugh of my children, mocking my memory in dreams. Oh! I could not bear the sight of any thing I had loved. I went for change of scene to my

early home. That, too, was changed; my mother was gone, and my sister lived there alone, the same merry, cheerful spirit as ever. She never could forget to be grateful to me for having secured for her the asylum which she now enjoyed in peace. I found but little to console me there, and soon fled back to my only tower of strength, my husband's love. While I leaned upon him in my selfish sorrow I did not perceive how that, too, began to fail and totter. When I discovered this, it was too late to build it up by my repentance or my prayers. Absorbed in my own grief, I had forgotten that he could suffer—that my loss was his loss. I thought because he was so calm and sustained he did not feel as I did. Need I fill up the outline? Will not these few lines tell all I mean to convey? No, they can not tell all. Words could not measure the happiness or the misery of one human life.

I sit in my own home now—a widow and childless. The sound of children's voices echo through the house, calling up the cherub faces that once smiled on me, but they are not mine, except by adoption. I love all children now.

A young married pair occupy the sunny room in the front of my house. It is their home, but their happiness is not bounded by its four walls. The girl-wife calls me mother. I seem old enough to be her mother; but that does not wound me since she thinks me kind enough to merit the dear name. She was a stranger once and I took her in, for thy sake, dear Lord.

I sit in my own room, writing—that room so full of sacred associations, to which, years ago, I came a happy bride—that room from which was borne the last stay of my earthly affections. I seem to live, day by day, those years that are gone. I seem to watch again that bedside whose lessons of patience, of love, and trust, of heavenly beatitude have made me what I am now—humble and thankful beneath my Father's teachings. I seem to feel that clasp—the same that told so much to my heart in youth of hope and happiness. The dying fingers still clung to my hand, and I knew the last faint throb was one of love for me. I wondered I could be so calm. I wonder often now I can be so happy; and yet, why should I wonder? Delayed long, perhaps, still it comes at last, the verdure and the flowers over our buried loves and hopes. Grief harrowed the stubborn soil; tears watered the heavenly seat—but I am not writing a sermon, and my story is ended.

It may not be amiss to add, that the desk of letters which Katharine left my husband threw all the additional light on the history of the family which my imagination could not supply. The daughter's lover became the mother's husband, by what arts those can judge who know what arts selfish women have at their command to compass their ends. But the happiness she looked to obtain vanished in the possession of its object. It was not love she enkindled; it was not love that inspired her. That passion, unworthy the name, unworthy the nature of true

womanhood, that can sacrifice the happiness of another to its selfish desires, can only end in misery.

LIVING WITH OTHERS.

THE comfort and success of life depend so much on our relations to other people that it would seem we ought to give no small attention to the art of living happily with them. The most of our waking hours are spent in some sort of society, and there is scarcely a moment of that time when we are not the better or the worse from the presence and influence of others. Whether recognized or not, society is always acting on us, and we, in turn, act on it; we give and receive, so that there is a constant interchange of thought and feeling. Now, it is certainly a matter of importance that we should know how to maintain just and agreeable associations, lest we pervert the ends of society, and convert into an evil what was meant to be a blessing.

First of all, let it be remembered that society is a divine institution for divine purposes. Men exist in families and communities for something more than economic objects. Human interests are made reciprocal, human hearts are linked together that human nature may find scope for exercise in all its motives and sensibilities—that it may have the means of growth and culture—that personal excellence may be developed and individual power advanced to its highest degree of earthly perfection. Agreeably to this provision of Infinite Wisdom, society has claims on us which can not be denied or neglected without positive injury to the character. On the other hand, every individual is bound to fulfill the aims of his own being; to reverence the laws of his nature; to stand on his own foundation, and execute that portion of God's providential system which is organized in his peculiar constitution. To balance this twofold claim, to be true to society, and yet true to himself, is the problem of daily duty. Here, then, we have a starting-point. Society confers benefits on us, and we are to promote its welfare. It exists for our sake, and we exist, in present relations, for its sake—so that we are partners to a common good, and are under mutual obligations to co-operate in the accomplishment of God's design.

If we would live successfully with others, we must cultivate a truthful sense of justice in all our associations. Not sufficient is that commercial justice which is honest in all business, and pays due respect to the rights of others in the transactions of trade. For it often happens that men are rigidly exact in fulfilling this class of obligations, and are yet shamefully insensible to the requirements of justice in all other respects. Mercantile justice is too frequently a virtue that has no force beyond the counting-room and the exchange. It is a policy—a thing of expediency, and character derives no strength from its action. We need the sense of justice in all our opinions, in our judgments,

in our conduct toward others. It is a temper of mind invaluable to its possessor, for it puts him, so far as his inward state is involved, in that position which prepares him to form a proper estimate of the character and circumstances of his fellow-men. This sense of justice controls him in awarding to them the full measure of their merits. Praise is felt to be a debt whenever it has been fairly won, and in no stinted strain, but with outgushing freeness, he rejoices to acknowledge the superiority of genuine worth. If he has to condemn, it will not be done until he has examined the whole ground on which censure ought to rest; nor will there be that malignant spirit in his condemnation which so often vitiates a judgment abstractly true in itself. The moral tenderness of his mind will be preserved, and the heart, faithful to its sympathies, will adorn the intellect that has yielded to the stern demands of truth. Where our social relations are thus protected by justice, there is a strength in confidence, a permanence in sentiment, a certainty in conduct, not attainable by any other means. Our appreciation of others is generally a matter of taste, and hence so many of our social ties are at the mercy of circumstances. Casual whims, inauspicious moments, petty incidents, destroy the attachments of years. No love is secure that has no higher guarantee than taste. The character of others, if truly endeared to our hearts, must appeal to the noblest qualities of our nature, and be fortified by justice no less than by feeling.

Injustice to character rarely assumes the proportions of a gigantic evil. But in every day life how numerous are the instances in which a hasty, censorious, ill-regulated judgment commits wrong! Few persons are conscious to what an extent this pernicious habit of mind has control over them, nor do they imagine the amount of mischief which results from its general prevalence in society. How many petty vices spring up in social intercourse because of the want of faith in other people! One wears a mask; another takes an equivocal attitude, and persists life-long in it; a third abates his sympathies, and reduces intercourse to a piece of machinery; a fourth intrenches himself behind a false manner, and never allows his spirit to flow out in behavior, and all because of that restraint which a fear of unjust opinions creates. The effect on the intellect is quite as bad as on the affections. Men hesitate to resign themselves to the free working of thought, and the native force of mind is held under reserve lest they should be misunderstood. We weaken our best powers from an apprehension that we shall be deemed guilty of an absurdity or a heresy. Our feelings, too, are half suppressed. A wide, broad, genuine contact of mind; an unembarrassed exposure of the whole surface of our nature to give and receive the current impress of the hour; a generous temperament, too warm to extinguish its glow, too hospitable to close an avenue of entrance to its cordial en-

tertainments: these are things that we dare not practice. All this is unmanly enough. But conventionalism will rule us. Real independence is seldom seen in social intercourse; and never can this cardinal virtue become the common property of society until we learn, on principle, to be truly, thoroughly, heartily just to the opinions, sentiments, habits of all around us.

Living with others requires still more a lively state of the sympathies, as a habit of mind, and a capacity to enter easily and freely into their peculiarities. Not only should we adjust ourselves, as far as possible, to their marked features of character, but we should strive to be adapted even to their evanescent moods. There are times when our friends are genial; all within them comes forth to greet our approach; and they put on their full array of charms to gratify us. At such moments they can bear much. Not being quick to take offense, nor specially prone to fall into a disputatious temper, they can readily make allowance for any thing that may be an occasion of inconvenience. Then, again, the tone of their minds is entirely changed. Fretful, inconsiderate, and unsympathetic, they are sure to seize on the worst points in every thing. They take the knife by the blade, and not by the handle. Truth shows its repulsive aspects, and life presents its dark side. A breath of wind throws them off their balance, and even their faith in the grandest realities of life seems to waver. Now, pride and haughty egotism may promptly refuse to have any consideration for such infirmities, and vigorously insist on holding up their subjects to the standard of fair and equal intercourse. But good sense always takes the weakness of others into account, and Christianity exhorts the strong "to bear the infirmities of the weak." It may demand some sacrifice on our part, and it may be far from agreeable to force our reluctant tempers into an acquiescence with their petty morbidity. But, within proper bounds, it is much better to restrain our willfulness, and submit to the claims on our forbearance. If these demands are excessive, they ought ordinarily to be resisted; but, in general, it is the part of practical wisdom to humor these erratic moods, and strive gently to cure them. Nothing but a large and reflective sympathy is competent to such a task. A genuine tenderness of nature—a politeness, strong in principle as well as sentiment—a soul of real charity, can alone discharge, under such circumstances, the offices of friendship.

But this active sympathy is always needed in social fellowship. It is the quick-sighted eye seeing at a glance what the moment calls for; and, while it promptly conforms to the laws of courtesy, it goes deeper than the forms of well-bred manner, seeking to improve the heart, and, in auspicious seasons, dropping here and there a seed for future growth. Whatever resources are in its possession can be readily commanded; its wealth is not invested in distant gains, but

fills its purse; and just as opportunity asks, it can enrich. It is the very soul of tact, doing the right thing at the right instant in the right way. Never mistaking its company, never blundering, never out of keeping with the time and the place, it has the precision of geometry in its actions, united with all the fluency and freedom of impulse. How easily this sympathy glides into the knowledge of others, surpassing all our intellectual methods in the clearness and vigor of its perceptions, in the scope of its comprehension, in the accuracy of its judgments! Learning through itself the wants of our social nature, its own experience guides it safely and wisely in the multitudinous adaptations of human life, and, insensibly to themselves, others conform to its intellectual and moral state. Its presence disposes all appreciative minds to assume its attitude, and while in its association they see and feel by virtue of the power which it transfuses into them. No quality is so characteristic as this of a fine social constitution. It is the source of all large-heartedness. It alike inspires generous thoughts and deeds; magnanimity borrows a massive grace from its lofty sentiments and feelings. It forms the soul to benevolence, teaching a politeness above the arts of etiquette, and creating those accomplishments which chivalry and high-breeding have prized as the badges of social distinction.

The cultivation of this spirit of sympathy is one of the surest means to social influence. It draws others to our side, unites them to our nature, and establishes a more potent bond than interest or selfishness between us. For what do we need like sympathy? Talent and genius may serve us; philanthropy is often the archangel in the ministry of Providence; but what are these, great as are their offices, in comparison with the silent, subtle, ceaseless operations of sympathy, as it bestows succor and strength? It is not limited to one kind of aid, nor does it confine itself to one sort of relief. To lessen the evil, to augment the good, to build up a force of intellect and character in every thing, to ennoble humanity in all its relations—this is its broad and majestic scope. Viewed in this light, what is it but the effort of our nature to recover its sense of oneness with all created mind, and to enjoy the common fellowship of being?

The art of living with others requires that we should not exaggerate our own importance, nor ever betray an overweening idea of personal merits. The bane of social intercourse is the prominence we claim for ourselves. Even where egotism is not kept in the foreground, there are numberless ways of suggesting a lordly appreciation of our own worth that is deadly to all reciprocal emotions. The instinct of society repels the egotist, and all tacitly agree to leave him to the enjoyment of his self-complacency. In their own sphere men are wise to be self-reliant and self-competent. We honor this trust where it reveals itself in earnest struggles, in bold endeavors, in heroic deeds. But the conscious-

ness must not escape from the action and utter itself in proud, boastful words. Neither countenance nor manner must tell it. Individual pretensions are never recognized in society, if the claimants themselves are the pleaders of their causes. Society levels a man's personality the moment he sets it up for notice. It can not tolerate the temper that presents a flaming placard in its face, and rarely opens its mouth without issuing a newspaper advertisement. The human heart is the most democratic thing in the world, and it will meet friends and foes on terms of perfect equality. And hence there is great room for wisdom in managing, just here, our social relations. It is often the part of good sense to abate our power, to conceal our accomplishments, to say less than we might say, so as to induce others to say more. A well-bred man uses his endowments to stimulate others, and finds ample opportunity for the exercise of his rare gifts in being tributary to the intelligence of his company. Humility is the crowning grace of his mind and manner. There is a charm in the humility, because it is a deference to yourself, and is not confounded with servility and fawning. Without sacrificing its dignity, it is full of the beauty of self-forgetfulness; it loses itself in you; and, by its efforts to exalt your worth, it secures a passage for its own excellence to your heart. Living with others demands the constant use of practical wisdom in the management of our virtues and talents. Indeed, our excellences require quite as much prudence to control and order them aright as our defects. Infirmities of character are not the only barriers to social intercourse, for a man's best and strongest points are often antagonistic to frankness and cordiality of fellowship. To be one's self in solitude is easy; but to be one's self in social relations—to preserve the native truth and inborn strength of our being in high and uncompromising integrity, and yet, avoiding the frivolity of shallow natures, yield ourselves to the occasions of life, and pour forth the swelling tide of the heart into the receptive souls of others, calls for a mastery of ourselves seldom attained. If a man has a genuine character—if he has a soul born from above, and whose sentiments and words, like electric flashes, are emanations from a higher realm, then he may afford to trust it for a passport into other souls. For such visitations the immortal mind, longing and burning with an intense thirst for companionship in its inward being, is always in waiting. But let us remember that the soul will execute its own offices. It loves, at times, to supersede all inferior service; to put a serene contempt on all intellectual aids; to veil its arts and accomplishments; and to disclose itself in the original language of its divine birth-place. At such seasons we feel how the laws of true fellowship lie far down in the depths of our existence. We feel how the real hearts of the world beat to a music whose scale was written in heaven. We feel the impotence of intellect, the nothingness of auxiliary means, the supreme

triflingness of manners; and the genuine souls of men and women gather themselves closely together and blend in the perfectness of a common brotherhood. But these rare intervals teach us the spiritual code of humanity; they bid us beware of too much reliance on intellect, taste, and studied elegance. For, after all, the gifts of mind and the adornments of behavior, like volatile essences, can not bear much exposure. The open air scatters and wastes them. But the voice of the soul, speaking from its own hallowed recess, is always sure of a hearing, and, once heard, it is an angel-tone that is never forgotten.

THE DOOM OF THE GRIFFITHS.

BY MRS. GASKELL, 3

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[Written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

I.

I HAVE always felt much interested by the traditions which are scattered up and down North Wales relating to Owen Glendower. (Owain Glendwr is the national spelling of the name), and I fully enter into the feeling which makes the Welsh peasant still look upon him as the hero of his country. There was great joy among many of the inhabitants of the principality when the subject of the Welsh prize poem at Oxford, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, was announced to be "Owain Glendwr." It was the most proudly national subject that had been given for years.

Perhaps the American reader may not be aware that this redoubted chieftain is as famous for his magical powers as for his patriotism among his illiterate countrymen, even at the present day of enlightenment. He says himself—or Shakspeare says it for him, which is much the same thing—

"At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning crests.....
.....I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

And few among the lower orders in the principality would think of asking Hotspur's irreverent question in reply.

Among other traditions preserved relative to this part of the Welsh hero's character is the old family prophecy which gives a title to this tale. When Sir David Gam, "as black a traitor as if he had been born in Builth," sought to murder Owen at Machynlleth, there was one with him whose name Glendwr little dreamed of having associated with his enemies. Rhys ap Gryfdd, his "old familiar friend," his relation, his more than brother, had consented unto his blood. Sir David Gam might be forgiven, but one whom he had loved, and who had betrayed him, could never be forgiven. Glendwr was too deeply read in the human heart to kill him. No, he let him live on, the loathing and scorn of his compatriots, and the victim of bitter remorse. The mark of Cain was upon him.

But before he went forth—while yet he stood a prisoner, cowering beneath his conscience before Owain Glendwr—that chieftain passed a doom upon him and his race:

"I doom thee to live, because I know thou wilt pray for death. Thou shalt live on beyond the natural term of the life of man, the scorn of all good men. The very children shall point to thee with hissing tongue, and say, 'There goes one who would have shed a brother's blood!' For I loved thee more than a brother, oh Rhys ap Gryfdd! Thou shalt live on to see all of thy house, except the weakling in arms, perish by the sword. Thy race shall be accursed. Each generation shall see their lands melt away like snow; yea, their wealth shall vanish, though they may labor night and day to heap up gold. And when nine generations have passed from the face of the earth, thy blood shall no longer flow in the veins of any human being. In those days the last male of thy race shall avenge me. The son shall slay the father."

Such was the traditionary account of Owain Glendwr's speech to his once-trusted friend. And it was declared that the doom had been fulfilled in all things; that, live in as miserly a manner as they would, the Griffiths never were wealthy or prosperous—indeed, that their worldly stock diminished without any visible cause.

But the lapse of many years had almost deadened the wonder-inspiring power of the old curse. It was only brought forth from the hoards of Memory when some untoward event happened to the Griffiths family, and in the eighth generation the faith in the prophecy was nearly destroyed by the marriage of the Griffiths of that day to a Miss Owen, who unexpectedly, by the death of a brother, became an heiress—to no considerable amount, to be sure, but enough to make the prophecy appear reversed. The heiress and her husband removed from his small patrimonial estate in Merionethshire to her heritage in Caernarvonshire, and for a time the prophecy lay dormant.

If you go from Tremadoc to Criccaeth you pass by the parochial church of Ynysynhanarn, situated in a boggy valley running from the mountains, which shoulder up to the Rivals, down to Cardigan Bay. This tract of land has every appearance of having been redeemed at no distant period of time from the sea, and has all the desolate rankness often attendant upon such marshes. But the valley beyond, similar in character, had yet more of gloom at the time of which I write. In the higher part there were large plantations of firs, set too closely to attain to any size, and remaining stunted in height and scrubby in appearance. Indeed many of the smaller and more weakly had died, and the bark had fallen down on the brown soil neglected and unnoticed. These trees had a ghastly appearance with the white trunks, seen by the dim light which struggled through the thick boughs above. Nearer to the sea the valley assumed a more open, though hardly a more

cheerful character; it looked dank and overhung by sea-fog through the greater part of the year, and even a farm-house, which usually imparts something of cheerfulness to a landscape, failed to do so here. This valley formed the greater part of the estate to which Owen Griffiths became entitled by right of his wife. In the higher part of the valley was situated the family mansion, or rather dwelling-house, for "mansion" is too grand a word to apply to the clumsy, but substantially-built Bodowen. It was square and heavy-looking, with just that much pretension to ornament necessary to distinguish it from the mere farm-house.

In this dwelling Mrs. Owen Griffiths bore her husband two sons—Llewellyn, the future Squire, and Robert, who was early destined for the Church. The only difference in their situation, up to the time when Robert was entered at Jesus College, was that the elder was invariably indulged by all around him, while Robert was thwarted and indulged by turns; that Llewellyn never learned any thing from the poor Welsh tutor who was nominally his private tutor; while occasionally Squire Griffiths made a great point of enforcing Robert's diligence, telling him that, as he had his bread to earn, he must pay attention to his learning. There is no knowing how far the very irregular education he had received would have carried Robert through his college examinations; but, luckily for him in this respect, before such a trial of his learning came round, he heard of the death of his elder brother, after a short illness, brought on by a hard drinking bout. Of course Robert was summoned home, and it seemed quite as much of course, now that there was no necessity for him to "earn his bread by his learning," that he should not return to Oxford. So the half-educated but not unintelligent young man continued at home during the short remainder of his parent's lifetime.

His was not an uncommon character. In general he was mild, indolent, and easily managed; but once thoroughly roused, his passions were vehement and fearful. He seemed, indeed, almost afraid of himself, and in common hardly dared to give way to justifiable anger—so much did he dread losing his self-control. Had he been judiciously educated, he would, probably, have distinguished himself in those branches of literature which call for taste and imagination rather than any exertion of reflection or judgment. As it was, his literary taste showed itself in making collections of Cambrian antiquities of every description, till his stock of Welsh MSS. would have excited the envy of Dr. Pugh himself, had he been alive at the time of which I write.

There is one characteristic of Robert Griffiths which I have omitted to note, and which was peculiar among his class. He was no hard-drinker; whether it was that his head was very easily affected, or that his partially-refined taste led him to dislike intoxication and its attendant circumstances, I can not say. But at five-and-

twenty Robert Griffiths was habitually sober—a thing so rare in Llyn that he was almost shunned as a churlish, unsocial being, and passed much of his time in solitude.

About this time he had to appear in some case that was tried at the Caernarvon assizes; and while there was a guest at the house of his agent, a shrewd, sensible Welsh attorney, with one daughter, who had charms enough to captivate Robert Griffiths. Though he remained only a few days at her father's house, they were sufficient to decide his affections, and short was the period allowed to elapse before he brought home a mistress to Bodowen. The new Mrs. Griffiths was a gentle, yielding person, full of love toward her husband, of whom, nevertheless, she stood something in awe, partly arising from the difference in their ages, partly from his devoting much time to studies of which she could understand nothing.

She soon made him the father of a blooming little daughter, called Augharad after her mother. Then there came several uneventful years in the household of Bodowen; and when the old women had one and all declared that the cradle would not rock again, Mrs. Griffiths bore the son and heir. His birth was soon followed by his mother's death; she had been ailing and low-spirited during her pregnancy, and she seemed to lack the buoyancy of body and mind requisite to bring her round after her time of trial. Her husband, who loved her all the more from having few other claims on his affections, was deeply grieved by her early death, and his only comforter was the sweet little boy whom she had left behind. That part of the Squire's character, which was so tender, and almost feminine, seemed called forth by the helpless situation of the little infant, who stretched out his arms to his father with the same earnest cooing that happier children make use of to their mother alone. Augharad was almost neglected, while the little Owen was king of the house; still, next to his father, none tended him so lovingly as his sister. She was so accustomed to give way to him that it was no longer a hardship. By night and by day Owen was the constant companion of his father, and increasing years seemed only to confirm the custom. It was an unnatural life for the child, seeing no bright little faces peering into his own (for Augharad was, as I said before, five or six years older, and her face, poor motherless girl, was often any thing but bright), hearing no din of clear ringing voices, but day after day sharing the otherwise solitary hours of his father, whether in the dim room, surrounded by wizard-like antiquities, or pattering his little feet to keep up with his "tada" in his mountain rambles or shooting excursions. When the pair came to some little foaming brook, where the stepping-stones were far and wide, the father carried his little boy across with the tenderest care; when the lad was weary, they rested, he cradled in his father's arms, or the Squire would lift him up and carry him to his home:

again. The boy was indulged (for his father felt flattered by the desire) in his wish of sharing his meals and keeping the same hours. All this indulgence did not render Owen unamiable, but it made him willful, and not a happy child. He had a thoughtful look, not common to the face of a young boy. He knew no games, no merry sports; his information was of an imaginative and speculative character. His father delighted to interest him in his own studies, without considering how far they were healthy for so young a mind.

Of course Squire Griffiths was not unaware of the prophecy which was to be fulfilled in his generation. He would occasionally refer to it when among his friends, with skeptical levity; but in truth it lay nearer to his heart than he chose to acknowledge. His strong imagination rendered him peculiarly impressible on such subjects; while his judgment, seldom exercised or fortified by severe thought, could not prevent his continually recurring to it. He used to gaze on the half sad countenance of the child, who sat looking up into his face with his large dark eyes, so fondly yet so inquiringly, till the old legend swelled around his heart, and became too painful for him not to require sympathy. Besides, the overpowering love he bore to the child seemed to demand fuller vent than tender words; it made him like, yet dread, to upbraid its object for the fearful contrast foretold. Still Squire Griffiths told the legend in a half-jesting manner to his little son when they were roaming over the wild heaths in the autumn days, "the saddest of the year," or while they sat in the oak-wainscoted room, surrounded by mysterious relics that gleamed strangely forth by the flickering fire-light. The legend was wrought into the boy's mind, and he would crave yet tremble to hear it told over and over again, while the words were intermingled with caresses and questions as to his love. Occasionally his loving words and actions were cut short by his father's light yet bitter speech—"Get thee away, my lad; thou knowest what is to come of all this love."

When Augharad was seventeen, and Owen eleven or twelve, the rector of the parish in which Bodowen was situated, endeavored to prevail on Squire Griffiths to send the boy to school. Now this rector had many congenial tastes with his parishioner, and was his only intimate; and by repeated arguments he at length convinced the Squire that the unnatural life Owen was leading was in every way injurious. Unwillingly was the father wrought to part from his son; but he did at length send him to the Grammar School at Bangor, then under the management of an excellent classic. Here Owen showed that he had more talents than the rector had given him credit for when he affirmed that the lad had been completely stupefied by the life he led at Bodowen. He bade fair to do credit to the school in the peculiar branch of learning for which it was famous. But he was not popular among his school-fel-

lows. He was wayward, though, to a certain degree, generous and unselfish; he was reserved but gentle, except when the tremendous bursts of passion (similar in character to those of his father) forced their way.

On his return from school one Christmas time when he had been a year or so at Bangor, he was stunned by hearing that the undervalued Augharad was about to be married to a gentleman of South Wales, residing near Aberystwith. Boys seldom appreciate their sisters; but Owen thought of the many slights with which he had requited the patient Augharad, and he gave way to bitter regrets, which, with a selfish want of control over his words, he kept expressing to his father, until the Squire was thoroughly hurt and chagrined at the repeated exclamations of "What shall we do when Augharad is gone?" "How dull we shall be when Augharad is married!" Owen's holidays were prolonged a few weeks, in order that he might be present at the wedding; and when all the festivities were over, and the bride and bridegroom had left Bodowen, the boy and his father really felt how much they missed the quiet, loving Augharad. She had performed so many thoughtful, noiseless little offices, on which their daily comfort depended; and now she was gone, the household seemed to miss the spirit that peacefully kept it in order; the servants roamed about in search of commands and directions, the rooms had no longer the unobtrusive ordering of taste to make them cheerful, the very fires burned dim, and were always sinking down into dull heaps of gray ashes. Altogether Owen did not regret his return to Bangor, and this also the mortified parent perceived. Squire Griffiths was a selfish parent.

Letters in those days were a rare occurrence. Owen usually received one during his half-yearly absences from home, and occasionally his father paid him a visit. This half year the boy had no visit, nor even a letter, till very near the time of his leaving school, and then he was astounded by the intelligence that his father was married again.

Then came one of his paroxysms of rage; the more disastrous in its effects upon his character because it could find no vent in action. Independently of the slight to the memory of the first wife, which children are so apt to fancy such an action implies, Owen had hitherto considered himself (and with justice) the first object of his father's life. They had been so much to each other; and now a shapeless, but too real something had come between him and his father there forever. He felt as if his permission should have been asked, as if he should have been consulted. Certainly he ought to have been told of the intended event. So the Squire felt, and hence his constrained letter, which had so much increased the bitterness of Owen's feelings.

With all this anger, when Owen saw his step-mother, he thought he had never seen so beautiful a woman for her age; for she was no lon-

ger in the bloom of youth, being a widow when his father married her. Her manners, to the Welsh lad, who had seen little of female grace among the families of the few antiquarians with whom his father visited, were so fascinating that he watched her with a sort of breathless admiration. Her measured grace, her faultless movements, her tones of voice, sweet, till the ear was sated with their sweetness, made Owen less angry at his father's marriage. Yet he felt, more than ever, that the cloud was between him and his father; that the hasty letter he had sent in answer to the announcement of his wedding was not forgotten, although no allusion was ever made to it. He was no longer his father's confidant—hardly ever his father's companion, for the newly-married wife was all in all to the Squire, and his son felt himself almost a cipher, where he had so long been every thing. The lady herself had ever the softest consideration for her step-son; almost too obtrusive was the attention paid to his wishes, but still he fancied that the heart had no part in the winning advances. There was a watchful glance of the eye that Owen once or twice caught when he had imagined himself unobserved, and many other nameless little circumstances that gave him a strong feeling of want of sincerity in his step-mother. Mrs. Owen brought with her into the family her little child by her first husband, a boy nearly three years old. He was one of those elfish, observant, mocking children, over whose feelings you seem to have no control; agile and mischievous, his little practical jokes, at first performed in ignorance of the pain he gave, but afterward proceeding to a malicious pleasure in suffering, really seemed to afford some ground to the superstitious notion of some of the common people that he was a fairy changeling.

Years passed on; and as Owen grew older he became more observant. He saw, even in his occasional visits at home (for from school he had passed on to college), that a great change had taken place in the outward manifestations of his father's character; and by degrees Owen traced this change to the influence of his step-mother; so slight, so imperceptible to the common observer, yet so resistless in its effects. Squire Griffiths caught up his wife's humbly advanced opinions, and, unawares to himself, adopted them as his own, defying all argument and opposition. It was the same with her wishes; they met with their fulfillment, from the extreme and delicate art with which she insinuated them into her husband's mind, as his own. She sacrificed the show of authority for the power. At last, when Owen perceived some oppressive act in his father's conduct toward his dependents, or some unaccountable thwarting of his own wishes, he fancied he saw his step-mother's secret influence thus displayed, however much she might regret the injustice of his father's actions in her conversations with him when they were alone. His father was fast losing his temperate habits, and frequent intox-

ication soon took its usual effect upon the temper. Yet even here was the spell of his wife upon him. Before her he placed a restraint upon his passion, yet she was perfectly aware of his irritable disposition, and directed it hither and thither with the same apparent ignorance of the tendency of her words.

Meanwhile Owen's situation became peculiarly mortifying to a youth whose early remembrances afforded such a contrast to his present state. As a child, he had been elevated to the consequence of a man before his years gave any mental check to the selfishness which such conduct was likely to engender; he could remember when his will was law to the servants and dependents, and his sympathy necessary to his father: now he was as a cipher in his father's house; and the Squire, estranged in the first instance by a feeling of the injury he had done his son by not sooner acquainting him with his purposed marriage, seemed rather to avoid than to seek him as a companion, and too frequently showed the most utter indifference to the feelings and wishes which a young man of a high and independent spirit might be supposed to indulge.

Perhaps Owen was not fully aware of the force of all these circumstances; for an actor in a family drama is seldom unimpassioned enough to be perfectly observant. But he became moody and soured; brooding over his unloved existence, and craving with a human heart after sympathy.

This feeling took more full possession of his mind when he had left college, and returned home to lead an idle and purposeless life. As the heir there was no worldly necessity for exertion; his father was too much of a Welsh squire to dream of the moral necessity, and he himself had not sufficient strength of mind to decide at once upon abandoning a place and mode of life which abounded in daily mortifications; yet to this course his judgment was slowly tending when some circumstances occurred to detain him at Bodowen.

It was not to be expected that harmony would long be preserved, even in appearance, between an unguarded and soured young man, such as Owen, and his wary step-mother, when he had once left college, and come not as a visitor, but as the heir to his father's house. Some cause of difference occurred, where the woman subdued her hidden anger sufficiently to become convinced that Owen was not entirely the dupe she had believed him to be. Henceforward there was no peace between them. Not in vulgar altercations did this show itself; but in moody reserve on Owen's part, and in undisguised and contemptuous pursuance of her own plans by his step-mother. Bodowen was no longer a place where, if Owen was not loved or attended to, he could at least find peace, and care for himself; he was thwarted at every step, and in every wish, by his father's desire apparently, while the wife sat by with a devilish smile of triumph on her beautiful lips.

So Owen went forth at the early day dawn, sometimes roaming about on the shore or the upland; shooting or fishing, as the season might be, but oftener "stretched in indolent repose" on the short, sweet grass, indulging in gloomy and morbid reveries. He would fancy that this mortified state of existence was a dream, a horrible dream, from which he should awaken and find himself again the sole object and darling of his father. And then he would start up and strive to shake off the incubus. There was the molten sunset of his childish memory; the gorgeous crimson piles of glory in the west, fading away into the cold, calm light of the rising moon, while here and there a cloud floated across the western heaven, like a seraph's wing, in its flaming beauty; the earth was the same as in his childhood's days, full of gentle evening sounds, and the harmonies of twilight—the breeze came sweeping low over the heather and blue-bells by his side, and the turf was sending up its evening incense of perfume. But life, and heart, and hope were changed forever since those by-gone days!

Or he would seat himself in a favorite niche of the rocks on Moel Gêst, hidden by a stunted growth of the whitty or mountain-ash, from general observation, with a rich-tinted cushion of stone-crop for his feet, and a straight precipice of rock rising just above. Here would he sit for hours, gazing idly at the bay below with its back-ground of purple hills, and the little fishing sail on its bosom, showing white in the sunbeam, and gliding on in such harmony with the quiet beauty of the glassy sea; or he would pull out an old school-volume, his companion for years, and in morbid accordance with the dark legend that still lurked in the recesses of his mind, a shape of gloom in those innermost haunts awaiting its time to come forth in distinct outline, would he turn to the old Greek dramas which treat of a family foredoomed by an avenging Fate. The worn page opened of itself at the play of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and Owen dwelt with the craving of disease upon the prophecy so nearly resembling that which concerned himself. With his consciousness of neglect there was a sort of self-flattery in the consequence which the legend gave him. He almost wondered how they durst, with slights and insults, thus provoke the Avenger.

The days drifted onward. Often he would vehemently pursue some sylvan sport, till thought and feeling were lost in the violence of bodily exertion. Occasionally his evenings were spent at some small public house, such as stood by the unfrequented wayside, where the welcome, hearty though bought, seemed so strongly to contrast with the gloomy negligence of home—unsympathizing home.

One evening (Owen might be four or five-and-twenty), wearied with a day's shooting on the Cleweny Moors, he passed by the open door of "The Goat" at Penmorfa. The light and the cheeriness within tempted him, poor, self-exhausted man, as it has done many a one more

wretched in worldly circumstances, to step in, and take his evening meal where at least his presence was of some consequence. It was a busy day in that little hostel. A flock of sheep amounting to some hundreds had arrived at Penmorfa, on their road to England, and thronged the space before the house. Inside was the shrewd, kind-hearted hostess, bustling to and fro, with merry greetings for every tired drover who was to pass the night in her house, while the sheep were penned in a field close by. Ever and anon she kept attending to the second crowd of guests who were celebrating a rural wedding in her house. It was busy work to Martha Thomas, yet her smile never flagged, and when Owen Griffiths had finished his evening meal she was there, ready with a hope it had done him good, and was to his mind, and a word of intelligence that the wedding-folk were about to dance in the kitchen, and the harper was the famous Edward of Corwen.

Owen, partly from good-natured compliance with his hostess's implied wish, and partly from curiosity, lounged to the passage which led to the kitchen—not the everyday, working, cooking kitchen which was beyond, but a good-sized room where the mistress sat when her work was done, and where the country-people were commonly entertained at such merry-makings as the present. The lintels of the door formed a frame for the animated picture which Owen saw within as he leaned against the wall in the dark passage. The red light of the fire, with every now and then a falling piece of turf sending forth a fresh blaze, shone full upon four young men who were dancing a measure something like a Scotch reel, keeping admirable time in their rapid movements to the capital tune the harper was playing. They had their hats on when Owen first took his stand, but as they grew more and more animated they flung them away, and presently their shoes were kicked off with like disregard to the spot where they might happen to alight. Shouts of applause followed any remarkable exertion of agility, in which each seemed to try to excel his companions. At length wearied and exhausted they sat down, and the harper gradually changed to one of those wild, inspiring national airs for which he was so famous. The thronged audience sat earnest and breathless, and you might have heard a pin drop, except when some maiden passed hurriedly with flaring candle and busy look, through to the real kitchen beyond. When he had finished playing his beautiful theme on "The march of the men of Harlech," he changed the measure again to "Tri chant o' bunnan" (Three hundred pounds), and immediately a most unmusical-looking man began chanting "Penillion," or a sort of recitative stanzas, which were soon taken up by another, and this amusement lasted so long that Owen grew weary, and was thinking of retreating from his post by the door, when some little bustle was occasioned on the opposite side of the room by the entrance of a middle-aged man, and a young girl, apparently his

daughter. The man advanced to the bench occupied by the seniors of the party, who welcomed him with the usual pretty Welsh greeting, "Pa sit mae galon?" ("How is thy heart?") and drinking his health, passed on to him the cup of excellent *curw*. The girl, evidently a village belle, was as warmly greeted by the young men, while the girls eyed her rather askance with a half-jealous look, which Owen set down to the score of her extreme prettiness. Like most Welsh women, she was of middle size as to height but beautifully made, with the most perfect yet delicate roundness in every limb. Her little mob-cap was carefully adjusted to a face which was excessively pretty, though it never could be called handsome. It also was round, with the slightest tendency to the oval shape, richly colored, though somewhat olive in complexion, with dimples in cheek and chin, and the most scarlet lips Owen had ever seen, that were too short to meet over the small pearly teeth. The nose was the most defective feature; but the eyes were splendid. They were so long, so lustrous, yet at times so very soft under their thick fringe of eyelash! The nut-brown hair was carefully braided beneath the border of delicate lace; it was evident the little village beauty knew how to make the most of all her attractions, for the gay colors which were displayed in her neck-kerchief were in complete harmony with the complexion.

Owen was much attracted, while yet he was amused, by the evident coquetry the girl displayed, collecting around her a whole bevy of young fellows, for each of whom she seemed to have some gay speech, some attractive look or action. In a few minutes young Griffiths of Bodowen was by her side, brought thither by a variety of idle motives, and as her undivided attention was given to the Welsh heir, her admirers, one by one, dropped off, to seat themselves by some less fascinating but more attentive fair one. The more Owen conversed with the girl, the more he was taken; she had more wit and talent than he had fancied possible; a self-abandon and thoughtlessness, to boot, that seemed full of charms; and then her voice was so clear and sweet, and her actions so full of grace, that Owen was fascinated before he was well aware, and kept looking into her bright, blushing face, till her uplifted flashing eye fell beneath his earnest gaze.

While it thus happened that they were silent—she from confusion at the unexpected warmth of his admiration, he from an unconsciousness of any thing but the beautiful changes in her flexible countenance—the man whom Owen took for her father came up, and addressed some observation to his daughter, from whence he glided into some commonplace yet respectful remark to Owen, and at length, engaging him in some slight, local conversation, he led the way to the account of a spot on the peninsula of Penthryn where teal abounded, and concluded with begging Owen to allow him to show him the exact place, saying that whenever the young Squire

felt so inclined, if he would honor him by a call at his house he would take him across in his boat. While Owen listened, his attention was not so much absorbed as to be unaware that the little beauty at his side was refusing one or two who endeavored to draw her from her place by invitations to dance. Flattered by his own construction of her refusals, he again directed all his attention to her, till she was called away by her father, who was leaving the scene of festivity. Before he left he reminded Owen of his promise, and added,

"Perhaps, Sir, you do not know me. My name is Ellis Pritchard, and I live at Ty Glas, on this side of Moel Gést; any one can point it out to you."

When the father and daughter had left, Owen slowly prepared for his ride home; but, encountering the hostess, he could not resist asking a few questions relative to Ellis Pritchard and his pretty daughter. She answered shortly, but respectfully, and then said, rather hesitatingly—

"Master Griffiths, you know the triad, 'Tri pheth tebyg y naill i'r llall, ysgnbawr heb yd, mail deg heb ddiawd, a merch deg heb ei geir-da' ('Three things are alike: a fine barn without corn, a fine cup without drink, a fine woman without her reputation')." She hastily quitted him, and Owen rode slowly to his unhappy home.

Ellis Pritchard, half farmer and half fisherman, was shrewd, and keen, and worldly; yet he was good-natured, and sufficiently generous to have become rather a popular man among his equals. He had been struck with the young Squire's attention to his pretty daughter, and was not insensible to the advantages to be derived from it. Nest would not be the first peasant girl by any means who had been transplanted to a Welsh manor-house as its mistress; and accordingly her father had shrewdly given the admiring young man some pretext for further opportunities of seeing her.

As for Nest herself, she had somewhat of her father's worldliness, and was fully alive to the superior station of her new admirer, and quite prepared to slight all her old sweethearts on his account. But then she had something more of feeling in her reckoning; she had not been insensible to the earnest yet comparatively refined homage which Owen paid her; she had noticed his expressive and occasionally handsome countenance with admiration, and was flattered by his so immediately singling her out from her companions. As to the hint which Martha Thomas had thrown out, it is enough to say that Nest was very giddy, and that she was motherless. She had high spirits and a great love of admiration, or, to use a softer term, she loved to please; men, women, children, all, she delighted to gladden with her smile and her voice. She coquetted, and flirted, and went to the extreme lengths of Welsh courtship, till the seniors of the village shook their heads, and cautioned their daughters against her acquaint-

ance. If not absolutely guilty, she had too frequently been on the verge of guilt.

Even at the time Martha Thomas's hint made but little impression on Owen, for his senses were otherwise occupied; but in a few days the recollection thereof had wholly died away, and one warm, glorious summer's day he bent his steps toward Ellis Pritchard's with a beating heart; for, except some very slight flirtations at Oxford, Owen had never been touched; his thoughts, his fancy had been otherwise engaged.

Ty Glas was built against one of the lower rocks of Moel Gést, which, indeed, formed a side to the low, lengthy house. The materials of the cottage were the shingly stones which had fallen from above, plastered rudely together, with deep recesses for the small oblong windows. Altogether, the exterior was much ruder than Owen had expected; but inside there seemed no lack of comforts. The house was divided into two apartments, one large, roomy, and dark, into which Owen entered immediately; and before the blushing Nest came from the inner chamber (for she had seen the young Squire coming, and hastily gone to make some alteration in her dress) he had had time to look around him, and note the various little particulars of the room. Beneath the window (which commanded a magnificent view) was an oaken dresser, replete with drawers and cupboards, and brightly polished to a rich dark color. In the farther part of the room Owen could at first distinguish little, entering as he did from the glaring sunlight, but he soon saw that there were two oaken beds, closed up after the manner of the Welsh; in fact, the dormitories of Ellis Pritchard and the man who served under him, both on sea and on land. There was the large wheel used for spinning wool left standing on the middle of the floor, as if in use only a few minutes before; and around the ample chimney hung flitches of bacon, dried kid's-flesh, and fish, that was in process of smoking for winter's store.

Before Nest had shyly dared to enter, her father, who had been mending his nets down below, and seen Owen mounting to his house, came in and gave him a hearty yet respectful welcome; and then Nest, downcast and blushing, full of the consciousness which her father's advice and conversation had not failed to inspire, ventured to join them. To Owen's mind this reserve and shyness gave her new charms.

It was too bright, too hot, too any thing, to think of going to shoot teal till later in the day, and Owen was delighted to accept a hesitating invitation to share the noonday meal. Some ewe-milk cheese, very hard and dry, oat-cake, slips of the dried kid's-flesh broiled, after having been previously soaked in water for a few minutes, delicious butter and fresh buttermilk, with a liquor called "*diod griafol*" (made from the berries of the *Sorbas aucuparia*, infused in water and then fermented), composed the frugal repast; but there was something so clean and neat, and withal such a true welcome, that

Owen had seldom enjoyed a meal so much. Indeed, at that time of day the Welsh squires differed from the farmers more in the plenty and rough abundance of their manner of living than in the refinement of style of their table.

At the present day, down in Llyn, the Welsh gentry are not a whit behind their Saxon equals in the expensive elegances of life; but then (when there was but one pewter-service in all Northumberland) there was nothing in Ellis Pritchard's mode of living that grated on the young Squire's sense of refinement.

Little was said by that young pair of wooers during the meal; the father had all the conversation to himself, apparently heedless of the ardent looks and inattentive mien of his guest. As Owen became more serious in his feelings, he grew more timid in their expression, and at night, when they returned from their shooting excursion, the caress he gave Nest was almost as bashfully offered as received.

This was but the first of a series of days devoted to Nest in reality, though at first he thought some little disguise of his object was necessary. The past, the future, was all forgotten in those happy days of love.

And every worldly plan, every womanly wile was put into practice by Ellis Pritchard and his daughter to render his visits agreeable and alluring. Indeed, the very circumstance of his being welcome was enough to attract the poor young man, to whom the feeling so produced was new and full of charms. He left a home where the certainty of being thwarted made him chary in expressing his wishes, where no tones of love ever fell on his ear save those addressed to others, where his presence or absence were matters of utter indifference; and when he entered Ty Glas, all, down to the little cur which, with clamorous barkings, claimed a part of his attention, all seemed to rejoice. His account of his day's employment found a willing listener in Ellis; and when he passed on to Nest, busy at her wheel or at her churn, the deepened color, the conscious eye, and the gradual yielding of herself up to his lover-like caress, had worlds of charms. Ellis Pritchard was a tenant on the Bodowen estate, and therefore had reasons in plenty for wishing to keep the young Squire's visits secret; and Owen, unwilling to disturb the sunny calm of these halcyon days by any storm at home, was ready to use all the artifice which Ellis suggested as to the mode of his calls at Ty Glas. Nor was he unaware of the probable, nay, the hoped-for termination of these repeated days of happiness. He was quite conscious that the father wished for nothing better than the marriage of his daughter to the heir of Bodowen; and when Nest had hidden her face in his neck, which was encircled by her clasping arms, and murmured into his ear her acknowledgment of love, he felt only too desirous of finding some one to love him forever. Though not highly principled, he would not have tried to obtain Nest on other terms save those of marriage; he did so pine after endur-

ing love, and fancied he should have bound her heart forevermore to his, when they had taken the solemn oaths of matrimony.

There was no great difficulty attending a secret marriage at such a place and at such a time. One gusty autumn day Ellis Pritchard ferried them round Penthryn to Llandutryn, and there saw his little Nest become future lady of Bodowen.

How often do we see giddy, coquetting, restless girls become sobered by marriage! A great object in life is decided; one on which their thoughts have been running in all their vagaries, and they seem to verify the beautiful fable of Undine. A new soul beams out in the gentleness and repose of their future lives. An indescribable softness and tenderness takes place of the wearying vanity of their former endeavors to attract admiration. Something of this sort took place in Nest Pritchard. If at first she had been anxious to attract the young Squire of Bodowen, long before her marriage this feeling had merged into a truer love than she had ever felt before; and now that he was her own, her husband, her whole soul was bent toward making him amends, as far as in her lay, for the misery which, with a woman's tact, she saw that he had to endure at his home. Her greetings were abounding in delicately-expressed love; her study of his tastes unwearying, in the arrangement of her dress, her time, her very thoughts.

No wonder that he looked back on his wedding-day with a thankfulness which is seldom the result of unequal marriages. No wonder that his heart beat aloud as formerly when he wound up the little path to Ty Glas, and saw—keen though the winter's wind might be—that Nest was standing out at the door to watch for his dimly-seen approach, while the candle flared in the little window as a beacon to guide him aright.

The angry words and unkind actions of home fell deadened on his heart; he thought of the love that was surely his, and of the new promise of love that a short time would bring forth, and he could almost have smiled at the impotent efforts to disturb his peace.

A few more months and the young father was greeted by a feeble little cry when he hastily entered Ty Glas one morning early, in consequence of a summons conveyed mysteriously to Bodowen; and the pale mother, smiling, and feebly holding up her babe to its father's kiss, seemed to him even more lovely than the bright gay Nest who had won his heart at the little inn of Penmorfa.

But the curse was at work! The fulfillment of the prophecy was nigh at hand!

II.

It was the autumn after the birth of their boy; it had been a glorious summer, with bright, hot, sunny weather; and now the year was fading away as seasonably into mellow days, with mornings of silver mists and clear frosty nights. The blooming look of the time of flow-

ers was past and gone; but instead there were even richer tints abroad in the sun-colored leaves, the lichens, the golden-blossomed furze: if it was the time of fading, there was a glory in the decay.

Nest, in her loving anxiety to surround her dwelling with every charm for her husband's sake, had turned gardener, and the little corners of the rude court before the house were filled with many a delicate mountain-flower, transplanted more for its beauty than its rarity. The sweet-brier bush may even yet be seen, old and gray, which she and Owen planted a green slipling beneath the window of her little chamber. In those moments Owen forgot all besides the present; all the cares and griefs he had known in the past, and all that might await him of woe and death in the future. The boy, too, was as lovely a child as the fondest parent was ever blessed with; and crowed with delight, and clapped his little hands as his mother held him in her arms at the cottage-door to watch his father's ascent up the rough path that led to Ty Glas one bright autumnal morning; and when the three entered the house together, it was difficult to say which was the happier. Owen carried his boy, and tossed and played with him, while Nest sought out some little article of work, and seated herself on the dresser beneath the window, where now busily plying the needle, and then again looking at her husband, she eagerly told him the little articles of domestic intelligence, the winning ways of the child, the result of yesterday's fishing, and such of the gossip of Penmorfa as came to the ears of the now retired Nest. She noticed that when she mentioned any little circumstance that bore the slightest reference to Bodowen her husband appeared chafed and uneasy, and at last avoided any thing that might in the least remind him of home. In truth, he had been suffering much of late from the irritability of his father, shown in trifles to be sure, but not the less galling on that account.

While they were thus talking, and caressing each other and the child, a shadow darkened the room, and before they could catch a glimpse of the object that had occasioned it, it vanished, and Squire Griffiths lifted the door-latch and stood before them. He stood and looked—first on his son, so different, in his buoyant expression of content and enjoyment, with his noble child in his arms, like a proud and happy father, as he was, from the depressed, moody young man he too often appeared at Bodowen; then on Nest—poor, trembling, sickened Nest!—who dropped her work, but yet durst not stir from her seat on the dresser, while she looked to her husband as if for protection from his father.

The Squire was silent as he glared from one to the other, his features white with restrained passion. When he spoke, his words came most distinct in their forced composure. It was to his son he addressed himself:

"That woman! who is she?"

Owen hesitated one moment; and then replied, in a steady, yet quiet voice:

"Father, that woman is my wife."

He would have added some apology for the long concealment of his marriage; have appealed to his father's forgiveness; but the foam flew from Squire Owen's lips as he burst forth with invective against Nest:

"You have married her! It is as they told me! Married Nest Pritchard yr buten! And you stand there as if you had not disgraced yourself forever and ever with your accursed wiving! And the fair harlot sits there, in her mocking modesty, practicing the mimming airs that will become her state as future lady of Bodowen. But I will move heaven and earth before that false woman darken the doors of my father's house as mistress!"

All this was said with such rapidity that Owen had no time for the words that thronged to his lips. "Father!" (he burst forth at length) "Father, whosoever told you that Nest Pritchard was a harlot told you a lie as false as hell! Ay! a lie as false as hell!" he added, in a voice of thunder, while he advanced a step or two nearer to the Squire. And then, in a lower tone, he said:

"She is as pure as your own wife; nay, God help me! as the dear, precious mother who brought me forth, and then left me—with no refuge in a mother's heart—to struggle on through life alone. I tell you Nest is as pure as that dear, dead mother!"

"Fool—poor wittol fool!"

At this moment the child—the little Owen—who had kept gazing from one angry countenance to the other, and with earnest look, trying to understand what had brought the fierce glare into the face where till now he had read nothing but love, in some way attracted the Squire's attention, and increased his wrath.

"Yes!" he continued, "poor, weak fool that you are, hugging the child of another man as if it were your own offspring!" Owen involuntarily caressed the affrighted child, and half smiled at the implication of his father's words. This the Squire perceived, and raising his voice to a scream of rage, he went on:

"I bid you, if you call yourself my son, to cast away that miserable, shameless woman's offspring; cast it away this instant—this instant!"

In his ungovernable rage, seeing that Owen was far from complying with his command, he snatched the poor infant from the loving arms that held it, and throwing it to its mother, left the house inarticulate with fury.

Nest—who had been pale and still as marble during this terrible dialogue, looking on and listening as if fascinated by the words that smote her heart—opened her arms to receive and cherish her precious babe; but the boy was not destined to reach the white refuge of her breast. The furious action of the Squire had been almost without aim, and the infant fell against the sharp edge of the dresser down on to the stone floor.

Owen sprang up to take the child, but he lay so still, so motionless, that the awe of death came over the father, and he stooped down to gaze more closely. At that moment the up-turned, filmy eyes rolled convulsively—a spasm passed along the body—and the lips, yet warm with kissing, quivered into everlasting rest.

A word from her husband told Nest all. She slid down from her seat, and lay by her little son as corpse-like as he, unheeding all the agonizing endearments and passionate adjurations of her husband. And that poor, desolate husband and father! Scarce one little quarter of an hour and he had been so blessed in his consciousness of love; the bright promise of many years on his infant's face, and the new, fresh soul beaming forth in its awakened intelligence. And there it was; the little clay image, that would never more gladden up at sight of him, nor stretch forth to meet his embrace; whose inarticulate, yet most eloquent cooings might haunt him in his dreams, but would never more be heard in waking life again! And by the dead babe, almost as utterly insensate, the poor mother had fallen in her merciful faint—the slandered, heart-pierced Nest! Owen struggled against the sickness that came over him, and busied himself in vain attempts at her restoration.

It was now near noonday, and Ellis Pritchard came home, little dreaming of the sight that awaited him; but, though stunned, he was able to take more effectual measures for his poor daughter's recovery than Owen had done.

By-and-by she showed symptoms of returning sense, and was placed in her own little bed in a darkened room, where, without ever waking to complete consciousness, she fell asleep. Then it was that her husband, suffocated by pressure of miserable thought, gently drew his hand from her tightened clasp, and printing one long soft kiss on her white waxen forehead, hastily stole out of the room, and out of the house.

Near the base of Moel Gést—it might be a quarter of a mile from Ty Glas—was a little neglected solitary copse, wild and tangled with the trailing branches of the dog-rose and the tendrils of the white bryony. Toward the middle of this thicket lay a deep crystal pool—a clear mirror for the blue heavens above—and round the margin floated the broad green leaves of the water-lily, and when the regal sun shone down in his noonday glory the flowers arose from their cool depths to welcome and greet him. The copse was musical with many sounds—the warbling of birds rejoicing in its shades, the ceaseless hum of the insects that hovered over the pool, the chime of the distant waterfall, the occasional bleating of the sheep from the mountain-top, were all blended into the delicious harmony of nature.

It had been one of Owen's favorite resorts when he had been a lonely wanderer—a pilgrim in search of love in the years gone by. And thither he went, as if by instinct, when he left

Ty Glas; quelling the uprising agony till he should reach that little solitary spot.

It was the time of day when a change in the aspect of the weather so frequently takes place; and the little pool was no longer the reflection of a blue and sunny sky; it sent back the dark and slaty clouds above, and every now and then a rough gust shook the painted autumn leaves from their branches, and all other music was lost in the sound of the wild winds piping down from the moorlands lying up and beyond the clefts in the mountain-side. Presently the rain came on and beat down in torrents.

But Owen heeded it not. He sat on the dank ground, his face buried in his hands, and his whole strength, physical and mental, employed in quelling the rush of blood which rose and boiled and gurgled in his brain as if it would madden him.

The phantom of his dead child rose ever before him and seemed to cry aloud for vengeance. And when the poor young man thought upon the victim whom he required in his wild longing for revenge, he shuddered, for it was his father!

Again and again he tried not to think; but still the circle of thought came round, eddying through his brain. At length he mastered his passions, and they were calm; then he forced himself to arrange some plan for the future.

He had not, in the passionate hurry of the moment, seen that his father had left the cottage before he was aware of the fatal accident that befell the child. Owen thought he had seen all; and once he planned to go to the Squire and tell him of the anguish of heart he had wrought, and awe him, as it were, by the dignity of grief. But then again he durst not—he distrusted his self-control—the old prophecy rose up in its horror—he dreaded his doom.

At last he determined to leave his father forever; to take Nest to some distant country where she might forget her first-born, and where he himself might gain a livelihood by his own exertions.

But when he tried to descend to all the little arrangements which were involved in the execution of this plan he remembered that all his money (and in this respect Squire Griffiths was no niggard) was locked up in his escritoire at at Bodowen. In vain he tried to do away with this matter-of-fact difficulty; go to Bodowen he must; and his only hope—nay his determination—was to avoid his father.

He rose and took a by-path to Bodowen. The house looked even more gloomy and desolate than usual in the heavy down-pouring rain, yet Owen looked on it with something of regret—for sorrowful as his days in it had been, he was about to leave it for many, many years, if not forever. He entered by a side-door, opening into a passage that led to his own room, where he kept his books, his guns, his fishing-tackle, his writing materials, etc.

Here he hurriedly began to select the few articles he intended to take; for, besides the

dread of interruption, he was feverishly anxious to travel far that very night, if only Nest was capable of performing the journey. As he was thus employed, he tried to conjecture what his father's feelings would be on finding out that his once loved son was gone away forever. Would he then awaken to regret for the conduct which had driven him from home, and bitterly think on the loving and caressing boy who haunted his footsteps in former days? Or, alas! would he only feel that an obstacle to his daily happiness—to his contentment with his wife, and his strange doting affection for her child—was taken away? Would they make merry over the heir's departure? Then he thought of Nest—the young childless mother, whose heart had not yet realized her fullness of desolation. Poor Nest! so loving as she was, so devoted to her child—how should he console her? He pictured her away in a strange land, pining for her native mountains, and refusing to be comforted because her child was not.

Even this thought of the home-sickness that might possibly beset Nest hardly made him hesitate in his determination; so strongly had the idea taken possession of him that only by putting miles and leagues between him and his father could he avert the doom which seemed blending itself with the very purposes of his life as long as he staid in proximity with the slayer of his child.

He had now nearly completed his hasty work of preparation, and was full of tender thoughts of his wife, when the door opened, and the elfish Robert peered in, in search of some of his brother's possessions. On seeing Owen he hesitated, but then came boldly forward, and laid his hand on Owen's arm, saying,

"Nesta yr buten! How is Nest yr buten?"

He looked maliciously into Owen's face to mark the effect of his words, but was terrified at the expression he read there. He started off and ran to the door, while Owen tried to check himself, saying continually, "He is but a child. He does not understand the meaning of what he says. He is but a child." Still Robert, now in fancied security, kept calling out his insulting words, and Owen's hand was on his gun, grasping it as if to restrain his rising fury.

But when Robert passed on daringly to mocking words relating to the poor dead child, Owen could bear it no longer; and before the boy was well aware, Owen was fiercely holding him in an iron clasp with the one hand, while he struck him hard with the other.

In a minute he checked himself. He paused, relaxed his grasp, and, to his horror, he saw Robert sink to the ground; in fact, the lad was half-stunned, half-frightened, and thought it best to assume insensibility.

Owen—miserable Owen—seeing him lie there prostrate, was bitterly repentant, and would have dragged him to the carved settle, and done all he could to restore him to his senses, but at this instant the Squire came in.

Probably when the household at Bodowen

rose on that morning there was but one among them ignorant of the heir's relation to Nest Pritchard and her child; for secret as he had tried to make his visits to Ty Glas, they had been too frequent not to be noticed, and Nest's altered conduct—no longer frequenting dances and merry-makings—was a strongly corroborative circumstance. But Mrs. Griffiths' influence reigned paramount, if unacknowledged at Bodowen, and till she sanctioned the disclosure none would dare to tell the Squire.

Now, however, the time drew near when it suited her to make her husband aware of the connection his son had formed; so, with many tears, and much seeming reluctance, she broke the intelligence to him—taking good care, at the same time, to inform him of the light character Nest had borne. Nor did she confine this evil reputation to her conduct before her marriage, but insinuated that even to this day she was a "woman of the grove and brake"—for centuries the Welsh term of opprobrium for the loosest female characters.

Squire Griffiths easily tracked Owen to Ty Glas; and without any aim but the gratification of his furious anger followed him to up-braid as we have seen. But he left the cottage even more enraged against his son than he had entered it, and returned home to hear the evil suggestions of the step-mother. He had heard a slight scuffle in which he caught the tones of Robert's voice, as he passed along the hall, and an instant afterward he saw the apparently lifeless body of his little favorite dragged along by the culprit Owen—the marks of strong passion yet visible on his face. Not loud, but bitter and deep were the evil words which the father bestowed on the son; and as Owen stood proudly and sullenly silent, disdaining all exculpation of himself in the presence of one who had wrought him so much graver—so fatal an injury—Robert's mother entered the room. At sight of her natural emotion the wrath of the Squire was redoubled, and his wild suspicions that this violence of Owen's to Robert was a premeditated act appeared like the proven truth through the mists of rage. He summoned domestics as if to guard his own and his wife's life from the attempts of his son; and the servants stood wondering around—now gazing at Mrs. Griffiths, alternately scolding and sobbing, while she tried to restore the lad from his really bruised and half unconscious state; now at the fierce and angry Squire; and now at the sad and silent Owen. And he—he was hardly aware of their looks of wonder and terror; his father's words fell on a deadened ear; for before his eyes there rose a pale dead babe, and in that lady's violent sounds of grief he heard the wailing of a more sad, more hopeless mother. For by this time the lad Robert had opened his eyes, and though evidently suffering a good deal from the effects of Owen's blows, was fully conscious of all that was passing around him.

Had Owen been left to his own nature his heart would have worked itself round to doubly

love the boy whom he had injured; but he was stubborn from injustice, and hardened by suffering. He refused to vindicate himself; he made no effort to resist the imprisonment the Squire had decreed, until a surgeon's opinion of the real amount of Robert's injuries was made known. It was not until the door was locked and barred, as if upon some wild and furious beast, that the recollection of poor Nest, without his comforting presence, came upon his mind. Oh! thought he, how she would be wearying, pining for his tender sympathy; if, indeed, she had recovered the shock of mind sufficiently to be sensible of consolation. What would she think of his absence? Could she imagine he believed his father's words, and had left her, in this her sore trouble and bereavement? The thought maddened him, and he looked around for some mode of escape.

He had been confined in a small unfurnished room on the first floor, wainscoted, and carved all round, with a massy door, calculated to resist the attempts of a dozen strong men, even had he afterward been able to escape from the house unseen, unheard. The window was placed (as it is common in old Welsh houses) over the fire-place; with branching chimneys on either hand, forming a sort of projection on the outside. By this outlet his escape was easy, even had he been less determined and desperate than he was. And when he had descended, with a little care, a little winding, he might elude all observation and pursue his original intention of going to Ty Glas.

The storm had abated, and watery sunbeams were gilding the bay, as Owen descended from the window, and, stealing along in the broad afternoon shadows, made his way to the little plateau of green turf in the garden at the top of a steep precipitous rock, down the abrupt face of which he had often dropped by means of a well-secured rope into the small sailing boat (his father's present, alas! in days gone by) which lay moored in the deep sea-water below. He had always kept his boat there, because it was the nearest available spot to the house; but before he could reach the place—unless, indeed, he crossed a broad sun-lighted piece of ground in full view of the windows on that side of the house, and without the shadow of a single sheltering tree or shrub—he had to skirt around a rude semicircle of underwood, which would have been considered as a shrubbery had any one taken pains with it. Step by step he stealthily moved along—hearing voices now, again seeing his father and step-mother in no distant walk, the Squire evidently caressing and consoling his wife, who seemed to be urging some point with great vehemence, again forced to crouch down to avoid being seen by the cook, returning from the rude kitchen garden with a handful of herbs. This was the way the doomed heir of Bodowen left his ancestral house forever, and hoped to leave behind him his doom. At length he reached the plateau—he breathed more freely. He stooped down to discover the hidden

coil of rope, kept safe and dry in a hole under a great round flat piece of rock; his head was bent down; he did not see his father approach, nor did he hear his footstep for the rush of blood to his head in the stooping effort of lifting the stone; the Squire had grappled with him before he rose up again, before he fully knew whose hands detained him, now, when his liberty of person and action seemed secure. He made a vigorous struggle to free himself; he wrestled with his father for a moment—he pushed him hard, and drove him on to the great displaced stone, all unsteady in its balance.

Down went the Squire, down into the deep waters below—down after him went Owen half consciously half unconsciously, half compelled by the sudden cessation of any opposing body, partly from a vehement irrepressible impulse to rescue his father. But he had instinctively chosen a safer place in the deep sea-water pool than that into which his push had sent his father. The Squire had hit his head against the side of the boat with much violence in his fall; it is, indeed, doubtful whether he was not killed before ever he sank into the sea. But Owen knew nothing but that the awful doom seemed even now present. He plunged down, he dived below the water in search of the body which had none of the elasticity of life to buoy it up; he saw his father in those depths, he clutched at him, he brought him up and cast him, a dead weight, into the boat, and exhausted by the effort he had begun himself to sink again before he instinctively strove to rise and climb into the rocking boat. There lay his father, with a deep dent in the side of his head where his skull had been fractured by his fall; his face blackened by the arrested course of the blood. Owen felt his pulse, his heart—all was still. He called him by his name.

"Father, father!" he cried, "Come back! come back! You never knew how I loved you! how I could love you still—if—oh God!"

And the thought of his little child rose before him. "Yes, father," he cried afresh, "you never knew how he fell—how he died! Oh, if I had but had patience to tell you! If you, oh dead father! would have borne with me and listened! And now it is over! Oh, father! father!"

Whether she had heard this wild wailing voice, or whether it was only that she missed her husband and wanted him for some little everyday question, or, as was perhaps more likely, she had discovered Owen's escape, and came to inform her husband of it, I do not know; but on the rock, right above his head, as it seemed, Owen heard his step-mother calling her husband.

He was silent, and softly pushed the boat right under the rock till the sides grated against the stones, and the overhanging branches concealed him and it from all not on a level with the water. Wet as he was, he lay down by his dead father the better to conceal himself; and somehow the action recalled those early days of childhood—the first in the Squire's widow-

hood—when Owen had shared his father's bed, and used to waken him in the morning to hear one of the old Welsh legends. How long he lay thus—body chilled and brain hard-working through the heavy pressure of a reality as terrible as a nightmare—he never knew, but at length he roused himself up to think of Nest.

Drawing out a great sail, he covered up the body of his father with it where he lay in the bottom of the boat. Then with his numbed hands he took the oars, and pulled out into the more open sea, toward Criccaeth. He skirted along the coast till he found a shadowed cleft in the dark rocks; to that point he rowed, and anchored his boat close in land. Then he mounted, staggering, half longing to fall into the dark waters and be at rest—half instinctively finding out the surest foot-rests on that precipitous face of rock, till he was high up, safe landed on the turfy summit. He ran off, as if pursued, toward Penmorfa; he ran with maddened energy. Suddenly he paused, turned, ran again with the same speed, and threw himself prone on the summit, looking down into his boat with straining eyes to see if there had been any movement of life—any displacement of a fold of sail-cloth. It was all quiet deep down below, but as he gazed the shifting light gave the appearance of a slight movement. Owen ran to a lower part of the rock, stripped, plunged into the water, and swam to the boat. When there all was still—awfully still! For a minute or two he dared not lift up the cloth. Then reflecting that the same terror might beset him again—of leaving his father unaided while yet a spark of life lingered in the body—he removed the shrouding cover. The eyes looked into his with a dead stare! He closed the lids and bound up the jaw. Again he looked. This time he raised himself out of the water and kissed the brow.

"It was my doom, father! It would have been better if I had died at my birth!"

Daylight was dying away. Precious daylight! He swam back, dressed, and set off afresh for Penmorfa. When he opened the door of Ty Glas, Ellis Pritchard looked at him reproachfully from his seat in the darkly-shadowed chimney corner.

"You're come at last," said he. "One of our kind (*i. e.*, station) would not have left his wife to mourn her lane over her dead child; nor would one of our kind have let his father kill his own true bairn. I've a good mind to take her from you forever."

"I did not tell him," cried Nest, looking piteously at her husband; "he made me tell him part, and guessed the rest."

She was nursing her babe on her knee as if it was alive. Owen stood before Ellis Pritchard.

"Be silent," said he, quietly. "Neither words nor deeds but what are decreed can come to pass. I was set to do my work for a hundred years and more. The time waited for me, and the man waited for me. I have done what was foretold of me for generations!"

Ellis Pritchard knew the old tale of the prophecy, and believed in it in a dull, dead kind of way, but somehow never thought it would come to pass in his time. Now, however, he understood it all in a moment, though he mistook Owen's nature so much as to believe that the deed was intentionally done out of revenge for the death of his child; and viewing it in this light, Ellis thought it little more than a just punishment for the cause of all the wild despairing sorrow he had seen his only child suffer during the hours of this long afternoon. But he knew the law would not so regard it. Even the lax Welsh law of those days would take up the cause of the death of a man of Squire Griffiths' standing. So the acute Ellis thought how he could conceal the culprit for a time.

"Come," said he; "don't look so scared! It was your doom, not your fault;" and he laid a hand on Owen's shoulder.

"You're wet," said he, suddenly. "Where have you been? Nest, your husband is dripping, drookit wet. That's what makes him look so blue and wan."

Nest softly laid her baby in its cradle; she was half stupefied with crying, and had not understood to what Owen had alluded when he spoke of his doom being fulfilled, if indeed she had heard the words.

Her touch thawed Owen's miserable heart.

"Oh, Nest!" said he, clasping her in his arms; "do you love me still—can you love me, my own darling?"

"Why not?" asked she, her eyes filling with tears. "I only love you more than ever, for you were my poor baby's father!"

"But, Nest— Oh, tell her, Ellis! you know."

"No need, no need!" said Ellis. "She's had enough to think on. Bustle, my girl, and get out my Sunday clothes."

"I don't understand," said Nest, putting her hand up to her head. "What is to tell? and why are you so wet? God help me for a poor crazed thing, for I can not guess at the meaning of your words and your strange looks! I only know my baby is dead!" and she burst into tears.

"Come, Nest! go and fetch him a change, quick;" and as she meekly obeyed, too languid to strive further to understand, Ellis said rapidly to Owen, in a low, hurried voice,

"Are you meaning that the Squire is dead? Speak low, lest she hear! Well, well, no need to talk about how he died. It was sudden, I see; and we must all of us die; and he'll have to be buried. It's well the night is near. And I should not wonder now if you'd like to travel for a bit; it would do Nest a power of good; and then—there's many a one goes out of his own house and never comes back again; and—I trust he's not lying in his own house—and there's a stir for a bit, and a search, and a wonder—and, by-and-by, the heir just steps in, as quiet as can be. And that's what you'll do, and bring Nest to Bodowen after all. Nay, child,

better stockings nor those; find the blue woollens I bought at Llanrwst fair. Only don't lose heart. It's done now and can't be helped. It was the piece of work set you to do from the days of the Tudors, they say. And he deserved it. Look in yon cradle. So tell us where he is, and I'll take heart of grace and see what can be done for him."

But Owen sat wet and haggard, looking into the peat fire as if for visions of the past, and never heeding a word Ellis said. Nor did he move when Nest brought the armful of dry clothes.

"Come, rouse up, man!" said Ellis, growing impatient.

But he neither spoke nor moved.

"What is the matter, father?" asked Nest, bewildered.

Ellis kept on watching Owen for a minute or two, till, on his daughter's repetition of the question, he said,

"Ask him yourself, Nest."

"Oh, husband, what is it?" said she, kneeling down and bringing her face to a level with his.

"Don't you know?" said he, heavily. "You won't love me when you do know. And yet it was not my doing. It was my doom."

"What does he mean, father?" asked Nest, looking up; but she caught a gesture from Ellis urging her to go on questioning her husband.

"I will love you, husband, whatever has happened. Only let me know the worst."

A pause, during which Nest and Ellis hung breathless.

"My father is dead, Nest."

Nest caught her breath with a sharp gasp.

"God forgive him!" said she, thinking on her babe.

"God forgive *me*!" said Owen.

"You did not—" Nest stopped.

"Yes, I did. Now you know it. It was my doom. How could I help it? The devil helped me—he placed the stone so that my father fell. I jumped into the water to save him. I did, indeed, Nest. I was nearly drowned myself. But he was dead—dead—killed by the fall!"

"Then he is safe at the bottom of the sea?" said Ellis, with hungry eagerness.

"No, he is not; he lies in my boat," said Owen, shivering a little, more at the thought of his last glimpse at his father's face than from cold.

"Oh, husband, change your wet clothes!" pleaded Nest, to whom the death of the old man was simply a horror with which she had nothing to do, while her husband's discomfort was a present trouble.

While she helped him to take off the wet garments which he would never have had energy enough to remove of himself, Ellis busied himself in preparing food, and mixing a great tumbler of spirits and hot water. He stood over the unfortunate young man and compelled him to eat and drink, and made Nest too taste some mouthfuls—all the while planning in his own

mind how best to conceal what had been done, and who had done it; not altogether without a certain feeling of vulgar triumph in the reflection that Nest, as she stood there, carelessly dressed, disheveled in her grief, was in reality the mistress of Bodowen, than which Ellis Pritchard had never seen a grander house, though he believed such might exist.

By dint of a few dextrous questions he found out all he wanted to know from Owen, as he ate and drank. In fact, it was almost a relief to Owen to dilute the horror by talking about it. Before the meal was done, if meal it could be called, Ellis knew all he cared to know.

"Now, Nest, on with your cloak and haps. Pack up what needs to go with you, for you and your husband must be half way to Liverpool by to-morrow's morn. I'll take you past Rhyl Sands in my fishing-boat, with yours in tow; and, once over the dangerous part, I'll return with my cargo of fish, and learn how much stir there is at Bodowen. Once safe hidden in Liverpool no one will know where you are, and you may stay quiet till your time comes for returning."

"I will never come home again," said Owen, doggedly. "The place is accursed!"

"Hoot! be guided by me, man. Why, it was bnt an accident, after all! And we'll land at the Holy Island, at the Point of Llyn; there is an old cousin of mine the parson there—for the Pritchards have known better days, Squire—and we'll bury him there. It was but an accident, man. Hold up your head! You and Nest will come home yet and fill Bodowen with children, and I'll live to see it."

"Never!" said Owen. "I am the last male of my race, and the son has murdered his father!"

Nest came in laden and cloaked. Ellis was for hurrying them off. The fire was extinguished, the door was locked.

"Here, Nest, my darling, let me take your bundle while I guide you down the steps." But her husband bent his head, and spoke never a word. Nest gave her father the bundle (already loaded with such things as he himself had seen fit to take), but clasped another softly and tightly.

"No one shall help me with this," said she, in a low voice.

Her father did not understand her; her husband did, and placed his strong, helping arm round her waist, and blessed her.

"We will all go together, Nest," said he. "But where?" and he looked up at the storm-tossed clouds coming up from windward.

"It is a dirty night," said Ellis, turning his head round to speak to his companions at last. "But never fear, we'll weather it!" And he made for the place where his vessel was moored. Then he stopped, and thought a moment.

"Stay here!" said he, addressing his companions. "I may meet folk, and I shall maybe have to hear and to speak. You wait here till I come back for you." So they sat down close together in a corner of the path.

"Let me look at him, Nest!" said Owen.

She took her little dead son out from under her shawl; they looked at his waxen face long and tenderly; kissed it, and covered it up reverently and softly.

"Nest," said Owen, at last, "I feel as though my father's spirit had been near us, and as if it had bent over our poor little one. A strange chilly air met me as I stooped over him. I could fancy the spirit of our pure, blameless child guiding my father's safe over the paths of the sky to the gates of heaven, and escaping those accursed dogs of hell that were darting up from the north in pursuit of souls not five minutes since."

"Don't talk so, Owen," said Nest, curling up to him in the darkness of the copse. "Who knows what may be listening?"

The pair were silent in a kind of nameless terror, till they heard Ellis Pritchard's loud whisper. "Where are ye? Come along, soft and steady. There were folk about even now, and the Squire is missed, and madam in a fright."

They went swiftly down to the little harbor, and embarked on board Ellis's boat. The sea heaved and rocked even there; the torn clouds went hurrying overhead in a wild tumultuous manner.

They put out into the bay; still in silence, except when some word of command was spoken by Ellis, who took the management of the vessel. They made for the rocky shore, where Owen's boat had been moored. It was not there. It had broken loose and disappeared.

Owen sat down and covered his face. This last event, so simple and natural in itself, struck on his excited and superstitious mind in an extraordinary manner. He had hoped for a certain reconciliation, so to say, by laying his father and his child both in one grave. But now it appeared to him as even there there was to be no forgiveness; as if his father revolted even in death against any such peaceful union. Ellis took a more practical view of the case. If the Squire's body was found drifting about in a boat known to belong to his son, it would create terrible suspicion as to the manner of his death. At one time in the evening Ellis had thought of persuading Owen to let him bury the Squire in a sailor's grave; or, in other words, to sew him up in a spare sail, and weighting it well sink it forever. He had not broached the subject from a certain fear of Owen's passionate repugnance to the plan; otherwise, if he had consented, they might have returned to Penmorfa, and passively awaited the course of events secure of Owen's succession to Bodowen, sooner or later: or if Owen was too much overwhelmed by what had happened, Ellis would have advised him to go away for a short time, and return when the buzz and the talk was over.

Now it was different. It was absolutely necessary that they must leave the country for a time. Through those stormy waters they must plow their way that very night. Ellis had no fear—would have had no fear at any rate, with

Owen as he had been a week, a day ago; but with Owen wild, despairing, helpless, fate-pursued, what could he do?

They sailed into the tossing darkness, and were never more seen of men.

The house of Bodowen has sunk into damp, dark ruins; and a Saxon stranger holds the lands of the Griffiths.

A MOHAMMEDAN GENTLEMAN:

HIS DEALINGS WITH HIS FELLOW-CREATURES.

A MOHAMMEDAN of the sacred order, a descendant of Shah Kahmaluddin Maulvi (whoever that may be), and native of the ancient city of Dhārānagar, in Malwa, a province of Hindostan, has recently given to the Christian public some account of his experiences and opinions of the world.

Shekh Lutfu'llah—so he writes himself—prefaces this autobiography with a pedigree tracing his ancestry through Noah, Methuselah, Enoch, Mahalaleel, and Seth, back to Adam, proving thus that the business of the herald's office of Dhārānagar is conducted upon unusually liberal principles.

Lutfu'llah, who is ninetyeth from Adam, "made his appearance in this world of wonders on Thursday, the 7th of Rajab, 1217 A.H.," which corresponds with the 4th of November, 1802. His father became a widower in his forty-ninth year. Although lost in grief he was induced, by the earnest solicitation of his friends, at the end of a year of widowerhood, to wed a girl of seventeen, "exquisite in beauty, perfect in virtue and goodness, and of a family fully equal to his own, both as regarded sacred and social advantages."

It was not till three years after he had contracted this alliance that the tree of the father's hope became fruitful, and the "humble author of these memoirs made his appearance on the stage of existence, to gladden the hearts of his fond parents, and of all those who felt an interest in their happiness." To mark their grateful sense of Heaven's kindness, and at the same time to commemorate the event in a manner which they considered the most appropriate, they bestowed on the child the name of Lutfu'llah, which, being interpreted, means "The favor of God."

Young Lutfu'llah's misfortunes began at a very early period of his life. He was but four years old when his father died, leaving to his widow and son for their subsistence naught but a share in the contributions made by pilgrims to the tomb and shrine of one of their ancestors, a Mohammedan saint of some renown. The only return from this share ever received by the survivors of the Maulvi, was the enmity of those members of the family who shared with them in these alms. These tried to murder the widow and her son; but failing in this, contented themselves with cheating them systematically of their share in the contributions of the Mohammedan pious.

To add to the distress of the family, a famine swept the country. Numbers of people died daily of starvation; famished corpses were dragged out of the cities by tens or twenties, and buried in huge pits dug for the purpose; and one woman, convicted of having killed, boiled, and eaten her neighbor's child, was paraded through the streets of the city, seated astride upon a donkey, with one side of her face painted white, the other black.

The famine was succeeded by the Pindarees—a set of robber-outcasts who inhabited the mountain fastnesses, and, two or three times a year, came down to the plains on excursions for purposes of pillage and murder. When news came of the advance of these marauders, jewels, money, and other valuables, were buried in the earth, and general preparations made to resist and endure. When an attack did take place, the inhabitants of Dhārānagar seem to have been in most miserable plight. The cannon-balls of the citadel, intended for the enemy, generally fell short, and caused fearful loss of life and property among the citizens; while the shots of the besiegers, which also fell short of the citadel, in like manner wrought destruction among the doomed inhabitants.

Finally, when victory declared in favor of the Pindarees, such of the citizens as had survived the onslaught became victims of the most refined tortures which these robber hordes practiced as the readiest means of getting at concealed treasures. The victim was pinioned and exposed bareheaded to the burning rays of the sun, his ears being at the same time pounded with a mallet or pinched with a gun-lock. If this was ineffectual, a stone of peculiar form and considerable weight was placed upon the head. A projection in its lower surface, about the size of a grape, caused intense torture by gradually forcing its way through the skull into the brain. Another mode was to tie tightly over the victim's face a horse's grain-bag, half filled with ashes and powdered red pepper. This caused first a violent fit of sneezing, but in a quarter of an hour a horrible death by suffocation.

The famine spared no one. The Pindarees, on the contrary, with admirable piety, religiously respected the sacred families. Thus, while their neighbors were being killed for their gold, Lutfu'llah and his mother were unmolested in their house, and received from the pious murderers much reverence and a small portion of the booty. Inasmuch, however, as it was known that the robbers held sacred even the houses of such as Lutfu'llah, the wise among the people had a habit of making deposits of valuables with the youth, on the eve of a Pindaree attack, for the safe keeping of which they afterward paid a small percentage. Thus our hero and his mother found their account in these misfortunes.

On the other hand, however, the Pindarees were sometimes beaten. And then woe to the poor devils who were caught alive. All the genius for torturing latent in the bosom of the East Indian was then aroused, and the prison-

ers atoned in blood and misery for the past misdeeds of their confederates. Beheading with the sword, blowing from the cannon's mouth, and throwing headlong from towers or down precipices, were the mildest of these punishments. One mode was to cause the victim to lay his head upon a flat stone; a nine-pound ball was then placed upon the temples, and the executioner, first asking permission three times of the presiding officer, struck the ball with a heavy wooden mallet, at once dashing out the brains and splintering the head. A dozen men were sometimes tied to an elephant, and dragged through the town. But the favorite style was to tear the prisoner to pieces. In this case an elephant, trained for the purpose, puts one foot on one of the legs of the culprit, and seizing the other leg with his trunk, with one twitch rends the body asunder, the covering of the bowels and half the skin of the body generally coming off with the leg pulled up.

At the age of five our hero, growing troublesome at home, was sent to school. A day of good luck was fixed upon, and the book being placed under his arm, he "was led to the place of instruction like a lamb to the slaughter-house." He made good progress in his lessons, and in the course of six months learned all the prayers of Islam, and was received every where with much consideration.

Presently, at the age of seven, he knew all the Koran by heart, was an adept in all the forms of prayer, and was sometimes put in the pulpit to repeat sermons on Fridays (the Mohammedan Sabbath), where he acquitted himself so well that every body kissed his hand, and the little priest was respected by all.

Soon after this he was placed under a Persian master, and, in addition, was forced to study Arabic in his spare hours, which, he says, "I hated, not knowing the importance of what I was learning." At the age of eight, this precocious young priest had gone through the celebrated works of the immortal Sadi, could write a passable hand in Persian, and knew thoroughly the elements of the Arabic grammar.

About this time (1810) Lutfu'llah first heard of the Feringees, or English. He gives the following interesting account of the rumors which preceded the conquering march of those invaders:

"About sixty years previously, during the reign of Mohammed Sháh, some foreign adventurers, wonderful in their character and manners, appeared in the country, where they began to establish themselves, taking advantage of the Emperor's weakness and of the universal discord among the nobles and governors of the provinces. Strange things were said regarding this wonderful people, who, it was affirmed, had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body, which made them appear abominably white. They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed Prophet, and they called themselves

Christians; but would not act upon the laws of the sacred Anjíl, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their worldly purposes. Most of them still worshiped images, and they ate every thing, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjíl (St. Matthew, v. 18 and 19); nay, they did not spare human flesh when driven to extremity. They had made three gods for themselves instead of one—the only Omnipotent Supreme Being—contrary to their first commandment; and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their Prophet and themselves Son and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversations, and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favor—that they were not unjust; and in the administration of justice never deviated from the sacred book of the ancient law of Solomon, son of David."

The necessities of his family shortly made a journey to Baroda advisable. Accordingly they embarked in some opium carts, the drivers of which, being faithful Moslems, of the Oilmen caste, "regularly worshiped" them, and, despite their poverty, "prayed five times a day with them, and made comfortable places in the carts" for the young priest, his mother, and uncle. It was in Baroda that Lutfu'llah first met with Feringees. He says:

"One morning as I was walking in the city to divert myself, I saw four men, two of them on horseback, and the other two walking along with them; to my great curiosity I found their complexion corresponding with what we had heard. I heard them talking among themselves, and their jargon sounded harsh and wild to my hearing. Their dress tightly fitted their bodies, without any skirt to screen such parts as the law of modesty has taught man to conceal. I felt inclined to accost them, but thought myself too young to venture on such an intrusion in a foreign city. I raised my hand, however, to my forehead, in token of salutation, without uttering the sacred sentence, 'As salámun alaikum,' to which my mind whispered none were entitled except true believers. They returned my salutation very kindly, which civility greatly softened my prejudices against them."

When the money raised by contributions of the Barodian faithful was spent, our hero's uncle projected another begging trip to Ujain. Here Lutfu'llah's mother married a man occupying a high position at court, and for a while the star of our hero's good fortune seemed to be in the ascendant. He had horses to ride, two men to wait upon him, masters to teach him the use of arms; and when he rode out to show himself to the people was received with acclamations.

In the midst of which glory he was awakened one morning at four o'clock by a volley of musketry and a shower of musket-balls about his ears; and, jumping up, found the house sur-

rounded by a troop of matchlock-men coolly reloading for another volley.

The Queen, whose favorite Lutfu'llah's father-in-law was, had died, and her successor had given orders that the late favorites be put out of the way. Of course the household was terror-struck. As for Lutfu'llah, he "felt firm enough, believing that there was no chance of my being killed, as I felt conscious of my innocence; and, further, that even if they put me to death, I should die a martyr, and would, in consequence, go to heaven, where I was sure to enjoy a better life in the palaces of rubies and diamonds, fed with nectarous food, and associating with Hürries—instead of this miserable life."

Meanwhile the doors were broken open, and the soldiery began to pillage the late favorite's house, carrying off whatever valuables they could lay their hands upon. Only the women's apartments were held sacred, even these lawless vagabonds refusing to invade the portion of the house devoted to the females. Here the household had taken refuge, and hence the late favorite made terms with his pursuers, by which the chief of these, in consideration of being permitted unrestrained pillage, swore a solemn oath to respect the favorite's person. Accordingly, a cow and a Brahmin, or priest, were brought, and the latter, putting the cow's tail in the commander's hand, poured water upon it, and uttered some sacred words in Sanscrit so terrible as to cause the poor man to tremble. Hereupon the family gave themselves up.

A further donation of 500 rupees made the commander of the attacking party their fast friend; and in two months, by means of various other bribes, the discarded favorite was favored with a robe of honor and a long speech, in high Durbar, as a balm for his troubles. Not receiving back his property, however, he organized a band of highwaymen, who, under charge of his brother, Lutfu'llah's uncle-in-law, pillaged his fellow-citizens for some years so effectually that the old fellow recovered more than he originally lost.

Meantime he consoled himself in his misfortunes by attributing them partly to destiny, and partly to the fact—now first remembered—that he had lately had his head shaved upon an unlucky day. Apropos of which, Shekh Lutfu'llah favors us with a list of omens, and a table of favorable and unfavorable days and seasons. He says: Although the law of our blessed Prophet rejects every kind of superstition, whether founded upon astrology or Arab traditions of the Dark Ages, yet even Mohammedans in general do still follow the errors of the false religions. Upon almost all undertakings of importance they will consult astrology; marriages, going on a journey, the birth of a child, the commencement of a building, venesection, and even shaving one's head, are all occasions which require an astrologer to be consulted, and lucky days and hours are appointed for such acts. Six days in every lunar month are considered unlucky; to find out these, count on the

tips of the fingers, beginning from the little finger to the thumb, and repeating the same for the thirty days; and the days that come on the tip of the middle finger are avoided. They are as follows: 3d, 8th, 13th, 18th, 23d, and 28th.

Mohammedans are particular in shunning the performance of business or going on a journey, as forbidden by the Prophet himself, during the moon's rotation of about fifty-four hours in the sign Scorpio. The rule for ascertaining this period every Mohammedan has by heart.

The seven planets—that is to say, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars—have dominion assigned to them by astrologers over the seven days of the week, and then each of the twenty-four hours of the day has been allotted to a planet dominant during that time. The times of the planets Saturn and Mars are considered unlucky, and those of the remaining five planets are thought good, except Thursday. On this day, though not an unlucky day, a visit to a sick person, inquiring after his health, or taking medicine, is strictly forbidden. Wednesday, governed by the planet Mercury, is appointed for commencing study; but to begin with any other business is prohibited. A child born on the day or hour of the planet Mars is thought to be by nature crafty, greedy, unjust, and hypocritical. A cat crossing the road of an individual on a journey will surely prevent his going at the time. In the same manner, a sneeze in his opposite direction will deter him from going to any place or undertaking any business: a sneeze heard at the right-hand side will prove to be of a contrary effect. In the same way, flights of birds, sight of a herd of deer, and many other things, are good or bad omens.

The following is a table of days, showing what employment may be successfully carried on upon each:

Days of the Week	The Planets assigned thereto.	Successful for	Unsuccessful for
Saturday..	Saturn..	Traffic.....	{Cutting or putting on new clothes, bleeding at the arm, and shaving the head.
Sunday....	Sun....	{Taking medicines, employment, cutting, and putting on new clothes.	
Monday...	Moon..	Building.	
Tuesday...	Mars...	Warfare	{Beginning with a building or marriage, and bleeding at the arm.
Wednesday	Mercury	{Study and scientific undertaking.	{Performing obsequies.
Thursday..	Jupiter.	Marriage.	
Friday....	Venus..	Journey.	

Curiously enough, Friday is here given as a fortunate day for commencing a journey, directly contrary to a superstition very prevalent among Christian nations.

When Lutfu'llah's mother had been married three years, she became the mother of a boy. His step-father, who had hitherto treated him kindly, now began to neglect and abuse him; whereupon our young Gil Blas determined to seek his fortune at a distance from his home. Providing himself with "one loaf, one sacred book, a beautiful volume of Hafiz, and a small cimeter," he set off on his journey toward Agra. On the second day of his journey, looking about for a solitary place to take rest for the night, he saw from afar a well. "Arriving near it, I asked one of the Rájput maidens, who were busily engaged in drawing water and carrying it home for their use, to give me a little water to quench my thirst.

"In reply, she asked me a question, with a lovely air, as pretty as herself: 'Have you nobody else to quench your thirst with but me?'

"'Madam,' replied I, 'I have none; but even if I had one, she could not be more than an atom before your incomparable beauty: a lamp can have no splendor before the sun.'

"This flattery produced a smile in her fair countenance, and she held her pot to me very gracefully, telling me, 'Drink till thou art satiated.'

Thanking her, he put both of his hands to his mouth in the form of a cup, and she kindly poured the water in a fine stream, "which I found greatly sweetened with the excellent scent of her rosy hand, and I drank until I was full. I then made a grateful bow to the beauty, who, taking her pot on her head, went home."

The reader will perceive that Munshi Lutfu'llah possesses the true Oriental gallantry.

Shortly after he meets a traveler, who proved to be a most dangerous customer—no less than a *Thug*. This fellow, at first, would have murdered the poor boy; but finding him too poor to make his murder profitable, he swore him to secrecy, and then initiated him into the mysteries of his horrible trade, remarking, at the same time, that he had seven pupils already in the neighborhood who worked for him. Being satisfied of his protégé's fidelity, he said to Lutfu'llah that it was not difficult to put an end to a man's life; but it *was* difficult to delude him, and to get into a little confidence with him for the performance of the act. "We adopt various modes," said he, "in making ourselves familiar with travelers: by appearing to them as mendicants, by engaging to be their guides, and even by acting as pimps for them. The woman I mentioned to you is for the last purpose. She attracts a traveler's attention immediately, and, fascinating him in her enchanting conversation, she leads him apart from the road, and then, pretending to be tired, sits under a tree, and takes out a tinder-box from her bag to strike fire for smoking. In the mean time, one of us arriving there, the traveler naturally dislikes such an intrusion, but the woman pacifies him by telling him 'he is my husband, or brother, and will soon go away about his business after taking a little fire, and then we will smoke and

talk at leisure.' During this talk, if the traveler is not enough off his guard in smoking and talking, etc., she, as if by accident, removes such a part of her dress as naturally very soon attracts his whole attention; and then any one of us throwing a handkerchief like this (exhibiting a long silk handkerchief with a knot) over his neck, gives him a pull which brings him down senseless; he, however, shakes his hands and legs a little, which are instantly silenced by giving one fatal kick. His person is then searched, and immediately interred at the same spot, and we pursue our way separately, engaging to meet again at a certain place on a certain day."

Listening to these abominable narratives, says Lutfu'llah, my ears became deaf, my eyes motionless, and my blood thrilled in my veins. My self-possession, however, I still maintained, and asked him another question, with the same indifference as before.

"Do you not relent at all when you commit this act?"

"No," replied he, "we are accustomed to it; a butcher is never moved when he kills his goat or cow. In the beginning one always feels compassionate a little, but practice renders every thing easy; upon such occasions we must think of the people's unkindness, selfishness, and remorselessness. For example, they would not give us a rupee were we dying with starvation, and they would not be moved at all if we were punished to death; so they must be treated similarly by us. In the commencement of the profession I myself was once very much disgusted at it.

"It happened that once I followed an old priest for about thirty miles from Kota, in the direction of Udepur. In the course of the first day's journey with him, I could find no opportunity to finish him. In the evening he put up with some of his friends, where I could not possibly intrude. The next morning, very early, he marched, and I accompanied him, sometimes following and sometimes preceding him. When the first quarter of the day had elapsed, he took his breakfast near a village, and, seeing me in a wretched condition, he gave me a piece of bread, which I received from him with an apparent eagerness, and thanked him, but never tasted it, thinking that eating his salt and then killing him would be an unpardonable infidelity in me. I told him I was going to Udepur to look for a situation, and he replied, 'May your undertaking be prosperous!' He proceeded on after his breakfast, and I after him, till noon, when the time of his prayer, or I may say his death, approached. He asked me if I knew any place nigh where water could be found for his ablution, if not, he might purify himself with the sand, and pray. I told him there was a stream of water running about a quarter of a mile thence, but it was a little apart from the road. He asked me to show it to him, and I made him follow me to the water, where he performed his purifications; and spreading his

cloth, began his prostrations. On rising up, heedless as he was, in the latter act of his devotion, I strangled him. He soon gave up the ghost, and, to my great despair, in searching his person I found only one 'pice' (half a cent) with him in ready cash, a rosary, and some pieces of dry bread. The body, however, I interred immediately, and returned. The next day I came to the village, where I had previously appointed to see my old mother, and found her there. I mentioned to her what had taken place, my being moved with compassion, and my determination of giving up my profession, telling her that I would rather starve to death than be obliged to stain my hands in future with innocent blood for such trifling gains. She did not like this unmanliness of mine, and taking the pice from me, she proceeded to the market-place, whence she returned with a bundle of about one pound in weight of small fish, or prawns. Placing the bundle before me, she said,

"Can you count these small animals, my son?"

"Yes," said I, "but it will require one whole day to count them, without any use."

"Then," returned she, "you foolish boy, do you not see how many lives are destroyed here for one pice? and you, like a stupid, cowardly, relenting fellow, seem concerned at the death of an old priest, who had one foot already in the grave. If a lion," observed she, "feels remorse over his prey, it is quite clear he must starve to death."

"This wholesome advice of the manly old woman," continued Juma, "restored my mind to my favorite profession, and I never afterward felt foolish remorse for my deeds."

After these revelations the old Thug turned his face from the fire, and commending his soul to the care of the Prophet, calmly sank to sleep. Lutfu'llah, waiting until he began to snore, crept quietly out of the mosque where they had found shelter, and then took to his heels, and stopped only when he was safe within the gates of Gohad, the nearest town. It was just daylight. The guards, alarmed at his appearance, immediately arrested him. He had only sufficient breath left to utter the words, "Juma, the Thug." At this name the entire guard was called out. Our hero described the place where he had left the famed Thug, respectfully declining to accompany the expedition which was immediately sent out for his capture.

Ere long Juma was brought in, securely pinioned. He was thrashed, beaten, and cut with swords all over his body. The minister and the people present recognized him, as he had escaped from their prison once before. All of them spat on his face, and his person then being searched, the money found thereon was taken by the officers, and without any further inquiry or delay, he was tied to the mouth of a large cannon, and in a second blown into atoms, and all his hopes of committing murders in future were in one instant at an end.

After various adventures, Lutfu'llah at length reached Agra. Here he remained in prosperity for five years—till 1817—when he started again upon his wanderings, first, however, going to Ujain to see his mother, for whom he seems to have entertained through life a most earnest and beautiful affection. We have not space to report his haps and mishaps for the next six years, among Bheels and mountain robbers, as courtier, as teacher of Persian and Hindostanee to English officers, as deputy postmaster in a remote village, and again as teacher. Suffice it that, in 1823, he was settled in Satara, a fortified town on the Malabar coast, where he taught Arabic, Persian, Maratha, and Hindostanee, and studied English. His time now passed quietly, and he was evidently preparing to enjoy a rest after his wanderings. But his domestic affairs caused him much trouble and uneasiness. Servants were but thieves, and by their neglect and their misdeeds his quiet was embittered. "To remedy such evils," he says, "I felt the necessity of having a person to superintend my household, and be a companion to me during my lonesome hours."

Thus, "being compelled by circumstances," he married, in September, 1824, a young lady from a neighboring town. Upon this important event he moralizes somewhat uniquely as follows:

"Man is naturally deluded by temptations, and in many cases he is not undeceived until he finds himself completely entangled in the net of trouble. In overrating small evils we generally bring upon ourselves heavier ones. The dream of my happiness in the married state was but a short one, and I soon found myself more involved in domestic anxieties than before. When a bachelor, I thought for myself only, but now I had to think for another person too, whose fate had joined mine. The repletion of my purse likewise began to be changed for depletion; and to crown all these difficulties, to my great sorrow, I discovered my new companion to be of a very pettish and hypochondriacal temper, to which I had to submit in future.

"Such inconveniences can be easily obviated by our law in divorcing a wife, not only for crimes, but even if she is disagreeable. But who can have the heart to part with his faithful companion without serious cause? This bad practice prevails only among the lower classes of the people. A man of high station in life may marry four wives at once or gradually, and may have as many handmaids as he can support; then from among such a number he is sure to find one who gives him every satisfaction, and the rest may be maintained without being repudiated, each knowing that she has only herself to thank for a rival in her lord's affections, as she ought to have made herself so dear to him that he could not have desired a change. Here I drop the grand subject of monogamy and polygamy, controverted between the doctors of Mohammedanism and Christian-

ity. There are many things to be said on both sides, but I will not enlarge my journal with these discussions. I side with my own law, though I have been a monogamist throughout all my life."

With this result, it is not strange that ere many years Munshí Lutfu'llah again set out upon a tour, which lasted until March, 1833, when he returned to Surat, the then residence of his wife. Here for a while he practiced medicine; but a son being born to him, he was so burdened with the heavy charges of a nurse and the expense of alms and presents requisite upon such occasions in India, that he was obliged to begin teaching again. Presently, however, he was asked to become secretary to the then Nwab of Surat, who, on his accepting the office, gave him a very valuable pair of shawls and a memorandum of his future emoluments, of which the following is a copy:

"Memorandum of the Monthly Allowances of the Munshí Lutfu'llah Khán Sáhib, from the Sarkár of His Highness Kamru'd-daulah, Hashmat Jang, Bahádúr, Nwab of Surat.

"Rupees, fifty-one in ready cash; Free Table; Dry Provisions for the Family; one Horse, with a Groom and two Peons always in attendance upon him; two Suits of Clothes annually."

This he found "quite sufficient for a gentleman of India blessed with contentment."

Scarce is a year passed, however, ere our "gentleman of India blessed with contentment" resigns his office in disgust, and again becomes tutor to British officers. In this employment he follows his pupils, marching with the army, and undergoing various hardships. Always patient, always ready to seize Dame Fortune by the forelock, always believing that what is written must come to pass, and that man is powerless to struggle against the hand of destiny, our Munshí goes through the world eating calmly the bread of contentment, and taking the ills and the favors of life with the like imperturbable spirit.

Rising from his couch one morning he beholds an immense scorpion resting tranquilly beside him. It was black in the body, with small bristles all over, dark green in the tail, and red at the sting. An European would have made haste to put the reptile out of the world. Lutfu'llah, on the contrary, long regards it with horror. An Afghan friend coming in and seeing it says, grandiloquently,

"Lutfu'llah, you are a lucky man, having made a narrow escape this morning. This cursed worm is called Jerrará, and its fatal sting puts a period to animal life in a moment; return, therefore, your thanks to the Lord, all merciful, who gave you a new life in having saved you from the mortal sting of this evil bed-companion of yours."

"I have no fear of the worm," replies Lutfu'llah, "for it dare not sting me unless it is written in the book of my fate to be stung by it."

"Saying this, I made the animal crawl into a small earthen vessel, and stopped the mouth

of it with clay; and then making a large fire, I put the vessel therein for an hour or so, to turn the reptile into ashes, which, administered in doses of half a grain to adults, are a specific remedy for violent colicky pains."

In his journeys he meets some European ladies, whose beauty exceedingly delights him, but whose freedom from restraint causes him a bitter pang. He thinks the Mohammedan custom of secluding women infinitely preferable, and says:

The time of the Mohammedan ladies being occupied in needle-work, in the performance of their religious duties five times a day, in looking over their kitchens and other household affairs, they have no leisure to think of admirers. Their marriages are arranged by their parents, who are their best friends, and whose experience in worldly affairs must be greater than theirs. Opportunities are in general afforded to the bride to see her would-be husband from a loophole or a window before she is married to him; and no matrimonial contract is considered binding unless the lawfully attested consent of both parties is first obtained, and taken down by the law officer appointed by the Government to solemnize the marriage. Thus many bitter feuds and lasting animosities, which poison the minds of contending rivals, are avoided. In short, seclusion secures women from those delusions and temptations which irritate the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse; while, never having tested the universal triumph and dominion which beauty gives in the circle of Europe, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms.

Finally, Mír Jaffir Alí, a prince deposed by the East India Company, desirous of visiting England in search of justice, engaged our Munshí to accompany him as secretary; and thus was brought about a journey, as he says, "from the middle of the globe to the end of the world," which "end of the world" he characterizes as a country "where the sun appears, far to the south, as weak as the moon, and the polar star nearly vertical; where the country all over is fertile, and the people ingenious, civil, and active; where the language, customs, and manners are entirely different from our own; where, in fine, the destiny of our sweet native land lies in the hand of some twenty-five great men. It can not be, I am sure, without the will of that one Supreme Being that this small island, which seems on the globe like a mole on the body of a man, should command the greater part of the world, and keep the rest in awe."

Among the sights which caused him most surprise on this journey was an ocean steamer, of which he says:

"Upon the whole, the sight of this exceedingly big sea-monster will give you an idea of a roaring Satan making its appearance to devour up all that may come in its way."

At Aden they landed for a few hours, and, to Lutfu'llah's disgust, were beset with requests to

take a donkey ride. In India, to ride an ass is a public disgrace. As a citizen of the world, however, our Munshî hesitated not to suit himself to the necessities of the case—there being naught but asses to be ridden. Not so the Prince Mîr Jaffîr Alî Khan, a large, heavy man, who, after a vain refusal, demonstrated to the Arab driver the impossibility of the required feat, by taking the donkey up in his arms and carrying it easily to some distance. After that the question of donkey-riding was considered settled—so far as regarded the Khan.

Of Jeddah, the port of Mecca, he has the following curious legend:

"When our first parents were thrown from the blissful region, under the wrath of God, for their transgression, Adam was destined to fall at Ceylon, and Eve at this place. They there wandered about for some years in the wilderness, and had at last the pleasure of meeting each other in the holy land of Jerusalem. The old lady, it is stated, at the concluding part of her life, requested to be conveyed to the same place where her feet first touched the earth. This being done, she departed this life, and was interred at this place, whence it has been called Jeddah from time immemorial. I have been informed there is a tomb of enormous length in the vicinity of this town, consecrated up to this time in the name of Mother Eve."

Of the wonders Lutfu'llah saw in England we can give naught, having space only for the short paragraph wherein he sums up his opinion of Englishmen, saying that "they are entirely submissive to the law, and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable."

Having failed to accomplish their mission, the party returned to Surat in December, 1844. In January, 1847, Madame Lutfu'llah, having had an attack of the cholera, "left this world for the next."

And here comes the worthy Munshî's farewell word, which we give, uncurtailed of its fair proportions:

"My grief for this severe and irreparable loss was so great, that I thought of renouncing the world at once. But my friends and companions, especially my chief, blindfolded me again, and led me into the worldly delusions by degrees, and again I gave in my neck to be yoked to the wagon of worldly cares. On Monday, the 12th of July, 1847, again I entered into the marriage contract with Wilâyatî Khânum, the adopted daughter of Najîbu'n-nissabegam, eldest daughter of the late Nuwâb of Sûrat; and by this lady I am blessed with four children—three girls and one boy. May God bless them all! My domestic cares are now aggravated, my years advanced, and my income in-

adequate to cover the expenses of a large family. But I resign myself to the will of that Omniscient Being whose omnipotent power first creates the food, and then his creatures destined to live upon it. Amen!"

To which we respond, Amen!

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER V.

FAMILY JARS.

AS Harry Warrington related to his new-found relative the simple story of his adventures at home, no doubt Madam Bernstein, who possessed a great sense of humor and a remarkable knowledge of the world, formed her judgment respecting the persons and events described; and if her opinion was not in all respects favorable, what can be said but that men and women are imperfect, and human life not entirely pleasant or profitable? The court and city-bred lady recoiled at the mere thought of her American sister's countryfied existence. Such a life would be rather wearisome to most city-bred ladies. But little Madam Warrington knew no better, and was satisfied with her life, as indeed she was with herself in general. Because you and I are epicures or dainty feeders, it does not follow that Hodge is miserable with his homely meal of bread and bacon. Madam Warrington had a life of duties and employments which might be hum-drum, but at any rate were pleasant to her. She was a brisk little woman of business, and all the affairs of her large estate came under her cognizance. No pie was baked at Castlewood but her little finger was in it. She set the maids to their spinning, she saw the kitchen wenches at their work, she trotted afield on her pony, and oversaw the overseers and the negro hands as they worked in the tobacco and corn-fields. If a slave was ill, she would go to his quarters, in any weather, and doctor him with great resolution. She had a book full of receipts after the old fashion, and a closet where she distilled waters and compounded elixirs, and a medicine-chest which was the terror of her neighbors. They trembled to be ill, lest the little lady should be upon them with her decoctions and her pills.

A hundred years back there were scarce any towns in Virginia; the establishments of the gentry were little villages, in which they and their vassals dwelt. Rachel Esmond ruled like a little queen in Castlewood; the princes, her neighbors, governed their estates round about. Many of these were rather needy potentates, living plentifully but in the roughest fashion; having numerous domestics whose liveries were often ragged; keeping open houses, and turning away no stranger from their gates; proud, idle, fond of all sorts of field sports, as became gentlemen of good lineage. The widow of Castlewood was as hospitable as her neighbors, and



a better economist than most of them. More than one, no doubt, would have had no objection to share her life-interest in the estate, and supply the place of papa to her boys. But where was the man good enough for a person of her ladyship's exalted birth? There was a talk of making the Duke of Cumberland viceroy, or even king, over America. Madam Warrington's gossips laughed, and said she was waiting for him. She remarked, with much gravity and dignity, that persons of as high birth as his Royal Highness had made offers of alliance to the Esmond family.

She had, as lieutenant under her, an officer's widow, who has been before named, and who had been Madam Esmond's companion at school, as her late husband had been the regimental friend of the late Mr. Warrington. When the English girls at the Kensington Academy, where Rachel Esmond had her education, teased and tortured the little American stranger, and laughed at the principled airs which she gave herself from a very early age, Fanny Parker defended and befriended her. They both married ensigns in Kingsley's. They became tenderly attached to each other. It was "my Fanny" and "my Rachel" in the letters of the young ladies. Then, my Fanny's husband died in sad out-at-elbowed circumstances, leaving no provision for his widow and her infant; and, in one of his annual voyages, Captain Franks brought over Mrs. Mountain, in the *Young Rachel*, to Virginia.

There was plenty of room in Castlewood House, and Mrs. Mountain served to enliven the place. She played cards with the mistress; she had some knowledge of music, and could help the eldest boy in that way; she laughed

and was pleased with the guests; she saw to the strangers' chambers, and presided over the presses and the linen. She was a kind, brisk, jolly-looking widow, and more than one unmarried gentleman of the colony asked her to change her name for his own. But she chose to keep that of Mountain, though, and perhaps because, it had brought her no good fortune. One marriage was enough for her, she said. Mr. Mountain had amiably spent her little fortune and his own. Her last trinkets went to pay his funeral; and as long as Madam Warrington would keep her at Castlewood, she preferred a home without a husband to any which as yet had been offered to her in Virginia. The two ladies quarreled plentifully; but they loved each other: they made up their differences: they fell out again, to be reconciled presently. When either of the boys was ill, each lady vied with the other in maternal tenderness and care. In his last days and illness, Mrs. Mountain's cheerfulness and kindness had been greatly appreciated by the Colonel, whose memory Madam Warrington regarded more than that of any living person. So that, year after year, when Captain Franks would ask Mrs. Mountain, in his

pleasant way, whether she was going back with him that voyage? she would decline, and say that she proposed to stay a year more.

And when suitors came to Madam Warrington, as come they would, she would receive their compliments and attentions kindly enough, and asked more than one of these lovers whether it was Mrs. Mountain he came after? She would use her best offices with Mountain. Fanny was the best creature, was of a good English family, and would make any gentleman happy. Did the Squire declare it was to her and not her dependent that he paid his addresses? she would make him her gravest courtesy, say that she really had been utterly mistaken as to his views, and let him know that the daughter of the Marquis of Esmond lived for her people and her sons, and did not propose to change her condition. Have we not read how Queen Elizabeth was a perfectly sensible woman of business, and was pleased to inspire not only terror and awe, but love in the bosoms of her subjects? So the little Virginian princess had her favorites, and accepted their flatteries, and grew tired of them, and was cruel or kind to them as suited her wayward imperial humor. There was no amount of compliment which she would not graciously receive and take as her due. Her little foible was so well known that the wags used to practice upon it. Rattling Jack Firebrace of Henrico county had free quarters for months at Castlewood, and was a prime favorite with the lady there, because he addressed verses to her which he stole out of the pocket-books. Tom Humboldt of Spotsylvania wagered fifty hogsheads against five that he would make her institute an order of knighthood, and won his wager.

The elder boy saw these freaks and oddities of his good mother's disposition, and chafed and raged at them privately. From very early days he revolted when flatteries and compliments were paid to the little lady, and strove to expose them with his juvenile satire; so that his mother would say, gravely, "The Esmonds were always of a jealous disposition, and my poor boy takes after my father and mother in this." George hated Jack Firebrace and Tom Humboldt, and all their like; whereas Harry went out sporting with them, and fowling, and fishing, and cock-fighting, and enjoyed all the fun of the country.

One winter, after their first tutor had been dismissed, Madam Esmond took them to Williamsburg, for such education as the schools and college there afforded, and there it was the fortune of the family to listen to the preaching of the famous Mr. Whitfield, who had come into Virginia, where the habits and preaching of the established clergy were not very edifying. Unlike many of the neighboring provinces, Virginia was a Church of England colony: the clergymen were paid by the State and had glebes allotted to them; and, there being no Church of England bishop as yet in America, the colonists were obliged to import their divines from the mother-country. Such as came were not, naturally, of the very best or most eloquent kind of pastors. Noblemen's hangers-on, insolvent parsons who had quarreled with justice or the bailiff, brought their stained cassocks into the colony in the hopes of finding a living there. No wonder that Whitfield's great voice stirred those whom harmless Mr. Broadbent, the Williamsburg chaplain, never could awaken. At first the boys were as much excited as their mother by Mr. Whitfield: they sang hymns, and listened to him with fervor, and, could he have remained long enough among them, Harry and George had both worn black coats probably instead of epaulets. The simple boys communicated their experiences to one another, and were on the daily and nightly look-out for the sacred "call," in the hope or the possession of which such a vast multitude of Protestant England was thrilling at the time.

But Mr. Whitfield could not stay always with the little congregation of Williamsburg. His mission was to enlighten the whole benighted people of the Church, and from the East to the West to trumpet the truth and bid slumbering sinners awaken. However, he comforted the widow with precious letters, and promised to send her a tutor for her sons who should be capable of teaching them not only profane learning, but of strengthening and confirming them in science much more precious.

In due course, a chosen vessel arrived from England. Young Mr. Ward had a voice as loud as Mr. Whitfield's, and could talk almost as readily and for as long a time. Night and evening the hall sounded with his exhortations. The domestic negroes crept to the doors to listen to him. Other servants darkened the porch

windows with their crisp heads to hear him discourse. It was over the black sheep of the Castlewood flock that Mr. Ward somehow had the most influence. These woolly lamblings were immensely affected by his exhortations, and when he gave out the hymn, there was such a negro chorus about the house as might be heard across the Potomac—such a chorus as would never have been heard in the Colonel's time—for that worthy gentleman had a suspicion of all cassocks, and said he would never have any controversy with a clergyman but upon backgammon. Where money was wanted for charitable purposes no man was more ready, and the good, easy Virginian clergyman, who loved backgammon heartily, too, said that the worthy Colonel's charity must cover his other shortcomings.

Ward was a handsome young man. His preaching pleased Madam Esmond from the first, and, I dare say, satisfied her as much as Mr. Whitfield's. Of course it can not be the case at the present day when they are so finely educated, but women, a hundred years ago, were credulous, eager to admire and believe, and apt to imagine all sorts of excellences in the object of their admiration. For weeks, nay months, Madam Esmond was never tired of hearing Mr. Ward's great glib voice and voluble commonplaces; and, according to her wont, she insisted that her neighbors should come and listen to him, and ordered them to be converted. Her young favorite, Mr. Washington, she was especially anxious to influence; and again and again pressed him to come and stay at Castlewood and benefit by the spiritual advantages there to be obtained. But that young gentleman found he had particular business which called him home, or away from home, and always ordered his horse of evenings when the time was coming for Mr. Ward's exercises. And—what boys are just toward their pedagogue?—the twins grew speedily tired, and even rebellious, under their new teacher.

They found him a bad scholar, a dull fellow, and ill-bred to boot. George knew much more Latin and Greek than his master, and caught him in perpetual blunders and false quantities. Harry, who could take much greater liberties than were allowed to his elder brother, mimicked Ward's manner of eating and talking, so that Mrs. Mountain, and even Madam Esmond, were forced to laugh, and little Fanny Mountain would crow with delight. Madam Esmond would have found the fellow out for a vulgar quack but for her son's opposition, which she, on her part, opposed with her own indomitable will. "What matters whether he has more or less of profane learning?" she asked; "in that which is most precious, Mr. W. is able to be a teacher to all of us. What if his manners are a little rough? Heaven does not choose its elect from among the great and wealthy. I wish you knew *one* book, children, as well as Mr. Ward does. It is your wicked pride—the pride of all the Esmonds—which prevents you

from listening to him. Go down on your knees in your chamber and pray to be corrected of that dreadful fault." Ward's discourse that evening was about Naaman the Syrian, and the pride he had in his native rivers of Abanah and Pharpar, which he vainly imagined to be superior to the healing waters of Jordan—the moral being that he, Ward, was the keeper and guardian of the undoubted waters of Jordan, and that the unhappy, conceited boys must go to perdition unless they came to him.

George now began to give way to a wicked sarcastic method, which, perhaps, he had inherited from his grandfather, and with which, when a quiet skillful young person chooses to employ it, he can make a whole family uncomfortable. He took up Ward's pompous remarks and made jokes of them, so that that young divine chafed and almost choked over his great meals. He made Madam Esmond angry, and doubly so when he sent off Harry into fits of laughter. Her authority was defied, her officer scorned and insulted, her youngest child perverted, by the obstinate elder brother. She made a desperate and unhappy attempt to maintain her power.

The boys were fourteen years of age, Harry being taller and much more advanced than his brother, who was delicate and, as yet, almost child-like in stature and appearance. The *baculine* method was a quite common mode of argument in those days. Sergeants, schoolmasters, slave-overseers, used the cane freely. Our little boys had been horsed many a day by Mr. Dempster, their Scotch tutor, in their grandfather's time; and Harry, especially, had got to be quite accustomed to the practice, and made very light of it. But in the interregnum after Colonel Esmond's death, the cane had been laid aside, and the young gentlemen of Castlewood had been allowed to have their own way. Her own and her lieutenant's authority being now spurned by the youthful rebels, the unfortunate mother thought of restoring it by means of coercion. She took counsel of Mr. Ward. That athletic young pedagogue could easily find chapter and verse to warrant the course which he wished to pursue—in fact, there was no doubt about the wholesomeness of the practice in those days. He had begun by flattering the boys, finding a good berth and snug quarters at Castlewood, and hoping to remain there. But they laughed at his flattery, they scorned his bad manners, they yawned soon at his sermons; the more their mother favored him the more they disliked him; and so the tutor and the pupils cordially hated each other. Mrs. Mountain, who was the boys' friend—especially George's friend, whom she thought unjustly treated by his mother—warned the lads to be prudent, and that some conspiracy was hatching against them. "Ward is more obsequious than ever to your mamma. It turns my stomach, it does, to hear him flatter, and to see him gobble—the odious wretch! You must be on your guard, my poor boys—you must learn your les-

sons, and not anger your tutor. A mischief will come—I know it will. Your mamma was talking about you to Mr. Washington the other day when I came into the room. I don't like that Major Washington—you know I don't. Don't say—Oh, Mounty! Master Harry. You always stand up for your friends, you do. The Major is very handsome and tall, and he may be very good, but he is much too *old* a young man for me. Bless you, my dears, the quantity of wild oats your father sowed, and my own poor Mountain, when they were Ensigns in Kingsley's, would fill sacks full! Show me Mr. Washington's wild oats, I say—not a grain! Well, I happened to step in last Tuesday when he was here with your mamma, and I am sure they were talking about you, for he said, 'Discipline is discipline, and must be preserved. There can be but one command in a house, ma'am, and you must be the mistress of yours.'"

"The very words he used to me," cries Harry. "He told me that he did not like to meddle with other folks' affairs, but that our mother was very angry—dangerously angry, he said—and he begged me to obey Mr. Ward, and specially to press George to do so."

"Let him manage his own house, not mine," says George, very haughtily. And the caution, far from benefiting him, only rendered the lad more supercilious and refractory.

On the next day the storm broke, and vengeance fell on the little rebel's head. Words passed between George and Mr. Ward during the morning study. The boy was quite insubordinate and unjust: even his faithful brother cried out, and owned that he was in the wrong. Mr. Ward kept his temper—to compress, bottle up, cork down, and prevent your anger from present furious explosion, is called keeping your temper—and said he should speak upon this business to Madam Esmond. When the family met at dinner Mr. Ward requested her ladyship to stay, and, temperately enough, laid the subject of dispute before her.

He asked Master Harry to confirm what he had said, and poor Harry was obliged to admit all the Dominie's statements.

George, standing under his grandfather's portrait by the chimney, said, haughtily, that what Mr. Ward had said was perfectly correct.

"To be a tutor to such a pupil is absurd," said Mr. Ward, making a long speech, interspersed with many of his usual Scripture phrases, at each of which, as they occurred, that wicked young George smiled and pished scornfully, and, at length, Ward ended by asking her honor's leave to retire.

"Not before you have punished this wicked and disobedient child," said Madam Esmond, who had been gathering anger during Ward's harangue, and especially at her son's behavior.

"Punish!" says George.

"Yes, Sir, punish! If means of love and entreaty fail, as they have with your proud heart, other means must be found to bring you to obedience. I punish you now, rebellious boy, to



THE TUTOR IN TROUBLE.

guard you from greater punishment hereafter. The discipline of this family must be maintained. There can be but one command in a house, and I must be the mistress of mine. You will punish this refractory boy, Mr. Ward, as we have agreed that you should do, and if there is the least resistance on his part, my overseer and servants will lend you aid."

In some such words the widow no doubt must have spoken, but with many vehement Scriptural allusions which it does not become this chronicler to copy. To be forever applying to the Sacred Oracles, and accommodating their sentences to your purpose—to be forever taking Heaven into your confidence about your private affairs, and passionately calling for its interference in your family quarrels and difficulties—to

be so familiar with its designs and schemes as to be able to threaten your neighbor with its thunders, and to know precisely its intentions regarding him and others who differ from your infallible opinion—this was the schooling which our simple widow had received from her impetuous young spiritual guide, and I doubt whether it brought her much comfort.

In the midst of his mother's harangue—in spite of it, perhaps—George Esmond felt he had been wrong. "There can be but one command in the house, and you must be mistress—I know who said those words before you," George said, slowly, and looking very white, "and—and I know, mother, that I have acted wrongly to Mr. Ward."

"He owns it! He asks pardon!" cries Har-

ry. "That's right, George! That's enough: isn't it?"

"No, it is *not* enough!" cried the little woman. "The disobedient boy must pay the penalty of his disobedience. When I was headstrong, as I sometimes was as a child before my spirit was changed and humbled, my mamma punished me, and I submitted. So must George. I desire you will do your duty, Mr. Ward."

"Stop, mother! you don't quite know what you are doing," George said, exceedingly agitated.

"I know that he who spares the rod spoils the child, ungrateful boy!" says Madam Esmond, with more references of the same nature, which George heard, looking very pale and desperate.

Upon the mantle-piece, under the Colonel's portrait, stood a china cup, by which the widow set great store, as her father had always been accustomed to drink from it. George suddenly took it in his hand, and a strange smile passed over his pale face.

"Stay one minute. Don't go away yet," he cried to his mother, who was leaving the room. "You—you are very fond of this cup, mother?" and Harry looked at him, wondering. "If I broke it, it could never be mended, could it? All the tinkers' rivets would not make it a whole cup again. My dear old grandpapa's cup! I have been wrong. Mr. Ward, I ask pardon. I will try and amend."

The widow looked at her son indignantly, almost scornfully. "I thought," she said, "I thought an Esmond had been more of a man than to be afraid, and"—here she gave a little scream as Harry uttered an exclamation, and dashed forward with his hands stretched out toward his brother.

George, after looking at the cup, raised it, opened his hand, and let it fall on the marble slab below him. Harry had tried in vain to catch it.

"It is too late, Hal," George said. "You will never mend that again—never. Now, mother, I am ready, as it is your wish. Will you come and see whether I am afraid? Mr. Ward, I am your servant. Your servant? Your slave! And the next time I meet Mr. Washington, madam, I will thank him for the advice which he gave you."

"I say, do your duty, Sir!" cried Mrs. Esmond, stamping her little foot. And George, making a low bow to Mr. Ward, begged him to go first out of the room to the study.

"Stop! For God's sake, mother, stop!" cried poor Hal. But passion was boiling in the little woman's heart, and she would not hear the boy's petition. "You only abet him, Sir!" she cried. "If I had to do it myself it should be done!" And Harry, with sadness and wrath in his countenance, left the room by the door through which Mr. Ward and his brother had just issued.

The widow sank down on a great chair near it, and sat a while vacantly looking at the frag-

ments of the broken cup. Then she inclined her head toward the door—one of half a dozen of carved mahogany which the Colonel had brought from Europe. For a while there was silence: then a loud outcry, which made the poor mother start.

In another minute Mr. Ward came out bleeding, from a great wound on his head, and behind him Harry, with flaring eyes, and brandishing a little conteau-de-chasse of his grandfather, which hung with others of the Colonel's weapons on the Library wall.

"I don't care. I did it," says Harry. "I couldn't see this fellow strike my brother; and, as he lifted his hand, I flung the great ruler at him. I couldn't help it. I won't bear it; and, if one lifts a hand to me or my brother, I'll have his life," shouts Harry, brandishing the hanger.

The widow gave a great gasp and a sigh as she looked at the young champion and his victim. She must have suffered terribly during the few minutes of the boys' absence; and the stripes which she imagined had been inflicted on the elder had smitten her own heart. She longed to take both boys to it. She was not angry now. Very likely she was delighted with the thought of the younger's prowess and generosity. "You are a very naughty disobedient child," she said, in an exceedingly peaceable voice. "My poor Mr. Ward! What a rebel, to strike you! Papa's great ebony ruler, was it? Lay down that hanger, child. 'Twas General Webb gave it to my papa after the siege of Lille. Let me bathe your wound, my good Mr. Ward, and thank Heaven it was no worse. Mountain! Go fetch me some couplaster out of the middle drawer in the japan cabinet. Here comes George. Put on your coat and waistcoat, child! You were going to take your punishment, Sir, and that is sufficient. Ask pardon, Harry, of good Mr. Ward, for your wicked rebellious spirit—I do, with all my heart, I am sure. And guard against your passionate nature, child—and pray to be forgiven. My son, Oh, my son!" Here, with a burst of tears which she could no longer control, the little woman threw herself on the neck of her eldest born; while Harry, laying the hanger down, went up very feebly to Mr. Ward, and said, "Indeed, I ask your pardon, Sir. I couldn't help it; on my honor I couldn't; nor bear to see my brother struck."

The widow was scared, as after her embrace she looked up at George's pale face. In reply to her eager caresses, he coldly kissed her on the forehead, and separated from her. "You meant for the best, mother," he said, "and I was in the wrong. But the cup is broken; and all the king's horses and all the king's men can not mend it. There—Put the fair side outward on the mantle-piece, and the wound will not show."

Again Madam Esmond looked at the lad, as he placed the fragments of the poor cup on the ledge where it had always been used to stand.

Her power over him was gone. He had dominated her. She was not sorry for the defeat; for women like not only to conquer, but to be conquered; and from that day the young gentleman was master at Castlewood. His mother admired him as he went up to Harry, graciously and condescendingly gave Hal his hand, and said, "Thank you, brother!" as if he were a prince, and Harry a general who had helped him in a great battle.

Then George went up to Mr. Ward, who was still piteously bathing his eye and forehead in the water. "I ask pardon for Hal's violence, Sir," George said, in great state. "You see, though we are very young, we are gentlemen, and can not brook an insult from strangers. I should have submitted, as it was mamma's desire; but I am glad she no longer entertains it."

"And pray, Sir, who is to compensate *me*?" says Mr. Ward, "who is to repair the insult done to *me*?"

"We are very young," says George, with another of his old-fashioned bows. "We shall be fifteen soon. Any compensation that is usual among gentlemen".....

"This, Sir, to a minister of the word!" bawls out Ward, starting up, and who knew perfectly well the lads' skill in fence, having a score of times been foiled by the pair of them.

"You are not a clergyman yet. We thought you might like to be considered as a gentleman. We did not know."

"A gentleman! I am a Christian, Sir!" says Ward, glaring furiously, and clenching his great fists.

"Well, well, if you won't fight, why don't you forgive!" says Harry. "If you don't forgive, why don't you fight? That's what I call the horns of a dilemma;" and he laughed his frank, jolly laugh.

But this was nothing to the laugh a few days afterward, when, the quarrel having been patched up, along with poor Mr. Ward's eye, the unlucky tutor was holding forth according to his custom. He tried to preach the boys into respect for him, to reawaken the enthusiasm which the congregation had felt for him; he wrestled with their manifest indifference, he implored Heaven to warm their cold hearts again, and to lift up those who were falling back. All was in vain. The widow wept no more at his harangues, was no longer excited by his loudest tropes and similes, nor appeared to be much frightened by the very hottest menaces with which he peppered his discourse. Nay, she pleaded headache, and would absent herself of an evening, on which occasion the remainder of the little congregation was very cold indeed. One day then, Ward, still making desperate efforts to get back his despised authority, was preaching on the beauty of subordination, the present lax spirit of the age, and the necessity of obeying our spiritual and temporal rulers. "For why, my dear friends," he nobly asked

(he was in the habit of asking immensely dull questions, and straightway answering them with corresponding platitudes), "why are governors appointed, but that we should be governed? Why are tutors engaged, but that children should be taught?" (here a look at the boys) "Why are rulers—" Here he paused, looking with a sad, puzzled face at the young gentlemen. He saw in their countenances the double meaning of the unlucky word he had uttered, and stammered, and thumped the table with his fist. "Why, I say, are rulers—"

"Rulers!" says George, looking at Harry.

"Rulers!" says Hal, putting his hand to his eye, where the poor tutor still bore marks of the late scuffle. Rulers, o-ho! It was too much. The boys burst out in an explosion of laughter. Mrs. Mountain, who was full of fun, could not help joining in the chorus; and little Fanny, who had always behaved very demurely and silently at these ceremonies, crowed again, and clapped her little hands at the others laughing, not in the least knowing the reason why.

This could not be borne. Ward shut down the book before him; in a few angry, but eloquent and manly words, said he would speak no more in that place, and left Castlewood not in the least regretted by Madam Esmond, who had doted on him three months before.



CHAPTER VI.

THE VIRGINIANS BEGIN TO SEE THE WORLD.

AFTER the departure of her unfortunate spiritual adviser and chaplain, Madam Esmond and her son seemed to be quite reconciled. But although George never spoke of the quarrel with his mother, it must have weighed upon the boy's mind very painfully, for he had a fever soon after the last recounted domestic occurrences, during which illness his brain once or twice wandered, when he shrieked out, "Broken! broken! It never, never can be mended!" to the silent terror of his mother, who sat watching the poor

child as he tossed wakeful upon his midnight bed. His malady defied her skill, and increased in spite of all the nostrums which the good widow kept in her closet and administered so freely to her people. She had to undergo another humiliation, and one day little Mr. Dempster beheld her at his door on horseback. She had ridden through the snow on her pony, to implore him to give his aid to her poor boy. "I shall bury my resentment, Madam," said he, "as your ladyship buried your pride. Please God, I may be time enough to help my dear young pupil!" So he put up his lancet and his little provision of medicaments; called his only negro boy after him, shut up his lonely hut, and once more returned to Castlewood. That night, and for some days afterward, it seemed very likely that poor Harry would become heir of Castlewood; but by Mr. Dempster's skill the fever was got over, the intermittent attacks diminished in intensity, and George was restored almost to health again. A change of air, a voyage even to England, was recommended, but the widow had quarreled with her children's relatives there, and owned, with contrition, that she had been too hasty. A journey to the north and east was determined on, and the two young gentlemen, with Mr. Dempster as their tutor, and a couple of servants to attend them, took a voyage to New York, and thence up the beautiful Hudson River to Albany, where they were received by the first gentry of the province, and thence into the French provinces, where they had the best recommendations, and were hospitably entertained by the French gentry. Harry camped with the Indians, and took furs and shot bears. George, who never cared for field-sports, and whose health was still delicate, was a special favorite with the French ladies, who were accustomed to see very few young English gentlemen speaking the French language so readily as our young gentlemen. George, especially, perfected his accent so as to be able to pass for a Frenchman. He had the *bel air* completely, every person allowed. He danced the minuet elegantly. He learned the latest imported French catches and songs, and played them beautifully on his violin, and would have sung them, too, but that his voice broke at this time, and changed from treble to bass; and, to the envy of poor Harry, who was absent on a bear-hunt, he even had an affair of honor with a young ensign of the regiment of Auvergne, the Chevalier de la Sabotière, whom he pinked in the shoulder, and with whom he afterward swore an eternal friendship. Madame de Mouchy, the superintendent's lady, said the mother was blessed who had such a son, and wrote a complimentary letter to Madam Esmond upon Mr. George's behavior. I fear Mr. Whitfield would not have been over-pleased with the widow's elation on hearing of her son's prowess.

When the lads returned home at the end of ten delightful months, their mother was surprised at their growth and improvement. George, especially, was so grown as to come up to his

younger-born brother. The boys could hardly be distinguished one from another, especially when their hair was powdered; but that ceremony being too cumbersome for country life, each of the gentlemen commonly wore his own hair, George his raven black, and Harry his light locks tied with a ribbon.

The reader who has been so kind as to look over the first pages of the lad's simple biography, must have observed that Mr. George Esmond was of a jealous and suspicious disposition, most generous and gentle and incapable of an untruth, and though too magnanimous to revenge, almost incapable of forgiving any injury. George left home with no good-will toward an honorable gentleman, whose name afterward became one of the most famous in the world; and he returned from his journey not in the least altered in his opinion of his mother's and grandfather's friend. Mr. Washington, though then but just of age, looked and felt much older. He always exhibited an extraordinary simplicity and gravity. He had managed his mother's and his family's affairs from a very early age, and was trusted by all his friends and the gentry of his country more than persons twice his senior.

Mrs. Mountain, Madam Esmond's friend and companion, who dearly loved the two boys and her patroness, in spite of many quarrels with the latter, and daily threats of parting, was a most amusing, droll letter-writer, and used to write to the two boys on their travels. Now Mrs. Mountain was of a jealous turn likewise; especially she had a great turn for match-making, and fancied that every body had a design to marry every body else. There scarce came an unmarried man to Castlewood but Mountain imagined the gentleman had an eye toward the mistress of the mansion. She was positive that odious Mr. Ward intended to make love to the widow, and pretty sure the latter liked him. She knew that Mr. Washington wanted to be married, was certain that such a shrewd young gentleman would look out for a rich wife, and, as for the differences of ages, what matter that the Major (major was his rank in the militia) was fifteen years younger than Madam Esmond? They were used to such marriages in the family; my lady her mother was how many years older than the Colonel when she married him? when she married him, and was so jealous that she never would let the poor Colonel out of her sight. The poor Colonel! after his wife, he had been henpecked by his little daughter. And she would take after her mother, and marry again, be sure of that. Madam was a little chit of a woman, not five feet in her highest head-dress and shoes, and Mr. Washington a great tall man of six feet two. Great tall men always married little chits of women: therefore, Mr. W. *must* be looking after the widow. What could be more clear than the deduction?

She communicated these sage opinions to her boy, as she called George, who begged her, for Heaven's sake, to hold her tongue. This she

said she could do, but she could not keep her eyes always shut; and she narrated a hundred circumstances which had occurred in the young gentleman's absence, and which tended, as she thought, to confirm her notions. Had Mountain imparted these pretty suspicions to his brother? George asked, sternly. No. George was her boy; Harry was his mother's boy. "She likes *him* best, and I like *you* best, George," cries Mountain. "Besides, if I were to speak to him, he would tell your mother in a minute. Poor Harry can keep nothing quiet, and then there would be a pretty quarrel between Madam and me!"

"I beg you to keep *this* quiet, Mountain," said Mr. George, with great dignity, "or you and I shall quarrel too. Neither to me nor to any one else in the world must you mention such an absurd suspicion."

Absurd! Why absurd? Mr. Washington was constantly with the widow. His name was forever in her mouth. She was never tired of pointing out his virtues and examples to her sons. She consulted him on every question respecting her estate and its management. She never bought a horse or sold a barrel of tobacco without his opinion. There was a room at Castlewood regularly called Mr. Washington's room. He actually leaves his clothes here and his portmanteau when he goes away. "Ah! George, George! One day will come when he *won't* go away," groaned Mountain, who, of course, always returned to the subject of which she was forbidden to speak. Meanwhile Mr. George adopted toward his mother's favorite a frigid courtesy, at which the honest gentleman chafed but did not care to remonstrate, or a stinging sarcasm, which he would break through as he would burst through so many brambles on those hunting excursions in which he and Harry Warrington rode so constantly together: while George, retreating to his tents, read mathematics, and French, and Latin, and sulked in his book-room more and more lonely.

Harry was away from home with some other sporting friends (it is to be feared the young gentleman's acquaintances were not all as eligible as Mr. Washington), when the latter came to pay a visit at Castlewood. He was so peculiarly tender and kind to the mistress there, and received by her with such special cordiality, that George Warrington's jealousy had well-nigh broken out in open rupture. But the visit was one of adieu, as it appeared. Major Washington was going on a long and dangerous journey, quite to the western Virginian frontier and beyond it. The French had been for some time past making inroads into our territory. The government at home, as well as those of Virginia and Pennsylvania, were alarmed at this aggressive spirit of the Lords of Canada and Louisiana. Some of our settlers had already been driven from their holdings by Frenchmen in arms, and the governors of the British provinces were desirous to stop their incursions, or at any rate to protest against their invasion.

We chose to hold our American colonies by a

law that was at least convenient for its framers. The maxim was, that whoever possessed the coast had a right to all the territory inland as far as the Pacific; so that the British charters only laid down the limits of the colonies from north to south, leaving them quite free from east to west. The French, meanwhile, had their colonies to the north and south, and aimed at connecting them by the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence and the great intermediate lakes and waters lying to the westward of the British possessions. In the year 1748, though peace was signed between the two European kingdoms, the colonial question remained unsettled, to be opened again when either party should be strong enough to urge it. In the year 1753, it came to an issue, on the Ohio River, where the British and French settlers met. To be sure, there existed other people besides French and British, who thought they had a title to the territory about which the children of their White Fathers were battling, namely, the native Indians and proprietors of the soil. But the logicians of St. James's and Versailles wisely chose to consider the matter in dispute as a European and not a Red-man's question, eliminating him from the argument, but employing his tomahawk as it might serve the turn of either litigant.

A company, called the Ohio Company, having grants from the Virginia government of lands along that river, found themselves invaded in their settlements by French military detachments, who roughly ejected the Britons from their holdings. These latter applied for protection to Mr. Dinwiddie, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, who determined upon sending an ambassador to the French commanding officer on the Ohio, demanding that the French should desist from their inroads upon the territories of his Majesty King George.

Young Mr. Washington jumped eagerly at the chance of distinction which this service afforded him, and volunteered to leave his home and his rural and professional pursuits in Virginia, to carry the governor's message to the French officer. Taking a guide, an interpreter, and a few attendants, and following the Indian tracks in the fall of the year 1753, the intrepid young envoy made his way from Williamsburg almost to the shores of Lake Erie, and found the French commander at Fort le Bœuf. That officer's reply was brief: his orders were to hold the place and drive all the English from it. The French avowed their intention of taking possession of the Ohio. And with this rough answer the messenger from Virginia had to return through danger and difficulty, across lonely forest and frozen river, shaping his course by the compass, and camping at night in the snow by the forest fires.

Harry Warrington cursed his ill-fortune that he had been absent from home on a cock-fight, when he might have had chance of sport so much nobler; and on his return from his expedition, which he had conducted with a heroic energy and simplicity, Major Washington was

a greater favorite than ever with the lady of Castlewood. She pointed him out as a model to both her sons. "Ah, Harry!" she would say, "think of you, with your cock-fighting and your racing-matches, and the Major away there in the wilderness, watching the French, and battling with the frozen rivers! Ah, George! learning may be a very good thing, but I wish my eldest son were doing something in the service of his country!"

"I desire no better than to go home and seek for employment, Ma'am," says George. "You surely will not have me serve under Mr. Washington, in his new regiment, or ask a commission from Mr. Dinwiddie?"

"An Esmond can only serve with the king's commission," says Madam, "and as for asking a favor from Mr. Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, I would rather beg my bread."

Mr. Washington was at this time raising such a regiment as, with the scanty pay and patronage of the Virginian government, he could get together, and proposed, with the help of these men-of-war, to put a more peremptory veto upon the French invaders than the solitary ambassador had been enabled to lay. A small force under another officer, Colonel Trent, had been already dispatched to the west, with orders to fortify themselves so as to be able to resist any attack of the enemy. The French troops, greatly outnumbering ours, came up with the English outposts, who were fortifying themselves at a place on the confines of Pennsylvania where the great city of Pittsburg now stands. A Virginian officer with but forty men was in no condition to resist twenty times that number of Canadians, who appeared before his incomplete works. He was suffered to draw back without molestation; and the French, taking possession of his fort, strengthened it, and christened it by the name of the Canadian governor, Duquesne. Up to this time no actual blow of war had been struck. The troops representing the hostile nations were in presence—the guns were loaded, but no one as yet had cried "Fire." It was strange, that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania, a young Virginian officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western republic; to rage over the Old World when extinguished in the New; and, of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow!

He little knew of the fate in store for him. A simple gentleman, anxious to serve his king and do his duty, he volunteered for the first service, and executed it with admirable fidelity. In the ensuing year he took the command of the small body of provincial troops, with which he marched to repel the Frenchmen. He came up with their advanced guard and fired upon them, killing their leader. After this he had himself to fall back with his troops,

and was compelled to capitulate to the superior French force. On the 4th of July, 1754, the Colonel marched out with his troops from the little fort where he had hastily entrenched himself (and which they called Fort Necessity), gave up the place to the conqueror, and took his way home.

His command was over: his regiment disbanded after the fruitless, inglorious march and defeat. Saddened and humbled in spirit, the young officer presented himself after a while to his old friends at Castlewood. He was very young; before he set forth on his first campaign he may have indulged in exaggerated hopes of success, and uttered them. "I was angry when I parted from you," he said to George Warrington, holding out his hand, which the other eagerly took. "You seemed to scorn me and my regiment, George. I thought you laughed at us, and your ridicule made me angry. I boasted too much of what we would do."

"Nay, you have done your best, George," says the other, who quite forgot his previous jealousy in his old comrade's misfortune. "Every body knows that a hundred and fifty starving men with scarce a round of ammunition left, could not face five times their number perfectly armed, and every body who knows Mr. Washington knows that he would do his duty. Harry and I saw the French in Canada last year. They obey but one will: in our provinces each governor has his own. They were royal troops the French sent against you.".....

"Oh but that some of ours were here!" cries Madam Esmond, tossing her head up. "I promise you a few good English regiments would make the white-coats run."

"You think nothing of the provincials: and I must say nothing now we have been so unlucky," said the Colonel, gloomily. "You made much of me when I was here before. Don't you remember what victories you prophesied for me—how much I boasted myself very likely over your good wine? All those fine dreams are over now. 'Tis kind of your ladyship to receive a poor beaten fellow as you do:" and the young soldier hung down his head.

George Warrington, with his extreme acute sensibility, was touched at the other's emotion and simple testimony of sorrow under defeat. He was about to say something friendly to Mr. Washington, had not his mother, to whom the Colonel had been speaking, replied herself: "Kind of us to receive you, Colonel Washington!" said the widow. "I never heard that when men were unhappy, our sex were less their friends."

And she made the Colonel a very fine courtesy, which straightway caused her son to be more jealous of him than ever.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

SURELY no man can have better claims to sympathy than bravery, youth, good looks, and



misfortune. Madam Esmond might have had twenty sons, and yet had a right to admire her young soldier. Mr. Washington's room was more than ever Mr. Washington's room now. She raved about him and praised him in all companies. She more than ever pointed out his perfections to her sons, contrasting his sterling qualities with Harry's love of pleasure (the wild boy!) and George's listless musings over his books. George was not disposed to like Mr. Washington any better for his mother's extravagant praises. He coaxed the jealous demon within him until he must have become a perfect pest to himself and all the friends round about him. He uttered jokes so deep that his simple mother did not know their meaning, but sate bewildered at his sarcasms, and powerless what to think of his moody, saturnine humor.

Meanwhile, public events were occurring which were to influence the fortunes of all our homely family. The quarrel between the French and English North Americans from being a provincial had grown to be a national quarrel. Reinforcements from France had already arrived in Canada, and English troops were expected in Virginia. "Alas! my dear friend!" wrote Madame la Présidente de Mouchy, from Quebec, to her young friend George Warrington. "How contrary is the destiny to us. I see you quitting the embrace of an adored mother to precipitate yourself in the arms of Bellona. I see you pass wounded after combats. I hesitate almost to wish victories to our lilies when I behold you ranged under the banners of the Leopard. There are enmities which the heart does not recognize—ours assuredly are at peace among these tumults. All here love and salute you as well as Monsieur the Bear-hunter, your brother (that cold Hippolyte who preferred the chase to the soft conversation of our ladies!). Your friend, your enemy, the Chevalier de la

Sabotière burns to meet on the field of Mars his generous rival. M. Du Quesne spoke of you last night at supper. M. Du Quesne, my husband send affectionate remembrances to their young friend, with which are ever joined those of your sincere Présidente de Mouchy."

"The banner of the Leopard," of which George's fair correspondent wrote, was, indeed, flung out to the winds, and a number of the King's soldiers were rallied round it. It was resolved to wrest from the French all the conquests they had made upon British dominion. A couple of regiments were raised and paid by the King in America, and a fleet with a couple more was dispatched from home under an experienced commander. In February, 1755, Commodore Keppel, in the famous ship *Centurion*, in which Anson had made his voyage round the world, anchored in Hampton Roads, with two

ships of war under his command, and having on board General Braddock, his staff, and a part of his troops. Mr. Braddock was appointed by the Duke. A hundred years ago the Duke of Cumberland was called *The Duke par excellence* in England—as another famous warrior has since been called. Not so great a Duke certainly was that first-named Prince as his party esteemed him, and surely not so bad a one as his enemies have painted him. A fleet of transports speedily followed Prince William's general, bringing stores, and men, and money in plenty.

The great man landed his troops at Alexandria, on the Potomac River, and repaired to Annapolis, in Maryland, where he ordered the governors of the different colonies to meet him in council, urging them each to call upon their respective provinces to help the common cause in this strait.

The arrival of the General and his little army caused a mighty excitement all through the provinces, and nowhere greater than at Castlewood. Harry was off forthwith to see the troops under canvas at Alexandria. The sight of their lines delighted him, and the inspiring music of their fifes and drums. He speedily made acquaintance with the officers of both regiments; he longed to join in the expedition upon which they were bound, and was a welcome guest at their mess.

Madam Esmond was pleased that her sons should have an opportunity of enjoying the society of gentlemen of good fashion from England. She had no doubt their company was improving, that the English gentlemen were very different from the horse-racing, cock-fighting, Virginian squires, with whom Master Harry would associate, and the lawyers, and pettifoggers, and toad-eaters at the Lieutenant-Governor's table. Madam Esmond had a very keen

eye for detecting flatterers in other folks' houses. Against the little knot of official people at Williamsburg, she was especially satirical, and had no patience with their etiquettes and squabbles for precedence.

As for the company of the King's officers, Mr. Harry and his elder brother both smiled at their mamma's compliments to the elegance and propriety of the gentlemen of the camp. If the good lady had but known all, if she could but have heard their jokes and the songs which they sang over their wine and punch, if she could have seen the condition of many of them as they were carried away to their lodgings, she would scarce have been so ready to recommend their company to her sons. Men and officers swaggered the country round, and frightened the peaceful farm and village folk with their riot: the General raved and stormed against his troops for their disorder; against the provincials for their traitorous niggardliness; the soldiers took possession almost as of a conquered country, they scorned the provincials, they insulted the wives even of their Indian allies, who had come to join the English warriors upon their arrival in America, and to march with them against the French. The General was compelled to forbid the Indian women his camp. Amazed and outraged their husbands retired, and but a few months afterward their services were lost to him, when their aid would have been some precious.

Some stories against the gentlemen of the camp Madam Esmond might have heard, but she would have none of them. Soldiers would be soldiers, that every body knew; those officers who came over to Castlewood on her son's invitation were most polite gentlemen, and such indeed was the case. The widow received them most graciously, and gave them the best sport the country afforded. Presently the General himself sent polite messages to the mistress of Castlewood. His father had served with hers under the glorious Marlborough, and Colonel Esmond's name was still known and respected in England. With her ladyship's permission, General Braddock would have the honor of waiting upon her at Castlewood, and paying his respects to the daughter of so meritorious an officer.

If she had known the cause of Mr. Braddock's politeness, perhaps his compliments would not have charmed Madam Esmond so much. The Commander-in-Chief held levees at Alexandria, and among the gentry of the country, who paid him their respects, were our twins of Castlewood, who mounted their best nags, took with them their last London suits, and, with their two negro-boys, in smart liveries behind them, rode in state to wait upon the great man. He was sulky and angry with the provincial gentry, and scarce took any notice of the young gentlemen, only asking, casually, of his aid-de-camp at dinner, who the young Squire Gawkeys were in blue and gold and red waistcoats?

Mr. Dinwiddie, the Lieutenant-Governor of

Virginia, the Agent from Pennsylvania, and a few more gentlemen, happened to be dining with his Excellency. "Oh!" says Mr. Dinwiddie, "those are the sons of the Princess Pocahontas," on which, with a tremendous oath, the General asked, "Who the deuce was she?"

Dinwiddie, who did not love her, having indeed undergone a hundred pertnesses from the imperious little lady, now gave a disrespectful and ridiculous account of Madam Esmond, made merry with her pomposity and immense pretensions, and entertained General Braddock with anecdotes regarding her, until his Excellency fell asleep.

When he awoke Dinwiddie was gone, but the Philadelphia gentleman was still at table, deep in conversation with the officers there present. The General took up the talk where it had been left when he fell asleep, and spoke of Madam Esmond in curt, disrespectful terms, such as soldiers were in the habit of using in those days, and asking, again, what was the name of the old fool about whom Dinwiddie had been talking? He then broke into expressions of contempt and wrath against the gentry and the country in general.

Mr. Franklin of Philadelphia repeated the widow's name, took quite a different view of her character from that Mr. Dinwiddie had given, seemed to know a good deal about her, her father, and her estate; as, indeed, he did about every man or subject which came under discussion; explained to the General that Madam Esmond had beeves, and horses, and stores in plenty, which might be very useful at the present juncture, and recommended him to conciliate her by all means. The General had already made up his mind that Mr. Franklin was a very shrewd, intelligent person, and graciously ordered an aid-de-camp to invite the two young men to the next day's dinner. When they appeared he was very pleasant and good-natured; the gentlemen of the General's family made much of them. They behaved, as became persons of their name, with modesty and good-breeding; they returned home delighted with their entertainment, nor was their mother less pleased at the civilities which his Excellency had shown to her boys. In reply to Braddock's message, Madam Esmond penned a billet in her best style, acknowledging his politeness, and begging his Excellency to fix the time when she might have the honor to receive him at Castlewood.

We may be sure that the arrival of the army and the approaching campaign formed the subject of continued conversation in the Castlewood family. To make the campaign was the dearest wish of Harry's life. He dreamed only of war and battle; he was forever with the officers at Williamsburg; he scoured and cleaned and polished all the guns and swords in the house; he renewed the amusements of his childhood, and had the negroes under arms. His mother, who had a gallant spirit, knew that the time was come when one of her boys must leave



A STEP-FATHER IN PROSPECT.

her and serve the King. She scarce dared to think on whom the lot should fall. She admired and respected the elder, but she felt that she loved the younger boy with all the passion of her heart.

Eager as Harry was to be a soldier, and with all his thoughts bent on that glorious scheme, he, too, scarcely dared to touch on the subject nearest his heart. Once or twice when he ventured on it with George, the latter's countenance wore an ominous look. Harry had a feudal attachment for his elder brother, worshiped him with an extravagant regard, and in all things gave way to him as the chief. So Harry saw, to his infinite terror, how George, too, in his grave way, was occupied with military matters. George had the wars of Eugene and Marlborough down from his book-shelves; all the military books of his grandfather, and the most

warlike of Plutarch's Lives. He and Dempster were practicing with the foils again. The old Scotchman was an adept in the military art, though somewhat shy of saying where he learned it.

Madam Esmond made her two boys the bearers of the letter in reply to his Excellency's message, accompanying her note with such large and handsome presents for the General's staff and the officers of the two Royal Regiments, as caused the General more than once to thank Mr. Franklin for having been the means of bringing this welcome ally into the camp. "Would not one of the young gentlemen like to see the campaign?" the General asked. "A friend of theirs, who often spoke of them—Mr. Washington, who had been unlucky in the affair of last year—had already

promised to join him as aid-de-camp, and his Excellency would gladly take another young Virginian gentleman into his family." Harry's eyes brightened and his face flushed at this offer. "He would like with all his heart to go!" he cried out. George said, looking hard at his younger brother, that one of them would be proud to attend his Excellency, while it would be the other's duty to take care of their mother at home. Harry allowed his senior to speak. His will was even still obedient to George's. However much he desired to go, he would not pronounce until George had declared himself. He longed so for the campaign that the actual wish made him timid. He dared not speak on the matter as he went home with George. They rode for miles in silence, or strove to talk upon indifferent subjects; each knowing what was passing in the other's mind, and afraid to bring the awful question to an issue.

On their arrival at home the boys told their mother of General Braddock's offer. "I knew it must happen," she said. "At such a crisis in the country our family must come forward. Have you—have you settled yet which of you is to leave me?" And she looked anxiously from one to another, dreading to hear either name.

"The youngest ought to go, mother. Of course I ought to go!" cries Harry, turning very red.

"Of course he ought," said Mrs. Mountain, who was present at their talk.

"There! Mountain says so! I told you so!" again cries Harry, with a sidelong look at George.

"The head of the family ought to go, mother," says George, sadly.

"No! no! you are ill, and have never recovered your fever. Ought he to go, Mountain?"

"You would make the best soldier—I know that, dearest Hal. You and George Washington are great friends, and could travel well together, and he does not care for me, nor I for him, however much he is admired in the family. But, you see, 'tis the law of Honor, my Harry." (He here spoke to his brother with a voice of extraordinary kindness and tenderness.) "The grief I have had in this matter has been that I must refuse thee. I must go. Had Fate given you the benefit of that extra half hour of life which I have had before you, it would have been your lot, and you would have claimed your right to go first—you know you would."

"Yes, George," said poor Harry, "I own I should."

"You will stay at home, and take care of Castlewood and our mother. If any thing happens to me, you are here to fill my place. I would like to give way, my dear, as you, I know, would lay down your life to serve me. But each of us must do his duty. What would our grandfather say if he were here?"

The mother looked proudly at her two sons. "My papa would say that his boys were gentle-

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men," faltered Madam Esmond, and left the young men—not choosing, perhaps, to show the emotion which was filling her heart. It was speedily known among the servants that Mr. George was going on the campaign. Dinah, George's foster-mother, was loud in her lamentations at losing him; Phillis, Harry's old nurse, was as noisy because Master George, as usual, was preferred over Master Harry. Sady, George's servant, made preparations to follow his master, bragging incessantly of the deeds which he would do, while Gumbo, Harry's boy, pretended to whimper at being left behind, though, at home, Gumbo was any thing but a fire-eater.

But, of all in the house, Mrs. Mountain was the most angry at George's determination to go on the campaign. She had no patience with him. He did not know what he was doing by leaving home. She begged, implored, insisted that he should alter his determination; and vowed that nothing but mischief would come from his departure.

George was surprised at the pertinacity of the good lady's opposition. "I know, Mountain," said he, "that Harry would be the better soldier; but, after all, to go is my duty."

"To stay is your duty!" says Mountain, with a stamp of her foot.

"Why, did not my mother own it when we talked of the matter just now?"

"Your mother!" says Mrs. Mountain, with a most gloomy, sardonic laugh; "your mother, my poor child!"

"What is the meaning of that mournful countenance, Mountain?"

"It may be that your mother wishes you away, George!" Mrs. Mountain continued, wagging her head. "It may be, my poor, deluded boy, that you will find a father-in-law when you come back."

"What in Heaven do you mean?" cried George, the blood rushing into his face.

"Do you suppose I have no eyes, and can not see what is going on? I tell you, child, that Colonel Washington wants a rich wife. When you are gone he will ask your mother to marry him, and you will find him master here when you come back. This is why you ought not to go away, you poor, unhappy, simple boy! Don't you see how fond she is of him? how much she makes of him? how she is always holding him up to you, to Harry, to every body who comes here?"

"But he is going on the campaign, too," cried George.

"He is going on the marrying campaign, child!" insisted the widow.

"Nay; General Braddock himself told me that Mr. Washington had accepted the appointment of aid-de-camp."

"An artifice! an artifice to blind you, my poor child!" cries Mountain. "He will be wounded and come back—you will see if he does not. I have proofs of what I say to you—proofs under his own hand—look here!" And she

took from her pocket a piece of paper in Mr. Washington's well-known handwriting.

"How came you by this paper?" asked George, turning ghastly pale.

"I—I found it in the Major's chamber!" says Mrs. Mountain, with a shamefaced look.

"You read the private letters of a guest staying in our house?" cried George. "For shame! I will not look at the paper!" And he flung it from him on to the fire before him.

"I could not help it, George; 'twas by chance, I give you my word, by the merest chance. You know Governor Dinwiddie is to have the Major's room, and the state-room is got ready for Mr. Braddock, and we are expecting ever so much company, and I had to take the things which the Major leaves here—he treats the house just as if it was his own already—into his new room, and this half-sheet of paper fell out of his writing-book, and I just gave one look at it by the merest chance, and when I saw what it was it was my duty to read it."

"Oh, you are a martyr to duty, Mountain!" George said, grimly. "I dare say Mrs. Bluebeard thought it was her duty to look through the key-hole."

"I never *did* look through the key-hole, George. It's a shame you should say so! I, who have watched, and tended, and nursed you like a mother. Who have sate up whole weeks with you in fevers, and carried you from your bed to the sofa in these arms. There, Sir, I don't want you there now. My dear Mountain, indeed! Don't tell me! You fly into a passion, and call names, and wound my feelings, who have loved you like your mother—like your mother?—I only hope she may love you half as well. I say you are all ungrateful. My Mr. Mountain was a wretch, and every one of you is as bad."

There was but a smouldering log or two in the fire-place, and no doubt Mountain saw that the paper was in no danger as it lay among the ashes, or she would have seized it at the risk of burning her own fingers, and ere she uttered the above passionate defense of her conduct. Perhaps George was absorbed in his dismal thoughts; perhaps his jealousy overpowered him, for he did not resist any further when she stooped down and picked up the paper.

"You should thank your stars, child, that I saved the letter," cried she. "See! here are his own words, in his great big handwriting like a clerk. It was not my fault that he wrote them, or that I found them. Read for yourself, I say, George Warrington, and be thankful that your poor dear old Mounty is watching over you!"

Every word and letter upon the unlucky paper was perfectly clear. George's eyes could not help taking in the contents of the document before him. "Not a word of this, Mountain," he said, giving her a frightful look. "I—I will return this paper to Mr. Washington."

Mountain was scared at his face, at the idea of what she had done, and what might ensue.

When his mother, with alarm in her countenance, asked him at dinner what ailed him that he looked so pale? "Do you suppose, madam?" says he, filling himself a great bumper of wine, "that to leave such a tender mother as you does not cause me cruel grief?"

The good lady could not understand his words, his strange, fierce looks, and stranger laughter. He bantered all at the table; called to the servants and laughed at them, and drank more and more. Each time the door was opened he turned toward it: and so did Mountain, with a guilty notion that Mr. Washington would step in.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH GEORGE SUFFERS FROM A COMMON DISEASE.

On the day appointed for Madam Esmond's entertainment to the General, the house of Castletwood was set out with the greatest splendor; and Madam Esmond arrayed herself in a much more magnificent dress than she was accustomed to wear. Indeed, she wished to do every honor to her guest, and to make the entertainment—which, in reality, was a sad one to her—as pleasant as might be for her company. The General's new aid-de-camp was the first to arrive. The widow received him in the covered gallery before the house. He dismounted at the steps, and his servants led away his horses to the well known quarters. No young gentleman in the colony was better mounted or a better horseman than Mr. Washington.

For a while, ere the Major retired to divest himself of his riding-boots, he and his hostess paced the gallery in talk. She had much to say to him; she had to hear from him a confirmation of his own appointment as aid-de-camp to General Braddock, and to speak of her son's approaching departure. The negro servants, bearing the dishes for the approaching feast, were passing continually as they talked. They descended the steps down to the rough lawn in front of the house, and paced a while in the shade. Mr. Washington announced his Excellency's speedy approach, with Mr. Franklin of Pennsylvania in his coach.

This Mr. Franklin had been a common printer's boy, Mrs. Esmond had heard; a pretty pass things were coming to when such persons rode in the coach of the Commander-in-Chief! Mr. Washington said, a more shrewd and sensible gentleman never rode in coach or walked on foot. Mrs. Esmond thought the Major was too liberally disposed toward this gentleman; but Mr. Washington stoutly maintained, against the widow, that the printer was a most ingenious, useful, and meritorious man.

"I am glad, at least, that, as my boy is going to make the campaign, he will not be with tradesmen, but with gentlemen—with gentlemen of honor and fashion," says Madam Esmond, in her most stately manner.

Mr. Washington had seen the gentlemen of



honor and fashion over their cups, and perhaps thought that all their sayings and doings were not precisely such as would tend to instruct or edify a young man on his entrance into life; but he wisely chose to tell no tales out of school, and said that Harry and George, now they were coming into the world, must take their share of good and bad, and hear what both sorts had to say.

"To be with a veteran officer of the finest army in the world," faltered the widow; "with gentlemen who have been bred in the midst of the Court; with friends of his Royal Highness, the Duke—"

The widow's friend only inclined his head. He did not choose to allow his countenance to depart from its usual handsome gravity.

"And with you, dear Colonel Washington, by whom my father always set such store. You don't know how much he trusted in you. You will take care of my boy, Sir, will not you? You are but five years older, yet I trust to you more than to his seniors; my father always told the children, I always bade them, to look up to Mr. Washington."

"You know I would have done any thing to win Colonel Esmond's favor. Madam, how much would I not venture to merit his daughter's?"

The gentleman bowed with not too ill a grace. The lady blushed, and dropped one of the lowest courtesies. (Madam Esmond's courtesy was considered unrivaled over the whole province.) "Mr. Washington," she said, "will be always sure of a mother's affection while he gives so much of his to her children." And so saying she gave him her hand, which he kissed with profound politeness. The little lady presently re-entered her mansion, leaning upon the

tall young officer's arm. Here they were joined by George, who came to them, accurately powdered and richly attired, saluting his parent and his friend alike with low and respectful bows. Nowadays a young man walks into his mother's room with hob-nailed high-lows, and a wide-awake on his head; and instead of making her a bow, puffs a cigar into her face.

But George, though he made the lowest possible bow to Mr. Washington and his mother, was by no means in good-humor with either of them. A polite smile played round the lower part of his countenance, while watchfulness and wrath glared out from the two upper windows. What had been said or done? Nothing that might not have been performed or uttered before the most decent, polite, or pious company. Why, then, should Madam Esmond continue to blush, and the brave Colonel to look some-

what red, as he shook his young friend's hand?

The Colonel asked Mr. George if he had had good sport? "No," says George, curtly. "Have you?" And then he looked at the picture of his father, which hung in the parlor.

The Colonel, not a talkative man ordinarily, straightway entered into a long description of his sport, and described where he had been in the morning, and what woods he had hunted with the king's officers—how many birds they had shot, and what game they had brought down. Though not a jocular man ordinarily, the Colonel made a long description of Mr. Braddock's heavy person and great boots, as he floundered through the Virginian woods, hunting, as they called it, with a pack of dogs gathered from various houses, with a pack of negroes barking as loud as the dogs, and actually shooting the deer when they came in sight of him. "Great God, Sir!" says Mr. Braddock, puffing and blowing, "what would Sir Robert have said, in Norfolk, to see a man hunting with a fowling-piece in his hand, and a pack of dogs actually laid on to a turkey!"

"Indeed, Colonel, you are vastly comical this afternoon!" cries Madam Esmond, with a neat little laugh, while her son listened to the story, looking more glum than ever. "What Sir Robert is there at Norfolk? Is he one of the newly-arrived army gentlemen?"

"The General meant Norfolk at home, madam, not Norfolk in Virginia," said Colonel Washington. "Mr. Braddock had been talking of a visit to Sir Robert Walpole, who lived in that county, and of the great hunts the old minister kept there, and of his grand palace, and his pictures at Houghton. I should like to see a good field and a good fox-chase at home

better than any sight in the world," the honest sportsman added, with a sigh.

"Nevertheless there is good sport here, as I was saying," said young Esmond, with a sneer.

"What sport?" cries the other, looking at him.

"Why, sure you know, without looking at me so fiercely, and stamping your foot, as if you were going to charge me with the foils. Are you not the best sportsman of the country-side? Are there not all the fish of the field, and the beasts of the trees, and the fowls of the sea—no—the fish of the trees, and the beasts of the sea—and the—bah! You know what I mean. I mean shad, and salmon, and rock-fish, and roe-deer, and hogs, and buffaloes, and bison, and elephants, for what I know. I'm no sportsman."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Washington, with a look of scarcely suppressed scorn.

"Yes, I understand you. I am a milksop. I have been bred at my mamma's knee. Look at these pretty apron-strings, Colonel! Who would not like to be tied to them? See of what a charming color they are! I remember when they were black—that was for my grandfather."

"And who would not mourn for such a gentleman?" said the Colonel, as the widow, surprised, looked at her son.

"And, indeed, I wish my grandfather were here, and would resurge, as he promises to do on his tombstone, and would bring my father, the Ensign, with him."

"Ah, Harry!" cries Mrs. Esmond, bursting into tears, as at this juncture her second son entered the room, in just such another suit—gold-corded frock, braided waistcoat, silver-hilted sword, and solitaire—as that which his elder brother wore. "Oh, Harry, Harry!" cries Madam Esmond, and flies to her younger son.

"What is it, mother?" asks Harry, taking her in his arms. "What is the matter, Colonel?"

"Upon my life, it would puzzle me to say," answered the Colonel, biting his lips.

"A mere question, Hal, about pink ribbons, which I think vastly becoming to our mother; as, no doubt, the Colonel does."

"Sir, will you please to speak for yourself?" cried the Colonel, bustling up, and then sinking his voice again.

"He speaks too much for himself," wept the widow.

"I protest I don't any more know the source of these tears than the source of the Nile," said George; "and if the picture of my father were to begin to cry, I should almost as much wonder at the paternal tears. What have I uttered? An allusion to ribbons! Is there some poisoned pin in them, which has been stuck into my mother's heart by a guilty fiend of a London mantua-maker? I professed to wish to be led in these lovely reins all my life long." And he turned a pirouette on his scarlet heels.

"George Warrington, what devil's dance are you dancing now?" asked Harry, who loved his mother, who loved Mr. Washington, but who,

of all creatures, loved and admired his brother George.

"My dear child, you do not understand dancing—you care not for the politer arts—you can get no more music out of a spinnet than by pulling a dead hog by the ear. By nature you were made for a man—a man of war—I do not mean a seventy-four, Colonel George, like that hulk which brought the hulking Mr. Braddock into our river. His Excellency, too, is a man of warlike turn, a follower of the sports of the field. I am a milksop, as I have had the honor to say."

"You never showed it yet. You beat that great Maryland man, who was twice your size," breaks out Harry.

"Under compulsion, George. 'Tis *tupto*, my lad, or else 'tis *tuptomai*, as thy breech well knew when we followed school. But I am of a quiet turn, and would never lift my hand to pull a trigger—no, nor a nose, nor any thing but a rose." And here he took and handled one of Madam Esmond's bright pink apron ribbons. "I hate sporting, which you and the Colonel love; and I want to shoot nothing alive—not a turkey, nor a titmouse, nor an ox, nor an ass, nor any thing that has ears. Those curls of Mr. Washington's are prettily powdered."

The militia colonel, who had been offended by the first part of the talk, and very much puzzled by the last, had taken a modest draught from the great china bowl of apple toddy which stood to welcome the guests in this as in all Virginia houses, and was further cooling himself by pacing the balcony in a very stately manner.

Again almost reconciled with the elder, the appeased mother stood giving a hand to each of her sons. George put his disengaged hand on Harry's shoulder. "I say one thing, George," says he, with a flushing face.

"Say twenty things, Don Enrico," cries the other.

"If you are not fond of sporting and that, and don't care for killing game and hunting, being cleverer than me, why shouldst thou not stop at home and be quiet, and let me go out with Colonel George and Mr. Braddock—that's what I say," says Harry, delivering himself of his speech.

The widow looked eagerly from the dark-haired to the fair-haired boy. She knew not from which she would like to part.

"One of our family must go because *honneur oblige*, and my name being number one, number one must go first," says George.

"Told you so," said poor Harry.

"One must stay, or who is to look after mother at home? We can not afford to be both scalped by Indians or fricasseed by French."

"Fricasseed by French," cries Harry, "the best troops of the world! Englishmen! I should like to see them fricasseed by the French! What a mortal thrashing you will give them!" and the brave lad sighed to think he should not be present at the *battue*.

George sate down to the harpsichord and played and sang "*Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre Miron-ton miron-ton miron-taine*," at the sound of which music the gentleman from the balcony entered. "I am playing 'God save the King,' Colonel, in compliment to the new expedition."

"I never know whether thou art laughing or in earnest," said the simple gentleman, "but surely methinks that is not the air."

George performed ever so many trills and quavers upon his harpsichord, and their guest watched him, wondering, perhaps, that a gentleman of George's condition could set himself to such an effeminate business. Then the Colonel took out his watch, saying that His Excellency's coach would be here almost immediately, and asking leave to retire to his apartment, and put himself in a fit condition to appear before her Ladyship's company.

"Colonel Washington knows the way to his room pretty well!" said George, from the harpsichord, looking over his shoulder, but never offering to stir.

"Let me show the Colonel to his chamber," cried the widow, in great wrath, and sailed out of the apartment, followed by the enraged and bewildered Colonel, as George continued crashing among the keys. Her high-spirited guest felt himself insulted, he could hardly say how; he was outraged, and he could not speak; he was almost stifling with anger.

Harry Warrington remarked their friend's condition. "For Heaven's sake, George, what does this all mean?" he asked his brother. "Why shouldn't he kiss her hand?" (George had just before fetched out his brother from their library, to watch this harmless salute.)

"I tell you it is nothing but common kindness."

"Nothing but common kindness!" shrieked out George. "Look at that, Hal! Is that common kindness?" and he showed his junior the unlucky paper over which he had been brooding for some time. It was but a fragment, though the meaning was indeed clear without the preceding text.

The paper commenced....."*is older than myself, but I, again, am older than my years; and you know, dear brother, have ever been considered a sober person. All children are better for a father's superintendence, and her two, I trust, will find in me a tender friend and guardian.*"

"Friend and guardian! Curse him!" shrieked out George, clenching his fists—and his brother read on:

"....*The flattering offer which General Brad-dock hath made me will, of course, oblige me to postpone this matter until after the campaign. When we have given the French a sufficient drubbing, I shall return to repose under my own vine and fig-tree.*"

"He means Castlewood. *These are his vines,*" George cries again, shaking his fist at the creepers sunning themselves on the wall.

".....*Under my own vine and fig-tree; where I hope soon to present my dear brother to his new sister-in-law. She has a pretty Scripture name, which is.....*"—and here the document ended.

"Which is Rachel," George went on, bitterly. "Rachel is by no means weeping for her children, and has every desire to be comforted. Now, Harry! Let us up stairs at once, kneel down as becomes us, and say, 'Dear papa, welcome to your house of Castlewood.'"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Mormons in Utah have broken out into open rebellion. Early in October the advance of the army under command of Colonel Alexander reached Ham's Fork, about two hundred miles from Salt Lake City. Here a letter was received from Brigham Young, declaring that he was still Governor of the Territory. "By virtue of the authority vested in me," he says, "I have issued and forwarded to you a copy of my proclamation forbidding the entrance of armed forces into the Territory. This you have disregarded. I now further direct that you retire from the Territory by the same route you entered. Should you deem this impracticable, and prefer to remain until spring in the vicinity of your present encampment, you can do so in peace, and unmolested, on condition that you deposit your arms and ammunition with Lewis Robinson, Quartermaster-General of the Territory, and leave in the spring as soon as the condition of the roads will allow you to march; and should you fall short of provisions, they can be furnished you upon making the proper application therefor." Inclosed was a copy of the proclamation, dated September 15, directed to the citizens of Utah, reciting the wrongs and grievances which it is alleged the Mormons have sustained during the last

twenty-five years. "Our opponents," it is said, "have availed themselves of the prejudice existing against us because of our religious faith to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no opportunity of defending ourselves against foul and unjust aspersions against us. We are condemned unheard, and forced to defend ourselves against an armed mercenary mob. The issue which has thus been forced upon us compels us to resort to the great first law of self-preservation. Our duty to ourselves and to our families requires us not tamely to submit to be driven and slain without an attempt to preserve ourselves. Therefore," concludes the proclamation, "I, Brigham Young, Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Utah, in the name of the people of the United States in the Territory of Utah, forbid—*First*, All armed forces of every description from coming into this Territory, under any pretext whatever. *Second*, That all the forces in said Territory hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasion. *Third*, Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this Territory from and after the publication of this proclamation; and no person shall be allowed to pass and repass into, or through, or from this Territory without a permit from the

proper authority." To this letter and proclamation Colonel Alexander replied that the troops had entered the Territory by the order of the President of the United States, and that their further movements would depend entirely upon orders issued by competent military authority. On the 5th of October a body of some 500 Mormons, who had gained the rear of the advance post, made a sudden attack upon three Government trains, numbering seventy-eight wagons, which were totally destroyed. Colonel Alexander, in his dispatch to the War Department, announces his intention to press forward by a somewhat circuitous route, with the intention, if possible, of wintering in the Mormon villages on Bear River; but if he finds the enemy too strong, he will encamp for the winter under tents in the Wind River Mountains, where good valleys and stock can be found. The supplies on hand will be sufficient for six months. There is, he says, no doubt of the hostile intentions of the Mormons, and he urges that supplies and reinforcements shall be forwarded as early as possible in the spring. He suggests that troops be sent from California and Oregon—the roads from that direction being probably passable all winter, or, at all events, much earlier than those from the east.

In *Kansas* the Free State majority has been still further increased by the rejection of the returns from M'Gee County, which gave a "Democratic" majority of 1200, although there are not one hundred voters in the county. Governor Walker refused to comply with a *mandamus* issued by Judge Cato, directing him to give certificates to the persons claiming to have been elected to the Territorial Legislature by the fraudulent vote in Johnson County, noted in our last Record. The Constitutional Convention reassembled late in October, and adjourned November 9, having drafted a Constitution for the State of *Kansas*. The entire document has not yet been made public, but brief abstracts show that its general features do not differ materially from those of the other States, with the exception that free negroes are not to be permitted to live in the State under any circumstances. The subject of slavery is treated in four separate sections, which provide that the right of property in slaves and their increase is as inviolable as the right to any other property; that the Legislature shall have no power to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves without the consent of their owners, or without making for them a full equivalent in money, or to prevent emigrants from bringing their slaves into the State; but shall have power to pass laws permitting the owners to emancipate; and to secure humane treatment to slaves, and in case of neglect on the part of the owners to comply with these laws, to have such slaves sold for the benefit of the owners. It is also provided that the right of trial by jury shall be secured to slaves accused of crimes higher than petit larceny; and that any person who shall dismember or kill a slave shall suffer the same punishment as though the offense had been committed on a free white person, except in case of insurrection of such slave. The Constitution, as a whole, is not to be submitted to the people for ratification; but an election is to be held on the 21st of December, 1857, to decide whether the clauses relating to slavery shall be retained. The ballots are to read, "Constitution with Slavery," and "Constitution without Slavery." In case there is a majority of the latter ballots, the slavery clauses are to be stricken out, and then

"slavery shall no longer exist in the State of *Kansas*, except that the right of property in slaves now in the Territory shall in no manner be interfered with." The Constitution as thus ratified is to be forwarded to Congress for approval. The President of the Convention, Mr. Calhoun, is to issue the writs of election, examine the votes, and declare the result, so that practically the present Territorial Government comes to an end on the day of the election. Provision is made for altering the Constitution after 1864; but no alteration can be made affecting the right of property in slaves.

The President has recognized the new Government of *Nicaragua*, by receiving its Minister, Señor Yrissari, with whom a treaty has been concluded, guaranteeing the opening of the Transit Line, under the joint protection of the United States and the States of Central America, with free ports at each terminus. *Costa Rica* has also sent special envoys in the persons of Señors Escalante and Molina, who, on being presented to the President, expressed the confidence entertained by their Government in the wisdom and good feeling of the United States. Mr. Buchanan, in reply, said that he would be rejoiced to see all the Central American States united in one confederacy. In the mean while, Walker has departed on a new expedition. On the 10th of November he was arrested in New Orleans on a charge of violating the neutrality laws by setting on foot a military expedition against the States of *Costa Rica* and *Nicaragua*. He was liberated upon giving bail in the sum of \$2000 for his appearance on the 17th. Instead of remaining he embarked on a Mobile packet, from which, when down the river, he was transferred to the steamer *Fashion*, which had set out with three or four hundred "emigrants for *Nicaragua*." The *Fashion* was regularly cleared at the Custom-House, and had on board no arms or ammunition. These munitions were apparently taken on board from some point below, where they had been stored. The precise point toward which the expedition is directed is unknown.—The President has issued a proclamation recognizing the new treaty negotiated with *Peru*, which provides that free ships shall make free goods, and that the property of neutrals on board of enemies' vessels shall not be subject to confiscation or detention, unless the same be contraband of war; these principles to apply to the commerce and navigation of all such powers as consent to adopt them as permanent and immutable.

The severity of the financial pressure has relaxed during the month; but business remains in a state of great depression, and there is much distress, especially in the large cities, among those who have been thrown out of employment. In New York large meetings of the unemployed have been held, and at first serious apprehensions of violence were entertained. These proved to be groundless.—The month has been signalized by a series of brutal crimes, committed chiefly by foreigners, many of them almost boys. James Rodgers, a lad of eighteen, while intoxicated, stabbed an unoffending man named Swanston, inflicting a mortal wound. He has been tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed.—Four young desperadoes, named O'Connell, Toole, Hagan, and "Sailor Dan," broke into a cellar occupied by an aged Swiss woman, outraged her person, and choked her to death; they have all been arrested, and await their trial.—Francis Vincent, the keeper of

a lager-bier saloon, was murdered by a gang of foreigners, supposed to be convicts deported from Spain, one of whom has been apprehended. Henry F. Hamilton was shot by John Maroney, who is under arrest, in a quarrel concerning a prostitute.—Richard Barrett and Sarah Dempsey were stabbed in a disreputable house by a gang of foreigners, only one of whom has been identified. These are but a portion of the actual murders of the month in the city of New York. Other crimes of high grade have been of unusual frequency.—Michael Cancemi, the Italian who killed policeman Anderson a few months since, has been convicted of murder at his second trial, the jury on the first trial not being able to agree.

In *Massachusetts* Hon. N. P. Banks has been chosen Governor by a majority of more than 20,000, the Republicans have a large majority in the Legislature.—In *New York* the Democratic State ticket succeeded by an average majority of 18,000; the Legislature is almost equally divided, the Republicans apparently having a slight preponderance. There was a great decrease in the number of votes compared with the Presidential election, chiefly of Republicans and Americans, the Democrats very nearly holding their own.—In *New Jersey* the Democrats succeeded in electing a large majority of the members of the Legislature.

An emigrant train from Missouri, proceeding to California, was attacked by Indians, about the middle of September, in the Santa Clara cañon, some three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City, and of 133 persons all except fifteen were killed. The causes which led to this massacre are involved in obscurity. It is said that the emigrants were exceedingly abusive toward the Mormons through whose village they passed, and attempted to destroy the Indians by giving them poisoned meat. Other reports attribute the massacre to the instigation of the Mormons, in revenge for the death of Parley Pratt. Succeeding trains of emigrants report that they heard the Mormons exulting in the massacre, and saw some of the effects of the murdered men in the possession of Mormon leaders. They also report that the Saints all along the route were bitter in their denunciations of the Gentiles.—The late Vigilance Committee in San Francisco have published a document virtually dissolving the Association, and announcing that all existing penalties attached to sentences of expatriation are rescinded.—The grand jury have found a bill against Mr. Haraszthy, late refiner and melter in the United States Mint, charging him with having embezzled \$151,000 in gold from the establishment.—Another grove of mammoth trees has been discovered in Mariposa County. The trees are said to average three hundred feet in height, and to measure from ten to thirty feet in diameter.—The Mormons have left Carson Valley in a body. Their trains numbered 985 souls, with abundance of stock, a large amount of money, and provisions for a year. Their destination is Washington Territory, near the Russian frontiers.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The condition of *Mexico* is deplorable. Revolutionary movements are announced in almost every quarter. No sooner is one put down than others arise. At the present moment two of the most important cities in the Republic, Queretaro in the west, and Cuernacava in the south, are held by the insurgents. The highways are infested with robbers and murderers; assassinations are of every-

day occurrence. In the State of Jalisco the annual fair at San Juan de Lagos, usually held in December, has been indefinitely postponed by order of the authorities, simply on account of the insecurity of the roads. In Yucatan, a war, partly revolutionary and partly a contest of races, has raged for months. Village after village has been attacked by the Indians, who murder men, women, and children indiscriminately. General Barreda, the Governor, announces that a war of extermination will be waged against the Indians, and hints that he may be called upon to assume dictatorial powers. The General Government, so far from being able to repress disorders in the provinces, can scarcely maintain itself in the capital. Congress is now in session, and, after much delay, has clothed President Comonfort with dictatorial powers. The Constitution recently adopted guaranteed to citizens the right of peaceably assembling, of carrying arms for self-defense, and of traveling through the country without passports; these guarantees are suspended. The power is also granted to Government to proceed summarily against political offenders, and to punish them by imprisonment or banishment, without having recourse to the judicial tribunals. In the mean time, the difficulties with Spain, notwithstanding the interposition of France and England, remain unsettled, and a descent by the force assembled at Havana is looked for as likely to occur at any moment.

The relations between the Central American States are far from amicable. The Costa Rica Government seems determined to maintain possession of the Transit route. Colonel Cauty, in its name, demanded the custody of the fort of San Carlos, "for the better custody of this position against the dangers of filibusterism, and the regulation of some political affairs upon which depend the commercial interests of the whole of Central America, which the Government of Nicaragua can not sufficiently guarantee." In case this demand was not complied with, he threatens to blockade the fort till it is reduced by hunger. The existing Government of Nicaragua considered this as an actual declaration of war, and on the 19th of October announced that "Nicaragua accepts the war which the Government of Costa Rica makes, and will vindicate its rights treacherously outraged by that Government; will preserve intact its rights to all the line of transit by the river and lake; and will proceed to raise the necessary force for this purpose." Three days later General Monegas (since chosen President by the electors named in September) announced that he was about to march to Granada to engage seriously in the operations of the war. The new expedition of Walker, elsewhere noted in this Record, will probably give a new phase to affairs.

A civil war has for months existed in the Dominican Republic. At the latest dates President Baez was besieged in the capital by General Santana, whose authority seems paramount throughout the country. It is apprehended that the ultimate result of the civil war, together with the disputes between Dominica and Hayti, will be to throw the whole island under the dominion of the black Emperor Soulouque.

The latest revolution in South America is that in *Bolivia*, where Señor Linarez has pronounced against General Cordova, the President, who refused to abandon his office, and, raising some forces, marched in search of his rival. For some time no one at the capital seemed to know where was either

of the claimants to supreme power; but at the latest dates Linarez had been heard of in close pursuit of Cordova.

EUROPE.

The tidings of the financial panic in America were followed by a severe pressure in Great Britain. Numerous failures of houses engaged in the American trade were announced. Two large joint-stock banks in Scotland, with an aggregate capital of more than twelve million dollars were obliged to suspend. A general run upon all other banks took place. The Bank of England had in the mean time raised the rate of interest successively to 8, 9, and 10 per cent., but even at these rates found it impossible to meet the demand for discounts, it being prohibited by law from issuing notes beyond a certain amount proportioned to the specie in its vaults. In this emergency the Government formally recommended to the bank to disregard the prohibitory law, and to issue notes to any amount upon good security, the Ministers pledging themselves to bring forward a bill of indemnity at the ensuing session of Parliament. The immediate effect of this measure was to restore public confidence.—An unsuccessful attempt was made on the 3d of November to launch the mammoth steamer heretofore known as the *Great Eastern*, but which has now been formally christened *Leviathan*. The attempt was to be resumed on the 2d of December.

The financial revulsion has extended to France, and the Bank of France has, like that of England, raised its rates of discount to a maximum of 10 per cent. The export and distillation of cereals has been prohibited. The Emperor has published a letter to M. Magne, the Minister, in which he says that public credit is injured by chimerical fears, and by the propagation of *son disant* remedies for an evil which exists only in the imagination. In preceding years, when a succession of bad harvests had compelled the exportation of many hundreds of millions to pay for corn, a crisis had been averted by simple measures of prudence adopted momentarily by the Bank. This would be much more easily effected now, when the harvests were more abundant and the metallic reserve more considerable. There was no country in Europe where the public credit rested on more extensive and solid bases; and the Emperor was firmly resolved not to employ empirical means, which are resorted to only in those rare cases in which catastrophes beyond human foresight break upon a country.—General Cavaignac, who played one of the most prominent parts in the Revolution of 1848, died suddenly on the 29th of November, at the age of 55. He was the unsuccessful candidate for President of the short-lived Republic, in opposition to the present Emperor. After the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, he was arrested in his bed-chamber, but was released after a short detention, and has since resided in Paris, though he refused to acquiesce in the restoration of the Empire. In July last he was elected one of the deputies for Paris, in opposition to the Government candidates.

THE EAST.

In India the British have met with decided success. Early in September all the reinforcements that could for some time be expected having arrived before Delhi preparations were made for a vigorous assault. General Wilson, in the order of the day, said that he "need hardly remind the

troops of the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, as well as their wives and children, to move them in the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers; at the same time, for the sake of humanity and the honor of the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way." Indiscriminate plunder was forbidden, but all captured property would be sold, and the proceeds divided among all engaged; any man concealing property would be made to restore it, besides forfeiting all claim to the general prize. The assault was commenced on the morning of the 14th, the entire available force of the British amounting to about 8000 men. A lodgment within the city was effected; and this success was vigorously followed up till the 20th, when the whole city was occupied. The loss of the British was 61 officers and 1178 men killed and wounded—nearly one-third of all actually engaged. The retreating Sepoys were pursued by detachments of cavalry, one of which captured the King and several of his family. The old man—90 years of age—was spared, but two of his sons and a grandson were put to death on the spot.—In the mean time preparations were made to relieve the Europeans besieged in the Residency at Lucknow. General Outram had reached Cawnpore; but waived his right of command in favor of General Havelock, saying that it was due to him that he should have the honor of completing this achievement. Havelock set out on the 16th at the head of 5000 men, fought his way through superior forces of the enemy, and on the 25th reached Lucknow, just in time to prevent the capture of the Residency, which had been undermined by the enemy, whose batteries were stormed the next day. The sick and wounded, and women and children in the Residency numbering 1000, it was found that the English force was insufficient to conduct them away in safety. It was therefore resolved to strengthen the fortifications, augment the garrison, and having provided them with supplies, to fall back with the main body of the troops upon Cawnpore until the arrival of fresh troops.—These advantages have been gained previously to the arrival of any of the troops sent out from England, and although the whole of Central India remains disturbed, may be considered as decisive of the fate of the revolt.

From China we learn that the blockade of Canton River is strictly enforced, and that a number of junks attempting to pass had been captured. The Emperor is said to have given his approbation to the course of Governor Yeh, and to have resolved to declare war against the English.—The United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* has sailed from Shanghai for Japan.

A number of American whalers have recently touched at the port of Hakodadi, in Japan, and have been received favorably. They say that this port will take the place of the Sandwich Islands as a port of supply for whaling vessels, the advantages for shipping and storing oil being equal, and the climate cooler. The Governor is building a schooner after an American model, and is about contracting for a steamboat. He is very desirous that foreign vessels should visit the place, between which and Hong Kong a brisk trade has already sprung up. The report is contradicted that the Dutch and Chinese monopolize the trade, and that the Japanese prefer dealing with them.

Literary Notices.

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, with English and American additions, arranged by EVERET A. DUCKINCK. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A liberal construction is placed upon the limits of time within which the selections are made that compose the contents of this pleasant volume. It embraces a period of some eighty-six years, commencing with Beattie, the first canto of whose "Minstrel" appeared in 1771, and ending with Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, and Butler, whose recent satirical poem, "Nothing to Wear," has already given him a Transatlantic reputation. Among other representatives of the last century we find extracts from Cowper, Percy, Darwin, and a less widely-known descriptive poet, Professor Crowe. The great lights of the present century, that are now passed away, include the familiar names of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, and Coleridge; while, of distinguished living poets, we have specimens from Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Kingsley, the Brownings, and others, among the English, and, thanks to the American editor, from our own Bryant, Dana, Longfellow, Whittier, Tuckerman, Lowell, and so forth, besides several pieces by the honored dead, including Allston, Brainard, Drake, and Edgar Poe. The selections have been made with particular reference to their suitability for pictorial illustration, but they evince the excellent taste of the editors by the combination of this quality with a high order of poetical merit. The volume is full of engravings from sketches by eminent artists, comprising several which betray the vigorous touch of Darley. In point of typographical execution, it compares favorably with any recent issue of the American press, and its chaste beauty will commend it to the attention and the admiration of the amateur.

Romantic Passages of Southwestern History, by A. B. MEEK. (Published by S. H. Goetzl and Co.) The researches of which the fruits are presented in this volume have brought to light many curious and interesting facts in the history of the early civilization of the Southwest. The attention of the author has been principally directed to the State of Alabama, the settlement of which abounds in features of a strongly marked romantic character. No portion of the annals of French and Spanish colonization is more fertile in incident and adventure than that which relates to the primitive soil of Alabama; nor is the later period of her history destitute of events that easily assume a rich poetical coloring. Among these is the attempt to form a rural colony by the officers of Napoleon's army, of which the author gives an interesting narrative. Soon after the final overthrow of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, a large number of his most conspicuous followers emigrated to this country. Among them were generals who had won renown on the battle-field, and ladies who had figured in the drawing-rooms of Josephine and Marie Antoinette. In a moment of Arcadian inspiration they resolved to seek a tranquil home in the solitude of the American forest. Having formed the plan of a miniature republic of their own, under the protection of the Union, they petitioned Congress for a portion of the public domain in the Southwest. This was granted by an act in 1817, allowing them four townships of land to be selected in the State of Alabama. It was a condition of the grant that the emigrants should devote a certain part of their

land to the cultivation of the vine and the olive, and at the end of fourteen years should pay a small sum to the government for a fee-simple title. This remarkable colony included Marshal Grouchy, the hero of Linden, General Lefebvre, Count Clausel, the two Generals L'Allemand, and a number of subordinate officers, who had all been more or less distinguished in the campaigns of Napoleon. Under their direction, the location of the colony was made on the Tombigbee River, in the present county of Marengo. During the year about four hundred emigrants arrived and took possession of the soil, which was distributed among them by lot. In the spring after their emigration they proceeded to the cultivation of their farms, and were soon settled down in the peaceful occupations of agricultural life. Dressed in plain rustic garb, with straw hat, homespun coats, and coarse brogan shoes, these men, who had sat in the councils of monarchs and headed armies in the field, now drove the plow or wielded the axe—literally exchanging the sword for the plow-share and the spear for the pruning-hook. "Do you know, Sir," said a citizen to a traveler, who, in 1819, was passing the road from Arcola to Eaglesville, "do you know, Sir, who is that fine-looking man who just ferried you across the creek?" "No. Who is he?" was the reply. "That, Sir," said the citizen, "is the officer who commanded Napoleon's advanced guard when he returned from Elba." This was Colonel Raoul, now a general in France. The female portion of the colonists presented a still greater contrast to their former condition. Dwelling in rude cabins, busy with the labors of the spinning-wheel and loom, or working in their little gardens with the weeding-hoe and the rake, were matrons and maidens who had been born to proud titles and high estates, and who had glittered as stars amidst the splendor of Versailles. Still they were content with their condition, and preserved the smiling face and cheerful temper which "make a sunshine in the shady place." The celebrated military officers were obliged to serve in the militia of Alabama, and the sight of their drill and discipline by the rustic captains of the day was, of course, not a little ludicrous. For two or three years the colonists seemed happy in the realization of their pastoral visions. But the dream was too sweet to last long, and a change came over its spirit. The country was found unsuited to the cultivation of the vine and the olive. The leaders began to grow restless, and sighed for more exciting scenes. Offers were made to some of them by the struggling States of South America, and the ferryman left his flat and the plowman his furrow for posts of honor in the army of Bolivar. Others were recalled from their banishment, and returned to France, having never ceased to feel a natural yearning for the beautiful land of their birth. Thus deprived of their leaders, the great body of the emigrants disposed of their lands, and either returned to their native country or sought more congenial homes in the cities of the Southwest. The colony thus passed away, leaving scarcely a trace of the simple patches on which the Duke of Dantzic or Count Clausel once attempted to cultivate the olive and the vine.—In addition to these singularly interesting details, the volume has much important information with regard to the operations of De Soto, Bienville, and other pioneers of the earliest age.

Editor's Table.

CLASSIFICATION.—No thoughtful person can have watched the tendencies of scientific thinking, for the last twenty or thirty years, without being impressed with its bearings on Natural Theology and the Philosophy of the Mind. A large class of scientific men, eminent for their powers of observation and understanding, but deficient in the more subtle and profound elements of mind which mark the philosophic thinker, have undoubtedly evinced in their speculations a strong leaning to Materialism, in what we must consider its worst form—namely, the doctrine that organized beings owe their origin to physical agents. The intellectual defect of these *savans* is a seeming incapacity to comprehend, appreciate, and feel the necessity of the fertile idea of *Cause*. For this they substitute the abstraction of *Law*, without a distinct impression of the meaning of the term; for law implies a power that legislates. It is no cause, but only the mode in which a cause operates; “not action, but a rule of action.” The distinguishing characteristic of a mind of the second class is its content with that explanation of a problem which is one or two removes from its centre and heart. It has no fine, detecting sense of the real thing to be investigated, explained, or affirmed. Too skeptical to admit the validity of that mental instinct, that gravitation to the truth, which conducts to solid and intelligent belief, they are capable of the utmost amount of mental credulity in relying on the abstract notion of law, if by so doing they can escape from the living conception of cause. The introduction of the idea of God is to them not only a fallacy but an affront, and throws them into a state of intellectual irritation which is not favorable to the fair consideration of the facts and arguments which make such an introduction necessary.

But the defect is not merely intellectual. It is also personal, and has one of its roots in the most refined form of vanity and pride. Every body is familiar with the subjectivity and self-assertion of poets. We are not surprised when Dante makes himself the lord of the next world, and plunges his enemies into hell, with the full faith that there can be no disagreement between the Deity and himself as to their guilt or mode of punishment. We are not surprised when Byron colors all nature with the hues of his own spirit, forces natural objects into symbols that express his own caprices of disgust or desperation, and views mankind as limited to Byron-kind. But we are hardly prepared to suspect that men engaged in a scientific scrutiny of material existences ever project their own nature on what they observe, or are tempted to make their own minds the measure of things. Yet this is, in many cases, the truth. A clear objective perception of facts, and the laws and principles which inhere in facts, is a moral no less than a mental quality. It implies a purification of the character from egotism and pride of opinion, a rare union of humility of feeling with audacity of thought, and, above all, the triumph of a sincere love of objective truth over the desire to exalt a subjective *self*. The moment a scientific man begins to bluster about his discoveries, and call them “*my truth*,” it is all over with him. He has given pledges to the strongest of all selfish principles that he will see Nature hereafter only as Nature squares with his theory, and feeds his self-importance. Espe-

cially if he calls his notion Law, and makes law an ultimate beyond which the human reason can not go, he feels as if he were the creator of that which he has perhaps only imperfectly observed. In his sage opinion it is the folly of superstition to admit the necessity of God, but he sees no impropriety in the apotheosis of his darling notion; and, accordingly, he quietly expels God from the universe, and puts himself in His place. He does it as unmistakably, though not as coarsely and obviously, as the religious fanatic, who projects a deity from his malignant passions, and then insists on his being worshiped by all mankind. The temptation to substitute self—either in its emotional, or imaginative, or reasoning expression—for objective truth, is a temptation which is not confined to any one class of powerful natures, but operates on all; and men of science have their full share of the infirmity.

We have been led into these remarks by reading the long introductory Essay on Classification, in the first volume of Mr. Agassiz's “Contributions to the Natural History of North America”—a work of the first importance, if we merely consider its positive additions to our knowledge of Natural History; but especially interesting to us for the felicity and power with which it deals with the higher philosophy of the science, and the superiority of the author to the besetting mental sins we have indicated. In the “Essay on Classification,” the first of living naturalists proves himself also to be among the first of living thinkers in the department of natural theology. Its publication we can not but think to be no mere incident in the progress of science, but an event. It imposes on every naturalist the duty of agreeing with Mr. Agassiz or of refuting him. No man of any scientific reputation can hereafter bring forward the development theory, or the theory that animal life can be produced by the natural operation of physical agents, or the theory that God is an obsolete idea in science, or the theory that things were not created but occurred, without harmonizing his theory with Mr. Agassiz's facts, and grappling with Mr. Agassiz's ideas. The essay will also do much to correct the anarchy of thought which prevails among many naturalists who, being observers rather than thinkers, have confused notions of the real problems to be decided, are sometimes on one side of an important question, sometimes on another, with an imperfect comprehension of the vital points at issue; and who need nothing so much as the assistance of a master-mind to draw a definite line between the two opposing systems, and to indicate the consequences of each.

There can be no doubt of the right of Mr. Agassiz to speak with authority on the philosophy of his science, for he has fairly earned the right to speak by labor, by study, by the most extensive investigations, by patient and continuous thought. The whole immense subject of natural history, in itself and in its literature, is reflected on the clear and comprehensive mirror of his mind. He knows facts and the relations of facts so thoroughly, that he can wield them with ease as elements of the profoundest philosophical reasoning. The breadth of his view preserves him from the vice of detaching classes of facts from their relations, emphasizing them into undue importance, and severing the fine

cord of connection which gives them all that they have of real life and significance. By the instinct of his intelligence he looks at every thing, not as isolated but as related, and consequently he is not content with facts, but searches for the principles which give coherence to facts. As an observer, he is both rapid and accurate. He possesses not merely the talent of observation, but its genius; and hence his ability to perform the enormous tasks which he imposes on his industry. His mind is eminently large, sound, fertile, conscientious, and sagacious, quick and deep in its insight, wide in the range of its argumentation, capable equally of the minutest microscopic scrutiny and the broadest generalizations, independent of schools and systems, and inspired by that grand and ennobling love of truth which is serenely superior to fear, interest, vanity, ambition, or the desire of display. In the operation of his mind there is no predominance of any single power, but the intellectual action of what we feel to be a powerful nature. When he observes, his whole mind enters into the act of observation, just as when he reasons, his whole mind enters into the act of reasoning. This unity of the man in each intellectual operation gives to his statements and arguments the character of depositions under oath. His personal honor is pledged for his accuracy, and his works are therefore free from those lies of the brain which spring from narrow thought, confused perceptions, and hasty generalizations. Though in decided opposition to many eminent naturalists, he, in common with all lovers of truth, has none of the fretful disputativeness of polemics, and while he calmly and clearly controverts antagonistic theories, he exhibits nothing of the disputatious spirit.

The "Essay on Classification," the reading of which has occasioned these general observations on the characteristics of Mr. Agassiz as a scientific thinker, is addressed to all minds that reflect, and not merely to the professed naturalist. In the general reader, its perusal will be likely to produce something of that wonder and awe which his first introduction to the marvels of astronomy infused into his mind. And first, Mr. Agassiz takes the ground, that the divisions of the animal kingdom according to type, class, order, family, genus, and species, are not convenient devices of the human understanding to classify its knowledge, but were instituted by God as the categories of His thinking. There is a systematic arrangement in nature which science did not *invent*, but gradually *discovered*. The terms in which this arrangement is expressed are the translation into human language of the thoughts of the Creator. The plan of creation, so far from growing out of the necessary action of natural laws, betrays in every part, to the profound student, the signs of having been the free conception of the Divine Intellect, matured in His mind before it was manifested in external forms. The existence of a plan involves premeditation prior to the act which carried the plan into execution; and if, through all the various stages of the physical history of the globe, this plan of animal creation has never been departed from, we are compelled to see in it the marks of thought and forethought, of intelligent purpose and unity of design. Now the researches of Cuvier, who classified animals according to their structure, and of Von Baer, who classified them according to their development, have shown that the animal kingdom exhibits four primary divisions, the representatives of which are

organized upon four different plans of structure, and grow up according to four different modes of development. As regards living animals, at no period do the types pass into each other. The type of each animal is defined from the beginning, and controls the whole development. The embryo of the vertebrate is a vertebrate from the beginning, and does not exhibit at any time a correspondence with the invertebrates. In regard to extinct species the same principle holds good. Within thirty years it was customary for geologists and palaeontologists to assert that the lowest animals first made their appearance on the earth, and that these were followed by higher and higher types, until the series was closed by man. Now it is well known that representatives of the four types of animals existed *simultaneously* in the earliest geological periods. All naturalists now agree that there was no priority in time of the appearance of radiata, mollusks, and articulata; and if some still contend that vertebrata originated later than the others, it is still conceded that they appeared before the end of the first great epoch in the history of the globe. It is curious how this great principle of type controls the animal kingdom. Many facts, at first considered favorable to the notion that animal life was originated by the physical conditions and surroundings of its existence, have been turned against the theory by bringing in this fertile idea. Thus the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky has been cited as indicating that physical conditions determine the absence or presence of organs. But the discovery of a rudimentary eye in this fish proves that, in its creation, the plan of structure of the type to which it belongs was followed, though the organ was of no use. Indeed, the connection between organs and functions, which in most works on natural theology is emphasized as the great proof of causal and intelligent force, is not universally true. Organs without functions are among the ascertained facts of zoology. The whale has teeth which never cut through the gum. The males of mammalia have breasts which are never used. Pinnated animals have fingers which are never moved. Why is this? The reason is, that these organs, though not necessary to the mode of existence of the animals, are retained because they relate to the fundamental characteristics of their class. "The organ remains, not for the performance of a *function*, but with reference to a *plan*;" as in architecture the same external combinations which mark the style to which a building belongs are often retained for the sake of symmetry and harmony of proportion, when they serve no practical object.

Now here is a great fact, true not only as regards living animals, but in respect to fossil species of former geological epochs, which carry the mind back into an incalculable remoteness of time—the fact, namely, that all organized beings were made on four different plans of structure. These are types, *ideas*; the question is, Can we discriminate between these types and the classes in which the four plans of structure are carried out in actual organizations? If we can thus discriminate, we of course lift the question out of matter into mind. We pass from organization to the Thought and Will that organized. In all affairs under human control we are accustomed to take this step. At whatever point we view a fact or event, we trace it back through all the stages of its progress to the invisible thought which contrived it, and the in-

visible will that bade it be. We never hesitate, when we discern a plan carried practically out in human affairs, to give the plan a previous ideal existence in the mind of its human originator. If we should reason in practical affairs, as some naturalists reason in regard to the origin of organized beings, we should insist that no one had the logical right to pass beyond the steam-engine, which is a plan carried out, to the mind of James Watt, where it previously existed in idea.

Now Mr. Agassiz has demonstrated that all animals, both of living and extinct species, which have come under the notice of naturalists, exhibit the marks of these four plans of structure, and of no more, however infinitely diversified they may be in their details of structure. The number of existing species is at least two hundred and fifty thousand, with innumerable living representatives; and there is every reason to suppose that the number of extinct species is at least as great. Thus, from the beginning, through geological epochs which rival in time the marvels of astronomy in space, and under all the physical conditions and changes of the planet, we perceive four ideas controlling the structure of all organized beings. Leaving out of view the difficulty of supposing that physical elements should possess creative intelligence to originate animal life, we may still ask, without profanity, Where, in Heaven's name, did they get the memory? In each epoch they would have to create anew, for the previous animals had left no living representative to hint the secret of their structure to the wild elemental philosophers who were called upon to extemporize animal life after the old plans. They would have to recollect the mode in which they did it in the elder time. What is this but a misuse of terms—a willful naming of one thing by the appellation of another—a projection of qualities, characteristic of intelligent forces, upon forces which are unintelligent and necessitated?

Mr. Agassiz therefore insists that these four plans of structure correspond to four ideas in the Creator's mind, which are independent of the animal forms in which they are carried out. It is impossible for us to condense the facts and arguments by which, in thirty-one weighty chapters, he proceeds to show that, from whatever point we survey animal life, we are inevitably led to a Supreme Personal Intelligence as its cause and support—to an intelligence whose working in the animal creation exhibits "thought, considerate thought, combining power, premeditation, prescience, omniscience." Throughout this portion of his essay we continually feel the power and comprehensiveness of his mind, both in the graceful ease with which an immense weight and affluence of knowledge is borne, and the vigorous felicity with which it is wielded in the service of ideas. There is no branch of his subject in which he does not show himself the master of his materials. The most confused facts fall into order and relation, and readily support principles they were at first supposed to deny, when subjected to the scrutiny of his penetrating intelligence. His chapters on the simultaneous existence of the most diversified types under identical circumstances; on the repetition of identical types under the most diversified circumstances; on the unity of plan in otherwise highly diversified types; on the correspondence in the details of structure in animals otherwise entirely disconnected; on the various degrees and

different kinds of relationship among animals; on their gradation of structure; their range of geographical distribution; on the serial connection in structure of those widely scattered on the globe's surface; on the relation between their size and structure, and between their size and the mediums in which they live; on the permanency of specific peculiarities in all organized beings; on their habits, metamorphoses, duration of life, succession, standing, rank, and development: these are all fertile in original thought and exact observation, and all swell the grand cumulative argument with which he rigorously connects organized beings with their Divine Source. It seems to us that he does not leave a loose or broken link in the whole chain of his reasoning.

The second portion of his essay is devoted to a systematic description of the leading groups of existing animals, as a foundation for a natural system of classification; and the third portion to an elaborate exposition and examination of the principal systems of zoology from Aristotle to Von Baer. His definitions of the divisions of what he calls the natural system of classification are clear and exact. Branches or types are characterized by the plan of their structure; classes, by the manner in which that plan is executed, as far as ways and means are concerned; orders, by the degrees of complication of that structure; families, by their form as far as determined by structure; genera, by the details of the execution in special parts; and species, by the relations of individuals to one another, and to the world in which they live, as well as by the proportion of their parts, their ornamentation, etc. All other divisions are but limitations of these. The representatives of these divisions are perishable individuals. If we select a living animal, we find that it has in its structure all the marks by which we assign it, not only to a certain species and genus, but to an order, family, class, and type; and this classification is not arbitrary, a human device for simplifying our knowledge, but the detection in the object itself of peculiarities divinely impressed on its structure. Thus, in the animal kingdom, God himself has combined unity and simplicity with the vastest diversity; and the study of Natural History is not merely the contemplation of His works, but of His ideas and method—a study, therefore, in which the spirit of meekness and awe can be united with a depth, reach, daring, and amplitude of thought, compared with which the speculations of the selfish and skeptical school of natural philosophers appear feeble, and petty, and pert. The greatness of a philosopher is to be measured by what he suggests and aims after as well as by what he discovers, and he never seems so great as when he uses his powers in attempting to follow the indications in nature of a Creative Intelligence infinitely greater than himself.

In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Agassiz's processes and results are curiously contradictory of the dictum of that self-chosen legislator of science, Auguste Comte. We have been assured, over and over again, by the champions of the *Philosophie Positive*, that Mr. Comte's law of the evolution of scientific thought is incontrovertible. Every branch of knowledge, according to this law, passes through three stages: first, the theological or supernatural, in which phenomena are referred to supernatural agents as their causes, the principle being the same whether the divine source of

things is sought in fetichism or theism, second, the metaphysical, or transitional stage, in which a passage is made from divine persons to personified abstractions, which are supposed to underlie, animate, and produce phenomena—and as the highest conception of the supernatural stage is God considered as cause, so the highest conception of the metaphysical stage is Nature, considered as force; third, the positive stage, in which all inquiry after causes and essences is discarded, God and Nature are expelled from phenomena, and things are classified according to their invariable relations of succession and similitude. The hope of the positivist is, that the various laws with which he now contents his understanding will, in the progress and perfection of science, be found to be the expression of one general and all-inclusive Law. There are, therefore, three modes of viewing facts and relations: the first, which represents the infancy of a science, regards God as the Creator, the second regards Nature as the soul, and the third regards Law as the *regulator*, of phenomena. The highest conception of the positivist, if individualized, would represent the universe under the care of a colossal policeman, whose business was to preserve order. At present the positivist admits that he has only seen some of the inferior police, but he thinks the glorious hope may be not unreasonably indulged that ages after he is rotten humanity will catch a glimpse of the master constable himself. By the limitation of the human faculties it is impossible for him to pass to any other orders of government. If he keeps within the circle of the knowable, he stops at the constable; to superstition and metaphysics belong the absurdity of asserting that the constable is not ultimate, but implies a governor and a sovereign!

Now, in the "Essay on Classification," Mr. Agassiz has certainly indicated his right to be ranked with positive philosophers as far as the observation, discovery, and verification of laws is concerned. He is true throughout to facts and the relations of facts, to those "invariable relations of succession and similitude" which the objects of his science bear to each other. He reaches positive conclusions, which there is every probability that future additions to natural history will confirm. He knows every thing which the positivists of zoology—positivists after the idea of Comte—have observed and demonstrated. He has taken the science as left by them, and carried it forward; and both as an anatomist and embryologist, as an observer of the structure of animals and as an observer of their development, he has put on immovable foundations the great law that all animals are organized upon four different plans of structure, and grow up according to four different modes of development. He has corrected the errors, in matters of fact, of many naturalists of Comte's school of thinking, who, while they are never weary of stigmatizing the influence of theological and metaphysical theories in corrupting science, have themselves unconsciously misread facts by viewing them in the light of misleading theories. And after showing, as Mr. Agassiz has done, that the various divisions of the system of classification he espouses exist in Nature, are independent of the human mind, and are confirmed by observation and experiment, it will not do to say that the science of zoology itself is not yet in the positive stage. How, then, are we to account for the fact that Mr. Agassiz reverses the "inevitable" evolution of scientific

thought? How shall we explain the problem that he passes *from* the positive stage to the supernatural, instead of *to* the positive from the supernatural? It may be hinted—and tolerance and charity are not always accompaniments of scientific infidelity—that he does it in deference to popular prejudice, and not in obedience to the evidence of objective truth. This insinuation deserves to be considered somewhat at length.

And first, we admit the paramount importance, in the investigation of the facts of creation, of that independence of thought which is based on courageous character. Cowardice paralyzes the noblest powers; and we own to an instinctive sympathy with every man who, in stating the conscientious results of thought and research, is honored with a howl of execration from that large body of persons who suppose that religion is only safe when it is under the guardianship of ignorance and unreason. But we do not think that the fear of rousing theological prejudice is the kind of fear that a man of science is now in most danger of regarding. He is more tempted to yield to that refined form of cowardice which makes him apprehensive of offending the prejudices of his order. A theological leaning in his scientific speculations is likely to expose him to the suspicions of his peers in science, and withdraw from him the signs of that subtle freemasonry by which leading minds recognize each other. In France, where eminence in the physical and mathematical sciences is the measure of intellectual ability, there is a strong scientific prejudice against mixing up natural science with natural theology; and France has done much to give the tone to the scientific world. It would be horrible, if it were not comical, to notice the gravity with which the *savans* of the great nation have withdrawn their patronage from the Deity. Even Cousin, in his metaphysical opposition to the materialistic tendencies of French thought, excogitates a Deity who is rather a *belle effit* of philosophic rhetoric than an object of worship; and he treats Christianity as a man of charming manners would treat a pretty child, making philosophy most condescendingly hold out its hand to her! In the middle of the last century the very *valets* of the French men of science considered belief in God the mark of a vulgar mind. Infidelity was prattled by fops just as superstition was prattled by devotees. Free and liberal minds, so called, became members of an intellectual aristocracy, of which atheism, blatant or latent, was the condition of admittance. At present God is not so much denied as ignored. French science professes to get along very well without Him. Religion, as far as respects its relations to the intellect, is regarded as a sign of weakness, hypocrisy, or fear; and the fear of being thought a coward operates to convert many natural philosophers into cowards. To avoid the imputation of superstition they often hesitate to follow the natural action of their understandings. We therefore consider that Mr. Agassiz, as far as respects the public opinion of the scientific world—which is the public opinion to which he naturally pays most heed—will rather lose caste than gain fame among scientific naturalists by insisting so strenuously as he does on the theological aspects of his science. Especially will he be made the object of ridicule for his belief in the interference of God, as Creator, in each geological epoch—a doctrine which will be considered by many as equivalent to introducing miracles into science, and

as carrying it back to the most besotted supernatural stage of knowledge.

We think, therefore, that Mr. Agassiz overcame a temptation, rather than yielded to one, when he broke through the technical limitations of his science, and passed from laws to ideas, and from ideas to God. But we have stronger proof, that no desire to propitiate popular prejudices induced him to run the risk of offending scientific prejudices, in the qualities of character impressed on his work itself. The task of criticism is not merely to apply laws but discern natures; and certainly Mr. Agassiz, in the "Essay on Classification," has exhibited himself as clearly as he has exhibited his subject. An honest, sturdily, generous, self-renouncing love of truth, and willingness to follow whithersoever it leads—to atheism, if the facts force him that way; to theism, if the facts conduct him to God—this is the characteristic which his broad and open nature has stamped unmistakably on his page. Every sentence speaks scorn of intellectual reserves, and innocence of intellectual guile. And it is this truthful spirit animating his labors which gives to his results no small portion of their value and significance; for falseness in the character is likely in the end to become falseness in the intellect; and a thinker on the great themes which interest all mankind is shorn of his influence if his qualities of disposition are such as to cast doubts on his mental honesty, and to put his readers continually on their guard against observations he is supposed capable of making willfully inaccurate, and reasonings he is supposed capable of making willfully fallacious.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOOD-MORNING, kind friends, and a happy New Year!

To-day is the very fellow of yesterday. It would take sharp eyes to see that the world had changed in any thing; but there is a change. A name is a change, a feeling is a change. It is no longer fifty-seven, it is fifty-eight. We are not the same. The Easy Chair is older, but it prays you may not discover any signs of decay. A virtuous Chair would hope, like wine, to improve with years; and that when the moment of separation with its old and long-familiar friends arrives, it may be said of it, still as of old wine, that the last taste was the best.

Editors and ministers are busy just now. They are mending their pens and their memories, both to record what has happened during the year, and to moralize upon the result. Let the Easy Chair do likewise. It is itself its own pulpit and editorial column. It speaks *ex cathedra*. It looks with other furniture upon the great pageant of the world, leans on its own arms, and walks upon its own legs. It backs itself up. It has bottom—how else could it be Easy? Ah! fond old Chair, having Bottom hast thou also Titania, and what thou hearest is it with asses' ears?

Let us talk of the year that is gone. We will not parade a chronicle of events, nor draw the moral from all. Is not our name Easy, and is that not the character of our conversations? Great things have happened at home and abroad. History records no year better worth living in than the one just gone. The world was not used up when we came, and it will be quite as fresh when we are gone. Dip into any old history—into Machiavelli, into Thuanus, into old Stowe, and Hollinshed—and

you will find the same intense feeling of life, the supreme superiority of the present moment of which we are conscious.

The diocese of the Easy Chair pity the friends of Lorenzo de Medici for supposing they lived in such a happy period, when really they were living in a cloud of political uncertainty and national contest. But how different is it with us? Instead of petty battles at Imola and Faenza, at Pisa and Milan, we are contemporary with great wars in the Crimea, in India, in China—and where next? Signor Nicolo Machiavelli was a very unscrupulous statesman, and Signor Cæsar Borgia a villain. Did villainy and unscrupulousness perish with those Signori? There are poetic theologians who assure us that every man's life repeats the whole story of the creation and history of the world: that he eats the forbidden fruit, is expelled from the Garden, is confounded in building his Babel, is dispersed into the four quarters of heaven, builds his Greece and Rome, sees the Cross in the clouds and founds the Eastern empire, then sinks into Dark Ages and desolation, becomes Pope of Rome and restores Greek learning and fosters the arts, until finally he protests and struggles and conquers, and finally emerges a finished gentleman of the nineteenth century, having previously discovered America, and cut off the King's head.

The logic of the myth is, that America is Paradise regained, and the present year of grace is the Millennium. This was perhaps not strictly true of fifty-seven, but let us hope better things of fifty-eight. If every man in the world would take hold and resolve it should be so, it would be so. The Millennium is always possible, if you suppose mankind—as butter is, if you suppose cream. At this moment it is, perhaps, only cream. Churn vigorously for fifteen minutes, and by the time your bread is baked you have fresh butter for it. So, now, we have only mankind. But turn to, and make them what they can be, and you have churned out a Millennium.

Politics and political events of the year we do not discuss. The head of our respected Collector knows whether the Chair that has to do with politics is Easy. Perhaps a contemplative Easy Chair has its opinions even upon questions in the great debatable region of politics. If it has, it is able to keep them. But when it sallies forth for its monthly chat with its friends, it has other matters of discourse. It wishes to sit down by the family fire, to show itself under the friendly evening lamp, to let the newspapers be laid aside, and to converse, not to debate. Debate is good; great questions compel discussion; but when the Easy Chair drops in for a friendly evening call, do you think it is going to subject itself to being thrust into the fire? Hath not an Easy Chair arms? Hath not an Easy Chair legs? Hath not an Easy Chair a back? Do you think an Easy Chair can not feel the fire? How do you know but it has felt it, and is like a burned child?

Then again there was Cranmer. He feared the fire, but he held his hand in it. Perhaps for the year ensuing it would be well for the reader to take Cranmer for a model rather than Shylock.

An observant Easy Chair, however it may deplore its own poverty, has no very profound respect for the morals of business, or the humanity of riches. It perceives that it is still difficult for camels to go through the eyes of needles. Its heart

is not wont to swell with peculiarly lofty emotions when it stumps along in the shadow of Wall Street palaces. It does not feel that the spirit of that region is any more a continuation or practice of the spirit preached in the edifice which fronts the head of the street, than that its architecture is a prolongation of Trinity Church. In truth, Broadway, at the head of Wall Street—Trinity on the one side with its significance, and the street upon the other with its significance—seems to the feeble intellects of this Chair as broad and impassable a gulf as could well be, and that not by reason of the omnibuses.

But if it does not believe Dives to be a saint because he has great piles of shekels, it certainly does not suppose him to be necessarily a sinner for that reason. Nor will any sensible man or Chair ever hold that the pieces of gold in the rich man's purse are so many drops of the poor man's blood.

Yet there is always this jealousy lurking in the darkest corners of the popular mind like a savage monster, and he is a public criminal who tempts it forth into action. In the decrepit days of Rome, and in all the dark hours of revolution and social confusion, the appeal to this prejudice has been always sufficient to excite bloodshed and anarchy, but never has it achieved a solitary good result. And when the appeal has been made, it was always either by an impracticable and ignorant philanthropic enthusiast, or a demagogue who preferred his own chance of advancement to the public peace.

Listen, then, to a story of long ago: the tradition of the good Alcalde.

There was a city in Spain sadly misruled. It was in those remote and childish days of the world when even grave men supposed that people could govern themselves, and before the wholesome and restraining influences of the most Holy Inquisition had cherished all that was noblest in human character, and developed that manly independence, and intellectual freedom, and religious temper, which have given the Spaniards their just celebrity, so constantly maintained, in every domain of literature and art, and that eminence of moral conduct which is among the least of the praises of the humane and Godly Holy Office.

It has been urged, indeed, that the popular excesses of those earlier days were favorable to human progress, because, say the Catholic Doctors, if the people of those times had governed themselves wisely, the Holy Office, with its attendant train of blessings, could never have found an entrance into the country; but, *Inus Deo!* the Almighty educes good from evil, and makes even the shortcomings of men to praise Him.

The moral of which observation of the Doctors seems to be, that if any city should ever try that childish business of governing itself, it must take great care *how* it governs, lest by license and extravagance an opening be made, and an excuse suggested for the formation of institutions which may be in themselves a great deal better (as, for example, the Holy Inquisition may be much better than a system of religious toleration), but which, however better they may be, are quite incompatible with the preceding state of things.

Thus, then, there was a city in Spain sadly misruled—and yet it was ruled by the people. They paid enormous taxes, and yet no man was secure of his life or property. They elected a Diet to regulate expenses, and the Diet spent the money, not

for doing the work of the city most cheaply, but for doing the work expensively by partisans of its own—preferring those partisans even when they would not do the work but for twice as much as the sum for which others were willing to do it.

But the good Alcalde, or chief of the city, sighed to see the corruption that prevailed around him. He was called The New Broom—because he swept away all kinds of dishonesty and chicanery, and, forgetting himself, aimed only at the good of the city. But when, at length, great disaster fell upon Spain, and she was entangled in commercial ruin, then the good Alcalde was carried away by his own benevolence. His heart swelled until it encroached upon his head, and his sense fell a victim to his sensibility.

The soul of the good Alcalde was wrung with sympathy for the suffering poor who were thrown out of employment, and beheld a hard winter before them. Knowing that his own private means—which had been slowly and honestly amassed, and which he gave away in extravagant abundance—would not purchase flour and meat for all the poor of the city, he desired that the city itself should do it. Overcome by his philanthropy, he did not remember that he and his associates were trustees of funds for certain purposes, and could not spend the money of the citizens just as they pleased. Full of Christian charity, he did not know that if the city might feed one class, it would have to feed all—that if he gave bacon to the makers of tenpenny nails he would also be called upon to give bread to the makers of tacks. Blinded by benevolence, the good Alcalde did not perceive that he was attacking the very foundation of the popular government upon which the city rested; for it is despots who feed and amuse their subjects, in order that they may tyrannize over them without resistance.

"Now, citizens," said the good Alcalde to the men who were trying to get honest work for honest wages, "now the winter is coming on, and you will find it impossible to procure employment. You and your families, in dreary hovels, will have no fire or food. But close by you, in splendid palaces, are men who never work, and who roll indolently in luxury. You are a great deal stronger than they are; you earn your money more righteously than they do. You can break open their doors, and cut their throats, and steal their money, and their roast beef, if you choose—and hunger has no law."

The good Alcalde, an enthusiast of generosity and philanthropy, ended; and the poor people said among themselves, "Hold! that is true. We never thought of that. Let us try the doors, whether they be strong, and the roast beef, whether it be tough."

But the tradition relates that as they were on the march to the attack, the Diet caused work to be furnished and stayed their arms. And when the people had done the work, they returned to the Diet for more; and when any workman, of any kind, fell out of labor, he repaired straightway to the Diet and demanded it. If the Diet demurred the workmen elevated a banner, on which was inscribed "*Work or Death!*" So the Diet squeezed the people with overwhelming taxes to supply work, and pay for work, to those who demanded. The populace became turbulent and tyrannical, as happened always under such circumstances in older countries. The Diet was compelled to raise and

support an army to control the laborers they employed; until, at last, the army and the laborers uniting, destroyed the Diet, possessed themselves of the city, and after a long period, in which prosperity and peace were unheard of, the most Holy Inquisition came sailing in over a sea of blood, and the foolish little city was disciplined by that benign institution.

But just before these events and this final fall, some friends of the good Alcalde said, in an open meeting of the citizens,

"We must forgive the mistaken virtue and charity which lead straight to anarchy and blood. But an insanity of virtue is still dangerous; and ought we not to take good care that lunatics, however well-meaning and humane, are not put into responsible situations? A city like ours, with so much positive ignorance and crime to manage, ought to consider seriously whether it can afford to gratify its fondness for philanthropic propositions and sympathies, when that gratification imperils the actual well-being of the citizens."

But this harangue, which had an aristocratic tone, and seemed to reprove the sentiments of the good Alcalde, was not tolerated for a moment. All the honest people who wished a peaceable and economical government took sides with the good Alcalde—"because," said they, "although his heart may be too tender, and his sympathies too irrepressible, yet how much better is benevolence, even misguided, than deliberate dishonesty!" And all the people who sneered at political principle, and who preferred party to decency or good government—who declared that it made no difference who was Alcalde, because all men were rascals alike—together with ignorant people lately arrived in Spain, and all the bullies and rioters of the city, arrayed themselves against the good Alcalde.

It was all in vain, however; for in this world, and especially in Spain, virtue is always triumphant. The good Alcalde was retained, and he and his Diet had their way, although, as has been already related, out of his philanthropy came chaos, and out of his charity confusion.

"But, *laus Deo!*" quoth an old Spanish Father, "it appears that the men of that city knew so little of the principles of their own government, and so perversely refused to study History—declaring that they were an exceptional people, and that, in their coarse phrase, 'History might go hang'—that it is no wonder their ignorance and credulity were overruled, for the benefit of mankind, and of the most Holy Office which, in its great goodness, hath lately appointed a solemn *auto da fe*, whereat five blasphemers will be burned at the stake, for sacrilegiously refusing to believe in the efficacy for saving souls of the holy relic in the cathedral, which, as all the faithful know, is a piece of the paring of the sacred thumb-nail of the most blessed saint, his Holiness Pope Alexander VI., the virtuous Rodrigo Borgia."

There is good reading in many an old chronicle. But, after all, it is a waste of time; for why should a man devote the leisure which would enable him to read the last novel to perusing pages whose lessons have no bearing upon his daily life, like the advertisements of Parr's Pills and the Corn Doctor in the daily journals?

HUNGER is the most unreasoning thing in the world, and the most formidable. It flouts remonstrance, and laughs guns to scorn. Hunger op-

posed to muskets is simply ferocity. Hunger in the state is simply despair, and when its real pressure is felt, the advance of its columns is like the sudden and overwhelming rise of the tide in the Bay of Fundy.

That made the curious and doubtful interest of the processions and meetings in the autumn, and in that lies the moral which we can now draw from those meetings. In this country, so long as labor is plenty and well paid, and food is consequently easily accessible, there is little danger of a serious or permanent revolt among the citizens. Hence the troubles of last June could not be regarded as very serious. At the worst a few volleys would end them. But in November the times were so sadly disjointed, that when swarms of people crowded through the streets and into the Parks crying, "Bread or Death!" there was room enough for the suspicion that there might be such real, stinging, griping hunger in the city, that all that hunger has done in other countries and times it would do here.

There is a certain philosophy in these events. In countries where a few rule, or one man rules, it is not always difficult for a skillful conspirator to overturn the government and rule himself; but where we all have an equal interest in the state, and understand that if we are out of power it is because there is a majority of numbers against us, there is nothing that can reverse the order of things but a moral sentiment suddenly seizing the people, or the grinding point of hunger and actual personal deprivation.

But—and this is the special sermon of the Easy Chair to all hard working men who, it hopes, find some repose and recreation in its embrace—this state of actual destitution must be limited to the city. Consequently, if the laborers of New York, driven to desperation, should take up arms and sack the stores, how long would the supplies last them? and how long before their rising would be smothered in their own blood? Any speaker in Tompkin's Square might justly have said, "I'd as lief be shot down as starved down," and therefore try to seize a loaf to satisfy his present hunger. Yes, and when he is shot down, how has he helped his family? It is a dreadful case that he should be forced to the alternative; but he ought to see that it is a great deal better that he should run the risk of starving for himself than the risk of a riot for his family.

Of course, as hunger is unreasoning, he will not consider this when he is pinched. But as he reads these words now calmly and quietly after his supper, let him understand the case, so that when he marches after a banner with the motto of "Bread or Death!" he may know just what he is doing, and how it is going to help those he loves, and would die for.

If you have ever watched a particular dandelion in a field deprived gradually of its golden rays, and left a little cloud of gossamer upon the stalk, and have then seen it whirled aloft and away, torn and scattered upon thorny bushes, and dashed into annihilation upon an angry stream, were you not reminded of the hapless thing as you read the report of a case of shame which filled the eager newspapers in the autumn?

There is something so pitiful in the circumstance of a forlorn woman, however foolish and even faithless she may have been, who is suddenly struck by

the scorn of the world, against which she can offer no more resistance than the gossamer of the dandelion to a November storm, that the Easy Chair has no right to leave a word unspoken which, now that the immediate interest of the case has gone by, may arrest the attention—might it even hope the steps—of some similar thoughtless butterfly.

If we measure our sinlessness by the quantity of stones we generally throw, what an immaculate generation it is! But this time the victim was in a situation so appealingly wretched, that nobody could be found quite virtuous enough to stone her, while, as was only just, the name of her paramour has become a proverb of incredible infamy and unspeakable shame.

Think of it, Thistledown, even you, pretty and smiling Thistledown, who love your sounces, and your flirtations, and your primrose gloves. It was not the matter of a moment. Great shames grow from little infamies. The things so small that they are not worth talking about become catastrophes so sad that they can not decently be mentioned. You have not escaped the eye of the Easy Chair as you frolicked and wantoned, skipped and smiled along your easy way. To be "fast," just a little, to be noted as a gay girl, to astonish every day with a pretty audacity, with a fresh toilet, or an intenser flirtation. To believe that life was a long season at Saratoga, and you the belle at its ball—behold the sum of your feeling and your ambition!

But, Thistledown, the moment you had met a man to flirt with (and how could you tell his kind from that of other men?), who was "smart" enough to conceive and execute meannesses so vile that he was sure nobody could ever be suspected of them, what was to become of you? What is to become of you if such is still the game of your life, and it is only a question of time when you do meet him?

Men are so much worse than you can believe! They are capable of holding you in such abject slavery, of which your own weak fears and foolish passions are the chains. Flirtation is, of all games, the most dangerous, not so much because it may break your heart, as because it may ruin your honor and the happiness of those who love you; and there is rarely a flirtation in which the man is not the master. Even if he be not so, the world will not consider him otherwise. When he turns aside, and quits you for another flower, the pity of the "world" is poured out upon you, and the lees of such pity, which come last and cover you, are contempt.

But if you are not a girl, but a married woman, then, you poor little Thistledown, what possible chance have you?

You are introduced to Bluster, and you think him a handsome, stylish man, or an intellectual man, or any kind of man that you choose to make your hero represent.

—Husband? Well, husband is at home, and you are sure he would be delighted to have you attended by such a perfectly *comme il faut* gentleman. Besides it is so lonely here (let us suppose Paris), and really a married woman, unprotected, ought to have a friend to call upon.

How long before he is your lover? How long before he knows it, and you know it, even if nothing has been said, but only sung, and looked, and insinuated in every tone of the voice, in every glance of the eye, in every movement of the body,

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in going and coming, in all the most delicate, and airy, and persuasive ways?

Now, Thistledown, you may have married unhappily, you may not love your husband, your husband may be unkind to you, you may or may not be a mother, and for all these reasons you may have found excuses for toying with Bluster until you discover that you have given him your heart, that he has fascinated you, and does with you what he will. You may even have said to yourself, "I am a human being, born with a right to happiness (and every man and woman is, spite of Professor Teufelsdröckh), and endowed with affections that may secure that happiness. I am unhappily mated; and now comes the hero with whom I was born to be satisfied, and with whom life becomes a rapture," etc., etc. You can find it in the poorer kind of French novels.

Now if you believe in your love deeply enough to follow wherever it leads, you may at once leave every thing behind, and fly with Bluster to the antipodes. Such a course compels faith in your sincerity, and shows that you are not playing at a ghastly travesty of the most solemn human relations. But, under all the circumstances, ought you to go? Granting the worst, ought you to go? Have you no other duties than those to your lover and to yourself? If you have married a man you did not love, ought you to escape the penalty? Would a noble woman shirk the consequences of her own fault? Have you no duties to friends and relations, whose hearts will be tried and torn by your flight? If you have children, you clearly commit a crime in going.

But suppose you don't mean to fly; that you are going to bewail your hard fate and enjoy all the immunities and consideration of a faithful wife, while you gratify all the passion of your heart by intimate conversation and correspondence with Bluster.

Then an Easy Chair will only weep over your fond fatuity, and remind you of this, that if Bluster be an honorable man, no such man will allow himself to be wheedled by his love for a woman into exposing that woman to the chance of exposure and shame. If he continue the intimacy, even although it be not, in the technical sense, criminal, you may know that his passion is stronger than his respect, and such feeling is not love; and that, if he be not a knave, as he probably is, he is a weak man, who will sooner or later betray you.

Then weakness is next to crime. The moment a selfish man, like the paramour in this case, discovers the extent of his despotism, he will use it to the basest ends. Whether actually criminal or not, you are equally lost, and you have sacrificed every thing for nothing. Here was a pretty little woman, who was a belle at watering-places and had thirty dresses. How many pretty little women who go annually to the same places have any other ambition? They carry books, do they? Indeed! They take the exercise of bowling, and riding, and driving? Ah! Then they go to church every Sunday, sometimes twice, and always once. Oh! then an apologetic Easy Chair begs their pardon. Then it is clear that they are studious, healthy, pious people. Then it is demonstrated that they have no consuming vanities, no belittling jealousies and rivalries, no envious ambitions. Then it is beyond question that the watering-place hotels are rather Brobdignagian Sunday-schools

or hospitals, where all the Virtues lie-in and profusely multiply; that they are academies of modesty, economy, and charity, in which this poor butterfly we are talking about and her particular friend are eminent professors.

Thistledown, you have read that affidavit, you have led this life of thirty dresses and flirtation, and you know whither it leads. Shame generally comes to your sex through weakness. The very bitterness with which you are assailed, after the catastrophe, is partly the result of a spiteful jealousy that the critic was not bold enough to win the *éclat*—or shame—which you have won. For many an uncensured person fancies there is a certain piquancy in disgrace—until disgrace comes. There is Madame Turbidart, whose idiocy is called innocence, and who has just sense enough to wish she dared to be sinful; she would not spare you, Thistledown, if once you gave her a chance to censure. If you are content with the adulation of fools, you will be annihilated by fools in the hour of misfortune. The poor little woman, who loved to frisk and flutter in her flounces and to be "fast" with wild young men, had as little thought as you have of the sad morrow with its dreadful, irreparable public disgrace.

Think of these things, Thistledown.

It is always pleasant to find one's self in good company. Even an old Easy Chair is not above the satisfaction arising from the perception that it is surrounded by honest, honorable, and fascinating companions. Good company promotes good manners. When Gunnybags invites the Easy Chair to dinner, the Chair puts on its most shining conduct, so to say, and feels that by the side of Gunnybags's mahogany it should be as polished as possible. So if the sagacious reader, being in London, should be asked to join the little weekly feast of the men who brew the *Punch* in which the whole world delights, how natural it would be for him to remember the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and like that witty, but not very wise, gentleman, prepare his impromptu, and elaborate his good things.

How proud and careful—even if a little nervous and ambitious—should an Easy Chair be, which helps make out the company of which such famous people as (the ladies first) Mrs. Gaskell, and Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and many other most fit and honorable guests are parts! That is the Easy Chair's happy but dangerous fate in the monthly banquet of this magazine.

In this very number, for instance, it sits by the side of Mrs. Gaskell, Thackeray, and Reade. There are no literary companions dearer to the public, nor more worthily dear. Thackeray alone is a host—although, on this occasion, he is but one of many guests. He has opened for us his generous sympathies, his shrewd and kindly observation; and in that sweet Saxon which is the perfection of the most exquisite style in our literature, he commences his story of "The Virginians." He gives it to our monthly feast, with all the rich and racy illustrations with which his prompt pencil waits upon his pen. It opens with that simple, easy power which is the sign of a master. As you read the pregnant lines there is a placid and profound satisfaction in the conviction that we are contemporary with the still surviving greatness of English letters. While such men as he and others

at our table are writing with all the genial plenitude of their genius, who dares to sigh for better fare—who can persuade himself that other days were better than our days?

More than once the Easy Chair has advised its friends to yield to the literary customs of the time. The great novelists will write their stories in monthly parts, and they should be read as written. And so many of them will write at once, that unless you do read them in the monthly parts, you are likely to be so appalled by the magnitude of the completed work as not to read it at all.

But if you choose to be perverse and stop your ears while Thackeray is repeating his chapter—meaning to wait until you can have it all at once—then you may turn to his neighbor, Mrs. Gaskell, who spins the whole of her yarn together this month, or to Wilkie Collins, who will do the same next month.

Whatever your taste, however, you can not escape satisfaction. The givers of the feast owe it to themselves to take care that none of their vast company goes away discontented. Their *Monthly Magazine* is like a banquet in a colossal palace. From every quarter throng the guests, and from every side the good things are gathered to feed them. And the great company constantly increases. Every month there are more and more who crowd to the tables, and there is space enough and food enough for all. And the hosts are well aware that they must spare no pains nor cost in its preparation. Wishing well to all others, they will do the best they can for themselves. What that best is the more than a million monthly guests are well aware. Let them also know, and let all the other thousands who are yet coming know, that if genius, money, energy, and good-will can please them, they will be every month more and more pleased.

THE fall of Delhi was good news for the world. The whole Indian campaign, thus far, has shown the supremacy of that indomitable English pluck which keeps England victorious, spite of the faults of her military system, which does not always put the right man in the right place.

Who really wanted England to be beaten, except, perhaps, the hope of a vague ambition in Russia and France? There was, as we said last month and as all England admitted, at one time serious question of the duration of British rule in India. It held that great country by military occupation. It had not colonized; it had not exterminated; it yielded every where, as far as it could, to native prejudice and superstition. It was the appeal to that superstition which aroused the rebellion. But certainly the steady progress of the repression of the revolt seems to show that the general policy of England in India had not alienated the great body of the nation. The leading chiefs in the country have remained faithful to the British, and the insurrection was almost entirely among the Sepoys. It was partly the great uncertainty of the situation of affairs which made the aspect so direful and foreboding. From the beginning the siege of Delhi seemed to be accepted as the type of the war. "When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall." If Delhi fell, then the insurrection fell with it. If Delhi maintained itself, and the besiegers were destroyed, then a darker and more disastrous day rose upon India than any this century has seen.

But during the Crimean campaign and these first months of the Indian war, the pure pluck of the English has shown itself entirely undiminished. The *temper*, so to say, of the English nature seems to be the truest and most delicate of all. In English history there is, perhaps, a greater diversity and range of character than in the memoirs of any other people. From the most degraded grossness, up, through every variety of excellence, to the most exquisite and sovereign grace and genius, you can trace the play of that affluent and restless nature. There is no chivalry of the Black Prince or poetic Percy in romantic ages that is not renewed and repeated in the gallantry of Ensign Nubbs in the last action. They step out of billiard clubs and ball-rooms, out of carpeted parlors and ladies' boudoirs, they turn from waltzing and flirting, and the next month, through storms of death, they are furiously charging by the six hundred,

"Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell."

So long as this is their spirit they are impregnable. It is only when the waltz and the boudoir indispose them for the valley of Balaklava that Delilah has begun to shear the locks of Samson. When London becomes Capua, then England will be Carthage.

When the war in the Crimea began, and indeed at intervals during the war, the world was persuaded that France held the sceptre of real power. That campaign came near shaking general faith in the essential vigor of England. But whatever suspicion the Crimea may have suggested has been a good deal removed by the firm attitude of the plucky little island, between the Indian war on the one hand and the American commercial crash upon the other. The gales struck her from the East and the West, but she stood steady, and will doubtless maintain her footing.

And surely, by every hope of the future, and by all faith in mankind, the mother country and her child this side the sea are united. If the future of the world, in light and liberty, is not given to the Anglo-Saxon race, in the old country and the new, where is it to find a protector and a home? Occasionally, during the last few years, clouds not larger than a man's hand have stolen above the horizon, and foolish wreckers half-hoped for the storms that might come out of them. But if there be any such thing as a great public morality and duty; if there be any such thing as intellectual perception, if there be any general prosperity, are they not all involved in a permanent peace between these two great powers?

It is, therefore, an individual duty to maintain that peace. Every man should root out of his heart whatever weeds of prejudice or jealousy he may find growing there. In every English triumph, in every American success, Englishmen and Americans are alike interested. They have the same origin, the same language, the same teachers and influences. With all their differences of education and political training, there is at heart, acknowledged or unacknowledged, the profoundest sympathy; and if their jealousies and quarrels are fiercer than those of either with any other nation, they are like brothers' differences, which are the most bitter of all.

There will be, and must be, and ought to be, however, very honest differences of opinion as to a great many things, and there will be some, perhaps, not quite so honest. John Bull has a very

modified respect for our political institutions, and observes, in a very loud voice, and a tone which is very like a sneer, that we are socially a vulgar set of spitters, and that the American continent floats, in fact, upon saliva. It may be stated, without fear of successful contradiction, that the American books which treat of England are almost without exception—the two most truculent exceptions being Mr Matt. Ward's book and Mr. C. Edwards Lester's—thoughtful, instructive, just, admiring, and generous; such, for instance, as Irving's, Coleman's, Willis's, Tuckerman's, Emerson's, Mrs. Stowe's, Miss Sedgwick's, and many more; while the most beautiful and poetic pictures of characteristic English rural life are in the "Bracebridge Hall" of Irving, which is certainly a companion-piece to the Spectator's "Coverley Hall." But the English books upon America, from Fiedler down, are, with some pleasant exceptions, captious, indiscriminating, and unjust. We state this to show that Jonathan has no more jealousy of John than John has of Jonathan. But John ought to remember that as he finds plenty of things very precious to Jonathan which seem absurd to him, so Jonathan must wonder and laugh at many of John's most honored and sacred superstitions. But when he laughs he is not a sinner. He may have superstitions enough of his own, but not that particular one. The donkeys pity the animals that have short ears, but then the donkeys ought not to fly into a passion with a nightingale who should declare that the donkey's voice was not musical, nor the nightingale with the donkey who might retort that he was only a whistle on two legs, and shabby ones at that.

The moral is for all of us. We must all have our prejudices occasionally wounded, and we can not reason about them, because prejudices are unreasonable. If we think there was really an intention of insult, then we shall naturally part company with the insulter; but if we are pretty sure that it was the expression of an honest opinion, we may wince, but we know that we also sometimes touch our neighbor's sore spots, and we swallow our vexation, and a warmer friendship is the reward of patience.

A FRIGHTENED friend in the country writes to the Easy Chair for advice about several anonymous letters he has lately received. He wishes to know what should be done about it, and whether he should make his will at once, and not venture out in the evening. He writes:

"COLUMBY COUNTY.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I'm e'en a'most frightened out of my wits. My Golly! we've had a dreffle time up here, we have—me and my Lucindy. They haint been no sich times up to our place since Varnum Plop come home wounded in the small of his back from fighting down in Texas. You see this is the thing: You know we live up to Columby County, and we raise chickens as well as they do over in Dutchess County; and, by thunder! I haint no two opinions which is best. Howsever, that aint nuther here nor there. But when I'd got some special roosters, I sent an advertisement to the *Columby Trumpet and Palladium of Liberty* that I'd got some chickens wuth havin', and that those air Dutchess County chickens were no better than old hens. But I didn't put my name to it. Gigh! how that started on 'em up. I'd no idee on it at all till the next week, when I went to the *Trumpet*

Office to pay for my advertising (and advertising is all stuff, for not a darned chicken did it make me sell). When I cum to the office, the Editor, who's an awful skeery fellow, said to me:

"Well, aint you a darned pretty chap?"

"Cum, now," says I, 'what d'ye mean by that?"

"Why," sez he, 'you go an' stick in advertisements that'll make me to be blowed up like a blowed old tin-top meetin'-house, and have my head broke for your cussed concerns. Why can't you keep your old chickens to hum, or, 'tany rate, not be a pitchin' into t'other folks's chickens? Look a here, now, see what kind o' letters I've got on your account!"

"So he handed 'em over to me, and I read 'em; and I send you a taste of one or two on 'em:

"DUTCHESS COUNTY.

"To the Editor of the Columbia Trumpet and Palladium of Liberty:

"SIR,—Looking over the columns of your much (until now) respected Magazine, I notice a very disgraceful remark against our noble chickens, which, I assure you, does not speak at all well for you or your pamphlet; and also, let me remark to you, that if you were residing in Dutchess you would soon have to make tracks, as I have no doubt you would, as Columbians are very long-legged as well as long-tongued, and are capable of clearing or running away sooner than any other county people. If I ever was to go to Columbia I would make you sorely repent for it. I have no more at present to say—but for you to BEWARE! You never hear the sons of Dutchess talking against Columbian chickens. You never hear such talk from any of our people, except from me, who calls you an infernal scoundrel! and coward! who would dare to insult a fowl, and that a chicken of Dutchess County. Sir, I would knock the sense out of you, if I had you in my clutches only for once. Farewell.

"A SON OF DUTCHESS."

"Here's another one, which is perfectly drefle:

"DUTCHESS COUNTY.

"SIR!!!—You are unworthy of the name. You are a villain and coward, who boast of the superiority of your chickens. If we (the Dutchess people) were to do the same, we could name 1000's upon 1000's of chicken victories gained over you bloody Columbians. You are no gentleman to talk of our most noble chickens, whom we love, and whom you have basely insulted. The head rooster of Columbia County is a darn fool, and so is all the chickens, and you too. The d—l take all enemies of our chickens."

"ONE OF THE SPOONS."

"Now, Mr. Easy Chair, when I'd a read these things, all so spattery and blotty, I shook's tho' I'd never cum to. Sez I to the Editor, 'What on airth's to be done now? 'Taint safe to go out nights. Me and you'll be skewered up in less'n no time.' The Editor looked darned cross, and sez he, 'I've nuthin' to do with it. When those Dutchessers cum over here I shall jest give you up to 'em—that's all about it. But, as a friend, I advise you to sen' down and see what the Easy Chair sez; coz it may help you out of a heap of trouble.' I went home, and Lucindy said the same thing. She sez she don't dare to go to the wood-house, for like's not one of themere drefle Spoons'll jump up from behind a log, and eat her up, 'fore she k'n say 'Jack Roberson.' You never seed such times as they is to our house just now—and what am I to do? Lordy! Lordy!

you've no idee how awful spattery that ere letter of one of them Spoons was. I swar to man he must be rily. I'm a Varmounter born, and I guess this ere letter 'll be the frightin' of me back. But jest please say what you think about it.

"Yours to command

with respect, till death,

"SHEARJASHUB DOOLITTLE."

Well, Mr. Doolittle, an Easy Chair is not accustomed to consider anonymous letters very fearful things. To write anonymously to an equally anonymous correspondent, a good many miles away, and to tell him that if you only had him in your town, and had his head under your arm, and had somebody to hold him, you would punch his head ferociously, is not a very awe-inspiring proceeding. The writer of an anonymous letter is simply a fool too cowardly to be a knave.

But in this particular case the Easy Chair must say that your fling at the chickens of Dutchess County was quite uncalled for. It is usually possible to tell the truth without putting it into the form of an insult; and if in the heat of the moment you did put it into that form, you ought not to be unwilling, in a cooler moment, to say that, while your opinion remains unchanged, you had not the remotest intention of insulting any person, thing, or chicken.

Still you may safely go out in the evening. Writers of anonymous letters are satisfied to draw ink, not blood; and are themselves, probably, very solicitous about venturing out after dark.

And so, Shearjashub, a happy New Year! Don't insult other people's chickens; and, in the expressive words of Runk, "fare-thee-well!"

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We closed our last month's mention of other-side matters with a little tribute (a flower to a fresh grave) to Daniel Manin—or, giving to the name its own Venetian mellifluence, let us say, Daniello Manini.

A subscription is now growing, or, rather, has grown, in Paris, under the eye and without the check of the Imperial Censors, to give to the dead hero a monument upon Italian ground; not, indeed, at Venice, where it should stand—where one day it will stand—but in that Sardinian portal of Italy, Turin, wherein blow, even under the regal escutcheons, somewhat of the old Piedmontese odors of liberty.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has, moreover, done itself honor by an appreciative article upon the deceased exile.

"He knew," says the *Revue*, "how to make a sacrifice of his opinions."

Let no man sniff at this as damnatory. It is rare praise—all the rarer because so rarely merited.

Manin had opinions—opinions of his own—about what was best for Italy, what was best for Venice; opinions with which many brave men and true, of Rome, of Piedmont, of Tuscany, could not wholly agree; but before all—far before the triumph of his particular theory—he longed for the enfranchisement of Italy, and, for the attainment of this end, was content to sacrifice opinion and to crucify his ambition. Let us mark the distinction more sharply. Manin was republican; republican in his habits, republican in his hopes. His political theories were dear to him, and were entertained earnestly. But with him Freedom was, after all, a larger name than Republic. If a man fought or

thought courageously for Liberty, he did not regard what crown he might wear. He welcomed sceptres in the combat against Tyranny. Himself might fall to second rank, or third rank, or no rank at all, and Venice become one of a score of federated cities, if only the blighting hand of foreign despotism were lifted. If only the Mazzinists all glowed with this faith, and could join heartily with the true men who doubt if a Republic be the only panacea, there might be hope still.

Manin has hardly gone when we have another great death to record—that of the General Cavaignac. He was at his little country-place (you have seen the accounts), sauntering out with his fowling-piece, when he died suddenly, and fell into his servant's arms.

The young widow, with a romantic French heroism (British heroism would not wear the romantic tinge), bore away the body to Paris, in high military dress, in her own carriage, seated beside it, lavishing vain tenderness, conquering grief by hearty utterance and by her romantic sense of duty.

The papers will have told you what array of musketry and of banners attended the funeral cortege; and how the Prefect of Police, as in the other instance of Béranger, became a mourner. But Cavaignac, though to the full as honest a Republican, was no such street favorite as Béranger. His name never called up a shout; he wore no fine gloss of words to cover popular sins, but was always as stern a disciplinarian as he was honest Republican.

At a time, now ten years gone, when the name of Cavaignac was more in the mouths of people than it has been since, and we—*Sedile antiquum! Sedile venerabile! (non nobis licet dicere CATHEDRAM)*—speaking of this same General, looking out upon this same Paris, under date of September 21, 1848, sketched him this wise:

"And who, now, is this Chief, on whom seems to hang at this juncture the glory and the destiny of France?"

"Three months back, and Cavaignac was a new name, appearing only at intervals between the leads of the press and under some Algerian accounts; it was not of enough importance that one should ask, on your side of the water, who is this Cavaignac?"

"Now, on the contrary, you can not pass a print shop but you shall see him in the dress of his generalship, or in his African cap, or on his horse, or at the tribune; and no plasterer's shop is complete without a copy of him, in statuette and in statue."

"He had won no such name as Arago for stargazing, or Lamartine for making 'Pilgrimages'; yet now their time, politically, is past, and Cavaignac has the rôle."

"He was a new man, and quick grown; like the Republic itself, his political birth was sudden, perfect, Minervan."

"People read the name once—twice—reflected, hesitated, then boldly asked their neighbors who the new man could be who held thus suddenly the place of the philosopher and poets?"

"He is, then, a soldier—born in Paris, in 1802, and now having the effective age of 46."

"His father was an old Conventiannel, and not reputed one of the most moderate of his time. His brother, Godefroi Cavaignac, better known than the father, and, up to the date of the late Revolution, better known than the General, was an ad-

vocate of some eminence, who rendered himself obnoxious to the late Government by earnest advocacy of Republican principles.

"Eugène, the General, was educated at the Polytechnic School, and, in 1830, was simple officer in the garrison of Arras, where he was among the first to declare for the Charter and Citizen King."

"His own notions, added to a sort of family taint, bred for him little favor under the late dynasty, and it was not till some years after that he was shown the favor of an active command in Algeria."

"His successes were not brilliant, but decided. He gradually worked his way up to rank of Camp Marshal and Commandant of Division. In 1839 he published a well-written brochure on the Regency of Algiers."

"At the date of the February Revolution he was nominated, by the Provisional Government, Governor of Algiers."

"He commenced his rule firmly but temperately, repressing all insurrectionary action, and even meeting the enthusiasm of those most earnest to change existing laws by a *coup de main* with this united appeal and reproach: 'That energy which, grounding its action on mere popular opinion, would throw off established duties, I consider a detestable energy, and shall repress it with all the means in my power.'

"If the spoliators of the Tuileries and the shoe-making modelers of the Paris Police had been met in the beginning with such strong and temperate rebuke, instead of encouragement and promise, the Republic might now be *un fait accompli*, and no June mourners going about the streets."

"But our affair is now Cavaignac."

"He was elected by a Southern Department to the Assembly."

"On the 28th of February he was named General of Division. Another decree of the 20th March made him Minister of War. Still, however, he chose to remain at Algiers."

"A decree of the 29th April called him peremptorily to Paris, to fulfill his duties as member of the National Assembly. He bid his African subjects adieu, and came, arriving some few days after the attempted revolt of the 15th of May."

"He immediately entered upon his duties as Secretary at War, and as member of the Assembly."

"His African reputation, the confidence of the army, his well-known Republican predilections, as well as his position at the head of the War Department, conspired to make him the choice of the Assembly in the unfortunate affairs of June."

"As for the appearance of Cavaignac, it is as brusque and soldier-like as his character."

"He is tall, with bronzed face, short, crisp hair, heavy mustache, stern, almost morose expression, firm, regular walk, and manner smacking more of the camp than the *salon*."

"To see him, you would reckon him a man who would flinch from no peril, fear no enemy, and forget no friend; a man who carried about with him a fixed determination, as abiding as the rules of his camp, and as unalterable as his courage."

"You would single him out to confront danger composedly, and feel a conviction that he would not turn trifles into serious peril. There is not in his countenance any strong expression of defiance or of distrust; and yet there is a great deal in it which would make an open enemy falter, and which a secret enemy would be afraid to confront."

"He has a firm, honest, unpretending look—a look as if he would not be easily controlled—less easily duped; and frightened—not at all.

"Cromwell may come into your mind; but Cavaignac is not a Cromwell, any more than a Saxon is a Frenchman.

"Cromwell was stout of limb; Cavaignac is not. Cromwell had a leathern face—coarse, heavy, and smelling of his brew-vats; Cavaignac's is fine, though bronzed like a Moor's, and his eye is not hid under any shaggy brow.

"Cromwell was lit up by a strange enthusiasm, which he called holy zeal; Cavaignac knows no enthusiasm.

"The speeches of Cavaignac are good types of the man. His manner is earnest, but not abrupt—measured, but not monotonous. Cromwell addressed his parliament as he would have addressed his army—in full confidence, in tone of command, as if legislation were as familiar to him as the folds of his buff jerkin.

"Cavaignac speaks firmly, but modestly, as if the tribune were a new place, and legislation yet an unfinished study.

"His speeches are not eloquent, but sound; never brilliant, but always convincing. They are practical and to the point. They are eminently common sense and soldier-like speeches. There is none of Bonaparte's *finesse* in them, or of Cromwell's crazy fervor. He does not argue, but states truths. When the truth is stated, his speech is done.

"He is one of the stoutest Republicans, and yet not a warm Republican. There is no warmth in his character.

"By education and inheritance he is a Republican, as well as by National ascription. He would no more be false to one than to the other. Having settled in his mind the excellence of a Republic, all minor questions vanish. What is best must be maintained, if not by opinion yet by the sword. His policy is the policy of a camp.

"The elements of his statesmanship and its aims are expressible in two words: Discipline—Subordination.

"A government of opinion he does not understand—no mere soldier can.

"If he fails, he will not be cast down or scheming. He will resume his place in the army, conscious of having done what he counted his duty, and ready to do it still.

"He is as honest as he is firm. But honesty never can, and never did, draw out so many French *vivats* as brilliancy. Lamartine was honest, but honesty, without firmness, ruined him. The *gamins* of Paris—the 112,000 voters for Louis Napoleon, have no appreciation of mere honesty. They never had. It is doubtful if they know the meaning of the term.

"People compare Cavaignac to Napoleon of the 18th Brumaire. The comparison is as unjust to Napoleon as it is to Cavaignac.

"Cavaignac is honest, Napoleon was not; Napoleon was great, Cavaignac is not great.

"Napoleon made such brilliant theft of power as to dazzle all France into acquiescence. Cavaignac has taken such orderly and quiet possession that there is no glory to excite a shout, and where there is no shouting in France there is sure to be dissatisfaction.

"Napoleon, with all his selfishness, could walk the length of Paris, after the 18th Brumaire, un-

molested and applauded. Cavaignac, with all his honesty, could not take the range of the Boulevards to-day without imminent risk of being poniarded."

Can we be pardoned for being thus garrulous, when the reminiscences of the stormy Paris come back so strongly about the bier of to-day? In other times we have followed within sight of the General's sword; but the clank of it is gone now: it lies upon a coffin.

In other times we have seen the sunny face of Mademoiselle Odier; but that face is now clouded with a widow's weeds. The first grand romance of her life is ended. Will there come another?

We count our American life fast, and we have reason; but recalling the pageants and the shadows which ten years of out-look from this window of ours upon the quay of the Seine might give, have we not a more startling fastness? The pavilions of the old palace, the poplars by the bath-house, the yellow river, the waiting cabmen, the fitting hussars, the November mists, present the same aspect which they did in '48; and as we look and listen (with our pen dipped to transfer the scene), there is little that the eye or the ear can catch which might not have belonged to the Republican capital. Drifting backward upon an idle, easy, billowy thought, we seem to see a man in blouse keeping guard at the gate of the Tuileries; we seem to follow, on a day of sunshine, a great crowd who press down the quay, and gather, in a heaving, restless mass, before the palatial front of the Hôtel de Ville; we seem to see the exultant faces and fierce looks of men who have at last grappled privilege and power, and will not easily let it go by; but hist!—it is Lamartine who is speaking yonder from beneath the archway, with the tricolor in his hand, his tongue honeyed with an eloquence they all devour; he praises their ardor, he flatters their good sense, he kindles their generosity, he inflames their pride, and he gains his cause—the reinstatement of the tricolor where the mad exaltation of Barbes and of Raspail had pronounced for the red flag and code of the Revolutionary Convention. And it seems to us that such a triumph, wrought by an eloquence so full of power, so full of grace, so full of charity, must ennoble and en-throne the poet-talker for long years in those hearts that swayed to him, then and there, like ripened grain to a strong wind.

Yet what is there now—ten year having gone—about Lamartine in the day's papers? Only this: "We are glad to learn that M. Lamartine, whose straitened pecuniary circumstances have been subject latterly to very much and invidious remark, has sold his wine crops of the current year for the sum of 240,000 francs." And in the people's hearts, which chimed to that persuasive music before the Hôtel de Ville, still less than this.

We seem to see—drifting backward again—another poet, with a large, capacious brow, earnest in all good works, talked about, not so much for *Quasimodo* as for the startling *pétillants* leaders of the *Erenement* ; and now (if we hear at all), we hear of him only as suffering from some plaguing asthma among the fogs of Guernsey.

Cavaignac, as we have seen, was buried yesterday; and the echoes of his martial salute are dead. And the quiet, youngish man, who lived in those days in a first-floor apartment at the Hôtel du Rhin, and who was closeted often with Veron (whom he has cast off since), and with Thiers (whom he has cast off since), and with Odilon Barrot (whom

he has cast off since), and who drove, morning after morning, in a *coupé de remise*, to the Conventional Hall over the river, is now grown to Emperor, guest of Victoria, dictator of Europe. That is all.

He is staying now down at Compiègne—his country-house—shooting there, taking pastime in his way—as Cavaignac, a month ago, in his.

Do you know where Compiègne is, or what it is? We will tell you. A branch of the Great Northern Railway leads to it, some forty-five miles away from Paris, northeasterly. At the Hôtel du Lion they will give you a juicy steak *au naturel*, and a shabby chamber; they will tell you there, if you ask, that there are some 9000 inhabitants in the little town that clusters about the palace; and that Clovis, in the old times, came there, and all the Louis who loved good shooting; there the Maid of Orleans finished her heroic career in the field; and there Napoleon received his Austrian bride. But it is not the memories, nor even the palace—which has gallant paintings, and a noble hall, and an iron bower of a mile in length joining the garden to the forest—which give interest to the place, so much as the old oaks which fatten there over 30,000 acres of wild land. Within this sporting-field (grander than the little preserve of poor Cavaignac—as much grander as splendid arrogance is grander than quiet honesty) are wild-boar and deer, who wait the autumnal pleasure of the Emperor.

Perhaps you remember—perhaps not—that the last year's fête of Compiègne was distinguished by imperial magnificence of costume; morning, evening, and hunting dresses were prescribed by the court chamberlain. This year we note a change; modesty has received encouragement from the imperial officials. Last year, an eight-day invitation involved the transportation of sixteen robes (radical *Westminster* would say gowns) of ceremony. This year, court etiquette (if we may trust the *feuilleton* echoes) permits one repetition of both morning and evening dress. The Empress, it would appear, has inaugurated the effort to retrench, by appearing in a gown of plain woolen stuff upon the garden-alleys, and the gossipers delight in telling us that it was short enough to have charmed the man-milliner of the *Westminster Review*. A still larger inroad upon last year's imperial etiquette is cited in the fact that, upon a certain day, when some hero stag had given an over-long run, the guests were commanded to the dinner without change of costume, and the evening saw the royal halls of Compiègne besprinkled with green hunting-coats and buckskin.

That the world should care to know about such puerilities, when brave men are starving in Manchester and New York (?)—men to whom the buttons from only a single green coat of Compiègne would be worth more than a year of labor! Yet in this way the world balances: splendid sham at one end, meagre substance at the other.

Talking of Compiègne, we may say that Russia is fully represented upon the guest-roll; Austria, as yet, not at all; and the Turkish Mufti is consoling himself with his pipe in Paris. We do not learn that the American Minister, or, indeed, that any American Minister, has been honored with an invitation. Fancy for a moment a swift American politician, nursed at Tammany Hall, or "well up" in Know-Nothing diplomacy, fond of tobacco, possibly of whisky, used to black cut-a-way coats and to drive his own buggy—fancy, we say, such a

man put to the test of ceremonial dress three times a day—receiving hints (which are commands) from a chamberlain in knee-buckles—sandwiched at table between a Russian and a Spaniard, who ignore his language, and never heard of Tammany or Johnny Cochrane—in short, a man awkwardly placed, if not awkward himself.

Well, and what then? says the great General Stumpwell, of Columbus, Ohio; are we not as good, after all, as the best of them, and don't we represent as big a country and as many ships?

Most assuredly, General; and we have great admiration for your energy and courage; a fair estimation of your capacity at speech-making to your Western constituents; a shrewd appreciation of your talent at a bargain, whether political or monetary; and yet we venture to think—unless you have much more of a certain range of accomplishment than we credit you with—that you would cut but a sorry figure in an easy, social gathering (much more in a ceremonious one) of European diplomats. No man can make himself an adroit actor upon a week's notice; least of all when he has to recite his part in a new language.

Let us boldly face the truth in this matter. It surely can be no reproach to an American that he has not breathed the atmosphere of courts or learned their observances. A man of gentlemanly instincts and of high culture never leaves his culture or his gentleness behind him. But for all this, a gentleman of Inverary may make a very stupid companion for a gentleman of Twang-Chi. The humanities have a large language, read every where and by all; but those social amenities wherein lie one man's ease and his neighbor's entertainment have a distinctive and conventional language. To use it, a man must learn it.

We clinch this whole matter—toward which we have wandered away from the green coats and dinner-table of Compiègne—thus: American diplomats will never take high social rank abroad until they are educated for the position.

Whether it be worth our while, as a nation, to foster such a profession is wholly another question—a question easier of solution, perhaps, if it be put in these formulas:

Does Republican severity demand severity and simplicity (amounting to ignorance of mere conventional usage) in its foreign agents?

As a business nation shall we have only business representatives?

As the great, free government, which, while it looks first to the weal of all its citizens, fosters also the arts and refinements of life, shall we give token of this latter capacity by making our foreign representatives equal to all exigencies?

Shall we send men of whom, as Republicans, we are proud, or agents upon whose astuteness we rely?

Talking of Compiègne, Lord Cowley is, of course, a constant guest; and the rumor runs that he stands authorized by Palmerston to propose to the Emperor the simultaneous withdrawal of Thouvenel and Stratford Canning, the French and English Embassadors, from the court of the Sultan; for to the jealousies of these two are accredited all the differences which have grown up between the Western courts in respect of the Danubian principalities. Should the Emperor accept the proposition, which is more than doubtful, it will give Palmerston a very plausible excuse for ridding himself of a representative who is too old in service to dismiss lightly, and too opinionated for easy control.

You will remark the disaffection which has now fairly established itself between the Government and the Sultan and that of the French Emperor.

The old Prussian King still wheezes out his remnant of life, and the marriage of the Prince's son to the English Alice is for the time in abeyance. The young Prince of Wales passed his last summer's vacation (you know, of course) along the Rhine; and a little episode attaching to his travel has turned a pleasant laugh, in British circles, upon a certain Marquis — and daughter.

The Marquis — thoroughly English — had arranged to stop at Johannisberg for a sight of its cellars and vineyards. Red Murray gave him the name of the proper station from which to set out, and advised him that cabriolets would be in attendance. True to the book, he found two carriages in waiting at the little Rhine station of — (we will not hazard the name); one, a very jaunty affair with driver in sober livery; the other, a shabby enough cab. The Marquis chose the better of the two. The driver hesitated, offered explanation in German; the Marquis knew nothing of this, directed his daughter to seat herself within, and ordered the coachman to drive at once to the Chateau of Johannisberg. The Jehu seemed relieved by the peremptoriness of the order, touched his hat, and dashed off to the gates of the chateau. It is a pleasant drive, though something sunny. The Marquis was Britishly imperious, and the coachman correspondingly obsequious. He drew up at the private entrance; a host of retainers bowed low; they were ushered into the hall, where a little old gentleman with white locks, and covered with orders (no less than the Prince Metternich himself), received them. The Marquis, not losing his self-control, gave his title, was civilly greeted by the Prince, who graciously ordered his servants to show the Marquis at once through the chateau. The cellars were in a blaze; servitors every where; the best vintages offered to his taste; and on a return to the hall who should appear but Lord Cowley and a distinguished company of guests. There was some mistake; but the gallant Marquis bit his lip, declined the gracious invitation of the Prince to dine at the chateau, and made his adieux.

Half way back to the Rhine station he was met by the broken-down cab, at sight of which Jehu pulled up his horses, withdrew to the side of the road, and doffed his hat, until the clumsy equipage was fairly out of sight.

The Marquis, however, had time to see that the occupant of the other carriage was the little Prince of Wales, whose *coupé*, dispatched for his reception by Metternich, had been taken possession of by himself. The politeness of the Prince was explained: the old gentleman had gracefully ignored a blunder which could not be remedied; the chateau was seen under "favorable circumstances;" and the Marquis is now—studying German.

The recent death of the Earl Fitzhardinge in England has revived an old bit of scandal in respect to his legitimacy, and the right he may have held to the Earldom of Berkeley.

It appears that the old Earl of Berkeley (father of the late Earl of Fitzhardinge), in the autumn of 1784 or commencement of 1785, on a visit to Gloucester from his castle at Berkeley, was struck with the charms of Miss Mary Cole, the daughter of a butcher in that city, and took her to live with him at Berkeley as his wife. As time went on the

lady bore him four sons, and common reputation affirmed that, up to that date, no legal marriage had been solemnized between the parties, although the lady styled herself Countess of Berkeley. The lady whose character was thus impugned always asserted, on behalf of her eldest son and his three next brothers, that although the public solemnization of the union between herself and the Earl did not take place until May 16, 1796, she had been privately married more than ten years previously, and the same fact was affirmed under oath in his Lordship's last will and testament. To establish this statement an entry in the parish register of Berkeley was produced, which entry, it was alleged, had been made, for certain reasons of pleasure and convenience on the part of the late Earl of Berkeley, on a leaf that had been pasted down in the volume for many years, until it should be wanted. The question as to the genuine or spurious character of this document came before the House of Lords only after the death of the late Earl. The clergyman who was said to have made the entry was then dead, and his widow declared that she did not believe it to be in her deceased husband's handwriting. A brother of the Countess of Berkeley, however, deposed that he was present as a witness at the marriage of 1785. The evidence of Lady Berkeley, it is stated, was contradicted by that of her mother, who afterward married Mr. Glossop, of Osbournby, in Lincolnshire, and who, though born in an humble sphere of life, lived to see one of her daughters a countess, one married to a general officer, and the third the wife of a nephew of the late Sir Francis Baring, Bart. Such being the case, on the death of the fifth Earl, his eldest son, who then bore the courtesy title of Lord Dursley, and was member for Gloucestershire, presented a petition claiming to be called to the House of Lords as sixth Earl of Berkeley. The subject of his legitimacy had been mooted during his father's lifetime, and an inquiry had been actually commenced, but it was abandoned on finding that no legal question could arise until after the old Earl's death, when, as we have already stated, the evidence brought forward in favor of the legitimacy of the eldest son was not judged by the House of Lords to be sufficient to establish the claim. In consequence of this decision, Lord Dursley was obliged to drop that title, and he retired from public life for many years, and was known only as Colonel Berkeley, of the South Gloucestershire Militia. The estates at Berkeley, at Canford, in Middlesex, and elsewhere, were not entailed upon the title, and hence he remained in undisputed possession of Berkeley Castle, which was bequeathed to him by his father, and which gave him very extensive influence as a landed proprietor in the County of Gloucester, in which, as also at Bristol, and in the City of Gloucester, he ably supported the Liberal interest against the powerful influence of the Beaufort family. He maintained his ground in this position extremely well, and was one of the gentlemen chosen by Earl Grey for elevation to the peerage at the coronation of King William IV., when he was created Baron Segrave. The operation of the Reform Act, instead of limiting his territorial influence, went far toward doubling it, as he was in general able to secure one seat at least for the Liberal party in East as well as in West Gloucestershire. In 1841 he was elevated to the earldom of Fitzhardinge, just previous to the departure of the Melbourne Ministry from office.

Let us not forget—with these cross-channel matters—that we are seated at a Paris window, always on the Quai Voltaire, always the gray hulk of palace beyond the river poplars, and the yellow surface of the river. Yesterday was All-Saints'-day, and a dull day; no papers, no news, no Bourse. People asking how the bank-rates were in England? If Delhi was retaken? If it were best to sell Mobilier, or to hold?

The grave-yards are the spots to visit on All-Saints'-day; it lends a kindly view of the race, and of French race especially, to see the garlands they hang that day upon the tombs. They may be Revolutionists, Jacobins, Reds—any things; but when we see them trooping, as we saw them yesterday, to hang their garlands of immortal flowers upon the tomb-stone of the brave Cavaignac, the warm-hearted Béranger, we forgive them, we love them, we trust them. How hearts meet at graves!

And would you believe it, that the old gray tomb of Abelard and Eloise, those ancient sentimentalists, is every year covered over with the bright flowers which the young sentimentalists bring? Does anything in this dying world live longer, after all, than sentiment? Does honor, does courage, does bravery? Who was Bernardin de St. Pierre? Does any body care? Does any one out of five, you may ask, know? Yet who has not lent his weakness gratefully to that little story of Paul and Virginia, which he wrote; and who does not cherish the memory of his weakness heartily? We may not sneer, we must not sneer, at what lasts so long. The Sphinx is only a granite riddle, not worth your thought or ours. But go down to Egypt, and there he is—the great, sharp head; if perishable, he would only puzzle. But, so old—he awes you!

Another saint among the All-Saints is Arago, the astronomer. His tomb is not complete as yet, but the masonry and all its gaps were covered with *immortelles*. And his memory carries them worthily—a great, good man; if France had more of such!

And, while in the grave-yard, let us not omit to mention the recent death of the great comic actor of Germany, Vincent Scholz, of Vienna. He died in his chair, comic to the last: "Mon Dieu!" said he, "this is hard—to die without taking leave of the public!"

There has been no such funeral in many a day at Vienna. They may have missed him the more in these times, when all the banks are breaking. If comic acting is ever a charity, it is in days of financial panic. Scholz had a custom of going to a particular café of Vienna every evening after play-time, for a game of whist. On the day succeeding his death his chair at the café table was draped in black, the green-cloth was replaced by black, and a pack of cards placed there was tied with a black ribbon. The Viennese are not a religious people.

Editor's Drawer.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR, with a Drawer full of pleasure, a house and heart full, we wish for every reader of these opening lines! "Laugh and grow fat" is an old prescription, that has had the sanction of long and very pleasant experience; and the wisest of men, in the oldest book in the world, has celebrated the blessedness of a merry heart. The Drawer is becoming one of the domestic institutions of the country—an indispensable dispensary of good things: medicines for the serious, and music for the gay; a Drawer that is always full, and

always wanting more. Let us see what is in it with which to begin the New Year.

Fifty new subscribers to the Magazine, with the money in the letter, are no joke, if the letter did by accident find its way into the Drawer. Such pleasantries are doubtless very agreeable to the publishers, and would be all the more so to the "funny man," if they had not kept the money in the office, and only left the *kirer* of it for him to read, in which he finds it written: "Be pleased to accept our salutations, and the inclosed. May the Magazine live a thousand years, and its shadow never grow less!" There is not much danger of its shadow being less, for it now has more pages in it, and a mighty deal more matter in it, than any other Monthly. But it is a fact it makes no shadows. It is all sunshine where the Magazine, with its Drawer, goes.

Two of the Drawer's correspondents have been reminded, by a prayer for rain in the November number of the Magazine, of facts in the same line that have come to their own ears "in meeting." One of them says:

"In the north of Scotland, where I resided twenty years ago, the crops are often greatly damaged by wet, cold weather. One Sunday the minister of our parish was praying for a return of fair weather, as we had been suffering long, and were fearing that our harvest would be ruined. In the midst of his prayer the sun came out for a little, and the minister was delighted to think that his prayer was answered; but the clouds gathered again, and down came the rain in greater torrents than ever. This provoked him bitterly, and, losing his temper as well as his faith, he broke out:

"Pelt away, pelt away, and spoil all the poor folk's corn, the way you did last year, and muckle credit you'll have for your handiwork!"

"The impiety of the prayer shocked the good people, who knew that, rain or shine, the best weather was such as it pleased Providence to appoint."

"DURING a protracted drought in Walker County, Georgia, the minister and one or two of his religious brethren had been earnest in their petitions for rain, when one more zealous than the rest being called on to pray, besought the Lord to 'send refreshing showers upon the dry and parched earth, and cause it to bring forth *fruits* meet for repentance!'"

That can hardly be beat. The praying brother must have been the same preacher who said the Apostle Matthew was a tax-gatherer—that is, he added, he went around picking up all the tax (tacks) that was dropped by the trunk-makers and carpet-layers; and "just think, brethren, how poor them Apostles must have been to get their living in such a way as that!"

We have a correspondent in Owego, Tioga County, New York, who has a drawer of his own, from which we get some admirable things for ours. Just now he sends us three, which he arranges under as many heads:

COMMERCIAL.—John Morgan was a merchant and ship-owner, formerly residing in Hartford, Connecticut. He made a contract with a builder to build him a vessel; when the vessel was partly finished, and he had received payment for all he had done, he went to Mr. M., and told him that he had

ascertained that he could not build the vessel for the price agreed, as he should lose all he was worth, and perhaps more, and had therefore concluded to abandon the job where it was, and let him get some one else to finish it. This was a poser to M., who, after thinking of it a few moments, said to him: 'Well, well, you go on with it, and when we settle I'll consider you,' which to the builder was satisfactory. He therefore went on until the job was finished, M. advancing money from time to time. When they came to settle, M. drew his check for the balance due according to contract; the builder stood and hesitated a while, and then said: 'You know, Mr. Morgan, you said that if I would go on with the job you would consider me.' 'Well, well,' said the old man, 'I *have* considered *yer*, and considered *yer* a great fool for *doin'* on't so cheap.'

"LEGAL.—Judge Peters was one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut, and was not considered the best authority in points of law. Mr. H——, a well-known practitioner, who has a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face, was pleading before him in an important cause, and the Judge, apparently not heeding the lawyer, was playing with a little dog which had come up by his side on the platform. In the course of his remarks the lawyer stated the law applying to one of the important points of his case: the Judge stopped playing with the dog, and lifting up his head, said,

"'Why, Mr. H——, I didn't know there was any such law.'

"To which H——, while looking particularly serious, and his face beginning to twitch, immediately replied, 'I didn't suppose your Honor did.'

"The whole audience was convulsed with suppressed laughter, considering it a palpable hit.

"CLERICAL.—Father Bentley, one of the old school of Baptist ministers, was a very acceptable preacher, though his early education had been somewhat neglected. He was quite inclined, however, to use big words, the meaning of which he did not always apprehend. Preaching once in one of the pulpits in Hartford, he was remarking upon Peter's denial of his Master, thus:

"'And now, my *frinds*, what do you suppose Peter did? Why, a little girl *come* to him, and said, *inquirinly*, 'And thou also wast one of them;,' and then, my *frinds*, he immediately answered in the *affirmative*, No, and fell to *cussin* and *swearin*.'"

If any one believes that all the stories of the glorious old times of Jackson and Clay campaigns have been used up, he will find how easy it is to be mistaken. Witness the following, which comes to us from Old Kentucky, by the way of Louisiana. Our entertaining friend begins:

"You must know" (but we did not know) "that around and about the beautiful city of Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, there live—or did live, twenty years ago—a great number of small farmers, who find in that fair city a ready market for the surplus produce of their farms, and there they carry it to sell, and buy finery and nick-nacks for their families. One of these farmers, a poor but industrious and fearless man, had a porker, a few bushels of meal, potatoes, beans, etc., which he wished to dispose of; and, borrowing a horse and wagon, he packed up his things, and, just at dusk, set off for town. Arrived at one or two o'clock in the morn-

ing, he entered the market-house, and selecting a stall, he split the dressed pig into halves, and hung them on the stout hooks, and with a bag of meal for a pillow lay down to sleep till morning. He slept soundly and late, and when he awoke the market people were crowding in; and, lo! one half of his pig had been unhooked, and hooked. It was clean gone! He made known his loss, and, raving and swearing, he drew the whole crowd about him. As he grew warm with his wrath, he said:

"'I know the sort of man that stole that pork—I do!'

"'Well, why not let it out, if you know, and we will help find him for you!' they cried out, in reply.

"'Yes, I know what sort of a man he was; he was a CLAY man!'

"As old Harry Clay lived within a mile of the market, and every man here was ready to go to the death for him, this was a bold speech, to accuse a Clay man of stealing half a pig in Lexington, and they closed on him to give him a sound thrashing; when one demanded of him what made him think so.

"'Why, nobody but a Clay man would have done it; ef he had been a Jackson man he would have gone the whole hog!'

"This turned the tables. The humor of the robbed farmer was irresistible. The Lexingtonians carried him off to a coffee-house to a hot breakfast and a morning spree; and after drinking to the health of Henry Clay, they made up his loss, and sent him home rejoicing."

DID Martha's Vineyard ever contribute aught to the Drawer? A welcome correspondent, a lady, we judge, from her beautiful handwriting, brings us into communication with that "gem of the sea;" but, strangely enough, she begins with an epitaph, which she takes from a tombstone in that part of the town of Tisbury well known to navigators as Holmes's Hole. The last figure of the date is so battered as to be illegible:

LYDIA,

THE WIFE OF JOHN OLAGHORN.

She died in childbed. She died 31st Dec., 177—, in ye 28d year of her age.

John and Lydia,
That lovely pair;
A whale killed him,
Her body lies here.
Their souls, we hope,
With Christ now reign;
So our great loss
Is their great gain.

SAVANNAH is the Southern city from which the same correspondent who sends the following sketch has often dated, but he has never furnished any thing more graphic than this capital incident in the experience of the accomplished Preston. Those who knew that splendid orator and gentleman can appreciate the scene. Our correspondent says:

"Many of your readers remember the stately presence, the dignified bearing, and imposing manner of Colonel William C. Preston, of South Carolina. It was when all these qualities were in their prime, and Preston represented his State in the Senate of the United States, that business or pleasure called him to the West, and to take passage down the Mississippi River. In those 'flush

times' the steamers swarmed with hoosiers, green-horns, and gamblers, the latter politely designated 'sporting gentlemen,' the term 'gambler' or 'black-leg' entailing on the speaker a pistol-shot or a wipe from a bowie-knife.

"The boat was on the eve of departure, and our Senator, standing on deck and holding a small mahogany box, was observing with great interest and pleasure the busy scene on the wharf, when an individual, luxuriating in a rather ornate style of dress, approached him, and in subdued tones demanded:

"'I say, old feller! when are you agoing to commence?'

"'Commence what, Sir?' asked the astonished Senator.

"'Pshaw, none of that gammon with me! The fact is, a few of us boys on board want a little fun, and we won't pile it on too strong for you; so come and open at once.'

"'Really, Sir,' replied Preston, 'I am totally at a loss to guess your meaning. Open what?'

"'Open what? Why, the Bank, of course! Maybe you think that our pile isn't large enough to make it an object. But we're not so poor as all that, any how!'

"The Senator meditated gloomily, but all was dark to him; he was plunged in a sea of doubt, and he had never met any problem, not even a political one, so hard to solve.

"'Perhaps,' broke in his pertinacious friend again, after a considerable pause, 'perhaps you will say directly that you're not a sporting man.'

"'I certainly am nothing of the kind, Sir,' rejoined Preston, rather angrily; 'and I can't imagine what put such an idea into your head.'

"'Not a sporting man? Whew-w! I never heard of such a piece of impudence! Well, if you're not a sporting man, will you please tell me why you carry the tools about with you?' and he pointed to the mahogany box which the Colonel still carried.

"A light broke on Preston's mind. 'The mahogany box!' he cried. 'Ah, yes! ha, ha! Very natural mistake, indeed, my good Sir; very natural, indeed! Well, I will show you the contents of the box.' And, laughing heartily, he opened the box in question, which was in fact his dressing-case, and displayed the usual parade of brushes, combs, razors, soap, etc., which usually fill that article of traveling comfort.

"Our friend looked at the case, then at Preston; then at the case, and then at Preston again. Then he heaved a long sigh, and then he pondered.

"'Well,' he broke out at length, 'I *did* take you for a sporting gentleman—I did; but now I see you are nothing but a barber, and if I'd known it, hang me if I'd a spoke to you!' and so saying, he 'vamosed.'

"Fancy the feelings of our honorable Senator as he assumed these various characters in the eyes of an anxious stranger."

"LITTLE RHODY" is ready with her contribution, and it has amused us mightily. Rhode Island has certainly a citizen soldier to match the sons of Erin, that green isle from which so many bulls are imported here.

"During the 'Dorr war' in Rhode Island every one that could shoulder a musket became suddenly valiant and full of fight, in defense of 'Dorr and Free Suffrage,' or else for 'Law and Order.' Vol-

unteer companies were formed, and the new soldiers longed for a chance to show their pluck. One of these companies, belonging to the law and order party, while on its march to the battle-field, had to stop overnight to eat and sleep, as other mortals must, and the camp—a country tavern—was duly guarded by sentries on duty, with orders strict to fire on any one who attempted to pass within the lines without being able to give the countersign, which was *Washington*.

"During the night the commanding officer, in imitation of the greatest generals on the historic page, walked out to see for himself that every man was at his post. He drew near to one of the sentinels, a man who stammered some when in a hurry to speak, and seeing the officer coming up, the sentinel called,

"'Who c-c-c-c-comes there?'

"No answer—the commander still advancing. The sentinel again cries out,

"'Who c-c-c-c-comes there?'

"Still no answer, and the excited sentinel, leveling his musket, exclaims, with admirable honesty and simplicity,

"'Say Wa-Wa-Wa-Washington, or I'll shoot you!'

"The commander had a lesson on the intelligence, as well as the courage of his men, which he was fond of repeating when better days came round."

THE Bible in the School is one of the rights and privileges that a free, Christian people should never surrender. But we have decided objections to its use as a reading-book in the class, or as a volume from which the boys and girls are to parse. The blunders of boobies, as they are learning to read or to conjugate, should be made over pages less sacred than those which are hallowed with the words of Jesus and the story of his cross. A teacher in Western New York writes to the Drawer of his own experience in the matter:

"The other day I was hearing my youngest reading class. The book in use was the New Testament, in which they had been reading some weeks, and were quite fluent, rarely missing a word. One of them, more confident than the rest, was dashing on heedlessly with the Lord's instructions against trying to serve two masters, and wound up triumphantly, saying, 'Ye can not serve God and *Madam*!' As I had recently contracted a matrimonial alliance, the bigger boys evidently thought the Divine assurance was leveled at me."

We were present some time ago when a clergyman related an amusing incident in his own family. A little boy was reading aloud the miracle of changing the water into wine, at the marriage-feast in Cana. He evidently had some idea, though a very general one, of the run of the story; and when it came along to the order which the Saviour gave to the servants—"Draw out now, and bear unto the governor"—the boy read, in a singing, nasal twang, "*Draw out new beer!*"

Scores of children read, "And the wind ceased, and there was a great *clam!*"

A correspondent in Guilford, Connecticut, writes to us:

"At a private school in this town the scholars were reading the Bible in class, when one of them came upon that beautiful passage: 'Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?' The little fellow boggled over it a moment, and then

sung out, "Is there no barn in Guilford? Is there no physickin there?"

These are not cited for the ludicrousness of the blunders so much as to suggest that the Bible should be read reverently by the teacher for its moral lessons, or by those in the school who are good readers, but never used as a task-book for beginners, who may make such barbarous perversions of its beautiful language that they will carry with them the associations of the error as long as they live.

IN one of the border towns on the Ohio River, where it separates Kentucky and Indiana, the Sheriff brought up a fellow before the Court for stealing a log-chain. The Judge was great for Latin—greater than the celebrated D.D. who sometimes uses Latin when English would suit his purpose better—and when all the evidence in the case had been given in, the Judge gave his opinion in words following, to wit:

"Gentlemen, the points in this case are whether the prisoner at the bar took the said log-chain *lucrica causa*, *animo furandi*, or *felonice cepit et asportavit*. Therefore the Court adjudges that the prisoner go sine die."

The astonished Sheriff looked up, and said:

"Mr. Judge, your honor must make a better verdict than that, for I don't know now what to do with the prisoner."

"Should think not!" says our Kentucky contributor.

"CHILDREN and fools speak the truth," is an old adage, verified by daily observation—that is to say, when the customs of society would dictate silence, or a prudent reserve, the fools or the children blurt out the whole, and that is the end of it.

The youthful Charlie, just turned of twenty, was smitten with the curls of Miss Melinda, and was bent on having a few words with her after the little boys had gone to bed. All of them retired at their usual hour except the youngest, who was disposed to wait until his sister could go with them. He was, therefore, sitting it out with Mr. Charlie. Nine o'clock struck, and being out of all patience, he said to the visitor: "Nine o'clock is bed-time; don't you think your mother wants you now?"

A lady friend of ours in Albany writes to us of her experience in the same line, yet not the same.

She was expecting some friends to visit her from abroad, and before they came she bought a new tea service, but was not desirous to have the fact published to her company that she had gone to this expense in view of their coming. To prevent any announcement of the matter by her loquacious little folks, she took them into the nursery, and having all the silver-ware spread before them on the table, she explained each piece to them, and then said, "Now when your uncle and cousins come to tea to-morrow, don't you all speak up at once and say, 'Ma's got a new tea-set.'" This they readily promised; but supposing that the direction specially applied to speaking *all at once*, they arranged it nicely among themselves, and when the company were assembled around the social board the eldest began, "Ma's got a new tea-set," and the next repeated it, and so on down to the lisping babe, "Math dot a new tea-thet," all supposing that they had literally complied with their mother's teaching and said their lesson well. Children and fools speak the truth.

Speaking of children, a Western New York correspondent mentions a very neat little speech of a "four year old." His mother was hugging and kissing him, as mothers will, and said to him, as mothers will say, "Charley, what does make you so sweet?"

Charley thought a minute; he had been told that he was "made of the dust of the earth;" a happy thought struck him, and he answered, with a rosy smile, "I think, mother, God must have put a little thugar in the dust; don't you?"

A NEW correspondent, from whom we shall be glad to hear what he has heard, and to hear again, writes on this wise:

"I was traveling in Virginia by stage, and, spending the night at a country tavern, was greatly entertained by the talk of the stage-drivers and others sitting about the bar-room fire in the evening. One old codger worked off a good thing:

"When I was down to the fair, a good many years ago, there was a prize offered to the one who would come the nearest to making perpetual motion. Well, all sorts of machines, of all shapes and materials, were fetched there and shown, and the makers of them told how long they would run. As I was walking about among them I seen a sign over a tent: '*All who want to see perpetual motion, and no mistake, meet here.*' So I paid the admission fee, and went in. Very soon a queer little man got up on a box that served for a platform, and addressed the audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'm agoin' to exhibit to you the most wonderfulest invention you ever seen. It has been runnin' for full three year, and if nobody stops it it'll run on forever.' And here he unrolled a long strip of paper. '*This is a tailor's bill!*' And, as he held it up to the gaze of the people, they admitted that, whether the bill was ever paid or not, they had all been sold.'"

SORROW is to be respected wherever it is seen, and we therefore suggest that the following touching elegy on the untimely death of a newly-married man, who was shot by his own cousin with a revolver, be read with that reverence which the sentiment and the verse unitedly demand. We take it from the Springville *Herald*:

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LYSANDER WILCOX.

The following lines were suggested on reading the account of the murder of Lysander Wilcox, of Minnesota, on the 28th ult., by his cousin, Abel Wilcox:

Kind friends and neighbors, lend an ear,
While I a story do relate;
Perhaps the case demands a tear,
For sad and solemn was his fate.
A couple fair in wedlock joined,*
To travel through this gloomy life;
To face misfortune, grief, and toll,
And disappointment's baneful strife.
But scarcely were they wedded, when
The bride was called to leave her home;
The winds and storms of March to stem,
And make a foreign land her home.
She left her friends and parents dear;
He left his brothers—sisters, too:
With feelings deep they dropped a tear,
And bade a long and last adieu.
They journeyed on through wind and storm,
By railroad, and by rivers great,
Unconscious of what would them befall
In a far-off Western State.

* Married in this town March 17.

They landed safe on the destined shore;
He went next day a team to procure
To take the bride to her new home:
He ne'er returned—she was alone!

He straightway to his brother went,
Near by where lay his pleasant farm,
They both unto their cousin's went,
Not e'en expecting any harm.

But, oh! too soon the scene was changed:
His cousin a revolver drew!
Her husband—oh! her husband slain—
By one who proved too late untrue.

Alone she weeps, while thus bereft
Of the companion whom she left
Near Minnesota River's shore,
To see him never—never more.

Oh! sad and mournful is her fate,
Away from friends and kindred dear.
To whom can she the tale relate?
None in that land to drop a tear.

His brothers—oh! his sisters, too,
Most deeply feel the loss severe.
Can earthly power their grief subdue?
Relief is only found in tears.

She dropped a line that soon reached home,
To her parents dear the story told,
Oh! shocking to their souls it seemed,
Their daughter dear was left alone.

Her mother wrung her hands in grief;
Forebodings long she had maintained;
Her father's tears scarce gave relief—
Oh! may they see her yet again.

Yes—Father grant she may return
To those, alas! whose bosoms burn,
To cheer their hearts, and dry their tears,
Live many long and happy years.

L. NEEDHAM.

EAST CONCORD, May 17, 1887

THE farmers will brag as well as grumble. The weather is never just right, and their crops are all bound to be ruined; but after they are in they do love to tell what famous ones they have had, and how much work they did in no time at all getting them under cover.

"Out in Michigan, last summer," writes a friend, "a number of farmers were sitting in front of a country store at the close of a sultry day, and telling stories about their work, and so on, when one of them took the rag off the whole of them by relating his experience:

"I say, you have all told whopping big yarns now; but I'll just tell you what I done once in York State, on the Genesee Flats, and on my father's farm. He owned a meadow just a mile long, and one morning in June I begun to mow—sun about an hour high—and mowed right along the whole length of the field. The grass was so heavy that I had to mow down to the lower end of the field and walk, or, as we say, 'carry my swath.' Well, I worked on till sundown, and then quit. I just thought, as the meadow was exactly a mile long, I'd count the swaths, and I did, and there was *one hundred*! That, gentlemen, is what York State folks call a big day's work."

"So you walked two hundred miles that day, did you?" asked one farmer.

"And mowed all the while you was walking?" said another.

"So it seems," replied the great mower. "I tell you the facts, and you can make as much of it as you can."

A good story is told of a Methodist preacher—

and the story is true to the letter—who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least, to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities.

"Do you think tho?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and thee her."

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving-maid.

"Ith Mith P— within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes, Sir. Will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P— that I with to thpeak to her a moment."

Miss P— appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you; I'll thoon explain my buthiness. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendth think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really, Mr. Sm—"

"There—don't anthwer now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good-day."

On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P—'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can not, ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. Ith your anthwer ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't indeed, ma'am. Pleath anthwer me—Yeth or No."

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence—"

"I perfectly underthand you, Mith P—. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am."

He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily several years.

THE queerities of Western manners are to be learned only by going into the midst of them. Now and then a single fact like the following, from the pen of a Western contributor, spreads before the reader's eye a graphic picture of the free-and-easy way of doing things in camp-meeting, in the new settlements:

"Mr. Hudson bought a whole township of land, laid it out into large and convenient farms, and, to draw settlers, he offered to give a farm to each of his friends who would remove and take possession. He was anxious to induce his friend, Mr. Steele, to move in upon this tract, and he offered him a mile square, which Steele declined, unless he could have the mile square that lay in the centre of the township. While this negotiation was in progress, they attended a camp-meeting together, when a rousing preacher delivered a thrilling sermon on the words, 'Who shall ascend into the holy hill?'

Steele was prodigiously stirred by the discourse, and when the minister came to his closing appeal, and demanded, in tones of pathetic entreaty, 'Who will go?' Steele cried out, with a loud voice, 'I will, I will!'

"No you won't!" shouted Hudson, 'unless they will give you a mile square in the centre of the place!'

"Steele was truly interested in the sermon, and was ready to think of a better country, even a heavenly; but Hudson had an eye to his town-lots, and thought of nothing beyond or above."

THE ITALIAN BOY AND HIS WHITE MICE.

BRIGHT-EYED Italian boy,
Gem of thy mother's joy,
Why didst thou roam?
Boy with the laughing eye,
Why leave thy sunlit sky?
Why leave thine home?

Hard is thy lonely lot,
Fond smiles thou findest not,
Cheering thy heart;
Strange faces meet thee here,
Strange voices greet thee here,
Unhappy thou art.

Oft does thy fancy rove
To scenes of early love,
Remembered and dear;
There, in that vine-clad vale,
Loved ones thine absence wail,
While thou wand'rest here.

Outcast and desolate,
Sad is thy early fate,
Friendless, unknown;
Silent thy boyhood's song,
E'en 'mid the passing throng,
Thou standest alone.

Mute thy companions are,
They know no gnawing care,
Like that in thy heart;
See how they sport and play,
Seeming to thee to say—
"How pensive thou art!"

Bright-eyed Italian boy,
Gem of thy mother's joy,
Why leave thine home?
Boy with the bright black eye,
Why leave thy sunlit sky?
Why didst thou roam?

"PROFESSOR CRANE sits in the chair of Mathematics in one of our Northern colleges," writes one of the students thereof to the Drawer. One of the class-mates of our correspondent wears the name of Beecher, and in the cold mornings of this winter they find it very trying to their feelings to be obliged to recite a lesson in Euclid by candle-light. Beecher had been up all night, intensely occupied with labors not specified in the printed list of studies. He was now in the recitation-room, hardly able to keep his eyes open, though he had no such trouble with his mouth, as he yawned widely, deeply, and often. Overcome with drowsiness, he dropped his head into his hand and went to sleep. Hereat the Professor was nettled.

"Sit up, Mr. Beecher!" he said, and the sleeper sat up. It was for a moment only, and he returned to his former prop-position.

"Mr. Beecher, sit up!" again said the irritated Professor Crane; but Mr. Beecher was too far gone to comply very readily, and the order was followed by another to leave the room.

Yawning as he went, but quite undisturbed by

the sentence of banishment, he went out, and in a moment reappeared.

"Well, Sir, what do you wish now?" said the Professor.

"B'lieve I've left an umbrella, Sir," drawled out the sleepy-head, now quite wide awake; and, taking it, he retired to his chamber and his pillow.

A VIRGINIA correspondent of the Drawer says:

"I was not long ago attending an Association of Campbellite Baptists in the southwestern part of this State. It was held in the woods, like a camp-meeting. These people are very good in their way, and some of the preachers are men of learning; few of them are on the lower scale of the Hard Shells, of whom you have had so many hard stories. But at this big meeting I heard one man who would come up to any thing, in the line of queer preaching, that was ever listened to in the wood or out of it. His sing-song tones and his imitation of sounds were so original, that they gave a piquancy to his illustration that no report can present. The peculiar tenet of this sect is that *immersion* is a saving ordinance, and this doctrine—that you need only be immersed to be saved—has been now illustrating:

"I was going along one glorious Sunday morning to preach the blessed Gospel to some poor benighted people away over on the borders of Kentucky, and a meditating what I should say, when all at once I heard something behind me, clippety clip, clippety clip! and I looked, and behold it was a beautiful deer! It flew by me like the wind; and then I heard the hounds coming after it—bow wow, bow wow, bow wow! I put spurs to my horse and rode to the river, and when I got there the deer had swum the river; the dogs had lost the track, and the deer was saved. Now that's the case with you, my hearers. The deer is the sinner, dear sinner; there you go through the world, clippety clip, clippety clip! and the devil is the hound; there he comes—bow wow, bow wow, bow wow! Now all you have to do is to *take to the water*. The devil can't track you any farther, and you'll be saved!"

"Strip the story of the grotesque, and supposing the doctrine to be true, there was real, live eloquence in that illustration presented to an audience in the forest, where hunting deer is great sport, and the baying of the dogs a familiar sound."

THE Southern correspondent who sends the following shall always have a joyous greeting when he comes with such a capital story as this:

DEAR DRAWER,—I have just returned from riding the circuit with my friend, John Lawless, as capital a fellow as any of the youngsters at this bar; knows the country, too; has electioneered all over it, and is "hail fellow" with every man, woman, and child in the district.

We were approaching the celebrated city of Roseville, consisting of a court-house and one other building, which blended in itself the varied dignities of store, post-office, and hotel, kept by one Mr. James Carline, or, as he was commonly called by the people of the section, 'Jim Callin,' Justice of the Inferior Court, Member of the Legislature, etc., etc.; a tall, stalwart fellow, with a frame like a stone wall, red hair, a squint, a fist like a sledge-hammer, and the pride and bully of the county. To use his own words, he "could outrun, outwork, and outdrink any other human critter stop of dirt,

and durn'd ef I don't lick any body as says no to it."

Lawless and myself jogged on; the sun was setting, we had talked each other down, and were mentally calculating the chances of a stray fee from some unfortunate client, when suddenly he straightened himself up, and shouted:

"Hello, Jonce! Why, how are you, old fellow?"

I looked and beheld a specimen of the genus "Cracker," who joyed in the altitude of five feet four; he had sandy hair, and his hair, eyes, and complexion were of one color; he had more legs than body, and more stomach than either; and he was clad in homespun and brogans of hide. Such was "Jonce."

"How are you, gen-til-men?" he said, in tones that no spelling can give the faintest idea of; "why, how ar you, Squire? Goin' to Rosevil' I s'pose, to 'tend Cort. Wal, kin you give a feller a lift?"

"Oh, yes; jump up behind."

He needed no second invitation; but, having snugly ensconced himself in the place designated, a brisk conversation speedily ensued on the price of eggs, butter, and poultry, the prospects of the weather, the chances of "the crap," and other such delightful and entertaining topics.

"You'll be gwine to stay at Jim Callin's to-night? Wal, a'ter supper Jim'll start a ravin' an' a tarin' around as usu-al, talkin' 'bout his fitin' an' how he kin lick creation. Gen-til-men, Jim kin outbrag and outlie any man I ever seed; but you jest ask him 'bout that ar fite he fout down in Granby's Lane, an' you'll see how quick he'll drap his tail."

"How, Jonce, did he get thrashed?"

"Wal, I dunno what you call thrashed; but old Mr. Townly, who cum up when the fite was a'most fout out, told me that Jim had got the durndest licking that he ever seed a human git. Jim kep his bed for ten days a'ter it, an' wen he riz his face wor of as many colors as my old 'oman's quilt. I'll be eternally dod-rotted ef it warn't."

"Tell us all about it, Jonce."

But this Jonce positively refused to do. If we wanted to hear it, he declared we must get it out of Jim' himself. We "was lawyers, an' ef we couldn't draw Jim out, we wosn't worth nothing. He wanted to hav it, too, and durn'd ef he wouldn't be thar."

There was a pretty full attendance of the bar that night, and Jim was in his glory. After supper, when we were all seated round the ample hearth, Jim, as Jonce had prophesied, did commence, like Othello, to speak of his "battles bravely, hardly fought;" he went "a ravin' and a tarin'" to his heart's content, and there was no end to the victories he had gained. We listened in reverential silence, until, at a pause in the narration, Lawless asked him if he had never been whipped.

"No, Sirree! Thar ain't the man livin' as kin do it, neither."

"Never, Jim? Now think: if you were in the witness-box would you swear you were never whipped?"

"Wa-al, I never hev bin; but I did cum mighty nigh onto it onct, I did."

"How was it? Tell us, Jim."

"Wal, I'll tell you all about it; but dod rot my skin ef I don't lick the fust man as pokes fun at me about it; see ef I don't."

Of course we assured him that none of us would ever try so dangerous an experiment, and were thereupon enlightened as to the circumstances which transpired when "Jim Callin came so nigh onto being licked."

"Kin enny one of you gentilmen favor me with a seegar? I'm obleeged to you, Mister Briefless. Wal, the way of it war this. Last August a year ago, I hitched up my mar' in the buggy to go over to Mr. Elliot's. He'd promised me some new-fashioned turnup-seed he had, which, he said, would bring powerful big turnups. 'Twas one of the most all-fireddest hottest arternoons you ever seed; durned ef I don't think 'twould 'a melted the horns off on a billy-goat. Wal, the sun war pretty high, and I wos driving, slow kinder, through Granby's Lane, on the shady side, when here cum a feller up front of me, in a buggy, too, an' he, too, war on the shady side of the Lane. I druv on, calc'latin' he would turn out; but he druv on, too, 'till the hosses' noses tetch'd, and then we stopped and looked at each other like. He was a little wirey feller, made up suthin' like Mr. Briefless thar, an' didn't look like he had any fite in him no more'n a flea. So we looked at each other a spell longer, an' then I sez, sez I, 'Cum, arn't you gwine to turn out?'

"'You be durned!' sez he, right away. 'Turn out yerself. I'm on the right side of the road, and I'll be drotted ef I'll go ento the sun for sech as you!'

"'We'll soon see that, old hoss!' sez I; an' then we both on us jumped out onto the road."

"I walked up to his hoss, an' had tuk hold of the bridle-rein to turn him out, when he let drive, and hit me the most tremenjousest lick right here under my eye you ever hearn tell on. I never had enny thing hurt me so powerful bad sense daddy used to lick me. A'ter that, soon as he'd hit me, he pitched eento me, and we had the most orfullest fite, rite thar in that ar lane, as ever was fout. We must a' fout for a hour an' a haf, and the ground about thar looked like 't had bin a stomping-ground for cattle the last six months; 'twas powerful tote up, I tell you. At last I found myself a lyin' flat er my back in the ditch a one side the lane, an' the feller atop o' mo. He had his knees on both my arms, an' I couldn't stir a peg. I had his thum' in my mouth, but I was 'fraid to chaw it, for ev'ry time I tried it he gin me such tremenjous licks 'long side my head as made me see more stars than ever wos in heaven. He had the devil in his eyes big as a meetin'-house, an' ev'ry time he hit me he'd holler out, 'Ain't yer got enuff yet? Ain't yer got enuff?' Wal, I tell you it riled me, but 'twas a case; I calc'lated 'twar no use to lie thar an' be beat to deth, an' I war jest gwine to squeal, when who shuld ride up but old Mr. Townly—you know old Mr. Townly as plants on the river?—wal, him and his overseer, an' that big son o' his, Caleb. Old Mr. Townly rid up, an' he sez, sez he, 'Hello, boys! what's the fite about?'

"Wal, I couldn't answer for the feller's thum' in my mouth, an' he wouldn't answer, but kep on a lickin' it onto me. So Caleb an' the overseer they pitched in, an' dragged us out er the ditch, an' parted of us. The feller then started for his buggy, a looking at me an' a eying of me all the time, and wropping up his thum' in a silk pocket-hankcher. When he got in his buggy, he riz up an' gathered his reins, and he sez to me, sez he,

"Now, you old red-headed, gimlet-eyed, snag-

gle-tooth son of a jackass'—them was his words, by golly!—"I reckon you won't go spilin' about the country for a fight agin in a hurry. Clar the way thar, and let me pass, or I'll give you particular fits!"

"Wal, the sun had sot by that time, an' all the road was shady, so I thought I'd turn off an' let him slide. He traveled; but as he passed me he alewed hisself roun' in his buggy an' grinned at me, an' durn me ef he didn't keep on a grinnin' at me 'till he war clean out er sight."

Here a short pause ensued, broken by cigar puffs.

"I tell you what, gents," resumed Jim, "that ar feller cum as nigh onto licking me as any other man in Georgy Kin; dod rot ef he didn't. Let's liquor!"

There were some of us then and there who thought that Jim could have used rather stronger language than that "he cum nigh onto being licked;" but as none of us could boast the prowess of the "little wirey feller" of Granby's Lane, we said nothing, swallowed the corn-juice, and traveled off to bed. I would, however, as a friend, give you a parting bit of advice: If you should chance to go to the city of Roseville, you had better say nothing about "Granby's Lane."

THE LITTLE FOLK are entitled to more space in the Drawer than they usually get. That crabbed old saw, that "Children should be seen, not heard," is no rule for us or ours. We will let the little ones have their say, and if there is little wisdom or wit in what they say,

"Don't view them with a critic's eye,
But pass their imperfections by."

One of our friends in Wittenberg writes of a genuine Young American on this wise:

"I am a Sabbath-school teacher. The other day I overtook one of my scholars as he was walking in the street, and I thought I would embrace the opportunity to make an impression on his mind in reference to his future. So taking him kindly by the hand, I went on to talk to him about being a minister when he should grow to be a man, and preaching to the people. When I had set before him, in the most glowing words I could command, the greatness of the calling, and the wonderful good he might be the means of doing, I asked him if he would not like to be engaged in such a work?"

"The little fellow looked up at me, with a tear in his eye and a half smile on his face, and asked, in a tremulous tone of voice, 'Well, how much pay do you think I'd get?'"

"There was the ruling passion strong at the start. The dollar was almighty with the boy, as it is with the man."

PRAYING parents (and what *parent* does not pray?) will be pleased with several little incidents that we take from a letter addressed to the Drawer by a father:

"My Carrie is four years old. She is very devotional, and never goes to bed without offering her evening prayers. We were recently compelled to make a long journey, and to travel three successive nights in the rail-cars. One of the seats was fixed for Carrie to sleep in, and as the first night set in, and she was sleepy, her mother told her she

might say her prayers and go to sleep. But so fixed was the habit of praying only before going to bed, that she steadily refused, and said, 'Why, Ma, pray in the cars! I can't say my prayers if I ain't going to bed! This ain't going to bed!' For three nights she persisted in her prayerlessness, and on the fourth, when we reached home, she resumed her regular habit.

"Her mother had told her she must pray for every body she loved; and with this instruction, which certainly is not as broad as it ought to be, she nightly prays for her parents, brothers, and sisters, and *Jesus*, whom she loves; and I have not had it in my heart to forbid her. Surely He who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me' will pardon the error, which will be readily corrected as she knows and loves him more.

"Her little brother, just recovered from the measles, was out doors with his sister at twilight, and as the shadows deepened, and the skies became studded with stars, he exclaimed,

"'Look, sister, see; the sky's got the measles!'"

"'No, buddy,' said she, correcting him, 'it's only freckled.'"

"Some days afterward she was looking out of the window when there was a dense fog, and she said to her mother,

"'Oh, Ma, it looks just as if there was no world!'"

ANOTHER correspondent writes to us as *natural* a speech, and yet as odd, as any thing we have heard of in some considerable time:

"A little boy, at his father's funeral, observed a child of one of the neighbors crying bitterly, doubtless in sympathy with his little friend. This roused the orphan boy, who exclaimed, 'You needn't cry; this ain't none of your funerals!'"

HERE is a story of the times, a *bank* and *panic* incident, that must not be lost:

In the midst of the late excitement, and at the moment when every body thought all the banks were going to the dogs together, Jones rushed into the bank of which he was a stockholder, and thrusting the certificate into the face of the transfer clerk, he said, in great haste:

"Here, please transfer half that to James P. Smith!"

The clerk looked at it, and asked, "Which half, Mr. Jones?"

"I don't care which half," replied Jones, puzzled at the inquiry.

"You had better go to the Courts; I can't make the transfer without a legal decision. If you really wish to transfer your other half to Mr. Smith, we can't do it here."

Jones was confounded. He knew the banks were all in a muddle, but this was too deep for him. He took his certificate from the hand of the smiling clerk, and on looking at it, lo! it was his *marriage certificate*! Being a printed form, on fine paper, and put away among his private papers, it was the first thing that Mr. Jones laid hands on when he went to his secretary for his bank-stock scrip. He went home, kissed his wife, glad to find she hadn't been transferred to Mr. Smith, and, taking the right papers this time, hastened down town in time to get it all straight.

Frangipanni's Sleigh-Ride, and what came of it.



The Start—Too Sudden!



On the Road—2.40.



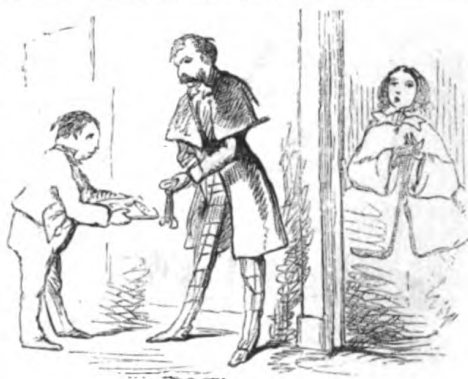
That quiet and cheap Hotel "The Cloister."



Supper for Two.



Surprise at finding Bill forty Dollars.



Settles it.



Buffalo Robes gone. Thermometer below zero.



Hostler furnishes Straw, cheap, for a Consideration.

VOL. XVI.—No. 92.—S *



Accommodates himself to Circumstances.



Road rather Rough—Advantage of the "Jumper."



A Run on the Bank.—Panic.



Scene of the Accident.



Repairs Damages.



Strikes the Pavement.



Arrival Home.



The Result.

the Sea of Marmora it opens on the north into a narrow but deep bay or inlet of still water, in which no current flows. This is the Golden Horn — a harbor in which the navies of the world might ride with ease, in perfect calm and safety. The depth of water and boldness of shore is such, in both the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, that the largest ships may lie any where along the banks and receive or discharge cargo. There is no tide here, and no rise or fall of water, except it be a few inches' rise when the south wind keeps back and heaps up the current of the Bosphorus.

The south shore of the Bosphorus forms no part of Constantinople. This city, known henceforth to fame in connection with Florence Nightingale, whose deeds of mercy were done chiefly here, is Scutari.

The point of land between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora is Stamboul. The city north of the Golden Horn is divided into sections, known as Pera, Galata, and Tophanna.

Ancient Byzantium was only that part of the city which I have called Stamboul. The mosque of Saint Sophia is in it a prominent object.

The Golden Horn is traversed by three wooden bridges, so that Pera, Galata, and Stamboul

are in effect but one city, although the inhabitants always keep the distinction as perfectly as we do New York and Brooklyn. The old Turks and Armenians reside and do business in Stamboul: there are the chief bazars.

Thus much by way of introduction to the city, which we were now approaching. The steamer ran close under the point of Stamboul known as Seraglio Point, because of the old seraglio palace and gardens occupying the slope down to the edge of the water. As we rounded it every one was on the look-out for the hole in the wall, out of which tradition says so many wives and slaves have been thrown in sacks into the Bosphorus.

It was an ordinary shute, like a coal-shute, through the solid stone wall, built, evidently, to enable sweepers and cleaners to throw the garden-rubbish into the river. Yet the inhabitants believe it to have another design, and mutter low when you ask questions about it.

Dire were the adventures and mishaps we had in our first caique practice. For to get ashore from the steamer was, verily, as dangerous as had been our entire sea-voyage of eleven days.

Indian canoe-practice was of no value to me



A STREET IN PERA.



THE PORTER.

now, for this boat was sharp only at one end. It was, in fact, a little more than half a bark canoe. Hence the difficulty, which being at length overcome, I found myself in Galata, at the foot of a dark, narrow street, reeking with mud, and crowded with all the nations of the earth, leading up a steep hill to the Hôtel de Byzance, where my quarters were secured.

No hack or cab drivers throng the landing-places of Stamboul. The steep hill of Pera must be climbed on foot through narrow, filthy streets. Half a dozen porters were found, and each slung a portion of the baggage on his back and started off. The Eastern porter is a stout fellow. He carries an incredible weight on his shoulders. In Smyrna the porters are said to carry frequently over a thousand pounds at one load; and I have often seen them with casks weighing more than five hundred on their backs, bowing forward and swinging easily along.

Following the trunks up the hill, we were soon in our hotel, fronting on the open cemetery of Pera.

Day after day passed, and I lingered in the city of Constantine—I can hardly say why. There was little of interest, after the first week, to be seen; but a thousand associations with the past were constantly coming up, and it was, therefore, pleasant to sit quietly down in some

place where I could see the sweep of the Bosphorus, and the navies of France and England that lay at anchor in the Golden Horn, and recall the stories of old battles that had taken place just here.

Chiefest among the pleasures here was the tracing of the history of the Christian religion as related to the history of this city. For in one sense Constantinople is the birth-place of the Church of Rome, and was for centuries the nursery of the religion of Christ. When Rome had persecuted the Church almost to extermination, the Eastern Empire arose, and became the protector of the followers of the Nazarene. Here grew the very strength of the cause; Jerusalem depended on the city of the Bosphorus for every thing, and the councils of the Church for centuries waited on the orders of the Emperor.

During a period of more than a thousand years the city played a conspicuous part in the history of the Church, until the power of the crescent waned, and it became the residence of weak and failing Islamism.

"Will you go to St. Sophia?" said my Italian commissioner one morning, after I had been a week in the city.



A CAKE SELLER.

I had not yet visited this central point of interest in the city, and even now felt as if it were rather a bore than otherwise; for I had seen mosques innumerable of every sort and kind in Oriental countries. But I went.

You can not ride about in Constantinople. The guide-books well say that it is no city for ladies. The hills are steep and difficult. Walk you must, since no donkeys are here, nor horses, nor carriages for hire. Mud lay deep every where in the narrow passages, and at the foot of the hill, in Galata, just before crossing the Golden Horn, the filth was terrible. The mixture of people was more curious than I have ever seen elsewhere; for the war was just over, and soldiers, sailors, and travelers of every nation under heaven, mingled with Turks, Arabs, Persians, Greeks, and inhabitants of all the eastern islands and the mountains of Asia Minor, so that the narrow alley at the foot of the hill, which runs along parallel with the water, separated from it by small shops, was almost impassable. The stream poured along it steadily without a break. Woe to the unlucky dog who slipped on the treacherous footing and fell in the mud of that alley. He would be irrecoverably lost under the feet of the crowd that pressed on, heedless of man or beast.

Every man was armed. It was like a city in a state of siege, and as if every one was ready for battle. Some wore swords, some carried long guns of ancient shape and ornamented with arabesques in silver. We kept our hands on the handles of our revolvers, lest they should fall a prize to some adventurous native or stranger—for many looked enviously at them.

The long bridge of boats led us across the water. Below it lay the fleets of the world, and among all the splendid vessels that lay there, the great English and French three-deckers, the *Napoleon*, the *Wellington*, the *Prince Albert*, and a host of other great names, it was with a hearty pride that we saw one ship attracting more attention from all the passers on the bridge than any other, and this an American. The *Great Republic*, clipper, lay at the foot of the Seraglio Gardens. No one crossed the bridge but stopped to admire her, and as we passed we heard a running fire of praises from a hundred lips.

"What is she?" I heard an Arab from the



THE TRIPLE WALLS OF STAMBOUL.

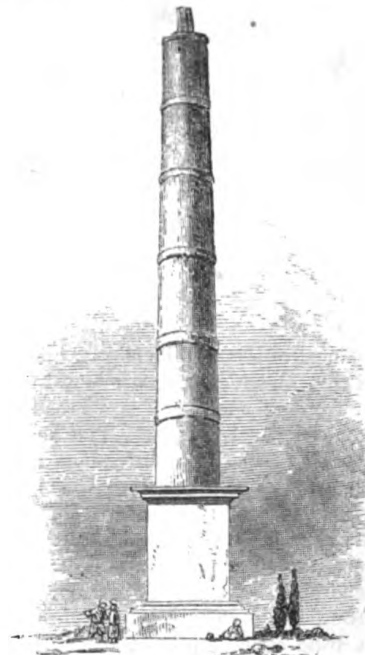
Desert of Palmyra, ask of a shopkeeper in the shoe bazar.

"Amelican."

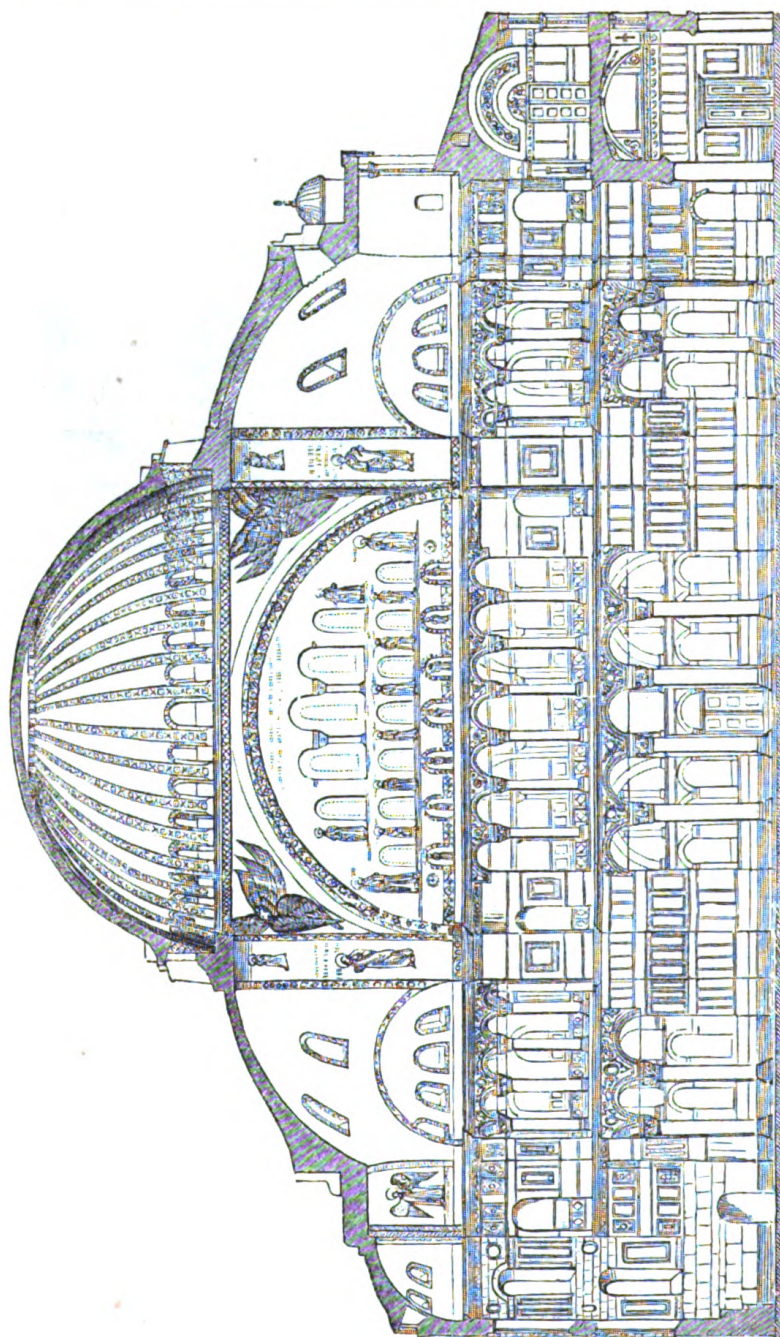
"What is Amelican?"

"A great country, far away, very great, very rich—" and I did not hear the rest, as I went on; but I had no doubt the Turk knew what he was talking about.

On the Seraglio Point all was still, and calm, and quiet. The change was delightful from crowded Galata to cool Stamboul, and we loitered a little while in the bazars before we went to the mosques, those gorgeous bazars whose fame has traveled far.



THE BURT PILLAR.

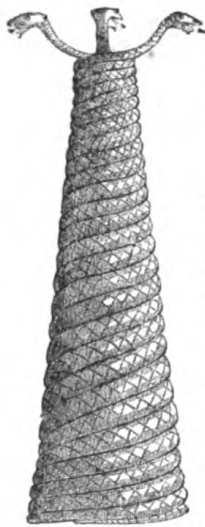


SECTION OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

The finest of them is the slipper bazar. It is a short covered street, with windows in the roof, and in front of each shop is a broad stage or platform, usually carpeted. The shelves behind this platform, in the little shop, are heaped up with all the brilliant embroideries which so delight the feet of the Turkish ladies. Rare patterns of work on velvet in split quills and costly pearls. The diamonds are more carefully guarded; but if you sit down on the shop-front, the merchant will, before you can say no, fling down a pile of dazzling slippers that will seduce the money out of a purse of

steel. The silk and embroidery bazars run from this.

There was an Ali something, I forget his name, in the silk bazar, who cheated me egregiously one day. He asked me six hundred piastres for a piece of embroidered silk, and I gave him four hundred, and found next day that his neighbor across the way would sell the same for three hundred and fifty. Thereafter I traded largely with the neighbor, and at length I found that he had cheated me even worse than Ali, only on a smaller scale; and then I tried the next man down the street, and the next, and



THE SERPENTINE COLUMN.

the next, and before I left Constantinople they had every man of them shaved me more or less, so that I may be said to know something about the silk bazar.

I have a similar acquaintance with the amber bazar. Amber is gold in the East, and an amber mouth-piece is the necessity of every well furnished pipe. I bought half a dozen or so, and sundry others of cocoa wood, and sticks of ebony and jasmine; and the Turks laughed in their sleeves at me, I doubt not. And all this, though I had been months among the Arabs, and had learned lessons from old Suleiman, of Cai-

ro. But no man has learned lessons out of Stamboul that are of any use to him in it. The wily merchants will cheat the veriest Damascus sharper, and sell him olive oil for otto of roses.

The sun was high up when we came out in the square on the hill, which is the ancient Hippodrome, passing on our way the Burnt Pillar, as it is called, one of the relics of the ancient city, springing up from among a mass of low huts, the conflagrations of which have given a name to the column. Bound with iron, and scathed and blackened by its unfortunate trials in the flames, it stands in melancholy solitude among the miserable hovels of the modern race, who defile the city of the Cæsars. It is a pillar of porphyry, and once held a statue of Apollo on its lofty capital.

In the Hippodrome, now the open square of the city, once stood a magnificent collection of statues and ornamental works. It was doubtless one of the grandest squares the world has seen. A few—a sad few—of its old splendors remain. A twisted column—three serpents twined together, whose three heads once supported the tripod of the oracle at Delphi, whence this bronze column was removed to Constantinople; a leaning column of stone, once cased in bronze, and splendidly adorned, but now trembling and tottering to the fall, naked of all ornament; an Egyptian obelisk, the spoil of some ancient battle with the people of Memphis. These are the few sorrowful relics of the glory of the city. Elsewhere, the lonesome column of Theodosius, "*Fortunæ reduci ob devictos Gothos*," and the dark caverns of the cisterns of Constantinople, and the ruined arches of the Aqueduct of Valens, are all that remain of ancient Byzantium.

I shall not pause to speak of the appearance of the square, nor of the grand mosque of the Sultan Achmed, which faces it. Enough only to mention the four columns which support the great dome, each of which measures thirty-

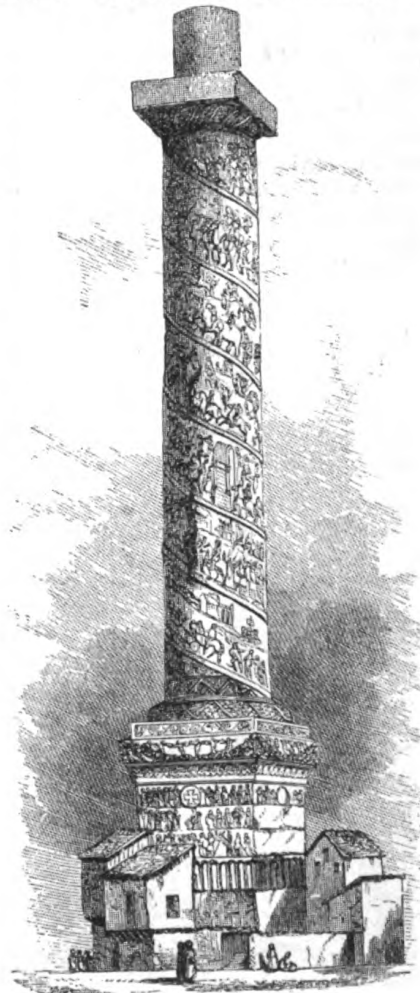
six feet in diameter, and which will stand firm and strong when the travelers of future centuries will be wandering among the ruins of the city.

We hastened on to St. Sophia, which, though less splendid in appearance than the mosque of Sultan Achmed, or of Suleiman the Magnificent, is nevertheless one of the most deeply interesting religious buildings in the world. Probably the city had never a period of greater glory than it enjoyed under Justinian and Theodora.

Constantine built the Church of St. Sophia in the twentieth year of his reign, about A.D. 325, ten years before he built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. It was enlarged by Constantius, burned down in A.D. 404, rebuilt by Theodosius in A.D. 415, burned in the fifth year of Justinian, in the riot known as the *Nika*, and by him and his Empress, Theodora, rebuilt even as it now stands.

The voices of Christians of old times were wont to sound aloud in these sublime arches, and the day is coming when the voices of Christian praise will again fill it.

Every one has heard of the architecture of this church, which has been followed by the Turks in all their religious buildings in the



COLUMN OF THEODOSIUS.



MEDAL OF JUSTINIAN.



MEDAL OF JUSTINIAN (OBY. RSE).

city. A vast dome in the centre is surrounded by smaller domes, from among which the minarets spring skyward. The principal dome has always been a subject of great admiration, from the smallness of its curve. The depth of the dome is but one sixth its diameter—a miracle of art. The diameter is 115 feet, and its extreme height from the pavement 180. The form of the building is a Greek cross, 240 by 270 feet, or thereabout. The galleries are approached by a winding passage in one of the towers, up which it would not be difficult to drive a horse and carriage.

Costly stones from all parts of the known world were gathered in the building. Columns of porphyry and verd antique from heathen tem-

ples were consecrated here to the support of the greatest earthly temple of the true God. The walls shone with costly mosaic. Every inch of dome and ceiling was worked in gorgeous designs of mosaic.

All this is now even as Justinian left it.

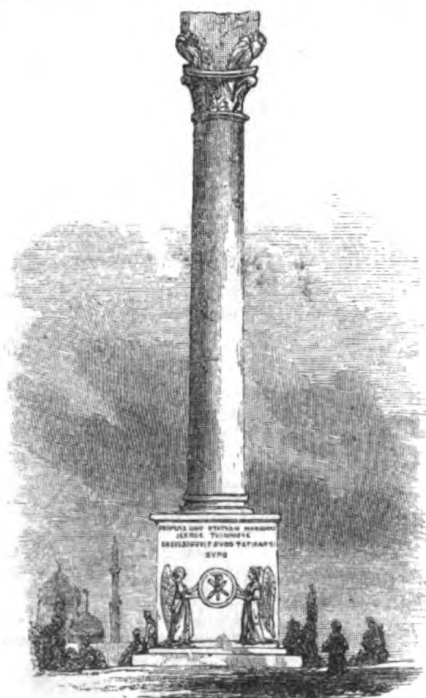
Will you sit down with me a little while in this old Christian temple, and listen to some of the stories of its building?

When Justinian selected the ground on which to build, and proceeded to make his purchases, there was one old woman who owned land that was necessary. It was appraised at a low rate, and she disputed the appraisal. Justinian condescended to visit her for negotiation, and she was so humbled by this that she refused to take money for her land, but only demanded burial near the church for herself. And somewhere about here she sleeps, for the Emperor kept his word.

The anecdote reminds the reader of that other story told of a woman who owned land around which Chosroes I., the Persian monarch, wished to build his palace. He was contemporary with Justinian. The woman, in that instance, refused to sell, and he built around her hut, leaving it in the midst of his palace—a contrast to its splendor, and a monument of his own justice. The Church of Saint Sophia stands firmly yet, but of the palace of the Persian only one vast arch, known as the Arch of Tak Kesra, remains, about which Moslems dispute whether it is so large as either of the four great arches of Saint Sophia.

Another piece of the land belonged to a shoemaker, who refused to part with it except at an exorbitant price, and the addition of this privilege, or honor, that on days of public races in the Hippodrome public honors should be rendered to him, by the people, as to the Emperor.

Justinian granted all this, but made it an empty honor, by decreeing a burlesque, bowing to the back of a shoemaker stationed at the head of the course before each race commenced,



COLUMN OF MARCIAN.



TURKISH CHILDREN.

bore the household treasures of another—each and all guarded by armed bands of eunuchs. Now we jostled against a boat loaded with fair freight, and now we shot across the bow of an English man-of-war boat, loaded with officers of the army and navy, all bound to the scene of revelry. English and American gentlemen on horseback dashed up the roads along the shore; and it was certainly not to be doubted that, when we arrived at the Sweet Waters, we should see a scene worth going for.

The "Sweet Waters of Europe" is the name given to a pleasure resort at the head of the Golden Horn, where a small stream of water enters it. It is some six miles from the Bosphorus, and reached, as I have indicated, either by carriage on shore or by caiques. As carriages can not pass through many streets in the city they are few, but doubtless every vehicle in the city was out that day. The green banks of the Sweet Waters presented the gayest scene that the world can show.

There were many thousand Turkish ladies here of every rank, and in the course of the

afternoon the ladies of the Sultan's household made their appearance in elegant carriages, while one of the sons of Abdul Medjid came in his golden caique.

A few English and American ladies on horseback, crowds of French and English officers in their showy uniforms, and some dozens of travelers added variety to the crowd.

The dresses of the ladies would puzzle a lady to describe, much more me. Every brilliant color of the Eastern dyes shone in the sunshine; and as the outer dress is usually a loose, flowing piece of silk wrapped carelessly around the form, the flutter of bright colors was dazzling beyond description.

There were perhaps a hundred carriages in the drive, which was a circle, crossing at one point a wooden bridge some thirty feet long. The rail of this bridge on both sides was occupied by twenty or more young English officers of the rowdy sort, who bought little bouquets of the flower-sellers and candy of the candy-peddlers, with which they pelted the ladies in the carriages. The latter did not resent it in the

least, but, on the contrary, shouted their fun most furiously. Some harems were attended by eunuchs on horseback, who looked furiously on, but dared not touch the swords that hung at their sides. The ladies were crowded in the carriages, usually six in each, three in front and three behind. They drove in the circle around and around for some hours, and it was manifest that they found a pleasure to which they had never been accustomed.

"But 'midst the throng in merry masquerade
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain?
Even through the closest cerement, half betrayed?"

The question forever comes over one in looking on these gay women of the harem in their lighter hours. And if I did not believe you would doubt me, and think me but reviving the romance of the harem for your amusement, I would even here relate a story that I saw part of with my own eyes that day.

In the crowd at the end of the bridge was a young English ensign, whose peculiar conduct attracted my attention. He threw no flowers into the carriages until one came by in which sat a lady with three others. She alone was white; the others were black. As she passed him he suddenly plunged his hand into the carriage, so that I thought at first he had rudely grasped the loose folds of the dress that covered her bosom. But it was withdrawn as instantly, and I saw a bunch of blue violets in her lap. She tossed them out at the window of the carriage as she passed me, but I caught her fine eyes and there was no contempt in them.

The same thing occurred when she passed the bridge again and again. I became interested. My friend Bronson, of Cincinnati, was

there on horseback, and I borrowed his horse for a little while. Following the carriage closely as he repeated his gift a fifth time, I saw her secrete a few flowers that she broke from the bunch before she threw it away.

I examined her countenance as well as I was able. Her eyes were superb, as are all the Eastern ladies' eyes. Her complexion was clear and rich, even dazzling. Her lips shone red and ripe through the white veil that was drawn close over them. Her hand was small and exquisite. This was all I could see of her, and I gave back the horse to my friend, wondering what would be the result of this intrigue commenced at the Sweet Waters of Europe.

I will tell you the story as I heard it afterward. The lady was the favorite wife, of an officer in the Sultan's service. The Englishman was rich and reckless. He bought the slaves, and the beautiful Georgian was his. Their escape could not be planned without the assistance of some foreign officer in command of a vessel. There was a Yankee schooner in the Golden Horn, a splendid specimen of the Boston clipper-built two-masters, tonning some two hundred and fifty tons.

The captain, a very easy Down-Easter in his notions, let his cabin willingly at a price, and hauled out into the Bosphorus in the afternoon.

That night the fair fugitive came on board in disguise, and the next day was far down the Sea of Marmora, and two weeks later was at Morrell's, in the Strada Forni at Malta, with bright face blushing at its novel exposure to the gaze of the gay throng along the crowded way.

All this is the basis of the prettiest of romances, but alas for the reality that underlies it all.

I wonder sometimes now, as I recall that brilliant face in the strange garb of the Eastern harem, beautiful, extremely beautiful, and, as far as her experience taught her, innocent of wrong—I say I wonder whether she is yet the stroller along the dark side of Trafalgar Square, standing forlorn at midnight under the statue of the great sailor, and wondering what God is God, and where, in heartless London, she can find his true Prophet.

But I have wandered from the Sweet Waters of Europe.

Evening drove us all homeward. We went



MICHAEL PALEOLOGUS, HIS WIFE, AND SON CONSTANTINE.



CONSULAR TABLETS OF CLEMENTINUS.

down the Sweet Waters and down the Golden Horn in a great crowd, a vast rushing mass of boats, freighted with the beauty of Stamboul. As we swept around a sharp bend of the river and under a bridge which crosses it, we became entangled in a mass of caiques, and shooting across the bend, struck one on the quarter with our sharp bow. We ran upon her, pressing the gunwale down to the edge of the water, and before we could even shout she filled and down she went.

You should have seen my friend Smith and myself as we plunged into the water to the rescue of the veiled ladies, of whom there were

three. Enveloped in their vast masses of silk they stood a fair chance of a speedy passage to Paradise, if, indeed, there be any Paradise for Moslem females. We struck the water as they did, and we struck bottom together, for there was not two feet on the sand-bar which most fortunately we were over. Smith seized one, I another, and the third, a huge, unwieldy bundle of silks, too large to attract sympathy just then, helped herself to her feet and into the caique when it was righted and bailed out, which was speedily accomplished. When this was done we had time to look at them a little. Smith had rescued a lady black as the slave

Mesrour of Haroun Al Rasheed. I had picked up a girl blacker than his mother. The bundle of shawls and silks was the mistress of the party, a little gem, if one could judge from her eyes, which sparkled with fun as she thanked us for rescuing her servants.

I take it she thanked us, though, to say truth, I paid little attention to what she said, as I bundled myself into the bottom of my own boat and we pulled back to the shore at Galata.

Time glided away rapidly in Constantinople. One day we rode on horseback to look at the triple walls that once guarded the northern side of Stamboul; another, we were in a caique pulling up the Bosphorus to the Giant's Mountain, where we could look out on the stormy Symplegades and the dark waves of the Euxine.

A delicious morning was that when we manned our large caique with six stout oarsmen and went up the Bosphorus to the old Genoese castle that stands tottering on the bank of the river it once commanded, a mournful relic of ancient grandeur.

It would be a vain task for me to attempt the relation of one in a hundred of the points of interest in the history of the Bosphorus. This old castle is a memorial of the days of Genoese power on the Straits. In the fourteenth century they commanded the passage and levied its tolls, building then the grand fortress that now frowns in ruin over the swift stream.

The imagination of travelers has been allowed full play in describing the beauties of the Bosphorus. It has always been represented as lined on both sides with palaces, and I had anticipations of splendor that were sadly disappointed. Probably most readers will be equally so when they learn that all these palaces of the great straits are wooden buildings, generally destitute of paint, and many of them in sadly ruinous condition. There is not a palace on the Bosphorus, excepting only the new palace of the Sultan, which an American gentle-

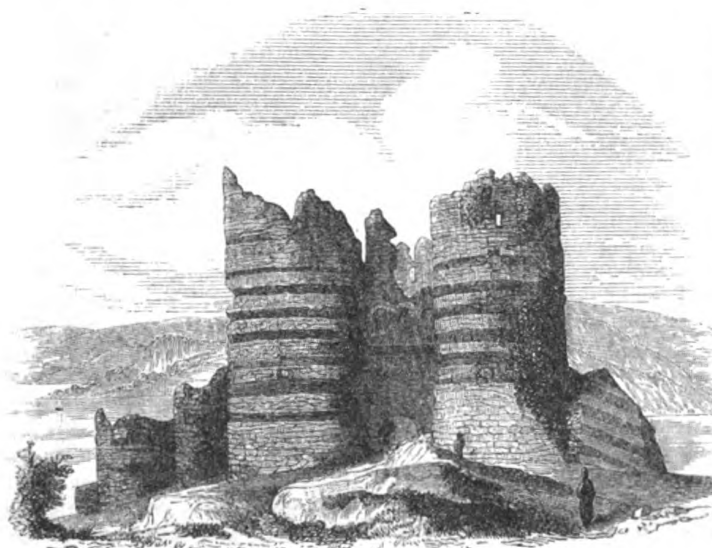
man would accept as a gift for a country residence unless with intent to pull it down and rebuild on the fine site some more graceful structure. The whole shore is lined with these old and decaying structures. Every thing here, as in all other parts of the Turk's dominions, is in a falling and ruinous condition. Constantinople has none of the melancholy grandeur of other Oriental cities. It has almost none of the relics of ancient wealth and power. The mosques tower above the low huts and bazars of the city, through which, almost daily, fires sweep with uncontrolled fury. All looks mean, poor, decaying, and weak.

Doubtless the end is not far distant. In the hands of a race of enterprising men the city would become the pride of the world, and the shores of the Bosphorus would gleam with marble palaces.

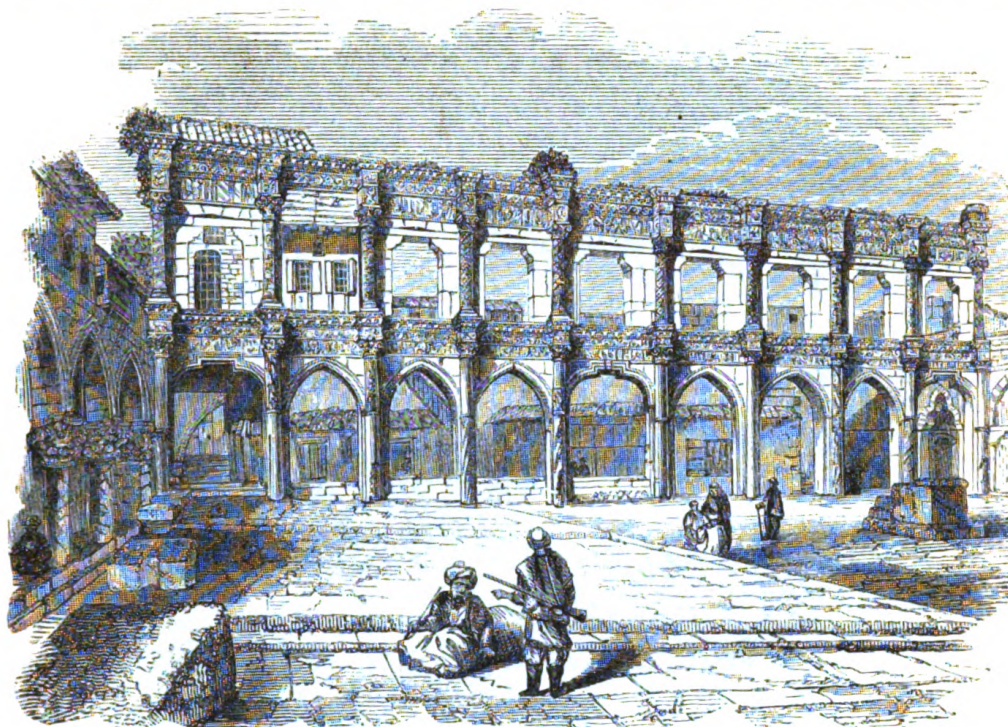
One morning we went to see the Sultan go to prayer. It was Friday. It had been announced that he would pray at Scutari. He usually goes to the mosque in his caique, and, of course, when going to Scutari, must do so, as he crosses the river.

The new palace stands on the edge of the water. His boat lay at the side of the stone parapet awaiting him. It was the most gorgeous barge that floats on water, measuring, perhaps, a hundred feet in length, and gleaming with gold. In the stern, under a splendid canopy, was a sofa waiting his occupation. Forty rowers, dressed in white, sat on the benches. A band of musicians stood outside the palace door, and, as it opened, a flourish of trumpets announced the coming of Abdul Medjid. He advanced to the edge of the water with an easy, jaunty air, and then I was not more than ten yards from him, and had a full view of his face.

He is a young man, with a mild expression of countenance, dressed in a French uniform—blue coat and pantaloons. His collar was studded with diamonds. This seems to be his favorite dress. I have seen it frequently described as his dress on court occasions. He wore the red tarbouche on his head, with black silk tassel, no more costly or elegant than my own. He stood a few minutes looking up at his new palace and around at his harbor, in which floated the great navies of England and France, his powerful allies. Was it pride or was it grief that I saw cross his countenance? A change there certainly was on it for the moment, and the next he caught my eye, and as I bowed low with my hand to my head, he returned the salutation as



GENOESE CASTLE ON THE BOSPHORUS.



RUINED MOSQUE AT DIARBEEKIR (AMIDA).

gracefully as a Parisian gentleman. The next instant he stepped lightly into his boat, and every rower sprang upright on the bench before him. The oars dipped, and the men fell back at full length, in perfect line, till they lay down each with his head over the feet of the one behind him. Then they rose like puppets, and again fell back. The boat sprang as if alive. I never saw such motion through water. I have no doubt her speed excelled the swiftest steamer. Before I had time to think, the magnificent barge vanished in a cloud of smoke from a hundred guns that were discharged on board the shipping. The whole scene was like a vision of the fabled splendor of the Arabian Nights, and was the most perfect realization of Oriental magnificence we had seen.

There have been periods in the history of Constantinople around which the pen of the historian lingers with interest. The days of Constantine are first among these. The period succeeding him was one of wealth and renown, but we know little of it. There are ivory dyptiches, carved as the illustrations represent, which indicate the profusion of wealth and the plenty which characterized a time when the Empire was attaining the glory which it had under Justinian, and just before the building of Saint Sophia. These tablets represent Clementinus, who was consul of the East in A.D. 513, seated on a curule chair, with Rome on one side and Constantinople on the other. Above him are his signet, his name, and the cross surmounting all. The days of Justinian and Theodora are honored in the Oriental churches, which preserve with jealous care the evidences

of their royal liberality. Even mosaics of their day remain in churches and elsewhere in Italy, illustrating their renown.

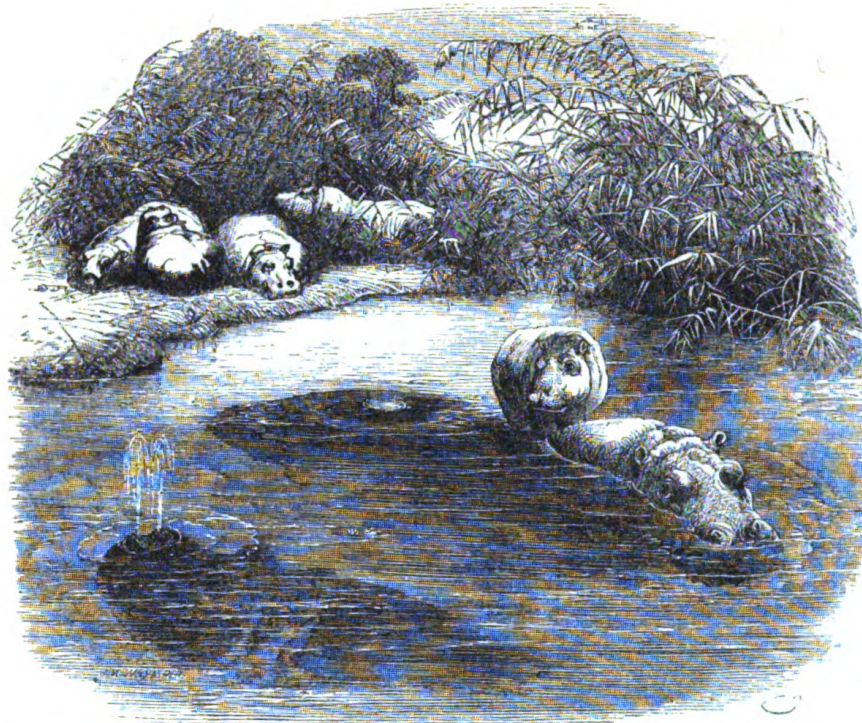
In the age that succeeded the decline of the Roman Empire the battles of the world were fought on the Bosphorus. The crusaders poured over it. Pilgrims gathered their scallop shells on the banks of the Sea of Marmora. Power succeeded power on the throne of Byzantium, and the Greek emperors of the family of Palæologus made the glory of the ancient wane before the gorgeous splendor of their city in the later centuries.

Then came the contests of the powers of southern Europe, and at last the Moslem, to tear down the Cross from Saint Sophia and place the Crescent in its place above the great church of Justinian.

I am writing no history, not even a skeleton of history. He who would read that must open Gibbon, and be overwhelmed with the strange story of the Bosphorus. I am but jotting down the thoughts that came into my brain as I floated down the Bosphorus one sunny afternoon, lying at full length in my caique, and balancing it against the weight of a friend who talked to me of the waning crescent.

"Their mosques are falling," said he; "their strength is gone; their faith is failing. You and I, if we live but to the ordinary period of men's lives, will see the Cross above Saint Sophia."

Alas for my friend! Already he lies in the dust, sleeping serenely under the shadow of the great mosque at Amida on the Tigris. Lo! here it stands pictured, emblem of the crumbling religion of the False Prophet.



FEMALE HIPPOPOTAMUS CARRYING HER YOUNG.

LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

THESE two works, each embodying the results of years of travel and research, entirely revolutionize all our theories as to the geographical and physical character of Central Africa. Instead of lofty mountains and sandy deserts, we have a wide basin, or rather series of basins, with lakes and great rivers, and a soil fertile even when compared with the abounding exuberance of our own Western valleys and prairies.

Barth, traveling southward from the Mediterranean, explored this region till within eight degrees of the equator. Livingstone, traveling northward from the Cape of Good Hope, approached the equator from the south as nearly as Barth did from the north. He then traversed the whole breadth of the continent diagonally from the west to the east. His special researches cover the entire space between the eighth and fifteenth parallels of south latitude. Between the regions explored by Barth and Livingstone lies an unexplored tract extending eight degrees on each side of the equator, and occupying the whole breadth of the continent from east to west. Lieutenant Burton, famous for his expedition to Mecca and Medina, set out from Zanzibar a few months since, with the

design of traversing this very region. If he succeeds in his purpose his explorations will fill up the void between those of Barth and Livingstone.

Dr. Livingstone, with whose travels we are at present specially concerned, is no ordinary man. The son of a Presbyterian deacon and small trader in Glasgow; set to work in a cotton factory at ten years old; buying a Latin grammar with his first earnings; working from six in the morning till eight at night, then attending evening-school till ten, and pursuing his studies till midnight; at sixteen a fair classical scholar, with no inconsiderable reading in books of science and travels, gained, sentence by sentence, with the book open before him on his spinning-jenny; botanizing and geologizing on holidays and at spare hours; poring over books of astrology till he was startled by inward suggestions to sell his soul to the Evil One as the price of the mysterious knowledge of the stars; soundly flogged by the good deacon his father by way of imparting to him a liking for Boston's "Fourfold State" and Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity;" then convinced by the writings of the worthy Thomas Dick that there was no hostility between Science and Religion, embracing with heart and mind the doctrines of evangelical Christianity, and resolving to devote his life to their extension among the heathen—such are the leading features of the early life of David Livingstone.

He would equip himself for the warfare and afterward fight with the powers of darkness at his own cost. So at the age of nineteen—a

* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. 1 vol. 8vo. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L. 3 vols. 8vo. With Map and numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.



THE MISSIONARY'S ESCAPE FROM THE LION.

slim, loose-jointed lad—he commenced the study of medicine and Greek, and afterward of theology, in the University of Glasgow, attending lectures in the winter, paying his expenses by working as a cotton-spinner during the summer, without receiving a farthing of aid from any one.

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His purpose was to go to China as a medical missionary, and he would have accomplished his object solely by his own efforts had not some friends advised him to join the London Missionary Society. He offered himself, with a half hope that his application would be rejected, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to

work his own way to become dependent in a measure upon others.

By the time when his medical and theological studies were completed, the Opium War had rendered it inexpedient to go to China, and his destination was fixed for Southern Africa.

He reached his field of labor in 1840. Having tarried for three months at the head station at Knruman, and taken to wife a daughter of the well-known missionary Mr. Moffat, he pushed still farther into the country, and attached himself to the band of Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, or "Alligators," a Bechuana tribe. Here, cutting himself for six months wholly off from all European society, he gained an insight into the language, laws, modes of life, and habits of the Bechuanas, which proved of incalculable advantage in all his subsequent intercourse with them.

Sechele gave a ready ear to the missionary's instructions.

"Did your forefathers know of a future judgment?" he asked.

"They knew of it," replied the missionary, who proceeded to describe the scenes of the last great day.

"You startle me: these words make all my bones to shake; I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time yours were; and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going."

Mr. Moffat had translated the Bible into the Bechuana language, which he had reduced to writing, and Sechele set himself to learn to read, with so much assiduity that he began to grow corpulent from the lack of his accustomed exercise. His great favorite was Isaiah. "He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak," he was wont to say, using the very words applied by the Glasgow Professor to the Apostle Paul. Having become convinced of the truth of Christianity, he wished his people also to become Christians. "I will call them together," he said, "and with our rhinoceros-skin whips we will soon make them all believe together." Livingstone, mindful, perhaps, of the ill success of his worthy father in the matter of Wilberforce on "Practical Christianity," did not favor the proposed line of argument. He was, in fact, in no great haste to urge Sechele to make a full profession of faith by receiving the ordinance of baptism; for the chief had, in accordance with the customs of his people, taken a number of wives, of whom he must, in this case, put away all except one. The head-wife was a greasy old jade, who was in the habit of attending church without her gown, and when her husband sent her home to make her toilet, she would pout out her thick lips in unutterable disgust at his new-fangled notions, while some of the other wives were the best scholars in the school. After a while Sechele took the matter into his own hands, sent his

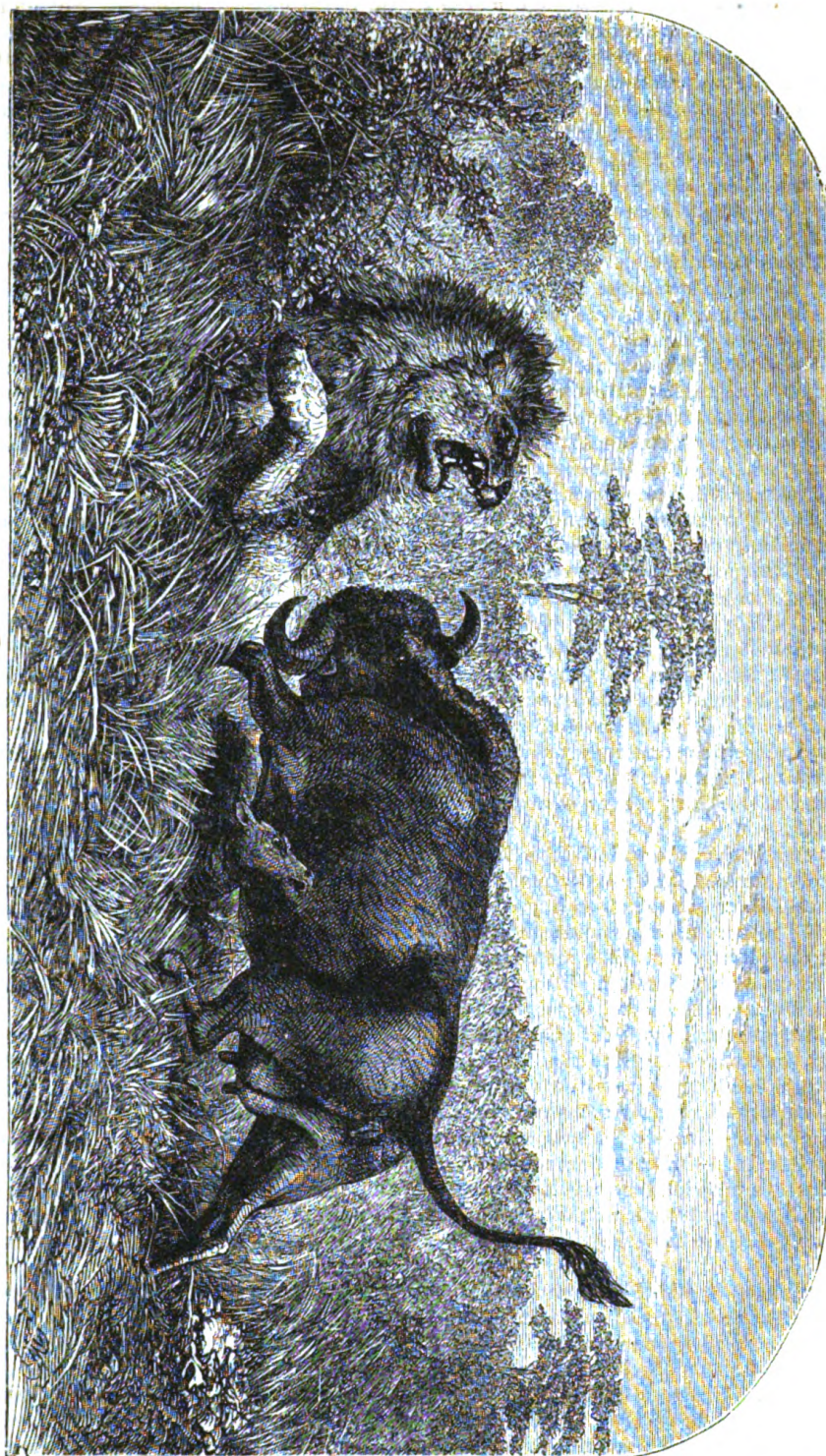
supernumerary wives back to their friends—not empty-handed—and was baptized.

Mr. Livingstone's station was in the region since rendered famous by the hunting exploits of Gordon Cumming. He vouches for the truth of the wonderful stories told by that redoubtable Nimrod, who visited him during each of his excursions. He himself, indeed, had an adventure with a lion quite equal to any thing narrated by Cumming or Andersson, the result of which was one dead lion, two Bechuanas fearfully wounded, his own arm marked with eleven distinct teeth-marks, the bone crunched to splinters, and the formation of a false joint, which marred his shooting ever after.

Mr. Livingstone has a republican contempt for the "King of Beasts." He is nothing better than an overgrown hulking dog, not a match, in fair fight, for a buffalo. If a traveler encounter him by daylight, he turns tail and sneaks out of sight like a scared greyhound. All the talk about his majestic roar is sheer twaddle. It takes a keen ear to distinguish the voice of the lion from that of the silly ostrich. When he is gorged he falls asleep, and a couple of natives approach him without fear. One discharges an arrow, the point of which has been anointed with a subtle poison, made of the dried entrails of a species of caterpillar, while the other flings his skin cloak over his head. The beast bolts away incontinently, but soon dics, howling and biting the ground in agony. In the dark, or at all hours when breeding, the lion is an ugly enough customer; but if a man will stay at home by night, and does not go out of his way to attack him, he runs less risk in Africa of being devoured by a lion than he does in our cities of being run over by an omnibus—so says Mr. Livingstone.

When the lion grows old he leads a miserable life. Unable to master the larger game, he prowls about the villages in the hope of picking up a stray goat. A woman or child venturing out at night does not then come amiss. When the natives hear of one prowling about the villages, they say, "His teeth are worn; he will soon kill men," and thereupon turn out to kill him. This is the only foundation for the common belief that when the lion has once tasted human flesh he will eat nothing else. A "man-eater" is always an old lion, who takes to cannibalism to avoid starvation. When he lives far from human habitations, and so can not get goats or children, an old lion is often reduced to such straits as to be obliged to live upon mice, and such small deer.

Mr. Livingstone's strictly missionary life among the Bakwains lasted eight or nine years. The family arose early, and, after prayers and breakfast, went to the school-room, where men, women, and children were assembled. School was over at eleven, when the husband set about his work as gardener, smith, or carpenter, while his wife busied herself with domestic matters—baking bread, a hollow in a deserted ant-hill serving for an oven; churning butter in an



BUFFALO COW DEFENDING HER CALF.

earthen jar; running candles; making soap from ashes containing so little alkaline matter that the ley had to be kept boiling for a month or six weeks before it was strong enough for use. The wife was maid-of-all-work in doors, while the husband was Jack-at-all-trades outside. Three several times the tribe removed their place of residence, and he was so many

times compelled to build for himself a house, every stick and brick of which was put in place by his own hands. The heat of the day past, and dinner over, the wife betook herself to the infant and sewing schools, while the husband walked down to the village to talk with the natives. Three nights in the week, after the cows had been milked, public meetings were held for

instruction in religious and secular matters. All these multifarious duties were diversified by attendance upon the sick, and in various ways aiding the poor and wretched. Being in so many ways helpful to them, and having, besides, shown from the first that he could knock them up at hard work or traveling, we can not wonder that Livingstone was popular among the Bakwains, though conversions seem to have been of the rarest. Indeed, we are not sure but Sechele's was the only case.

A great drought set in the very first year of his residence among them, which increased year by year. The river ran dry; the canals which he had induced them to dig for the purpose of irrigating their gardens were useless; the fish died in such numbers that the congregated hyenas of the country were unable to devour the putrid masses. The rain-makers tried their spells in vain. The clouds sometimes gathered promisingly overhead, but only to roll away without discharging a drop upon the scorched plains. The people began to suspect some connection between the new religion and the drought. "We like you," they said, "but we wish you would give up this everlasting preaching and praying. You see that we never get any rain, while the tribes who never pray have an abundance." Livingstone could not deny the fact, and he was sometimes disposed to attribute it to the malevolence of the "Prince of the Power of the Air," eager to frustrate the good work.

The people behaved wonderfully well, though the scarcity amounted almost to famine. The women sold their ornaments to buy corn from the more fortunate tribes around; the children scoured the country for edible roots; the men betook themselves to hunting. They constructed great traps, called *hopos*, consisting of two lines of hedges, a mile long, far apart at the extremities, but converging like the sides of the letter V, with a deep pit at the narrow end. Then forming a circuit for miles around, they drove the game—buffalos, zebras, gnus, antelopes, and the like—into the mouth of the hopo, and along its narrowing lane, until they plunged pell-mell in one confused, writhing, struggling mass into the pit, where they were speared at leisure.

The precarious mode of life occasioned by the long drought interfered sadly with the labors of the mission. Still worse was the conduct of Boers who had pushed their way into the Bechuana country. Their theory was very simple: "We are the people of God, and the heathen are given to us for an inheritance." Of this inheritance they proceeded to make the most. They compelled the natives to work for them without pay, in consideration of the privilege of living in "their country." They made regular forays, carrying off the women and children as slaves. They were cowardly as well as brutal, compelling friendly tribes to accompany them on their excursions, putting them in front as a shield, and coolly firing over their heads,

till the enemy fled in despair, leaving their women, children, and cattle as a prey.

So long as fire-arms could be kept from the natives the Boers were sure of having it all their own way. But traders came in the train of the missionaries, and sold guns and powder to the Bechuanas. Sechele's tribe procured no less than five muskets. The Boers were alarmed, and determined to drive missionaries and traders from the country.

In course of time Mr. Livingstone became convinced that Bibles and preaching were not all that was necessary. Civilization must accompany Christianization; and commerce was essential to civilization; for commerce, more speedily than any thing else, would break down the isolation of the tribes, by making them mutually dependent upon and serviceable to each other.

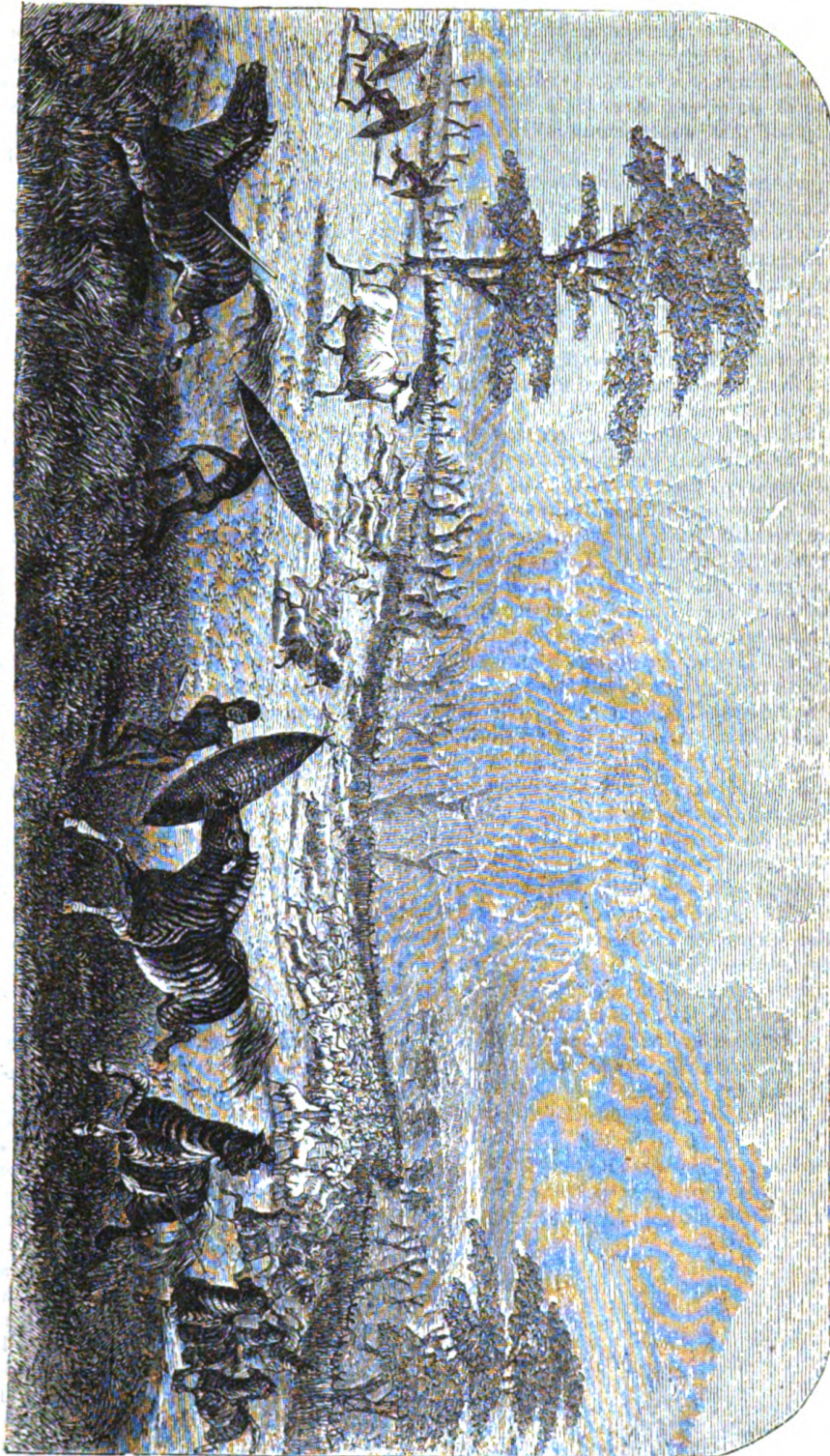
It was well known that northward, beyond the desert, lay a great lake, in the midst of a country rich in ivory and other articles of commerce. In former years, when rains had been more abundant, the natives had frequently crossed this desert; and somewhere near the lake dwelt a famous chief, named Sebituane, who had once lived on friendly terms in the neighborhood of Sechele, who was anxious to renew the old acquaintance. Mr. Livingstone determined to open intercourse with this region, in spite of the threats and opposition of the Boers.

So the missionary became a traveler and explorer. While laying his plans and gathering information, the opportune arrival of Messrs. Oswell and Murray, two wealthy Englishmen who had become enamored with African hunting, enabled him to undertake the proposed expedition, Mr. Oswell agreeing to pay the guides, who were furnished by Sechele.

This expedition, which resulted in the discovery of Lake Ngami, set out from the missionary station at Kolobeng on the 1st of June, 1849. The way lay across the great Kalahari desert, seven hundred miles in breadth. This is a singular region. Though it has no running streams, and few and scanty wells, it abounds in animal and vegetable life. Men, animals, and plants accommodate themselves singularly to the scarcity of water. Grass is abundant, growing in tufts; bulbous plants abound, among which are the *leroshua*, which sends up a slender stalk not larger than a crow quill, with a tuber, a foot or more below the surface, as large as a child's head, consisting of a mass of cellular tissue filled with a cool and refreshing fluid; and the *mokuri*, which deposits under ground, within a circle of a yard from its stem, a mass of tubers of the size of a man's head. During years when the rains are unusually abundant, the Kalahari is covered with the *kengwe*, a species of water-melon. Animals and men rejoice in the rich supply; antelopes, lions, hyenas, jackals, mice, and men devour it with equal avidity.

The people of the desert conceal their wells

THE HOPO, OR TRAP FOR DRIVING GAME.



with jealous care. They fill them with sand, and place their dwellings at a distance, that their proximity may not betray the precious secret. The women repair to the wells with a score or so of ostrich shells in a bag slung over their shoulders. Digging down an arm's-length, they insert a hollow reed, with a bunch of grass

tied to the end, then ram the sand firmly around the tube. The water slowly filters into the bunch of grass, and is sucked up through the reed, and squirted mouthful by mouthful into the shells. When all are filled, the women gather up their load and trudge homeward.

Elands, springbucks, koodoos, and ostriches

somehow seem to get along very well without any moisture, except that contained in the grass which they eat. They appear to live for months without drinking; but whenever rhinoceroses, buffaloes, or gnus are seen, it is held to be certain proof that water exists within a few miles.

The passage of the Kalahari was effected, not without considerable difficulty, in two months, the expedition reaching Lake Ngami on the 1st of August. As they approached it, they came upon a considerable river.

"Whence does this come?" asked Livingstone.

"From a country full of rivers," was the reply; "so many that no man can tell their number, and full of large trees."

This was the first actual confirmation of the report of the Bakwains that the country beyond was not the large "sandy plateau" of geographers. The prospect of a highway capable of being traversed by boats to an unexplored fertile region so filled the mind of Livingstone that, when he came to the lake, this discovery seemed of comparatively little importance. To us, indeed, whose ideas of a lake are formed from Superior and Huron, the Ngami seems but an insignificant affair. Its circumference may be seventy or a hundred miles, and its mean depth is but a few feet. It lies two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and as much below the southern border of the Kalahari, which slopes gradually toward the interior.

Their desire to visit Sebituane, whose residence was considerably farther in the interior, was frustrated by the jealousy of Lechulathebe, a chief near the lake, and the expedition returned to the station at Kolobeng. The attempt was renewed the following year. Mrs. Livingstone, their three children, and Sechele accompanied him. The lake was reached. Lechulathebe, propitiated by the present of a valuable gun, agreed to furnish guides to Sebituane's country; but the children and servants fell ill, and the attempt was for the time abandoned.

A third expedition was successful, although the whole party came near perishing for want of water, and their cattle, which had been bitten by the *Tsetse*, died.

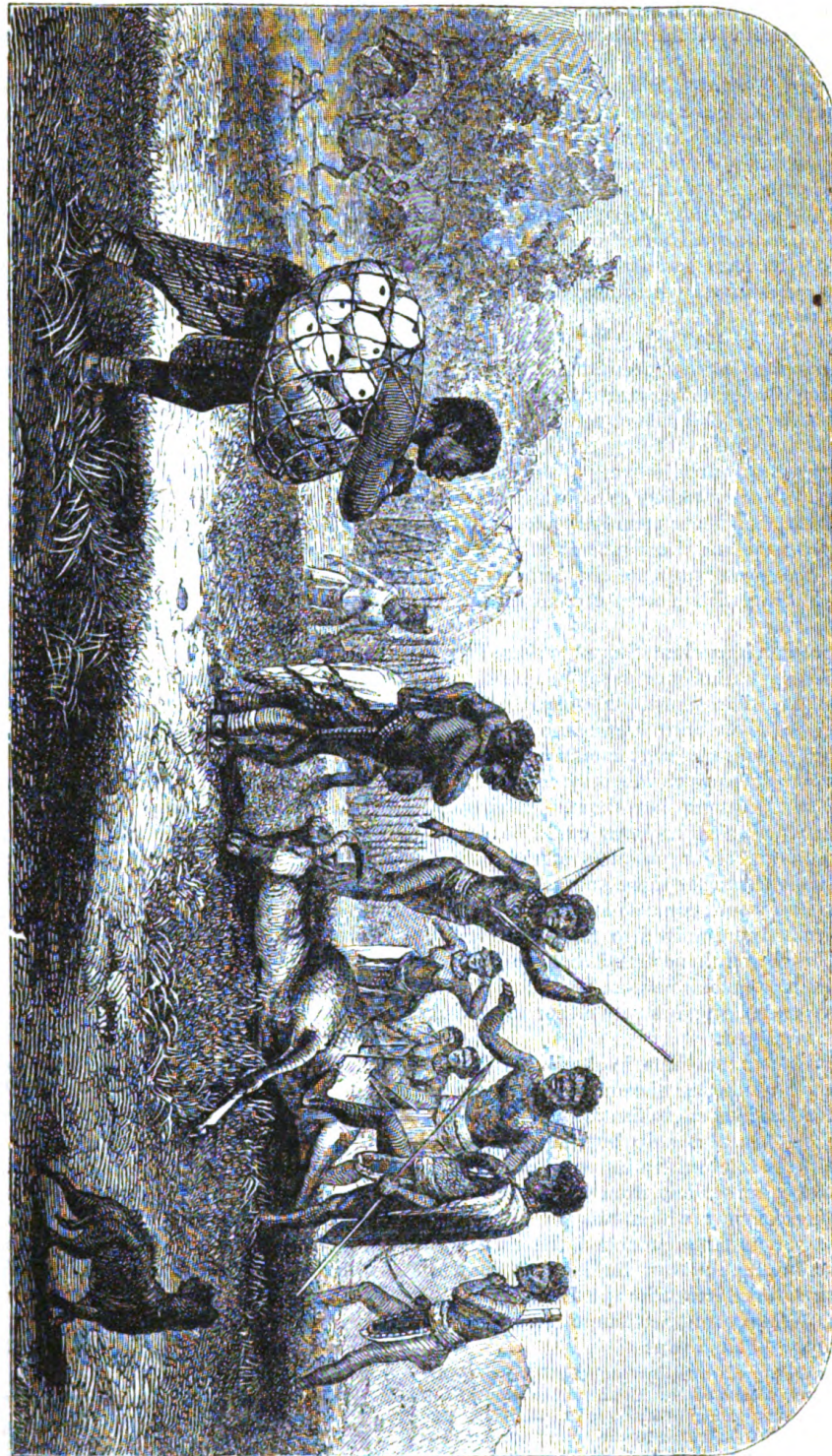


THE TSETSE (MAGNIFIED).

This insect—the *Glossina moritans* of the naturalists—deserves a special paragraph. It is a brown insect about as large as our common house-fly, with three or four yellow bars across its hinder part. A lively, buzzing, harmless-looking fellow is the tsetse. Its bite produces a slight itching similar to that caused by the mosquito, and in the case of men and some species of animals no further ill effects follow. But woe to the horse, the ox, and the dog, when once bitten by the tsetse. No immediate harm appears; the animal is not startled as by the gad-fly; but in a few days the eyes and the nose begin to run; the jaws and navel swell; the animal grazes for a while as usual, but grows emaciated and weak, and dies, it may be, weeks or months after. When dissected, the cellular tissue seems injected with air, the fat is green and oily, the muscles are flabby, the heart is so soft that the finger may be pushed through it. The antelope and buffalo, the zebra and goat, are not affected by its bite; while to the ox, the horse, and the dog it is certain death. The mule and donkey are not troubled by it, nor are sucking calves, while dogs, though fed upon milk, perish. Such different effects produced upon animals whose nature is similar, constitute one of the most curious phenomena in natural history.

Sebituane, who had heard of the approach of his visitors, came more than a hundred miles to meet them. He was a tall, wiry, coffee-and-milk colored man, of five-and-forty. His original home was a thousand miles to the south, in the Bakwain country, whence he had been driven by the Griquas a quarter of a century before. He fled northward, fighting his way, sometimes reduced to the utmost straits, but still keeping his people together. At length he crossed the desert, and conquered the country around Lake Ngami; then having heard of white men living on the west coast, he passed southwestward into the desert, hoping to be able to open intercourse with them. There suffering from the thirst, he came to a small well; the water was not sufficient for his men and his cattle; one or the other must perish; he ordered the men to drink, for if they survived they could fight for more cattle. In the morning his cattle were all gone, and he returned to the north. Here a long course of warfare awaited him, but in the end he triumphed over his enemies, and established himself for a time on the great river Zambesi. Haunted with a longing for intercourse with the whites, he proposed to descend the river to the eastern coast. He was dissuaded from this purpose by the warnings of a native prophet. "The gods say, Go not thither!" he cried; then turning to the west, "I see a city and a nation of black men—men of the water; their cattle are red; thine own tribe are perishing, and will all be consumed; thou wilt govern black men, and when thy warriors have captured the red cattle, let not their owners be killed; they are thy future tribe; let them be spared to cause thee to build." So

HOTTENTOTS.—WOMEN RETURNING FROM THE WATER, AND MEN AROUND A DEAD HARTBEEST.



Sebituane went westward, conquered the blacks of an immense region, spared the lives of the men, and made them his subjects, ruling them gently. His original people are called the Makololo; the subject tribes are styled Makalaka.

Sebituane, though the greatest warrior in the south, always leading his men to battle in person, was still anxious for peace. He had heard

of cannon, and had somehow acquired the idea that if he could only procure one he might live in quiet. He received his visitors with much favor. "Your cattle have all been bitten by the tsetse," he said, "and will die; but never mind, I will give you as many as you want." He offered to conduct them through his country that they might choose a site for a mission-

ary station. But at this moment he fell ill of an inflammation of the lungs, from which he soon died.

"He was," writes Mr. Livingstone, "the best specimen of a native chief I ever met; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard when he was called away, and to realize somewhat of the feeling of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must be left where we find it, believing that assuredly the Judge of all the earth will do right."

Although he had sons, Sebituane left the chieftainship to his daughter Mamochisane, who confirmed her father's permission that the missionaries might visit her country. They proceeded a hundred and thirty miles farther, and were rewarded by the discovery of the great river Zambesi, the very existence of which, in Central Africa, had never been suspected. It was the dry season, and the river was at its lowest; but it was from three to six hundred yards broad, flowing with a deep current toward the east.

A grander idea than the mere founding of a missionary station now developed itself in the mind of Mr. Livingstone. European goods had just begun to be introduced into this region from the Portuguese settlements on the coast; at present slaves were the only commodity received in payment for them. Livingstone thought if a great highway could be opened, ivory, and the other products of the country, might be bartered for these goods, and the traffic in slaves would come to an end.

He therefore resolved to take his family to Cape Town, and thence send them to England, while he returned alone to the interior, with the purpose of making his way either to the east or the west coast.

He reached the Cape in April, 1852, being the first time during eleven years that he had visited the scenes of civilization, and placed his family on board a ship bound for England, promising to rejoin them in two years.

In June he set out from Cape Town upon that long journey which was to occupy five years. When he approached the missionary stations in the interior, he learned that the long-threatened attack by the Boers had taken place. A letter from Sechele to Mr. Moffat told the story. Thus it ran:

"Friend of my heart's love and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing. I replied, These are my friends, and I can not prevent them. They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. Of the Boers we killed twenty-eight."

Two hundred children, who had been gathered into schools, were carried away as slaves. Mr. Livingstone's library was wantonly destroyed, not carried away; his stock of medicines was smashed, and his furniture and clothing sold at auction to defray the expenses of the foray. Mr. Pretorius, the leader of the marauding party, died not long after, and an obituary notice of him was published, ending with the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Leaving his desolate home, Livingstone proceeded on his journey. On the way he met Sechele, who was going, he said, to see the Queen of England. Livingstone tried to dissuade him.

"Will not the Queen listen to me?" asked the chief.

"I believe she would listen, but the difficulty is to get to her."

"Well, I shall reach her."

And so they parted. Sechele actually made his way to the Cape, a distance of a thousand miles, but could get no farther, and returned to his own country. The remnants of the tribes who had formerly lived among the Boers gathered around him, and he is now more powerful than ever.

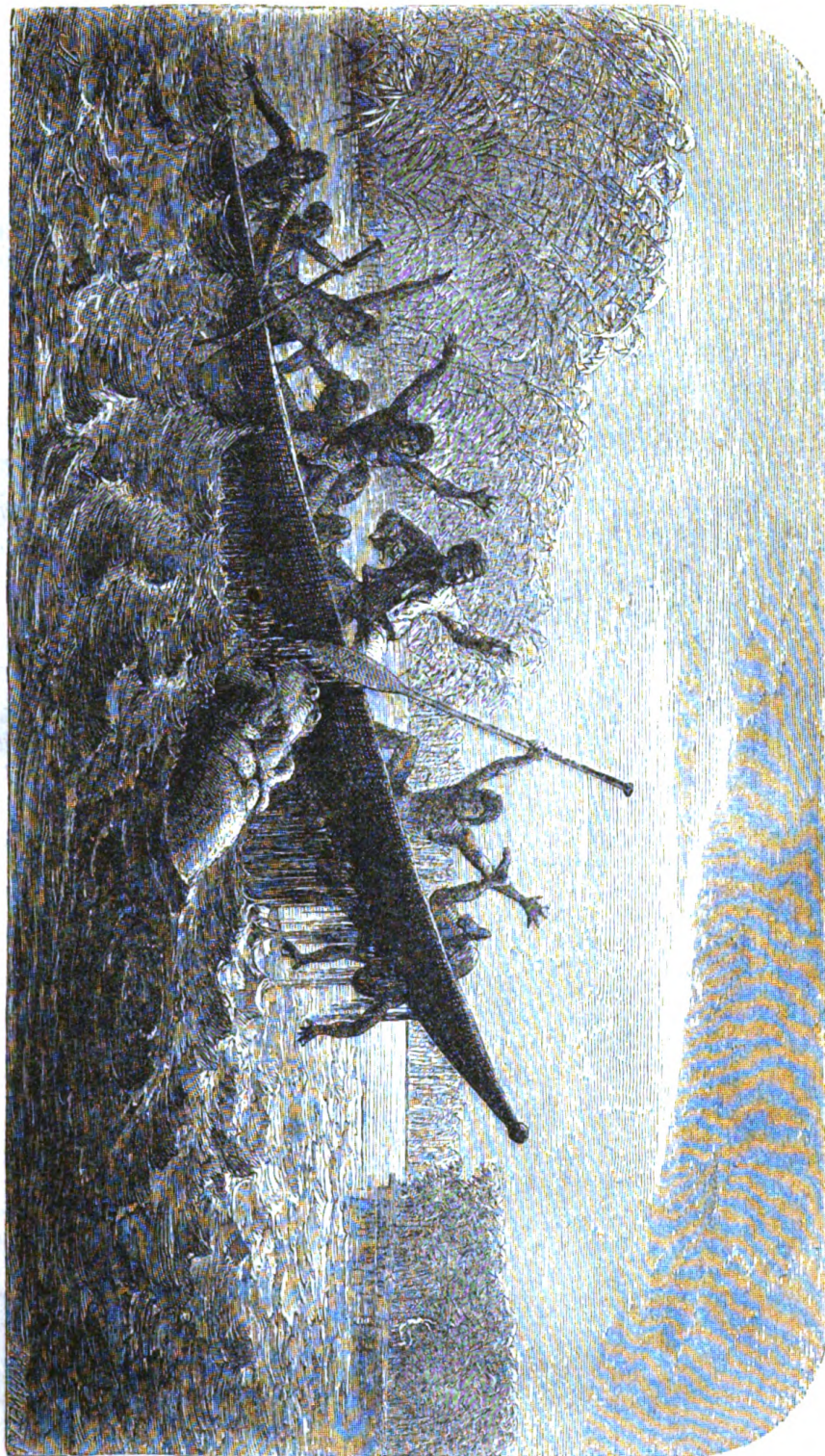
It is slow traveling in Africa. Livingstone was almost a year in accomplishing the 1500 miles between Cape Town and the country of the Makololo. He found that Mamochisane, the daughter of Sebituane, had voluntarily resigned the chieftainship to her younger brother, Sekeletu. She wished to be married, she said, and have a family like other women. The young chief Sekeletu was very friendly, but showed no disposition to become a convert. He refused to learn to read the Bible, for fear it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife, like Sechele. For his part he wanted at least five.

Some months were passed in this country, which is described as fertile and well-cultivated — producing millet, maize, yams, sweet potatoes, cassava, beans, pumpkins, water-melons, and the like. The sugar-cane grows plentifully, but the people had never learned the process of making sugar. They have great numbers of cattle, and game of various species abounds. On one occasion a troop of eighty-one buffaloes defiled slowly before their evening fire, while herds of splendid elands stood, without fear, at two hundred yards' distance. The country is rather unhealthy, from the mass of decayed vegetation exposed to the torrid sun.

After due consideration, Livingstone resolved to make his way to Loanda, a Portuguese settlement on the western coast. Sekeletu, anxious to open a trade with the coast, appointed twenty-seven men to accompany the traveler; and on the 11th of November, 1853, he set out on his journey.

Three or four small boxes contained all the baggage of the party. The only provisions were a few pounds of biscuits, coffee, tea, and sugar; their main reliance being upon the game which they expected to kill, and, this

BOAT CAPSIZED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS ROUNDED UP HER YOUNG.



failing, upon the proceeds of about ten dollars' worth of beads. They also took with them a few elephants' tusks, which Sekeletu sent by way of a trading venture.

The river up which they paddled abounds in hippopotami. These are in general harmless, though now and then a solitary old bull who

has been expelled from the herd vents his spleen by pitching into every canoe that passes. Once their canoe was attacked by a female whose calf had been speared, and nearly overturned. The female carries her young upon her back, its little round head first appearing above the surface when she comes up to breathe.



AN AFRICAN RECEPTION.

By the order of the chief the party had been furnished with eight oxen for riding, and seven intended for slaughter. Some of the troop paddled the canoes, while others drove the cattle along the bank.

African etiquette requires that a company of travelers, when they come in sight of a village, shall seat themselves under a tree, and send forward a messenger to announce their arrival and state their object. The chief then gives

them a ceremonious reception, with abundance of speech-making and drumming. It is no easy matter to get away from these villages, for the chiefs esteem it an honor to have strangers with them. These delays, and the frequent heavy rains, greatly retarded the progress of the travelers.

They had traveled four months, and accomplished half of their journey before encountering any show of hostility from the tribes through which they passed. A chief, named Njambi, then demanded tribute for passing through his country; when this was refused he said that one of Livingstone's men had spit on the leg of one of his people, and this crime must be paid for by a fine of a man, an ox, or a gun. This reasonable demand was likewise refused, and the natives seemed about to commence hostilities; but changed their minds upon witnessing the determined attitude of the strangers. Livingstone at last yielded to the entreaties of his men and gave them an ox, upon the promise that food should be sent in exchange. The niggardly chief sent them only a small bag of meal, and two or three pounds of the meat of their own ox.

From this time they were subject to frequent attempts at extortion. The last of these was made on the banks of the River Quango, the boundary of the Portuguese possessions. A Bashinje chief, whose portrait is given by Mr. Livingstone, made the usual demand of a man, a gun, or an ox, otherwise they must return the way they came. While negotiations were in progress the opportune arrival of a Portuguese sergeant freed the travelers from their troubles. The river was crossed, and once on Portuguese territory their difficulties were over.

At Cassange, the frontier settlement, they sold Sekeletu's ivory. The Makololo, who had been accustomed to give two tusks for one gun, were delighted at the prices they obtained. For

one tusk they got two muskets, three kegs of powder, large bunches of beads, and calico and baize enough to clothe all the party.

On the 31st of May, after more than six months' travel, Livingstone and his companions reached the Portuguese sea-port of Loanda. The Makololo were lost in wonder when they first caught sight of the sea. "We marched along," they said, "believing that what the ancients had told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, I am finished, there is no more of me." Still greater was their wonder when they beheld the large stone houses of the town. "These are not huts," they said, "but mountains with caves in them." Livingstone had in vain tried to make them comprehend a house of two stories. They knew of no dwellings except their own conical huts, made of poles stuck into the ground, and could not conceive how one hut could be built on the top of another, or how people could live in the upper story, with the pointed roof of the lower one sticking up in the middle of the floor. The vessels in the harbor were, they said, not canoes, but towns, into which one must climb by a rope.

At Loanda Livingstone was attacked by a fever, which reduced him to a skeleton, and for a while rendered him unable to attend to his companions. But they managed very well alone. Some went to the forest, cut firewood, and brought it to town for sale; others unloaded a coal-vessel in the harbor, at the magnificent wages of a sixpence a day. The proceeds of their labor were shrewdly invested in cloth and beads which they would take home with them in confirmation of the astounding stories they would have to tell; "for," said they, "in coming to the white man's country, we have accomplished what no other people in the world could have done; we are the true ancients, who can tell wonderful things."

The two years, at the close of which Livingstone had promised to rejoin his family, had almost expired, and he was offered a passage home from Loanda. But the great object of his expedition was only partially attained. Though he had reached the west coast in safety, he had found that the forests, swamps, and rivers must render a wagon-road from the interior impracticable. He feared also that his native attendants would not be able to make their way alone back to their own country, through the unfriendly tribes. So he resolved, feeble as he

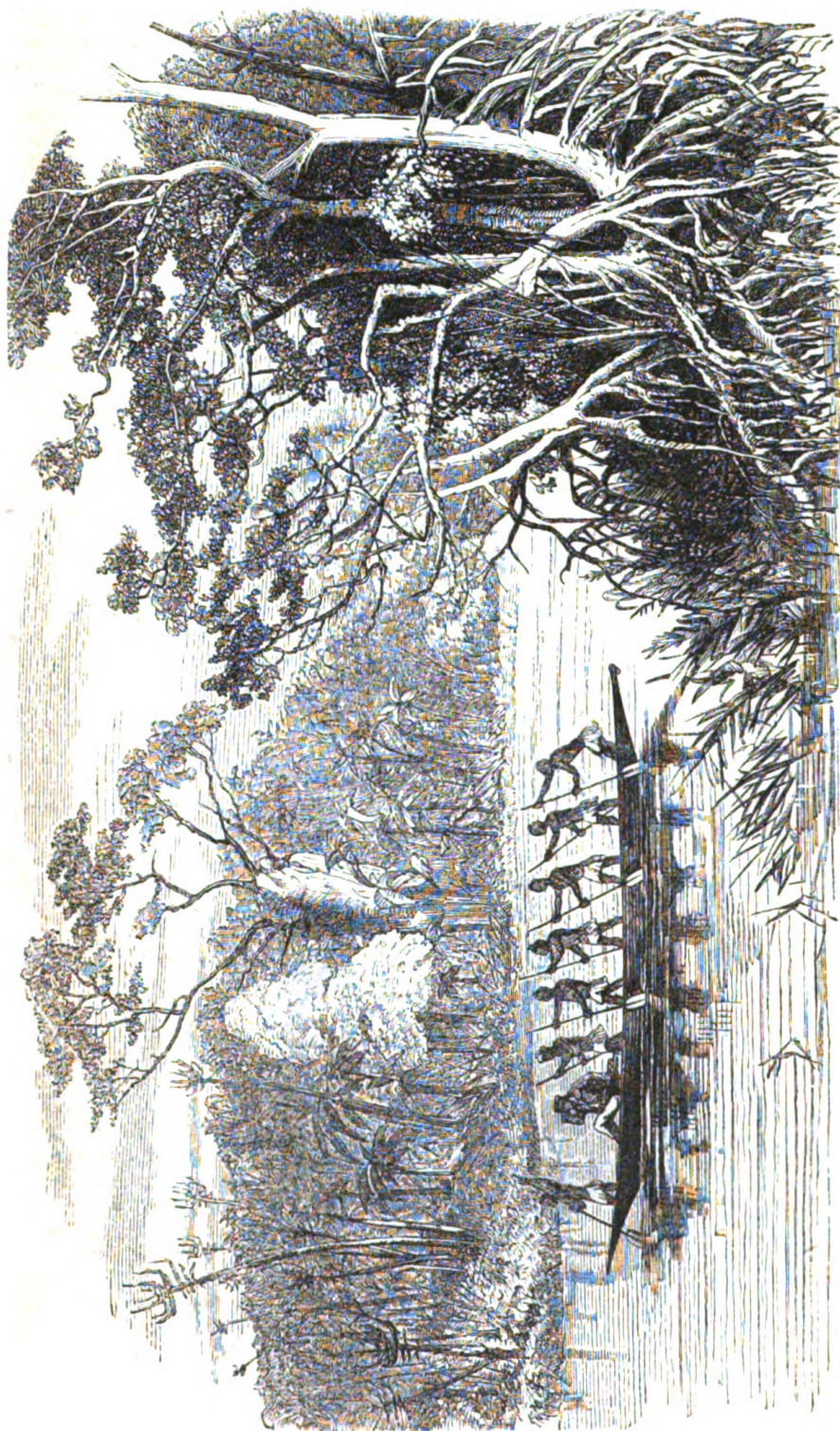


BASHINJE CHIEF.

was, to return to Sekeletu's dominions, and thence proceed to the eastern coast.

In September he started on his return journey, bearing considerable presents for Sekeletu from the Portuguese, who were naturally anxious to open a trade with the rich ivory region of the interior. The Board of Public Works

sent a colonel's uniform and a horse, which unfortunately died on the way. The merchants contributed specimens of all their articles of trade, and a couple of donkeys, which would have a special value on account of their immunity from the bite of the tsetse. The men were made happy by the acquisition of a suit of Eu-



RIVER SCENERY ON THE WEST COAST.



TAKING A RIDE.

ropean clothes and a gun apiece, in addition to their own purchases.

In the Bashinje country he again encountered hostile demonstrations. One chief, who came riding into the camp upon the shoulders of an attendant, was especially annoying in his

demands for tribute. Another, who had quarreled with one of Livingstone's attendants, waylaid and fired upon the party. Livingstone, who was ill of a fever, staggered up to the chief, revolver in hand. The sight of the six mouths of that convenient implement gaping at his breast wrought an instant revolution in his martial ideas; he fell into a fit of trembling, protesting that he had just come to have a quiet talk, and wanted only peace.

These Bashinje have more of the low negro character and physiognomy than any tribe encountered by Livingstone. Their color is a dirty black; they have low foreheads and flat noses, artificially enlarged by sticks run through the septum, and file their teeth down to a point. A little further to the south the complexion of the natives is much lighter, and their features are strikingly like those depicted upon the Egyptian monuments, the resemblance being still further increased by some of their modes of wearing the hair. Livingstone indeed affirms that the Egyptian paintings and sculptures present the best type of the general physiognomy of the central tribes.

The return journey was still slower than the advance had been; and it was not till late in the summer of 1855 that they reached the villages of the Makololo, having been absent more than eighteen months. They were received as men risen from the dead, for the diviners had declared that they had perished long ago. The returned adventurers were the lions of the day. They strutted around in their gay European



FEMALE COIFFURE.



MALE COIFFURE.



FEMALE ELEPHANT PURSUED WITH JAVELINS, PROTECTING HER YOUNG.

suits, with their guns over their shoulders, to the abounding admiration of the women and children, calling themselves Livingstone's "braves," who had gone over the whole world, turning back only when there was no more land. To be sure they returned about as poor as they went, for their gun and their one suit of red and white cotton were all that they had saved,

every thing else having been expended during their long journey. "But never mind," they said; "we have not gone in vain, you have opened a path for us."

There was one serious drawback from their happiness. Some of their wives, like those of the companions of Ulysses of old, wearied by their long absence, had married other hus-

bands. They took this misfortune much to heart. "Wives," said one of the bereaved husbands, "are as plenty as grass—I can get another; but," he added bitterly, "if I had that fellow I would slit his ears for him." Livingstone did the best he could for them. He induced the chiefs to compel the men who had taken the only wife of any one to give her up to her former husband. Those—and they were the majority—who had still a number left, he consoled by telling them that they had quite as many as was good for them—more than he himself had. So, undeterred by this single untoward result of their experiment, the adventurers one and all set about gathering ivory for another adventure to the west.

Livingstone had satisfied himself that the great River Leeambye, up which he had paddled so many miles on his way to the west, was identical with the Zambesi, which he had discovered four years previously. The two names are indeed the same, both meaning simply "The River," in different dialects spoken on its banks. This great river is an object of wonder to the natives. They have a song which runs,

"The Leeambye! Nobody knows
Whence it comes, and whither it goes."

Livingstone had pursued it far up toward its source, and knew whence it came; and now he resolved to follow it down to the sea, trusting that it would furnish a water communication into the very heart of the continent.

It was now October—the close of the hot season. The thermometer stood at 100° in the shade; in the sun it sometimes rose to 130°. During the day the people kept close in their huts, guzzling a kind of beer called *boyola*, and seeming to enjoy the copious perspiration which it induces. As evening set in the dance began, which was kept up in the moonlight till long after midnight. Sekeletu, proud of his new uniform, and pleased with the prospect of trade which had been opened, entertained Livingstone hospitably, and promised to fit him out for his eastern journey as soon as the rains had commenced, and somewhat cooled the burning soil.

He set out early in November, the chief with a large body of retainers accompanying him as far as the Falls of Mosioatunye, the most remarkable piece of natural scenery in all Africa, which no European had ever seen or heard of. The Zambesi, here a thousand yards broad, seems all at once to lose itself in the earth. It tumbles into a fissure in the hard basaltic rock, running at a right-angle with the course of the stream, and prolonged for thirty miles through the hills. This fissure, hardly eighty feet broad, with sides perfectly perpendicular, is fully a hundred feet in depth down to the surface of the water, which shows like a white thread at its bottom. The noise made by the descent of such a mass of water into this seething abyss is heard for miles, and five distinct columns of vapor rise like pillars of smoke to an enormous height. Hence the Ma-

kololo name for the cataract, *Mosi oa tunye*—"Smoke sounds there!"—for which Livingstone, with questionable taste, proposes to substitute the name of "Victoria Falls"—a change which we trust the world will not sanction.

From these falls the country gradually ascends toward the east, the river finding its way by this deep fissure through the hills. Every thing shows that this whole region, for hundreds of miles, was once the bed of an immense freshwater lake. By some convulsion of nature, occurring at a period geologically recent, this fissure was formed, and through it the lake was drained, with the exception of its deepest part, which constitutes the present Lake Ngami. Similar indications exist of the former existence of other immense bodies of water, which have in like manner been drained by fissures through the surrounding elevations, leaving shallow lakes at the lowest points. Such are, undoubtedly, Tsad at the north, Ngami at the south, Dilolo at the west, and Taganyika and Nyanja, of which we have only vague reports, at the east. This great lake region of former days seems to have extended 2500 miles from north to south, with an average breadth, from east to west, of 600 or 700 miles.

The true theory of the African continent is, that it consists of a well-watered trough, surrounded on all sides by an elevated rim, composed in part of mountain ranges, and in part of high sandy deserts. Livingstone, who had wrought out this theory from his own personal observations, was almost disappointed when, on returning to England, he found that the same theory had been announced on purely geological grounds by Sir Roderick Murchison, the same philosopher who had averred that gold must exist in Australia, long before the first diggings had been discovered there.

Sekeletu had commissioned Livingstone, when he reached his own country, to purchase for him a sugar-mill, a good rifle, different kinds of clothing, brass wire, beads, and, in a word, "any other beautiful thing he might see," furnishing him with a considerable quantity of ivory to pay for them. Their way lay through the country of the Batoka, a fierce tribe who had a few years before attempted "to eat up" Sebituane, with ill success, for he dispersed them and took away their cattle. Their country, once populous, is now almost desolate. At one of their ruined villages Livingstone saw five-and-forty human skulls bleaching upon stakes stuck in the ground. In the old times the chiefs used to vie with each other as to whose village should be ornamented with the greatest number of these ghastly trophies; and a skull was the most acceptable present from any one who wished to curry favor with a chief. The Batoka have an odd custom of knocking out the front teeth from the upper jaw. The lower ones, relieved from the attrition and pressure of the upper, grow long and protruding, forcing the lower lip out in a hideous manner. They say that they wish their mouths to be like

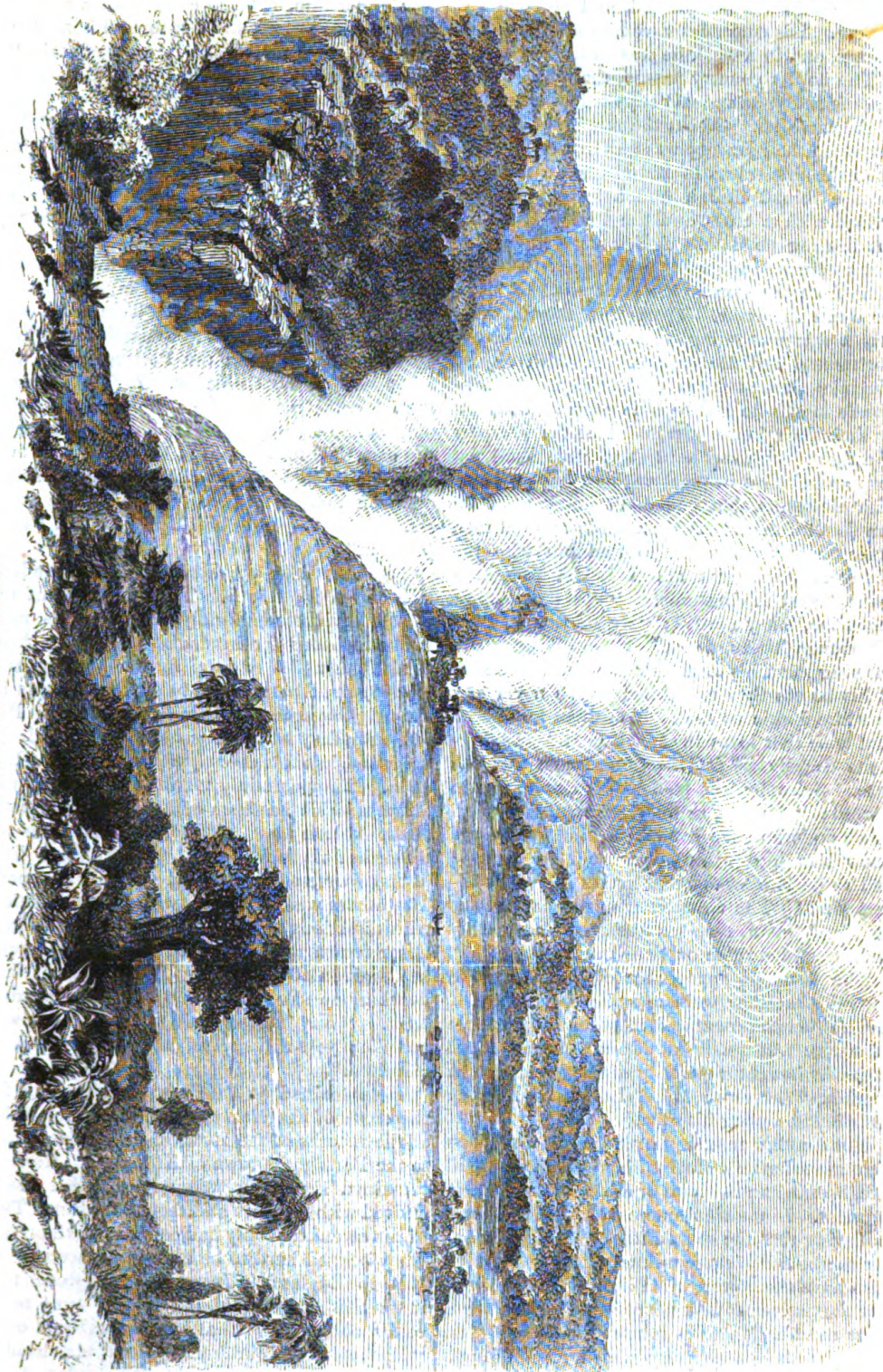


LECHUANA REED-DANCE BY MOONLIGHT.

those of oxen, and not like those of zebras. No young Batoka female can lay any claim to being a belle until she has thus acquired an "ox-mouth." "Look at the great teeth!" is the disparaging criticism made upon those who neglect to remove their incisors. The women

wear a little clothing, but the men disdain even the paradisiacal fig-leaf, and go about in a state of absolute nudity. Livingstone told them that he should come back some day with his family, when none of them must come near without at least putting on a bunch of grass. They thought

THE FALLS OF MOSOATUNYE.



it a capital joke. Their mode of salutation is to fling themselves flat on their backs, and roll from side to side, slapping the outside of their naked thighs.

The country abounds with game. Buffaloes and zebras by the hundred grazed on the open spaces. At one time their procession was in-

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terrupted by three buffaloes who came dashing through their ranks. Livingstone's ox set off at a furious gallop. Looking back, he saw one of his men flung up into the air by a toss from one of the beasts, who had carried him on his horns for twenty yards before giving the final pitch. The fellow came down flat on his face,

but the skin was not pierced, and no bone was broken. His comrades gave him a brisk shampooing, and in a week he was as well as ever.

The border country passed, the natives grew more friendly, and gladly supplied all the wants of the travelers. About the middle of December, when their journey was half over, they came upon the first traces of Europeans—a deserted town, a ruined church, and a broken bell inscribed with a cross and the letters I. H. S., but bearing no date. A few days after they met a man wearing a hat and jacket. He had come from the Portuguese settlement of Tete, far down the river. From him they learned that a war was going on below, between the Portuguese and the natives. A chief, named Mpende, showed signs of hostility. Livingstone's men, who had become worn and ragged by their long journey, rejoiced at the prospect of a fight. "Now," said they, "we shall get corn and clothes in plenty. You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know what we can do with men." After a while two old men made their appearance, to find out who the strangers were. "I am a Lekoa (Englishman)," said Livingstone. "We don't know that tribe," they replied; "we suppose you are a Mozunga (Portuguese)." Upon Livingstone's showing them his long hair and the white skin of his bosom they exclaimed, "We never saw so white a skin as that. You must be one of that tribe that loves the black men." Livingstone eagerly assured him that such was the case. Sekwebu, the leader of his men, put in a word: "Ah, if you only knew him as well as we do, who have lived with him, you would know how highly he values your friendship; and as he is a stranger he trusts in you to direct him." The chief, convinced that he was an Englishman, received the party hospitably and forwarded them on their way.

The frequent appearance of English goods showed that they were approaching the coast, and not long afterward Livingstone met a couple of native traders, from whom, for two small tusks, he bought a quantity of American cotton marked "Lawrence Mills, Lowell," which he distributed among his men.

For another month they traveled slowly on through a fertile country, abounding in animal life, bagging an elephant or a buffalo when short of meat. Lions are numerous, but the natives, believing that the souls of their dead chiefs enter the bodies of these animals, into which they also have the power, when living, of transforming themselves at will, never kill them. When they meet a lion they salute him by clapping their hands—a courtesy which his Highness frequently returns by making a meal of them.

In this region the women are decidedly in the ascendant. The bridegroom is obliged to come to the village of the bride to live. Here he must perform certain services for his mother-in-law, such as keeping her always supplied with fire-wood. Above all things, he must always, when in her presence, sit with his legs

bent under him, it being considered a mark of disrespect to present his feet toward her. If he wishes to leave the village, he must not take his children with him; they belong to his wife, or, rather, to her family. He can, however, by the payment of a certain number of cattle, "buy up" his wife and children. When a man is desired to perform any service he always asks his wife's consent; if she refuses, no amount of bribery or coaxing will induce him to disobey her.

On the evening of March 2, Livingstone, tired and hungry, came within eight miles of the Portuguese settlement of Tete. He sent forward the letters of recommendation which he had received from the Portuguese on the other side of the continent. Before daylight the following morning he was aroused by two officers and a company of soldiers, who brought the materials for a civilized breakfast—the first of which he had partaken since he left Loanda, eighteen months before. "It was," he says, "the most refreshing breakfast of which I ever partook."

Tete stands on the Zambesi, three hundred miles from its mouth. The commandant received Livingstone kindly, supplied his men with provisions for immediate use, gave them land upon which to raise future supplies, and granted them permission to hunt elephants in the neighborhood on their own account. Before long they had established a brisk trade in fire-wood, as their countrymen had done at Loanda. They certainly manifested none of the laziness which has been said to be characteristic of the African races. Thirty elephant tusks remained of those forwarded by Sekeletu. Ten of these were sold for cotton cloth for the men. The others were deposited with the authorities, with directions that in case Livingstone should never return they should be sold, and the proceeds given to the men. He told them that death alone should prevent him from coming back. "Nay, father," said the men, "you will not die; you will return, and take us back to Sekeletu."

He remained at Tete a month, waiting for the close of the sickly season in the low delta at the mouths of the river, and then descended to the Portuguese town of Kilimane. Here he remained six weeks, when an English vessel arrived with supplies and money for him. Two of his attendants only had come down the river. They begged hard to be allowed to accompany him to England. In vain Livingstone told them that they would die if they went to so cold a country. "That is nothing," said one: "let me die at your feet." He at last decided to take with him Sekwebu, the leader of the party, to whose good sense, bravery, and tact he owed much of his success. The sea-waves rose high, as the boat conveyed them to the ship. Sekwebu, who had never seen a larger body of water than the shallow Lake Ngami, was terrified.

"Is this the way you go?" he inquired.

THE TRAVELING PROCESSION INTERRUPTED.



"Yes; don't you see it is?" replied Livingstone, encouragingly.

When Livingstone reached his countrymen on the ship he could scarcely speak his native language; the words would not come at his call. He had spoken it but little for thirteen years;

and for three and a half, except for a short time at Loanda, not at all.

Sekwebu became a great favorite on ship-board, but he was bewildered by the crowd of new ideas that rushed upon his mind. "What a strange country this is," he said, "all water!"

When they reached Mauritius, he became insane, and tried to jump overboard. Livingstone's wife had, during her visit to their country, become a great favorite with the Makololo, who called her *Ma Robert*—"Robert's Mother"—in honor of her young son.

"Come, Sekwebu," said Livingstone, "we are going to Ma Robert." This struck a chord in his bosom.

"Oh yes," said he; "where is she? Where is Robert?" And for the moment he seemed to recover.

But in the evening a fresh accession of insanity occurred. He attempted to spear one of the crew, and then leaped overboard, and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down, hand over hand, by the cable. His body was never recovered.

From Mauritius Livingstone sailed for England, which he reached on the 12th of December, 1856—four and a half years after he had parted from his family at Cape Town.

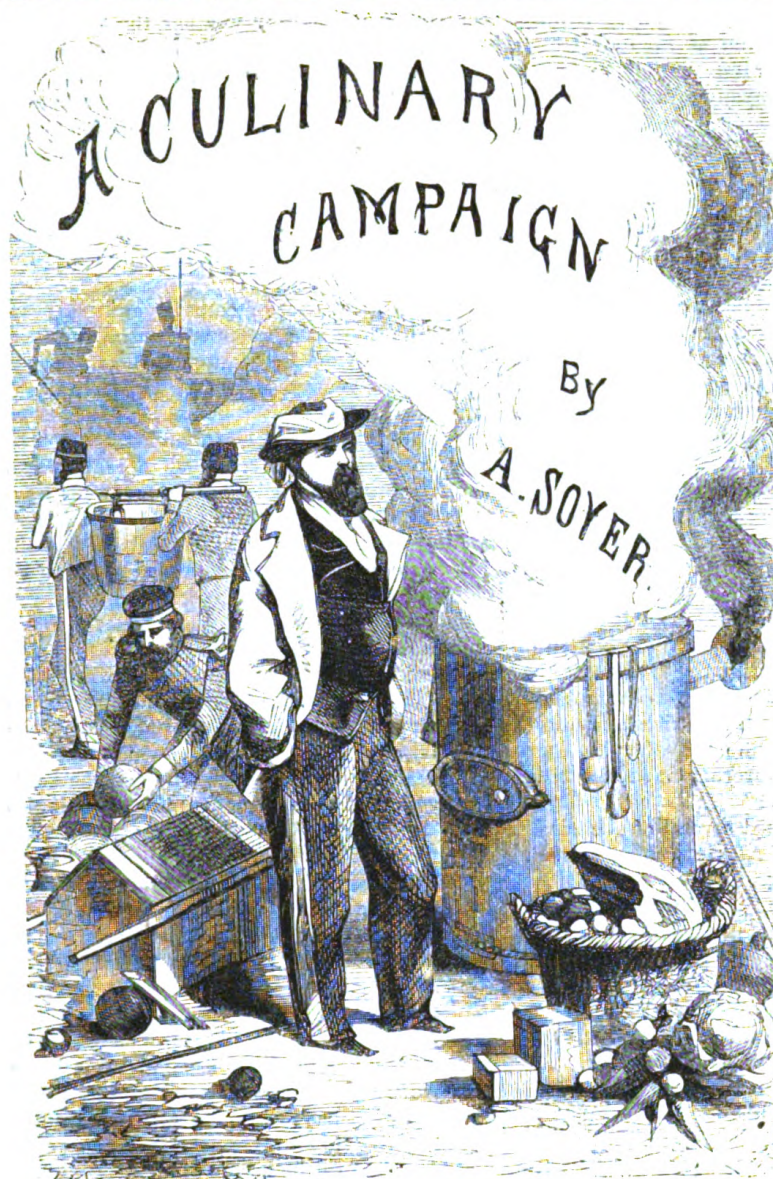
He was received with unwonted honors. The President of the Royal Geographical Society, at a special meeting held to welcome him, formally invited him to give to the world a narrative of his travels. Some knavish booksellers paid him the less acceptable compliment of putting forth spurious accounts of his adventures, one at least of which has been republished in this country. Livingstone, so long accustomed to a life of action, found the preparation of his book a harder task than he had imagined. "I think," he says, "that I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book." We trust that he will yet do both. He would indeed have set out on another African journey nearly a year ago to conduct his faithful Makololo attendants back to their own country, had not the King of Portugal relieved him from all anxiety on their account, by sending out directions that they should be supported at Tete until his return.

Our abstract does, at best, but scanty justice to the most interesting, as well as most valuable, of modern works of travel. It has revolutionized our ideas of African character as well as of African geography. It shows that Central Africa is peopled by tribes barbarous, indeed, but far from manifesting those savage and degrading traits which we are wont to associate with the negro race. In all his long pilgrimage Livingstone saw scarcely a trace of the brutal rites and bloody superstitions of Dahomey and Ashanti. The natives every where long for intercourse with the whites, and eagerly seek the products of civilized labor. In regions where no white men had ever been seen the cottons of Lowell and Manchester, passed from tribe to tribe, are even now the standard currency. Civilized nations have an equal interest in opening intercourse with these countries, for they are capable of supplying those great tropical staples which the industrious temperate zones must have, but can not produce. Livingstone found cotton growing wild

all along his route from Loanda to Kilimane; the sugar-cane flourishes spontaneously in the valley of "The River;" coffee abounds on the west coast; and indigo is a weed in the delta of the Zambesi. Barth also finds these products abundant on the banks of the Benuwe and Shari, and around Lake Tsad. The prevalent idea of the inherent laziness of the Africans must be abandoned, for, scattered through the narratives of both these intrepid explorers are abundant testimonies of the industrious disposition of the natives.

Livingstone, as befits his profession, regards his discoveries from a religious stand-point. "The end of the geographical feat," he says, "is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." But he is a philosopher as well as a preacher, recognizing as true missionaries the man of science who searches after hidden truths, the soldier who fights against tyranny, the sailor who puts down the slave-trade, and the merchant who teaches practically the mutual dependence of the nations of the earth. His idea of missionary labor looks to this world as well as the next. Had the Bakwains possessed rifles as well as Bibles—had they raised cotton as well as attended prayer-meetings—it would have been better for them. He is clearly of the opinion that decent clothing is of more immediate use to the heathen than doctrinal sermons. "We ought," he says, "to encourage the Africans to cultivate for our markets, as the most effectual means, next to the Gospel, of their elevation." His practical turn of mind suffers him to present no fancy pictures of barbarous nations longing for the Gospel. His Makololo friends, indeed, listened respectfully when he discoursed of the Saviour, but were all earnestness when he spoke of cotton cloths and muskets. Sekeletu favored the missionary, not as the man who could give him Bibles and tracts, but as the one by whose help he hoped to sell his ivory for a rifle, a sugar-mill, and brass wire.

Livingstone's missionary scheme is accommodated to the actual state of things. It rests quite as much upon traders as preachers. He would open a communication by the Zambesi to the heart of the continent. Upon the healthy, elevated region overlooking the low, fertile basin he would establish trading posts, supplied with European wares. We can not wonder that the directors of the Missionary Society looked coldly upon this scheme, and wrote to him that they were "restricted in their power of aiding plans connected only remotely with the spread of the Gospel;" nor can we regret that Livingstone, feeling his old love of independence revive, withdrew from his connection with the Society, for the purpose of carrying out his own plans. With all respect for the worthy persons who manage missionary societies, we can not but believe that the man who led so large a party across the African continent will accomplish more for the good cause when working out his own plans than he would do by following out their ideas.



EVERY one has heard of Alexis Soyer, the celebrated *chef de cuisine*, and of his mission to the Crimea to improve the diet of the British soldier. A *litterateur*, as well as the greatest living master of the mageric art, M. Soyer has not concealed the light of his genius under a bushel, but has given to the world a detailed history of his culinary campaign. A *gourmet* will fall into raptures over this production, and even the ordinary, unimpassioned reader will rise from its perusal fully persuaded that the fall of Sebastopol was accomplished by the persevering efforts of Alexis Soyer. Pelissier and Simpson, Bosquet and Wyndham, were but tools in his hands, for the *chef* had it in his power to settle their hash by a subtle ragout, or, by spoiling their indigestion, to invalidate their plans. Luckily for the fame of the Anglo-French alliance, Soyer's genius was only second to his patriotism; and he fairly demonstrated the sound-

ness of his own aphorism, that great deeds must be performed either before or after the enjoyment of an excellent meal; in other and more homely words, "it is impossible to fight upon an empty stomach."

On the 2d of February, 1855, Soyer, while supping in a London restaurant, conceived the idea of offering his services to the British Government as superintendent of the kitchen in the Barrack Hospital of Scutari, then overcrowded with wounded and cholera-stricken soldiers from the Crimea. Being a practical man, he at once wrote to the *Times* on the subject, proposed to undertake the task gratuitously, and to travel to the East at his own expense, if the Government would honor him with their confidence, and grant him full power of acting according to his knowledge and experience in such matters. This communication was sent late at night to Printing House Square,

and even Soyer was surprised, the next morning, when a friend popped into his dressing-room and exclaimed,

"Halloa! so you are off to the seat of war?"

"The seat of war! Who told you so?"

"Why, the *Times*, to be sure. I have just read your letter, which, at all events, is very likely to carry you as far as Constantinople."

"You don't say so! What! is my letter in the *Times* to-day?"

"Of course it is."

"I sent it so late last night I did not suppose it could appear till to-morrow, if at all."

"They would not have inserted it," continued the friend, "had they not thought it of great importance, and that you were likely to improve the hospital diets. No doubt you will soon set them to rights."

Soyer went out to the country that day, and on his return to town he discovered a letter from

the Duchess of Sutherland on his desk, expressing a desire to meet him at Stafford House. The *chef* hurried thither immediately, and found the Duchess in the company of a large number of her relatives.

"Monsieur Soyer," said her Grace, "we have read with deep interest your letter in the *Times*, and I can not but express my admiration of your noble devotion when any good can be effected, or the position of the suffering be relieved or ameliorated by your assistance. The results of your interference would be very important—and especially at the present time—in our hospitals of Scutari, and in the Crimea, where, in consequence of such unexpected calamities, all is in the greatest confusion. I am aware that this offer is not your *premier coup d'essai*. But I should advise you to consider the matter well, in case the Government accept your services. Judging from the tenor of the letters I receive daily from Scutari, I can perceive great difficulties of which you are perhaps not aware."

"Your Grace," replied Soyer, "is extremely kind to initiate me into the true position of the case; and, first of all, I beg to observe, that were there no great difficulties to surmount, I should not have offered my services. But will you permit me to set forth briefly the plan I propose adopting, if the Government should honor me with its confidence?"

"Pray do," exclaimed several of the circle, especially the Duke of Argyll, a member of the Council of the Ministry.

"First of all, then," continued Soyer, "I should beg the entire confidence of the Government relative to my actions concerning the culinary department of the hospitals."

"I have no doubt," answered her Grace, "that what you request will be granted without the least hesitation."

"My plan would also be, never to act without the sanction of the doctor-in-chief respecting the diets I mean to introduce. Upon arriving at Scutari, I propose at once to take two hundred patients, and diet them for a week, or more, according to the doctor's approbation, and then gradually increase the number, till I have the whole under my direction."

The Duchess thought M. Soyer's plan very practicable, and the Duke of Argyll promised to submit it to the Ministerial Council that afternoon. Lord Panmure was charmed with the project. He sent for the *chef*, and having heard him detail his plans, he said,

"You must, after you leave Scutari, go to the Crimea, and cheer up these brave fellows in the camp. See what you can do. Your joyful countenance will do them good, Soyer; try and teach them to make the best of their rations."

And so the matter was settled. Alexis Soyer started on his mission to the East within three days after his conversation with the head of the War Department.

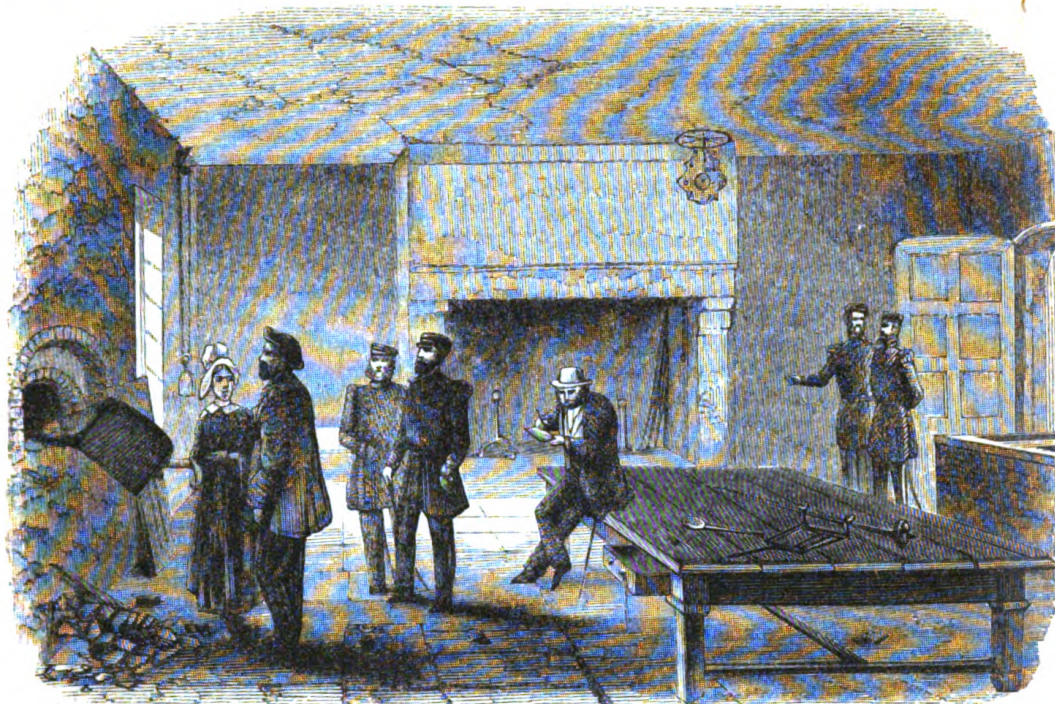
Soyer left Marseilles in the *Simois*, but in

consequence of stormy weather the vessel was obliged to seek shelter in the harbor of Ajaccio fourteen hours after its departure from Marseilles. This *petit ville*, as the reader knows, was the cradle of the first Napoleon, and all the passengers were, of course, anxious to see the house in which the great Emperor was born. While they rummaged here and there about the old building, the *chef*, true to his instincts, had a craving curiosity to visit the kitchen. Let him describe it himself:

"By a great deal of courtesy and perseverance," he says, in a letter written on the spot, "I obtained from La Signora Grossetti (a lady eighty-three years of age, who had been in the late Emperor's family from infancy) the rusted key of the kitchen-door of that interesting and now deserted domicile. Such a request had never before been made by the numerous travelers who daily visit the place. I am now writing upon the stove in this celebrated kitchen. On my left hand is a well-constructed charcoal stove, containing six nine-inch square cooking-places, covered with glazed red tiles; and an oval one, about eighteen inches long, by about six inches wide, on which the most delicious fish, game, meat, and poultry were no doubt submitted to the highest perfection of the culinary art. At the spot upon which I am now writing the roasting by wood-fire and the broiling by red ashes were carried on. There is also the old jack, with the pulley that supported the rope and weights. On my right is an old semi-circular oven, partly in ruins, with an old-fashioned wrought-iron door, in which, no doubt, the cakes and choice pastry were prepared to gratify the imperial infant's palate. Larders, confectionery, and all the requisite appointments of a kitchen, are not wanting; and though in a dilapidated state, an appearance of grandeur is left to them such as none but a family of distinction could afford—very different from what has been often reported and believed by the vulgar; viz., that this great man had his origin in the bosom of an indigent family."

This incident enlivened the passengers of the *Simois* until their arrival at Messina. Thence they sailed to Athens, at which port the vessel remained for four hours, giving M. Soyer an opportunity to visit the Acropolis. His letter to the *Illustrated London News* on this subject is immensely characteristic. "At the present time," writes the *chef*, "in the ancient Parthenon, I am cooking with my new camp-stove, on a fallen capital of the stupendous ruins, a *petit déjeuner à la fourchette*, with Greek and Sicilian wines, for my distinguished fellow-travelers."

Within a brief space of time after leaving the Piræus the straits of the Dardanelles were passed, and the mouth of the Bosphorus reached. The great Oriental city, in all its splendor, is now spread before the eager gaze of the *Simois'* passengers. While some are moved by the beauty of the prospect, Soyer is overpowered at



NAPOLEON'S KITCHEN AT AJACCIO.

the sight of a huge building, which, he is told, is the Scutari Hospital. He reflects that it is full of sick and wounded; that each patient will require from three to four articles of diet daily, making a total of several thousands per diem to be provided for in some shape or other; that he had undertaken to reform and introduce a better organization in the cooking department, where all was confusion, in so strange a country; and lastly, that he himself might, perhaps, catch the fever, or the cholera, or some of the other diseases at that time raging within the walls of the hospital. But Soyer was not a man to remain long in doubt or despondency. His courage rose with the difficulties of his position, for he felt confident of ultimate success. The mosques of Stamboul are passed; the *Simois* has dropped her anchor opposite the Tophané tumble-down stairs, and, half an hour after, M. Soyer and his *compagnons de voyage* are safely ensconced in the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs.

One of M. Soyer's first movements in Constantinople was to pay his respects to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British Ambassador. Upon calling at the embassy he was at once shown into the library, and ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when Lady Stratford entered, and addressed him in French, with a smile of welcome which, the *chef* assures us, it would be difficult for him to forget.

"Well, Monsieur Soyer, we heard of your departure from England for the East."

"No doubt you did, my lady."

"And I sincerely hope that you will succeed in your laudable undertaking. I have no doubt your suggestions will prove highly beneficial,

and be well received by the authorities at the various hospitals, which, in your department, are much in want of some kind of regulation. I also hope that the Minister-at-War has invested you with power to act according to your own judgment."

"I am happy to inform your ladyship," answered Soyer, "that her Majesty's Government has not only granted me the power required to superintend, and, if possible, improve the diet at the hospital, but has also honored me with its full confidence as regards ordering any thing extra which may be required, as long as it tends to the comfort of the sick."

"I am happy to hear that such is the case," said Lady Stratford; and her ladyship then conducted the *chef* to the sanctum of the ambassador, to whom he detailed the particulars of his mission.

The same day Soyer dispatched one of his men to the Barrack Hospital at Scutari to inform Lord William Paulet—then Brigadier-General of the British army—of his arrival at Constantinople, and to inquire at what hour his lordship would favor him with an interview. On returning from the English Embassy, Soyer found that his man Julien had arrived from Scutari, terribly frightened by his passage *en caïque* across the Bosphorus.

"I must tell you, Sir," said Julien, "that upon announcing your arrival his lordship seemed very much pleased, and observed, 'So Monsieur Soyer has arrived! Where is he?' 'At Pera, my lord, at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs.' 'I had the pleasure of knowing M. Soyer,' said his lordship, 'when he came to Ireland in the year of the famine. Tell him I shall be happy

to see him any time to-morrow between the hours of nine and four."

The *chef* punctually kept the appointment. "Monsieur Soyer," said Lord W. Paulet, as soon as he entered the apartment, "We have not had the pleasure of meeting since 1847, when I saw you in Dublin—the year of the famine in Ireland. I was at the Royal Barracks at the time you opened your kitchen in the Square. You had nearly a thousand visitors that morning, and fed between four and five thousand poor people in the course of the day. The samples of food prepared by you were excellent, though made at such a moderate price."

"Indeed, my lord, you give me much pleasure by recalling the incidents of my success at that period; and I accept the same as a good omen for my present undertaking."

"Monsieur Soyer, you may depend upon my support, but I tell you beforehand you will have no end of difficulties."

"Well, with your lordship's support, a good will, and perseverance, I have no doubt of doing some good." The *chef* then presented Lord Panmure's letter. After reading it Lord W. Paulet assured his visitor that the Minister's letter should be closely attended to, and that orders on the subject should be immediately given.

"How many cooks have you brought with you?" asked his lordship.

"Four, my lord."

"Only four! I thought you would want many more than that. However, let me know what you require. You are staying at Pera?"

"Yes, but I intend coming over to-morrow to make a beginning."

"I must get you a house in town; we are so full here, we have not room to spare."

"I'm not sorry for that—it will be a change of air—though I shall require a small room in the hospital."

"We'll see about that; but tell me, of how many does your staff consist?"

"About seven or eight."

"I'll try and get you a house to yourself."

"Many thanks."

On the next day Soyer was introduced to the officials of the Scutari hospitals, including Miss Nightingale, and was formally installed in his new office. He inspected the kitchens, cooking utensils, and provisions, and found them all very exceptionable. In one kitchen the fire would not burn, owing to bad charcoal; another was full of smoke, with every thing boiling too fast; the boilers were lined with copper instead of tin; the meat was wrongly spitted; the poultry consisted chiefly of old fowls; the vegetables were stale; and, to crown all, there was not the slightest attempt at order, but a general scramble among the soldiers at dinner time for the soup and meat which were then distributed. While the *chef* was making his inspection he perceived a large copper, half full of rich broth, with about three inches of fat upon it. He inquired of the soldier cook what he did with this?

"Throw it away, Sir."

"Throw it away!" exclaimed Soyer, horror-struck.

"Yes, Sir, it's only the water in which the fresh beef has been cooked."

"Do you call that water? I call it strong broth. Why don't you make soup of it?"

"We orderlies don't like soup, Sir."

"Then you actually do throw it away?"

"Yes, Sir; it is good for nothing."

Soyer immediately seized a ladle and removed a large basinful of beautiful fat, which, when cold, was better for cooking purposes than the rank butter procured from Constantinople at from ten to fifteen piastres per pound. The next day he showed the men how to make a most delicious soup with what they had before so foolishly thrown away.

Within a week all the evils and mistakes that existed in the kitchens of the Scutari hospitals were remedied and corrected under Soyer's superintendence. He had the cooking confined to one large room, so that the whole operation might be performed under his own eye. He initiated the soldier cooks into his method, and taught the sergeant to see it properly executed. He drew up two receipts—one by weight and the other by measure, the former for beef and the latter for mutton-soups. These receipts were copied and hung up in the kitchen, and the cooks were supplied with weights and scales. He also taught them how to stew meat well, and to manage the fires, so as to prevent over-boiling or burning, as well as to economize the fuel. Every soldier in the department soon became an experienced cook.

Absorbed as Soyer was in his profession, he was not incapable of being touched by the melancholy scenes around him. As he was leaving the hospital, one night, his attention was attracted by a faint, flickering light in a distant ward. Upon approaching, a solemn and affecting picture was exposed to view. A dying soldier lay, propped up by pillows, on his bed. Life was fast ebbing; and Death was anxiously waiting for the soul, to convey it to its eternal destination. But stop! near the dying man was a guardian angel, sitting at the foot of his bed, and most devotedly engaged in penciling down his last wishes to be dispatched to his friends at home. A watch and a few other trinkets were consigned to the care of the writer; the lamp threw a painful, yellowish glare over that mournful picture, which a Rembrandt alone could have traced, but which every one, as long as the world lasts, will understand, feel, and admire.

After regulating the culinary departments of the hospitals of Scutari, Alexis Soyer initiated the same reforms, and with equal success, in those of Kululee. Before he finally left for the Crimea he received the highest encomiums from the officers in command, and was thus addressed, as the *chef* himself naïvely tells us, by General Vivian:

"Monsieur Soyer, Miss Nightingale's name



COOKING ON THE MAGIO STOVE IN THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

and your own will be forever associated in the archives of this memorable war."

Among M. Soyer's fellow-passengers to Balaklava, were Mr. Bracebridge and Miss Nightingale. The latter's *personnel* is thus sketched by the *chef*: "She is rather high in stature, fair in complexion, and slim in person; her hair is brown, and is worn quite plain; her physiognomy is most pleasing; her eyes, of a bluish tint, speak volumes, and are always sparkling with intelligence; her mouth is small and well formed, while her lips act in unison, and make known the impression of the heart—one seems the reflex of the other. Her visage, as regards expression, is very remarkable, and one can almost anticipate by her countenance what she is about to say; every now and then, while matters of the most grave import are under discussion, a gentle smile passes radiantly over her countenance, thus proving her evenness of temper; at other times, when wit or a pleasantry prevails, the heroine is lost in the happy, good-natured smile which pervades her face, and you recognize only the charming woman. Her dress is generally of a grayish or black tint; she wears a simple white cap, and often a rough apron. In a word, her whole appearance is religiously simple and unsophisticated. In conversation, no member of the fair sex can be more amiable and gentle than Miss Nightingale. Removed from her arduous and cavalier-like duties, which require the nerve of a Hercules—and she possesses it when required—she is Rachel on the stage, in both tragedy and comedy."

Another passenger to Balaklava was a traveling gentleman, whom Soyer calls P. M.—a

person of no small importance in his own estimation, and who was very desirous of accompanying the *chef* through his Crimean campaign, and of making himself useful, should his services be required. Remuneration was to him a secondary consideration. According to himself, "moving accidents by flood and field, and peril in the imminent deadly breach," excited his martial ardor. He afterward gave the company to understand that he was courting a wealthy lady, who, being decidedly of opinion that "none but the brave deserve the fair," had declared that no one should wed her who had not both fought and bled for his country. P. M. needed some such stimulus to risk his life in his country's cause, as the following anecdote will show:

During a gale, some time before, a looking-glass had been broken in the cabin—the steward, as the ship made a heavy lurch, having sent his head through it while in the act of carrying a dish to the table. Probably the glass was not set flat in the frame, for the steward's head had made a perfect star of a hundred jets. The circular hole looked just as though a shot had passed through it.

While at dinner, P. M., who was sitting next Soyer, inquired how the glass had been broken.

"Upon my word," said the *chef*, "I do not know; but the mate says it was done by a round shot."

The captain, who was disposed to be jocular, perceiving that P. M. was uneasy at the information, said, "Ah! and I had a very narrow escape on the occasion. I was sitting at the head of the table at the time, nearly opposite the spot."

"What!" P. M. exclaimed, in great trepidation. "What do you say, captain? A cannon-ball broke that glass?"

"I did not say so," replied the captain, "but such, unfortunately, is the case."

"Well," said P. M., "I do not like the job I have undertaken. You don't mean to say that our lives will be endangered at Balaklava?"

"Oh dear, no; not in the least, unless they fire on us."

"I tell you what it is, I won't stand it; for I bargained for nothing of the kind."

"At any rate," said Soyer, "if you are killed by shot or shell, all your former bargains will be of no avail, and off you must go."

"Had I been aware of this, I certainly should never have left Scutari."

This story was always brought up as a capital joke against P. M. whenever he boasted of his courage; and he soon had a further opportunity of displaying how lamentably deficient he was in that essential virtue.

On the day after their arrival at Balaklava, Soyer, in company with Miss Nightingale, visited the camp hospitals and kitchens, to make his first inspection in the Crimea. The party then proceeded through the French and English camps, which, for miles, surrounded the doomed city of Sebastopol. The afternoon was drawing on; both sides were firing sharply; and it was proposed to have a peep at the great fortress. Miss Nightingale, to whom the offer was made, immediately accepted it; so the party prepared to go under fire. But P. M. exclaimed, nervously,

"I say, Monsieur Soyer, of course you would not take Miss Nightingale where there would be any danger!"

Both, however, neglected the remonstrance, and pushing on, soon reached the flag-staff at the head of the Woronzoff Road, where the sentry informed them they must dismount, as they were in danger, pointing, at the same time, to the marks of a number of cannon-balls and splinters of shell, which, he said, were fired by the enemy whenever he saw a group on horse-back. Fortunately P. M. did not hear this, or he would have vanished.

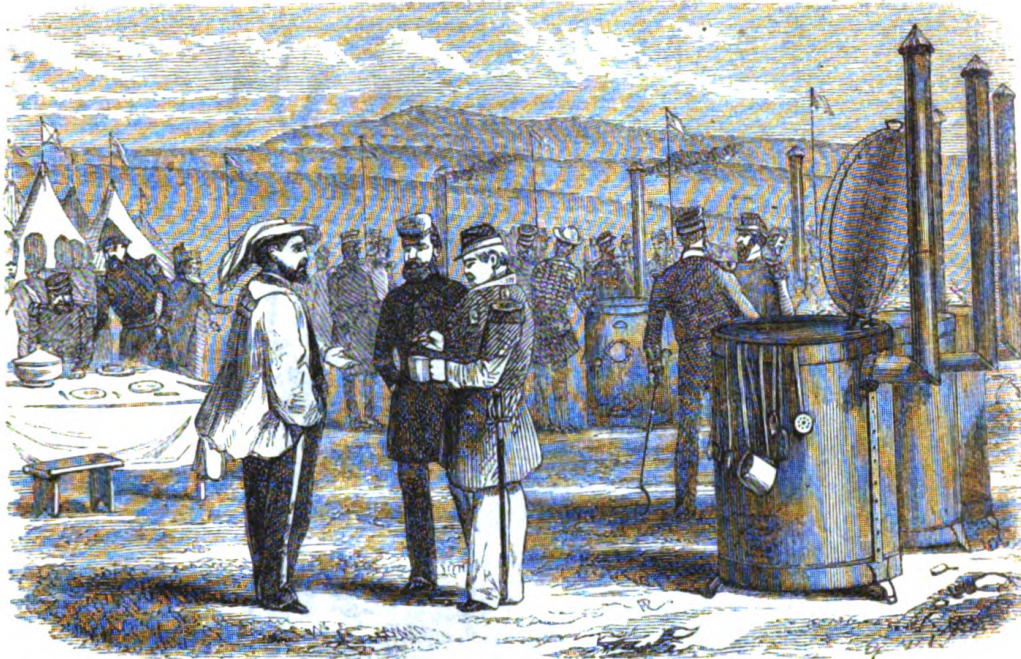
All then dismounted, and entered a stone redoubt, where there was a telescope. The day being clear, and the sun pouring its rays on the city, its large buildings, Greek temple, church, club-house, hospital, barracks, and fortifications could be plainly distinguished, and every shot sent in by the Allies could be seen. One of the party then proposed to advance some distance further to the Three-mortar Battery. Miss Nightingale seconded the proposal, but the sentry strongly objected, saying it was too dangerous; that only a few days before those mortars had poured a very heavy fire into the city, and the Russians kept a good look-out upon them.

Soyer himself appears to have been impressed with the remark, for he observed to Miss Nightingale that it was very imprudent of her to run such a risk for no purpose, and that, if any accident happened to her, no one would pity her, but all the good she had done would fall into oblivion.

The heroine was, however, obstinate. Turning to the sentry, who still kept up his cautious advice, she said, in French, "My good young man, more dead and wounded have passed through my hands than I hope you will ever see in the battle-field during the whole of your



MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE DYING SOLDIER.



OPENING OF SOYER'S FIELD KITCHEN BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

military career. Believe me, I do not fear to die."

As the party were leaving, P. M., who had remained in the redoubt, came running out, exclaiming, "I say, where the deuce are you all going?"

"Oh, not far—only to the second trench."

"But, good gracious! there must be a great deal of danger. Why should we go to the trenches? This is very rash to risk one's life for nothing; it is what I call giving a chance away."

While the *chef* was trying to calm the agitated nerves of the speaker, there was a cry of "A shell! a shell!" upon which P. M. immediately caught hold of Soyer by the shoulders with both hands, and placed himself, for protection, behind that portly personage. The shell did not fall any where near our group, and a hearty laugh was raised at P. M.'s expense.

They all arrived safely at the Three-mortar Battery, from which point they had an excellent view of the city. Before quitting the battery, the gallant *chef* begged Miss Nightingale to give him her hand. He then requested her to ascend the stone rampart, next the wooden gun-carriage, and to sit upon the centre mortar. This done, Soyer boldly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, behold this amiable lady sitting fearlessly upon that terrible instrument of war! Behold the heroic daughter of England—the soldier's friend!" All present greeted this spontaneous outburst with loud bravos and hurrahs.

After leaving the battery, the party were again exposed to the enemy's fire, which had increased in vehemence. P. M. said he would run; but

being told that he would thereby incur more danger, as he might be taken for a deserter, he altered his determination.

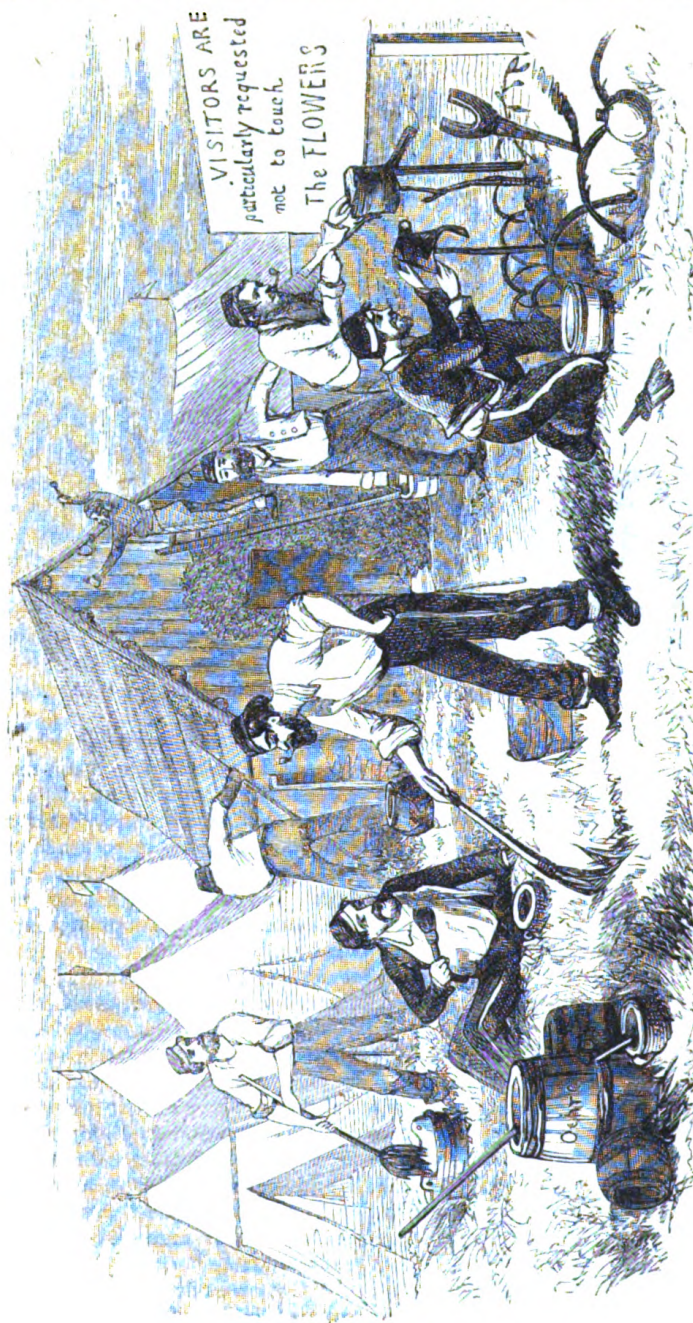
"Well," he observed, "you may say what you like about bravery; let me tell you, Monsieur Soyer, that I did not bargain for being brave, and I think the sooner we get out of this the better. Only listen to the roaring of the cannon!"

At last they regained the redoubt. The French corporal attributed their safety to the presence of Miss Nightingale. "Ladies," he said, "often come to this spot to get a view; but the enemy never fire while they are present."

The sun was now sinking into the ocean in front of Sebastopol, and the party hastily mounted and returned to Balaklava.

The following leaf from P. M.'s diary, detailing his adventures, is characteristic. It ran as follows:

"Got up at five o'clock. Off for the day, accompanying M. Soyer and other friends. My mule very restive. Accident the first—broke a strap. Weather very hot, water scarce, wine and beer more so. Ride up a ravine—nearly split. Quarrel with a Bashi-Bazouk. Gallop away from my friends. Splendid view of head-quarters. Visit the sick and wounded at General Hospital. Miss Nightingale present; troops greet her with cheers. First glance at Sebastopol, peeping through the gabions. Dangerous visit to the Three-gun Battery. 'A shell! a shell!' Barely have time to lie flat on the grass. One of our party wounded by a splinter. Dangerous traveling at night. Take coffee with the Zouaves. Arrive home safely, but very hungry, after our perilous expedition."



A MODERN BOTANICAL GARDEN: NATURE OUTDONE.

Shortly after this expedition, Soyer called at head-quarters. Lord Raglan, surrounded by his staff and some thirty mounted officers, was about going out. "Ah! Monsieur Soyer," he said, "how are you? I am glad to see you here."

The *chef* declared, with profound politeness, that he felt highly flattered at such a kind reception.

"You are welcome to the seat of war," said Lord Raglan. "It is many years since we had the pleasure of seeing each other."

"It must be ten years, my Lord."

"More than that; let me see—it can not be less than fourteen, I am sure. I recollect going

with some friends of mine to visit you in your interesting kitchen in the Reform Club. You remember?"

"So well that I recollect your lordship saying you never had a good dinner excepting when they gave you the *pot-au-feu* made after my receipt, and that I was one of your great benefactors."

"Perfectly right, Monsieur Soyer. You have been one not only to me, but to the public at large, in making all your receipts known."

"I am still ready to render myself useful, and work harder than ever under your direction."

"Well, you may depend upon it I shall do all in my power to render your services available." Turning to an officer on his left, Lord Raglan then said, "Will you allow me to introduce you to Monsieur Soyer? Monsieur Soyer—His Excellency Omer Pasha."

The *chef* bowed to the distinguished Turk, who said, "Ah, Monsieur, I have frequently heard Beyram Pasha speak of you; only yesterday he mentioned your name."

"Yes, your Excellency; I had the honor of sailing from Marseilles to Constantinople in company with the General."

"He told me you were about to open a large hotel at Eupatoria."

"No, no," put in Lord Raglan; "Monsieur Soyer is come to show our soldiers how to make the best of their rations, and no doubt they will improve under his tuition."

Upon this the *chef* took his departure. He soon inaugurated a thorough reform in the camp kitchens of the Crimea. But his crowning triumph was not witnessed by Lord Raglan—that gallant officer was then cold in his grave.

Soyer had invented a new camp cooking-stove, and he appointed the 27th of August as a grand field-day for the exhibition of his apparatus. Invitations to witness the field kitchen were sent to the leading officers in the French, English, and Sardinian armies.

Alexis set to work early in the morning, and in spite of all difficulties succeeded in getting every thing into tolerably good order for his great martial banquet *al fresco*. He made several messes with the soldiers' rations, and at the same expense, though he had introduced sauce and ingredients which could easily be added to the army stores without increasing the cost—thus making a nice variation in the meals so important to the health of a large body of men.

The bill of fare consisted of plain-boiled salt beef; ditto with dumplings; plain-boiled salt pork; ditto with peas-pudding; stewed salt pork and beef, with rice; French pot-au-feu; stewed fresh beef, with potatoes; mutton ditto, with haricot beans; ox-cheek and ox-feet soups; Scotch mutton-broth; and common curry, made with fresh and salt beef.

By three o'clock the guests began to arrive. The stoves were in the open air, placed in a semicircle, and though in a state of ebullition, no one could perceive that any cooking was going on, except by raising the lids. It was a material point that no fire should be seen when the stoves were used in the trenches. A common table, made with a few boards, and garnished with soldiers' tin plates, iron forks, and spoons, completed this open-air dining-room.

About four o'clock the reception commenced, and the *chef* fully explained the plan and construction of his apparatus, its simplicity, cleanliness, economy, and the ease and certainty with which the men could regulate the heat and prepare the food according to his receipts. The scene was gay and animated, for an install-

ation of the Order of the Bath had taken place at head-quarters that morning, and many of M. Soyer's visitors were present in the costume in which they had appeared at the ceremony. At length an officer announced that Generals Simpson and Pelissier would honor the exhibition with their presence; and soon the commanders themselves arrived, accompanied by a large and brilliant staff. All tasted the different preparations of food, and expressed their approbation of them; and Alexis was thus fairly inaugurated as *chef* of the culinary department in the British army.

A month after the great field kitchen exhibition an event of a grander nature took place. Sebastopol was stormed and captured. Soyer witnessed the spectacle from Cathcart's Hill. For some time a profound silence reigned among the troops now buried in the trenches. The weather, which had been fine, suddenly changed, and a furious tempest burst over besieged and besiegers. The sun appeared to shrink away from the scene of horror and desolation about to be enacted. Then the batteries—simultaneously, as if by magic—opened fire in every direction, shaking the very soil. Nothing could be seen but a dense smoke—nothing heard but a continuous roar of artillery. All at once the noise ceased; the smoke was rent in twain by the gale; and by the aid of a telescope the French flag could be discerned on top of the renowned Malakoff. Sebastopol was won.

The *chef* returned to the camp. He was anxious about the safety of Colonel Wyndham, whose exploits in the Redan were already on every one's tongue. Alexis applied at his tent. "What news of the Colonel?"

"All right," replied the servant. "He is in Colonel Wood's tent."

Colonel Wyndham had just changed his clothes, before going to his brother officer's hut to dine. The servant showed them to Soyer; they were covered with blood and dust. The *chef* then started for Colonel Wood's hut, and found Colonel Wyndham there, walking quickly to and fro, apparently much excited. Says Alexis, in his description of the hero of the Redan, "His eyes emitted flashes of fire; his open countenance had assumed its usual majestic calm and dignity; his lips were parched; his proud brow betokened much restlessness; and though his forehead was covered with glory, you could perceive through the wreath of laurel, which had only been deposited there a few hours before by Mars, a deep shadow of thoughtfulness and care. His physiognomy told a tale. Victory had made of him a great hero, without having had time to put her final seal to his martial and petulant ardor. Another battle was yet to be fought."

Notwithstanding his excitement the Colonel greeted Soyer kindly. Colonel Wood shortly after came in, and the three sat down to dinner. Lest any one should disbelieve the assertion that he had the honor of dining with two of the

heroes of that memorable day so soon after the storming of the Redan, Alexis took the precaution to obtain a certificate of the fact, over the signatures of the two gallant colonels.

Soyer did not fail to visit the fallen city as soon as possible, and on his excursion he took with him his Zouave servant. He first inspected the Redan. The scene of death and destruction here was awful. To see the effects of a devastating earthquake might give one an adequate idea of the ruin caused by the fire of the Allies. They then proceeded to the city, which was yet burning. On reaching the large barracks they first visited the kitchens and bakeries. In the former, some of the boilers contained cabbage soup; others a kind of porridge made with black flour. Loaves of bread were still in the ovens, and dough in the troughs. Soyer removed a loaf and tasted it. As neither he nor his servant had brought any provisions with them, and none could be obtained in the burning city, they each ate half a pound of the Russian bread; but they had hardly finished their repast when the *chef* clapped his hand on his stomach with a rueful face, and, in a piteous tone, exclaimed,

"Do you feel any thing wrong? for if you don't I do. I am confident the bread has been poisoned!"

"The deuce it has!" said the Zouave, turning pale, and thrusting his fingers down his throat in order to throw off the dreadful meal, but without success.

Soyer laughed and called him a coward.

"Coward!" said he; "no, no, governor, I am no coward. I should not mind a round shot, sword, or bayonet wound on the field of battle; but, by Jupiter! to be poisoned ingloriously like a dog would be base in the extreme."

"You're right," answered Soyer. "Come, don't fear; let us go and taste the soupe-aux-choux."

To this invitation the Zouave most decidedly objected, saying, "No more of their relishes for me, if you please."

But the *chef*, in his culinary ardor, tasted the soup. He found it extremely bad, and altogether deprived of nutritious qualities. Among the culinary trophies that he brought back to camp were a large iron fork, a ladle, some of the dough, biscuits, and a large piece of the black bread taken from the oven.

A few days after the fall of Sebastopol the *chef* was seized with the Crimean fever, and he was obliged to go to Scutari for his health. Among the passengers by the same ship were three American gentlemen on their return from Russia. They were in Sebastopol during the storming on the 8th of September. They invited the *chef* to dine with them, assuring him that the dinner should be cooked *à la Soyer*; but in consequence of continued illness he was unable to accept the proffered hospitality.

"You are as well known in the United States as you are in England," said one of the Americans. "Take this for a standing invitation.

Should you ever cross the water, we invite you to be our guest."

The *chef*, highly gratified, almost promised to go. In his "Culinary Campaign" he does not omit to thank the American gentlemen for their invitation and their courtesy.

A MARRIAGE TRAGEDY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Dead Secret," etc., etc.

[Written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

CHAPTER I.

IT rained all Monday, all Tuesday, all Wednesday, all Thursday. My tutor, who never went out if he could possibly help it, and who cared for nothing so long as he had his books with him, was proof against the miserable weather, and was not even polite enough to agree with me when I complained of it. I, who was reading with him for my college examination, found my spirits so seriously affected by the incessant rain that I resolved, unless the sky cleared at the end of the week, to propose that we should depart forthwith from the little Cumberland watering-place which we had unfortunately selected as the place of our temporary abode.

Friday came. The morning began with some gleams of watery sunshine; but toward noon the clouds gathered again, and down came the rain as persistently as ever, just as I had made up my mind to take a holiday, and had got my hat on to go out. In sheer desperation I resolved to adhere to my original intention, let it rain as it might. Leaving my tutor with his eternal books on one side of him, and his eternal snuff-box on the other, I descended to the ground-floor of the inn at which we were staying, and sent for the landlord.

"I have been waiting for the weather, in this horrible climate of yours, four whole days," I said, "and I mean to wait no longer. Get me a horse, or a gig, or any conveyance you possess, and tell me where I am to go to get rid of the sight of that waste of drab-colored sand in front of the window, and of that changeless strip of dreary gray sea beyond it."

The landlord—a very intelligent and very good-humored old man—laughed, and said that he had a gig and horse at my disposal, if I was really determined to take a drive in the rain.

"Order the gig," I answered, "and tell me which direction I am to take. Are there no sights in the neighborhood?"

"No, Sir," was the unpromising reply. "No sights that I know of."

"What! no old house any where inland!" I exclaimed. "No great family seat in this part of the country that strangers are allowed to see!"

The landlord's face changed a little, I thought. He looked away from me, and his hand trifled rather uneasily with the curtain of the parlor-window at which we were standing.

"The only family house in these parts," he said, "is Darrock Hall. And that has been an empty house for some years now."

"A fine, ruinous, dreary old place, no doubt?" I said. "Just the sort of house I should like to see. Order the gig, and send somebody with me to show me the way to Darrock Hall."

"You would only be disappointed when you got there, Sir," said the landlord, shaking his head gloomily. "It's neither a fine place nor an old place. Darrock Hall is nothing but a square stone house, and it wasn't standing a hundred years ago. So far from the place being at all ruinous, it is now being altered and put into thorough repair. They say there's a new lead mine being discovered near; and a strange gentleman—one of the sort they call speculators in London—has taken the Hall, and means to work the mine right down under it, as I am told."

"Well," I said, "if there is nothing to see at the Hall, I can look at the mine. I must drive somewhere, and I may just as well go there as any where else in this rain. How far off is it?"

"Nigh on eleven miles," said the landlord. "The road goes round about so that no stranger could find it, and the last three miles are all up hill."

"Is there nobody who could go with me in the capacity of guide?" I asked.

"Nobody who can be spared just now," replied the landlord, "unless it's myself. And I—" He stopped, and looked at me doubtfully.

"And you," I rejoined, finishing the sentence for him, "are not quite young enough to risk getting wet through with impunity?"

"No," he said. "It's not that. People who live in Cumberland don't mind rain. I'll go in the gig, if you specially wish it. But, to be plain with you, Sir, there isn't a place in the neighborhood I wouldn't sooner drive you to than Darrock Hall."

"Indeed! May I ask why?"

"Well, Sir, when I was a young man I lived in service at that house; and certain things happened there which have made the sight of the place, since that time, not over-pleasant to my eyes. It was a frightful business, Sir; and I was mixed up in it."

These words made me naturally anxious to know what had happened at the mysterious family mansion. I abstained from giving any expression to my feeling of curiosity; but I suppose my face must have betrayed me, for the landlord pursued the subject of his own accord.

"You mustn't suppose it is any thing I have reason to be ashamed of," he said. "So far as I am concerned, I came out of the matter with all possible credit and advantage to myself. If that same miserable business hadn't happened at the Hall, I doubt whether I should ever have had the money to take this inn."

"Do you mind telling me about it?" I asked. "That is to say, if the circumstances are of a nature to be communicated to a stranger?"

"They could not be kept a secret at the time," said the landlord; "and there is no need to keep them a secret now—for none of the peo-

ple who were concerned in the affair are left alive excepting me and one other person living in London. But it is rather a long story, Sir."

"I shall not think any the worse of it on that account," said I. "Tell me all about it, and I will put off the drive in the gig, and give up my visit to Darrock Hall."

The landlord placed a chair for me and took one for himself, apparently very much relieved by the assurance that my last words had conveyed to him. After the usual prefatory phrases of apology for his own defects as a narrator, he began his story, which I shall repeat here, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

The first place I got, when I began life by going out to service, was not a very profitable one. I certainly gained the advantage of learning my business thoroughly, but I never had my due in the matter of wages. My master was made a bankrupt, and his servants suffered with the rest of his creditors.

My second situation, however, amply compensated me for my want of luck in the first. I had the good fortune to enter the service of Mr. and Mrs. Norcross, in which I remained till I changed my station in life, and took this inn. My master was a very rich gentleman. He had the Darrock house and lands in this county, a fine estate also in Yorkshire, and a very large property in Jamaica, which produced, at that time and for some years afterward, a great income. Out in the West Indies he met with a pretty young lady, a governess in an English family, and, taking a violent fancy to her, married her, though she was a good five-and-twenty years younger than himself. After the wedding they came to live in England; and it was at this time that I was lucky enough to be engaged by them as a servant.

I lived with my new master and mistress three years. They had no children. At the end of that period Mr. Norcross died. He was sharp enough to foresee that his young widow would, most likely, marry again; and he bequeathed his property so that it all went to Mrs. Norcross first, and then to any children she might have by a second marriage, and, failing that, to relations and friends of his own. I did not suffer by my master's death, for his widow kept me in her service. I had attended on Mr. Norcross all through his last illness, and had made myself useful enough to win my mistress's favor and gratitude. Besides me she also retained her maid in her service—a French woman named Josephine. Even at that time I disliked the foreigner's wheedling manners, and her cruel, cunning face, and wondered how my mistress could be so fond of her as she was. Time showed that I was right in distrusting this woman. I shall have much more to say about her when I get further advanced with my story.

Meanwhile I have next to relate that my mistress broke up the rest of her establishment, and, taking me and the lady's maid with her, went to travel on the Continent. Among other won-

derful places, we visited Paris, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, staying in some of those cities for months together. The fame of my mistress's riches followed her wherever she went; and there were plenty of gentlemen, foreigners as well as Englishmen, who were anxious enough to get into her good graces and to prevail on her to marry them. Nobody succeeded, however, in producing any very strong or lasting impression on her; and when we came back to England, after more than two years of absence, Mrs. Norcross was still a widow, and showed no signs of wanting to alter her condition.

We went to the house on the Yorkshire estate first; but my mistress did not fancy some of the company round about, so we moved again to Darrock Hall, and made excursions from time to time in the lake district, some miles off. On one of these trips Mrs. Norcross met with some old friends, who introduced her to a gentleman of their party bearing the very common, uninteresting name of Mr. James Smith. He was a tall, fine young man enough, with black hair, which grew very long, and the biggest, bushiest pair of black whiskers I ever saw. Altogether he had a rakish, unsettled look, and a bounceable way of talking which made him the prominent person in company. He was poor enough himself, as I heard from his servant, but well connected—a gentleman by birth and education, though his manners were so free. What my mistress saw to like in him I don't know; but when she asked her friends to stay with her at Darrock, she included Mr. James Smith in the invitation. We had a fine, gay, noisy time of it at the Hall—the strange gentleman, in particular, making himself as much at home as if the place belonged to him. I was surprised at Mrs. Norcross putting up with him as she did; but I was fairly thunderstruck, some months afterward, when I heard that she and Mr. James Smith were actually going to be married! She had refused offers by dozens abroad, from higher, and richer, and better-behaved men. It seemed next to impossible that she could seriously think of throwing herself away upon such a hare-brained, headlong, penniless young gentleman as Mr. James Smith.

Married, nevertheless, they were, in due course of time; and, after spending the honeymoon abroad, they came back to Darrock Hall. I soon found that my new master had a very variable temper. There were some days when he was as easy and familiar and pleasant with his servants as any gentleman could be. At other times some devil within him seemed to get possession of his whole nature. He flew into violent passions, and took wrong ideas into his head, which no reasoning or remonstrance could remove. It rather amazed me, considering how gay he was in his tastes, and how restless his habits were, that he should consent to live at such a quiet, dull place as Darrock. The reason for this, however, soon came out. Mr.

James Smith was not much of a sportsman; he cared nothing for in-door amusements, such as reading, music, and so forth; and he had no ambition for representing the county in Parliament. The one pursuit that he was really fond of was—yachting. Darrock was within sixteen miles of a sea-port town, with an excellent harbor; and to this accident of position the Hall was entirely indebted for recommending itself as a place of residence to Mr. James Smith.

He had such an untiring enjoyment and delight in cruising about at sea, and all his ideas of pleasure seemed to be so closely connected with his remembrances of the sailing trips he had taken on board different yachts belonging to his friends, that I verily believe his chief object in marrying my mistress was to get the command of money enough to keep a vessel for himself. Be that as it may, it is certain that he prevailed on her, some time after their marriage, to make him a present of a fine schooner yacht, which was brought round from Cowes to our coast-town here, and kept always waiting ready for him in the harbor. His wife required some little persuasion before she could make up her mind to let him have the vessel. She suffered so much from sea-sickness, that pleasure-sailing was out of the question for her; and, being very fond of her husband, she was naturally unwilling that he should engage in an amusement which took him away from her. However, Mr. James Smith used his influence over her cleverly, promising that he would never go away without first asking her leave, and engaging that his terms of absence at sea should never last for more than a week or ten days at a time. Accordingly, my mistress, who was the kindest and most unselfish woman in the world, put her own feelings aside, and made her husband happy in the possession of a vessel of his own.

While my master was away cruising my mistress had a dull time of it at the Hall. The few gentlefolks there were in our part of the county lived at a distance, and could only come to Darrock when they were asked to stay there for some days together. As for the village near us, there was but one person living in it whom my mistress could think of asking to the Hall; and this person was the clergyman who did duty at the church, one Mr. Meeke. He was a single man, very young, and very lonely in his position. He had a mild, melancholy, pasty-looking face, and was as shy and soft-spoken as a little girl—altogether, what one may call, without being unjust or severe, a poor, weak creature, and, out of all sight, the very worst preacher I ever sat under in my life. The one thing he did, which, as I heard, he could really do well, was playing on the fiddle. He was uncommonly fond of music—so much so that he often took his instrument out with him when he went for a walk. This taste of his was his great recommendation to my mistress, who was a wonderfully fine player on the piano, and who was delighted to get such a performer as Mr. Meeke to play duets with her. Besides liking

his society for this reason, she felt for him in his lonely position, naturally enough, I think, considering how often she was left in solitude herself. Mr. Meeke, on his side, when he got over his first shyness, was only too glad to leave his lonesome little parsonage for the fine music-room at the Hall, and for the company of a handsome, kind-hearted lady, who made much of him and admired his fiddle-playing with all her heart. Thus it happened that, whenever my master was away at sea, my mistress and Mr. Meeke were always together, playing duets as if they had their living to get by it. A more harmless connection than the connection between those two never existed in this world; and yet, innocent as it was, it turned out to be the first cause of all the misfortunes that afterward happened.

My master's treatment of Mr. Meeke was, from the first, the very opposite of my mistress's. The restless, rackety, bounceable Mr. James Smith felt a contempt for the weak, womanish, fiddling little parson; and, what was more, did not care to conceal it. For this reason Mr. Meeke (who was dreadfully frightened by my master's violent language and rough ways) very seldom visited at the Hall, except when my mistress was alone there. Meaning no wrong, and therefore stooping to no concealment, she never thought of taking any measures to keep Mr. Meeke out of the way when he happened to be with her at the time of her husband's coming home, whether it was only from a riding-excursion in the neighborhood or from a cruise in the schooner. In this way it so turned out that whenever my master came home, after a long or short absence, in nine cases out of ten he found the parson at the Hall. At first he used to laugh at this circumstance, and to amuse himself with some rather coarse jokes at the expense of his wife and her companion. But, after a while, his variable temper changed, as usual. He grew sulky, rude, angry, and, at last, downright jealous of Mr. Meeke. Though too proud to confess it in so many words, he still showed the state of his mind clearly enough to my mistress to excite her indignation. She was a woman who could be led any where by any one for whom she had a regard; but there was a firm spirit within her that rose at the slightest show of injustice or oppression, and that resented tyrannical usage of any sort perhaps a little too warmly. The bare suspicion that her husband could feel any distrust of her set her all in a flame, and she took the most unfortunate, and yet, at the same time, the most natural way, for a woman, of resenting it. The ruder her husband was to Mr. Meeke, the more kindly she behaved to him. This led to serious disputes and dissensions, and thence, in time, to a violent quarrel. I could not avoid hearing the last part of the altercation between them, for it took place on the garden-walk, outside the dining-room window, while I was occupied in laying the table for lunch.

Without repeating their words—which I have

no right to do, having heard by accident what I had no business to hear—I may say generally, to show how serious the quarrel was, that my mistress upbraided my master with having married from mercenary motives; with keeping out of her company as much as he could; and with insulting her by a suspicion which it would be hard ever to forgive, and impossible ever to forget. He replied by violent language directed against herself, and by commanding her, in a very overbearing way, never to open the doors of the house again to Mr. Meeke. She, on her side, declared, in great anger, that she would never consent to insult a clergyman and a gentleman in order to satisfy the whim of a tyrannical husband. Upon that he called out, with a great oath, to have his horse saddled directly, declaring that he would not stop another instant under the same roof with a woman who had set him at defiance; and warning his wife that he would have her watched in his absence, and would come back, if Mr. Meeke entered the house again, and horsewhip him, in spite of his black coat, all through the village. With those words he left her, and rode away to the sea-port where his yacht was lying. My mistress kept up her spirit till he was out of sight, and then burst into a dreadful screaming passion of tears, which ended by leaving her so weak that she had to be carried to her bed like a woman who was at the point of death.

The same evening my master's horse was ridden back by a messenger, who brought a scrap of note-paper with him, addressed to me. It only contained these lines: "Pack up my clothes, and deliver them immediately to the bearer. You may tell your mistress that I sail to-night, at eleven o'clock, for a cruise to Sweden. Forward my letters to the Post-office, Stockholm."

I obeyed the orders given to me, except that relating to my mistress. The doctor had been sent for, and was still in the house. I consulted him upon the propriety of my delivering the message. He positively forbade me to do so, that night; and told me to give him the slip of paper, and leave it to his discretion to show it to her, or not, the next morning.

The messenger had hardly been gone an hour when Mr. Meeke's housekeeper came to the Hall with a roll of music for my mistress. I told the woman of my master's sudden departure, and of the doctor being in the house. This news brought Mr. Meeke himself to the Hall in a great flutter. I felt so angry with him for being the cause—innocent as he might be—of the shocking scene which had taken place, that I exceeded the bounds of my duty, and told him the whole truth. The poor, weak, wavering, childish creature, flushed up red in the face, then turned as pale as ashes, and dropped into one of the hall chairs, crying—literally crying fit to break his heart! "Oh, William!" says he, wringing his little frail, trembling, white hands, as helpless as a baby. "Oh, William! what am I to do?"

"As you ask me that question, Sir," says I, "you will excuse me, I hope, if, being a servant, I plainly speak my mind notwithstanding. I know my station well enough to be aware that, strictly speaking, I have done wrong, and far exceeded my duty, in telling you as much as I have told you already. But I would go through fire and water, Sir," says I, feeling my own eyes getting moist, "for my mistress's sake. She has no relation here who can speak to you; and it is even better that a servant like me should risk being guilty of an impertinence, than that dreadful and lasting mischief should arise from the right remedy not being applied at the right time. This is what I should do, Sir, in your place. Saving your presence, I should leave off crying, and go back home and write to Mr. James Smith, saying that I would not, as a clergyman, give him railing for railing, but would prove how unworthily he had suspected me by ceasing to visit at the Hall from this time forth, rather than be a cause of dissension between man and wife. If you will put that into proper language, Sir, and will have the letter ready for me in half an hour's time, I will call for it on the fastest horse in our stables, and, at my own risk, will give it to my master before he sails to-night. I have nothing more to say, Sir, except to ask your pardon for forgetting my proper place, and for making bold to speak on a very serious matter as equal to equal, and as man to man."

To do Mr. Meeke justice, he had a heart, though it was a very small one. He shook hands with me, and said he accepted my advice as the advice of a friend; and so went back to his parsonage to write the letter. In half an hour I called for it on horseback, but it was not ready for me. Mr. Meeke was ridiculously nice about how he should express himself when he got a pen into his hand. I found him with his desk littered with rough copies, in a perfect agony about how to turn his phrases delicately enough in referring to my mistress. Every minute being precious, I hurried him as much as I could, without standing on any ceremony. It took half an hour more, with all my efforts, before he could make up his mind that the letter would do. I started off with it at a gallop, and never drew rein till I got to the sea-port town. The harbor-clock chimed the quarter past eleven as I rode by it, and when I got down to the jetty there was no yacht to be seen. She had been cast off from her moorings ten minutes before eleven, and as the clock struck she had sailed out of the harbor. I would have followed in a boat, but it was a fine starlight night, with a fresh wind blowing; and the sailors on the pier laughed at me when I spoke of rowing after a schooner-yacht which had got a quarter of an hour's start of us, with the wind abeam and the tide in her favor.

I rode back with a heavy heart. All I could do now was to send the letter to the Post-office, Stockholm.

The next day the doctor showed my mistress

the scrap of paper with the message on it from my master; and an hour or two after that, a letter was sent to her in Mr. Meeke's handwriting, explaining the reason why she must not expect to see him any more at the Hall, and referring to me in terms of high praise, as a sensible and faithful man who had spoken the right word at the right time. I am able to repeat the substance of the letter, because I heard all about it from my mistress, under very unpleasant circumstances so far as I was concerned. The news of my master's departure did not affect her as the doctor had supposed it would. Instead of distressing her, it roused her spirit, and made her angry; her pride, as I imagine, being wounded by the contemptuous manner in which her husband had notified his intention of sailing to Sweden, at the end of a message to a servant about packing his clothes. Finding her in that temper of mind, the letter from Mr. Meeke only irritated her the more. She insisted on getting up, and as soon as she was dressed and down stairs, she vented her violent humor on me, reproaching me for impertinent interference in the affairs of my betters, and declaring that she had almost made up her mind to turn me out of my place for it. I did not defend myself, because I respected her sorrows and the irritation that came from them; also, because I knew the natural kindness of her nature well enough to be assured that she would make amends to me for her harshness the moment her mind was composed again. The result showed that I was right. That same evening she sent for me, and begged me to forgive and forget the hasty words she had spoken in the morning, with a grace and sweetness that would have won the heart of any man who listened to her.

Weeks passed after this, till it was more than a month since the day of my master's departure, and no letter in his handwriting came to Darrock Hall. My mistress, taking this treatment of her more angrily than sorrowfully, went to London to consult her nearest relations, who lived there. On leaving home she stopped the carriage at the parsonage, and went in (as I thought, rather defiantly) to say good-by to Mr. Meeke. She had answered his letter, had received others from him, and had answered them likewise. She had also, of course, seen him every Sunday at church, and had always stopped to speak to him after the service. But this was the first occasion on which she had visited him at his house. As the carriage stopped, the little parson came out, in great hurry and agitation, to meet her at the garden-gate.

"Don't look alarmed, Mr. Meeke," says my mistress, getting out. "Though you have engaged not to come near the Hall, I have made no promise to keep away from the parsonage." With those words she went into the house.

The French maid, Josephine, was sitting with me in the rumble of the carriage, and I saw a wicked smile on her face as the parson and his visitor went into the house together. Harmless

as Mr. Meeke was, and innocent of all wrong as I knew my mistress to be, I regretted that she should be so rash as to despise appearances, considering the situation she was placed in. She had already exposed herself to be thought of disrespectfully by her own maid; and it was hard to say what worse consequences might not happen after that.

Half an hour later we were away on our journey. My mistress staid in London two months. Throughout all that time no letter from my master was forwarded to her from the country-house.

When the two months had passed we returned to Darrock Hall. Nobody there had received any news in our absence of the whereabouts of my master and his yacht.

Six more weary weeks elapsed; and in that time but one event happened at the Hall to vary the dismal monotony of the lives we now led in the solitary place. One morning the French maid, Josephine, came down after dressing my mistress, with her face as pale as ashes, except on one cheek, where there was a mark as red as burning fire. I was in the kitchen at the time, and I asked what was the matter.

"The matter!" says she, in her shrill broken English. "Advance a little, if you please, and look with all your eyes at this cheek of mine. What! have you lived so long a time with your mistress, and don't you know the mark of her hand yet!"

I was at a loss to understand what she meant, but she soon explained herself. My mistress, whose temper had been sadly altered for the worse by the trials and the humiliations she had gone through, had got up that morning more out of humor than usual; and in answer to her maid's inquiry as to how she had passed the night, had begun talking about her weary, miserable life in an unusually fretful and desperate way. Josephine, in trying to cheer her spirits, had ventured, most improperly, on making a light, jesting reference to Mr. Meeke, which had so enraged my mistress that she turned round sharp on the foreigner, and gave her—to use the common phrase—a smart box on the ear. Josephine confessed that the moment after she had done this, her better sense appeared to tell her that she had taken a most improper way of resenting undue familiarity. She had immediately expressed her regret for having forgotten herself, and had proved the sincerity of it by a gift of half a dozen cambric handkerchiefs, presented as a peace-offering on the spot. After that, I thought it impossible that Josephine could bear any malice against a mistress whom she had served ever since she had been a girl, and I said as much to her when she had done telling me what had happened up stairs.

"I! Malice!" cries Miss Josephine, in her hard, sharp, snappish way. "And why, and wherefore, if you please? If my mistress smacks my cheek with one hand she gives me handkerchiefs to wipe it with the other. My good mistress, my kind mistress, my pretty mistress! I,

the servant, bear malice against her, the mistress! Ah, you bad man, even to think of such a thing! Ah, fie, fie! I am quite ashamed of you!"

She gave me one look—the wickedest look I ever saw—and burst out laughing—the harshest laugh I ever heard from a woman's lips. Turning away from me directly after, she said no more, and never referred to the subject again on any subsequent occasion. From that time, however, I noticed an alteration in Miss Josephine; not in her way of doing her work, for she was just as sharp and careful about it as ever, but in her manner and habits. She grew amazingly quiet, and passed almost all her leisure time alone. I could bring no charge against her which authorized me to speak a word of warning; but, for all that, I could not help feeling that if I had been in my mistress's place I would have followed up that present of the cambric handkerchiefs by paying her a month's wages in advance, and sending her away from the house the same evening.

With the exception of this little domestic incident, which appeared trifling enough at the time, but which led to very serious consequences afterward, nothing happened at all out of the ordinary way during the six weary weeks to which I have referred. At the beginning of the seventh week, however, an event occurred at last. One morning the postman brought a letter to the Hall, addressed to my mistress. I took it up stairs, and looked at the direction as I put it on the salver. The handwriting was not my master's; was not, as it appeared to me, the handwriting of any well-educated person. The outside of the letter was also very dirty; and the seal a common office-seal of the usual lattice-work pattern. "This must be a begging-letter," I thought to myself as I entered the breakfast-room and advanced with it to my mistress.

She held up her hand before she opened it, as a sign to me that she had some order to give, and that I was not to leave the room till I had received it. Then she broke the seal and began to read the letter. Her eyes had hardly been on it a moment before her face turned as pale as death, and the paper began to tremble in her fingers. She read on to the end, and suddenly turned from pale to scarlet, started out of her chair, crumpled the letter up violently in her hand, and took several turns backward and forward in the room, without seeming to notice me as I stood by the door. "You villain! you villain! you villain!" I heard her whisper to herself many times over, in a quick, hissing, fierce way. Then she stopped, and said on a sudden, "Can it be true?" Then she looked up, and seeing me standing at the door, started as if I had been a stranger, changed color again, and told me, in a stifled voice, to leave her and come back again in half an hour. I obeyed, feeling certain that she must have received some very bad news of her husband, and wondering, anxiously enough, what it might be. When I

returned to the breakfast-room her face was as much discomposed as ever. Without speaking a word she handed me two sealed letters. One, a note to be left for Mr. Meeke, at the parsonage; the other, a letter marked "Immediate," and addressed to her lawyer in London, who was also, I should add, her nearest living relation.

I left one of these letters and posted the other. When I came back I heard that my mistress had taken to her room. She remained there for four days, keeping her new sorrow, whatever it was, strictly to herself. On the fifth day the lawyer from London arrived at the Hall. My mistress went down to him in the library, and was shut up there with him for nearly two hours. At the end of that time the bell rang for me.

"Sit down, William," said my mistress when I came into the room. "I feel such entire confidence in your fidelity and attachment that I am about, with the full concurrence of this gentleman, who is my nearest relative and my legal adviser, to place a very serious secret in your keeping, and to employ your services on a matter which is as important to me as a matter of life and death."

Her poor eyes were very red, and her lips quivered as she spoke to me. I was so startled by what she had said that I hardly knew which chair to sit in. She pointed to one placed near herself at the table, and seemed about to speak to me again, when the lawyer interfered.

"Let me entreat you," he said, "not to agitate yourself unnecessarily. I will put this person in possession of the facts; and if I omit any thing, you shall stop me and set me right."

My mistress leaned back in her chair and covered her face with her handkerchief. The lawyer waited a moment, and then addressed himself to me.

"You are already aware," he said, "of the circumstances under which your master left this house; and you also know, I have no doubt, that no direct news of him has reached your mistress up to this time?"

I bowed to him, and said I knew of the circumstances so far.

"Do you remember," he went on, "taking a letter to your mistress, five days ago?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied; "a letter which seemed to distress and alarm her very seriously."

"I will read you *that* letter before we say any more," continued the lawyer. "I warn you beforehand that it contains a terrible charge against your master, which, however, is not attested by the writer's signature. I have already told your mistress that she must not attach too much importance to an anonymous letter; and I now tell you the same thing."

Saying that, he took up a letter from the table and read it aloud. I had a copy of it given to me afterward, which I looked at often enough to fix the contents of the letter in my memory. I can now repeat them, I think, word for word.

"MADAM" (it began),—"I can not reconcile it to my conscience to leave you in total ignorance of your husband's atrocious conduct toward you. If you have ever been disposed to regret his absence, do so no longer. Hope and pray, rather, that you and he may never meet face to face again in this world. I write in great haste and in great fear of being observed. Time fails me to prepare you as you ought to be prepared for what I have now to disclose. I must tell you plainly, with much respect for you and sorrow for your misfortune, that your husband *has married another wife*. I saw the ceremony performed, unknown to him. If I could not have spoken of this infamous act as an eye-witness, I would not have spoken of it at all.

"I dare not acknowledge who I am, for I believe Mr. James Smith would stick at no crime to revenge himself on me if he ever came to a knowledge of the step I am now taking, and of the means by which I got my information. Neither have I time to enter into particulars. I simply warn you of what has happened, and leave you to act on that warning as you please. You may disbelieve this letter, because it is not signed by any name. In that case, if Mr. James Smith should ever venture into your presence, I recommend you to ask him suddenly what he has done with his *new wife*; and to see if his countenance does not immediately testify that the truth has been spoken by

"YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND."

Poor as my opinion was of my master, I had never believed him to be capable of such villainy as this; and I could not believe it, when the lawyer had done reading the letter.

"Oh, Sir!" I said; "surely that is some base imposition? Surely it can not be true?"

"That is what I have told your mistress," he answered. "But she says, in return, that—"

"That I feel it to be true," my mistress broke in, speaking behind the handkerchief, in a faint, smothered voice.

"We need not debate the question," the lawyer went on. "Our business, now, is to prove the truth or the falsehood of this letter. That must be done at once. I have written to one of my clerks, who is accustomed to conducting delicate investigations, to come to this house without loss of time. He is to be trusted with any thing, and he will pursue the needful inquiries immediately. It is absolutely necessary, to make sure of committing no mistakes, that he should be accompanied, when he starts on his investigations, by some one who is well acquainted with Mr. James Smith's habits and personal appearance; and your mistress has fixed upon you to be that person. However well the inquiry may be managed, it will probably be attended by trouble and delay. It may necessitate a long journey, and it may involve some personal danger. Are you," said the lawyer, looking hard at me, "ready to suffer any inconvenience and to run any risk for your mistress's sake?"

"There is nothing I can do, Sir," said I, "that I will not do. I am afraid I am not clever enough to be of much use. But so far as troubles and risks are concerned, I am ready for any thing from this moment."

My mistress took the handkerchief from her face, looked at me with her eyes full of tears, and held out her hand. How I came to do it I don't know, but I stooped down and kissed the hand she offered me; feeling half startled,

half ashamed at my own boldness the moment after.

"You will do, my man," said the lawyer, nodding his head. "Don't trouble yourself about the cleverness or the cunning that may be wanted. My clerk has got head enough for two. I have only one word more to say before you go down stairs again. Remember that this investigation and the cause that leads to it must be kept a profound secret. Except us three, and the clergyman here (to whom your mistress has written word of what has happened), nobody knows any thing about it. I will let my clerk into the secret, when he joins us. As soon as you and he are away from the house you may talk about it. Until then, you will close your lips on the subject."

The clerk did not keep us long waiting. He came as fast as the mail from London could bring him. I had expected, from his master's description, to see a serious, sedate man, rather sly in his looks and rather reserved in his manner. To my amazement, this practiced hand at delicate investigations was a brisk, plump, jolly little man, with a comfortable double chin, a pair of very bright black eyes, and a big bottle-nose of the true convivial red color. He wore a suit of black and a limp, dingy white cravat; took snuff perpetually out of a very large box; walked with his hands crossed behind his back; and looked, upon the whole, much more like a parson of free and easy habits than a lawyer's clerk. "How d'ye do?" says he, when I opened the door to him. "I'm the man you expect from the office in London. Just say Mr. Dark, will you? I'll sit down here till you come back; and, I say, young man, if there is such a thing as a glass of ale in the house, I don't mind committing myself so far as to say that I'll drink it."

I got him the ale before I announced him. He winked at me as he put it to his lips. "Your good health," says he. "I like you. Don't forget that the name's Dark; and just leave the jug and glass, will you, in case my master keeps me waiting."

I announced him at once, and was told to show him into the library. When I got back to the hall the jug was empty, and Mr. Dark was comforting himself with a pinch of snuff, snorting over it like a perfect grampus. He had swallowed more than a pint of the strongest old ale in the house; and, for all the effect it seemed to have had on him, he might just as well have been drinking so much water.

As I led him along the passage to the library Josephine, the French maid, passed us. Mr. Dark winked at me again, and made her a low bow. "Lady's maid," I heard him whisper to himself. "A fine woman to look at, but a d—d bad one to deal with." I turned round on him, rather angry at his cool ways, and looked hard at him, just before I opened the library door. Mr. Dark looked hard at me. "All right," says he. "I can show myself in." And he knocks at the door, and opens it, and goes in, with another wicked wink, all in a moment.

Half an hour later the bell rang for me. Mr. Dark was sitting between my mistress (who was looking at him in amazement), and the lawyer (who was looking at him with approval). He had a map open on his knee, and a pen in his hand. Judging by his face, the communication of the secret about my master did not seem to have made the smallest impression on him.

"I've got leave to ask you a question," says he, the moment I appeared. "When you found your master's yacht gone, did you hear which way she had sailed? Was it northward toward Scotland?"

"Yes," I answered. "The boatmen told me that, when I made inquiries at the harbor."

"Well, Sir," says Mr. Dark, turning to the lawyer, "if he said he was going to Sweden he seems to have started on the road to it, at all events. I think I have got my instructions now?"

The lawyer nodded and looked at my mistress, who bowed her head to him. He then said, turning to me,

"Pack up your bag for traveling, William, and have a conveyance got ready to go to the nearest post-town."

"And whatever happens in the future," added my mistress, her kind voice trembling a little, "believe, William, that I shall never forget this proof you now show of your devotion to me. It is still some comfort to know that I have your fidelity to depend on in this dreadful trial—your fidelity, and the extraordinary intelligence and experience of Mr. Dark."

Mr. Dark did not seem to hear the compliment. He was busy writing, with his paper upon the map on his knee. A quarter of an hour later, when I had ordered the dog-cart, and had got down into the hall with my bag packed, I found him there waiting for me. He was sitting on the same chair which he had occupied when he first arrived, and he had another jug of the old ale on the table by his side.

"Got any fishing-rods in the house?" says he, when I put my bag down in the hall.

"Yes," I replied, astonished at the question. "What do you want with them?"

"Pack a couple in cases for traveling," says Mr. Dark, "with lines and hooks and fly-hooks all complete. Have a drop of ale before you go—and don't stare, William. I'll let the light in on you as soon as we are out of the house. Off with you for the rods! I want to be on the road in five minutes."

When I came back with the rods and tackle, I found Mr. Dark in the dog-cart. "Money, luggage, fishing-rods, paper of directions, copy of anonymous letter, guide-book, map," says he, running over in his mind the things wanted for the journey. "All right, so far. Drive off." I took the reins and started the horse. As we left the house, I saw my mistress and Josephine looking after us from two of the windows on the second floor. The memory of those two attentive faces—one so sad and so good, the other so

smiling and so wicked—haunted my mind perpetually for many days afterward.

"Now, William," says Mr. Dark, when we were clear of the lodge gates, "I'm going to begin by telling you what you are. You are a clerk in a bank; and I'm another. We have got our regular holiday, that comes, like Christmas, once a year; and we are taking a little tour in Scotland, to see the curiosities, and to breathe the sea air, and to get a little fishing whenever we can. I'm the fat cashier who digs holes in a drawerful of gold with a copper shovel. And you're the arithmetical young man who sits on a perch behind me, and keeps the books. Scotland's a beautiful country, William. Can you make whisky-toddy? I can; and what's more, unlikely as the thing may seem to you, I can actually drink it into the bargain."

"Scotland!" says I. "What are we going to Scotland for?"

"Question for question," says Mr. Dark. "What are we starting on a journey for?"

"To find my master," I answered, "and to make sure if the letter about him is true."

"Very good," says he. "How would you set about doing that, eh?"

"I should go and ask about him at Stockholm in Sweden, where he said his letters were to be sent."

"Would you indeed?" says Mr. Dark. "If you were a shepherd, William, and had lost a sheep in Cumberland, would you begin looking for it at the Land's End, or would you try a little nearer home?"

"You're attempting to make a fool of me now," says I.

"No," says Mr. Dark, "I'm only letting the light in on you, as I said I would. Now listen to reason, William, and profit by it as much as you can. Mr. James Smith says he is going on a cruise to Sweden, and makes his word good, at the beginning, by starting northward toward the coast of Scotland. What does he go in? A yacht. Do yachts carry live beasts and a butcher on board? No. Will joints of meat keep fresh all the way from Cumberland to Sweden? No. Do gentlemen like living on salt provisions? No. What follows from these three Noes? That Mr. James Smith must have stopped somewhere, on the way to Sweden, to supply his sea-larder with fresh provisions. Where in that case must he stop? Somewhere in Scotland, supposing he did not alter his course when he was out of sight of your seaport. Where in Scotland? Northward on the main land, or westward at one of the islands? Most likely on the main land, where the sea-side places are largest and where he is surest of getting all the stores he wants. Next, what is our business? Not to risk losing a link in the chain of evidence by missing any place where he has put his foot on shore. Not to overshoot the mark when we want to hit it in the bull's-eye. Not to waste money and time by taking a long trip to Sweden, till we know that we must absolutely go there. Where is our journey of dis-

covery to take us to first, then? Clearly to the north of Scotland. What do you say to that, Mr. William? Is my catechism all correct, or has your strong ale muddled my head?"

It was evident, by this time, that no ale could do that—and I told him so. He chuckled, winked at me, and, taking another pinch of snuff, said he would now turn the whole case over in his mind again, and make sure that he had got all the bearings of it quite clear. By the time we reached the post-town he had accomplished this mental effort to his own perfect satisfaction, and was quite ready to compare the ale at the inn with the ale at Darrock Hall. The dog-cart was left to be taken back the next morning by the hostler. A post-chaise and horses were ordered out. A loaf of bread, a Bologna sausage, and two bottles of sherry were put into the pockets of the carriage; we took our seats and started briskly on our doubtful journey.

"One word more of friendly advice," said Mr. Dark, settling himself comfortably in his corner of the carriage. "Take your sleep, William, whenever you feel that you can get it. You won't find yourself in bed again till we get to Glasgow."

CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH the events that I am now relating happened many years ago, and although the persons principally affected by them are dead, with the exception of myself and another, I shall still, for caution's sake, avoid mentioning by name the various places visited by Mr. Dark and myself for the purpose of making inquiries. It will be enough if I describe generally what we did, and if I mention in substance only the result at which we ultimately arrived.

On reaching Glasgow, Mr. Dark altered his original intention of going straight to the north of Scotland, considering it safer to make sure, if possible, of the course the yacht had taken in her cruise along the western coast. The carrying out of this new resolution involved the necessity of delaying our onward journey by perpetually diverging from the direct route. Three times we were sent uselessly to wild places in the Hebrides by false reports. Twice we wandered away inland, following gentlemen who answered generally to the description of Mr. James Smith, but who turned out to be the wrong men as soon as we set eyes on them. These vain excursions—especially the three to the western islands—consumed time terribly. It was more than two months from the day when we had left Darrock Hall before we found ourselves up at the very top of Scotland at last, driving into a considerable sea-side town, with a harbor attached to it. Thus far our journey had led to no results, and I began to despair of our making any discoveries. As for Mr. Dark, he never got to the end of his temper and his patience. "You don't know how to wait, William," was his constant remark whenever he heard me complaining. "I do."

We drove into the town toward evening in a modest little gig, and put up, according to our usual custom, at one of the inferior inns. "We must begin at the bottom," Mr. Dark used to say. "High company in a coffee-room won't be familiar with us. Low company in a tap-room will." And he certainly proved the truth of his own words. The like of him for making intimate friends of total strangers at the shortest notice I have never met with before or since. Cautious as the Scotch are, Mr. Dark seemed to have the knack of twisting them round his finger just as he pleased. He varied his way artfully with different men; but there were three standing opinions of his which he made a point of expressing in all varieties of company while we were in Scotland. In the first place, he thought the view of Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat the finest view in the world. In the second place, he considered whisky to be the most wholesome spirit in the world. In the third place, he believed his late beloved mother to have been the best woman in the world. It may be worthy of note that, whenever he expressed this last opinion, he invariably added that her maiden name had been Macleod.

Well, we put up at a modest little inn near the harbor. I was dead tired with the journey, and lay down on my bed to get some rest. Mr. Dark, whom nothing ever fatigued, left me to take his toddy and pipe among the company in the tap-room.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, when I was roused by a shake on my shoulder. The room was pitch dark, and I felt a hand suddenly clapped over my mouth. Then a strong smell of whisky and tobacco saluted my nostrils, and a whisper stole into my ear:

"William! we have got to the end of our journey."

"Mr. Dark," I stammered out, "is that you? What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"The yacht put in here," was the answer, still in a whisper, "and your blackguard of a master came ashore—"

"Oh! Mr. Dark," I broke in, "don't tell me that the letter is true!"

"Every word of it," says he. "He was married here, and he was off again to the Mediterranean with Number Two a good three weeks before we left your mistress's house. Hush! don't say a word. Go to sleep again, or strike a light and read, if you like it better. Do any thing but come down stairs with me. I'm going to find out all the particulars without seeming to want to know one of them. Yours is a very good-looking face, William, but it's so infernally honest that I can't trust it in the tap-room. I'm making friends with the Scotchmen already. They know my opinion of Arthur's Seat; they see what I think of whisky; and I rather think it won't be long before they hear that my mother's maiden name was Macleod."

With these words he slipped out of the room, and left me, as he had found me, in the dark.

I was far too much agitated by what I had

heard to think of going to sleep again; so I struck a light, and tried to amuse myself as well as I could with an old newspaper that had been stuffed into my carpet-bag. It was then nearly ten o'clock. Two hours later, when the house shut up, Mr. Dark came back to me again in high spirits. "I have got the whole case here," says he, tapping his forehead—"the whole case, as neat and clear as if it was drawn in a brief. That master of yours doesn't stick at a trifle, William. It's my opinion that your mistress and you have not seen the last of him yet."

We were sleeping, that night, in a double-bedded room. As soon as Mr. Dark had secured the door and disposed himself comfortably in his bed, he entered on a detailed narrative of the particulars communicated to him in the tap-room. The substance of what he told me may be related as follows:

The yacht had had a wonderful run all the way to Cape Wrath. On rounding that headland she had met the wind nearly dead against her, and had beaten every inch of the way to the sea-port town, where she had put in to get a supply of provisions, and to wait for a change in the wind. Mr. James Smith had gone ashore to look about him, and to see whether the principal hotel was the sort of house at which he would like to stop for a few days. In the course of his wanderings about the town, his attention had been attracted to a decent house, where lodgings were to be let, by the sight of a very pretty girl sitting at work at the parlor-window. He was so struck by her face that he came back twice to look at it, determining, the second time, to try if he could not make acquaintance with her by asking to see the lodgings. He was shown the rooms by the girl's mother, a very respectable woman, whom he discovered to be the wife of the master and part-owner of a small coasting-vessel, then away at sea. With a little manœuvring he managed to get into the parlor where the daughter was at work, and to exchange a few words with her. Her voice and manner equaled and completed the attraction of her face. Mr. James Smith decided, in his headlong way, that he was violently in love with her; and, without hesitating another instant, he took the lodgings on the spot for a month certain.

It is unnecessary to say that his designs on the girl were of the most dishonorable kind, and that he represented himself to the mother and daughter as a single man. Aided by his advantages of money, position, and personal appearance, he had anticipated that the ruin of the girl might be effected with very little difficulty; but he soon found that he had undertaken no easy conquest. The mother's vigilance never relaxed, and the daughter's self-possession never deserted her. She admired Mr. James Smith's tall figure and magnificent whiskers; she showed the most flattering partiality for his society; she listened tenderly to his compliments, and blushed encouragingly under his looks of admiration; but, whether it was cun-

ning calculation, or whether it was pure innocence, she seemed absolutely incapable of understanding that his advances toward her were of any other than an honorable kind. At the slightest approach to undue familiarity she drew back with a kind of contemptuous amazement in her face, which utterly daunted and perplexed Mr. James Smith. He had not calculated on that sort of resistance, and he was perfectly incapable of overcoming it. The weeks passed; the month for which he had taken the lodgings expired. Time had strengthened the girl's hold on him till his admiration for her amounted to absolute infatuation; and he had not advanced one step yet toward the execution of the vicious purpose with which he had entered the house.

At this time he must have made some fresh attempt on the girl's virtue, which produced a coolness between them; for, instead of taking the lodgings on for another term, he removed to his yacht in the harbor, and slept on board for two nights. The wind was now fair, and the stores were on board; but he gave no orders to the sailing-master to weigh anchor. On the third day the cause of the coolness, whatever it was, appears to have been removed, and he returned to his lodgings on shore. Some of the more curious among the townspeople observed soon afterward, when they met him in the street, that he looked rather anxious and uneasy. The conclusion had probably forced itself upon his mind by this time that he must decide on pursuing one of two courses. Either he must resolve to make the sacrifice of leaving the girl altogether, or to commit the villainy of marrying her.

Unscrupulous as he was, he hesitated at encountering the risk—perhaps, also, at being guilty of the crime—involved in the last alternative. While he was still in doubt, the father's coasting-vessel sailed into the harbor, and the father's presence on the scene decided him at last. How this new influence acted it was impossible to ascertain, from the necessarily imperfect evidence of persons who were not admitted to the family councils. The fact, however, was indisputable, that the date of the father's return and the date of Mr. James Smith's first wicked resolution to marry the girl might both be fixed, as nearly as possible, at one and the same time.

Having once made up his mind to the commission of the crime, he proceeded, with all possible coolness and cunning, to provide against the chances of detection. Returning on board his yacht, he announced that he had given up his intention of cruising to Sweden, and that he intended to amuse himself by a long fishing tour in Scotland. After this brief explanation he ordered the vessel to be laid up in the harbor, gave the sailing-master leave of absence to return to his family at Cowes, and paid off the whole of the crew, from the mate to the cabin-boy. By these means he cleared the scene, at one blow, of the only people in the town who

knew of the existence of his unhappy wife. After that, the news of his approaching marriage might be made public without risk of discovery; his own common name being of itself a sufficient protection, in case the event was mentioned in the local newspapers. All his friends, even his wife herself, might read a report of the marriage of Mr. James Smith, without having the slightest suspicion of who the bridegroom really was.

A fortnight after the paying off of the crew he was married to the merchant-captain's daughter. The father of the girl was well known among his fellow-townsmen as a selfish, grasping man, who was too sordidly anxious to secure a rich son-in-law to oppose any proposals for hastening the marriage. He and his wife and a few intimate relations had been present at the ceremony. After it had been performed, the newly-married couple left the town at once for a honeymoon trip to the Highland Lakes. Two days later, however, they unexpectedly returned, announcing a complete change in their plans. The bridegroom (thinking, probably, that he would be safer out of England than in it) had been fascinating the bride by his descriptions of the soft climate and lovely scenery of the South. The new Mrs. James Smith was all curiosity to see the shores of Spain and Italy; and, having often proved herself an excellent sailor on board her father's vessel, was anxious to go to the Mediterranean in the easiest way, by sea. Her attached husband, having now no other object in life than to gratify her wishes, had given up the Highland excursion, and had returned to have his yacht got ready for sea immediately. In this explanation there was nothing to awaken the suspicions of the lady's parents. The mother thought her James Smith a model among bridegrooms. The father lent his assistance to man the yacht at the shortest notice, with as competent a crew as could be picked up about the town. Principally through his exertions, the vessel was got ready for sea with extraordinary dispatch. The sails were bent, the provisions were put on board, and Mr. James Smith sailed for the Mediterranean with the unfortunate woman who believed herself to be his wife, before Mr. Dark and myself set forth to look after him from Darrock Hall.

Such was the true account of my master's infamous conduct in Scotland, as it was related to me. On concluding, Mr. Dark intimated that he had something still left to tell me, but declared that he was too sleepy to talk any more that night. As soon as we were awake the next morning he returned to the subject.

"I didn't finish all I had to say last night, did I?" he began.

"You unfortunately told me enough, and more than enough, to prove the truth of the statement in the anonymous letter," I answered.

"Yes," says Mr. Dark; "but did I tell you who wrote the anonymous letter?"

"You don't mean to say you have found that out!" says I.

"I think I have," was the cool answer. "When I heard about your precious master paying off the regular crew of the yacht, I put the circumstance by in my mind, to be brought out again and sifted a little as soon as the opportunity offered. It offered in about half an hour. Says I to the gauger, who was the principal talker in the room, 'How about those men that Mr. Smith paid off? Did they all go as soon as they got their money, or did they stop here till they had spent every farthing of it in the public-houses?' The gauger laughs. 'No such luck,' says he. 'They all went south, to spend their money among finer people than us. When I say all, though, I must make one exception. We thought the steward of the yacht had gone along with the rest; when, the very day Mr. Smith sailed for the Mediterranean, who should turn up unexpectedly but the steward himself? Where he had been hiding, and why he had been hiding, nobody could tell.' 'Perhaps he had been imitating his master, and looking out for a wife,' says I. 'Likely enough,' says the gauger; 'he gave a very confused account of himself, and he cut all questions short by going away south in a violent hurry.' That was enough for me: I said no more, and let the subject drop. Clear as daylight, isn't it, William? The steward suspected something wrong—the steward waited and watched—the steward wrote that anonymous letter to your mistress. We can find him, if we want him, by inquiring at Cowes; and we can send to the church for legal evidence of the marriage as soon as we are instructed to do so. All that we have got to do now is to go back to your mistress, and see what course she means to take under the circumstances. It's a pretty case, William, so far—an uncommonly pretty case, as it stands at present."

We returned to Darrock Hall as fast as coaches and post-horses could carry us. Having from the first believed that the statement in the anonymous letter was true, my mistress received the bad news we brought calmly and resignedly—so far, at least, as outward appearances went. She astonished and disappointed Mr. Dark, by declining to act, in any way, on the information that he had collected for her, and by insisting that the whole affair should still be buried in the profoundest secrecy. For the first time since I had known my traveling companion, he became depressed in spirits on hearing that nothing more was to be done; and although he left the Hall with a handsome present, he left it discontentedly.

"Such a pretty case, William!" says he, quite sorrowfully, as we shook hands in the hall. "Such an uncommonly pretty case! It's a thousand pities to stop it, in this way, before it's half over!"

"You don't know what a proud lady and what a delicate lady my mistress is," I answered. "She would die rather than expose her forlorn situation in a public court, for the sake of punishing her husband."

"Bless your simple heart!" says Mr. Dark, "do you really think, now, that such a case as this can be hushed up?"

"Why not," I asked, "if we all keep the secret?"

"That for the secret!" cries Mr. Dark, snapping his fingers. "Your master will let the cat out of the bag, if nobody else does."

"My master!" I repeated, in amazement.

"Yes, your master!" says Mr. Dark. "I have had some experience in my time, and I say you have not seen the last of him yet. Mark my words, William! Mr. James Smith will come back."

With that startling prophecy Mr. Dark irritably treated himself to a final pinch of snuff, and departed in silence on his journey back to his master in London. His last words hung heavily on my mind for days after he had gone. It was some weeks before I got over a habit of starting whenever the bell was rung at the front door.

Our life at the Hall soon returned to its old, dreary course. The lawyer in London wrote to my mistress to ask her to come and stay for a little while with his wife. But she declined the invitation, being averse to facing company after what had happened to her. Though she tried hard to keep the real state of her mind concealed from all about her, I, for one, could see plainly enough that she was pining and wasting under the bitter injury that had been inflicted on her. What effect continued solitude might have had on her spirits I tremble to think. Fortunately for herself, it occurred to her, before long, to send and invite Mr. Meeke to resume his musical practicing with her at the Hall. She told him—and, as it seemed to me, with perfect truth—that any implied engagement which he had made with Mr. James Smith was now canceled, since the person so named had morally forfeited all his claims as a husband—first, by his desertion of her; and, secondly, by his criminal marriage with another woman. After stating this view of the matter, she left it to Mr. Meeke to decide whether the perfectly innocent connection between them should be resumed or not. The little parson, after hesitating and pondering, in his helpless way, ended by agreeing with my mistress, and by coming back once more to the Hall with his fiddle under his arm. This renewal of their old habits might have been imprudent enough, as tending to weaken the strength of my mistress's case in the eyes of the world; but, for all that, it was the most sensible course she could take for her own sake. The harmless company of Mr. Meeke, and the relief of playing the old tunes again in the old way, saved her, I verily believe, from sinking altogether under the oppression of the shocking situation in which she was now placed.

So with the assistance of Mr. Meeke and his fiddle, my mistress got through the weary time. The winter passed; the spring came; and no fresh tidings reached us of Mr. James Smith. It had been a long, hard winter that year, and

the spring was backward and rainy. The first really fine day we had was the day that fell on the fourteenth of March.

I am particular in mentioning this date merely because it is fixed forever in my memory. As long as there is life in me I shall remember that fourteenth of March, and the smallest circumstances connected with it. The day began ill, with what superstitious people would think a bad omen. My mistress remained late in her room in the morning, amusing herself by looking over her clothes, and by setting to rights some drawers in her cabinet which she had not opened for some time past. Just before the luncheon hour we were startled by hearing the drawing-room bell rung violently. I ran up to see what was the matter, and Josephine, the French maid, who had heard the bell in another part of the house, hastened to answer it also. She got into the drawing-room first, and I followed close on her heels. My mistress was standing alone on the hearth-rug, with an appearance of great discomposure in her face and manner.

"I have been robbed!" she said, vehemently. "I don't know when or how. But I miss a pair of bracelets, three rings, and a quantity of old-fashioned lace pocket handkerchiefs."

"If you have any suspicions, ma'am," said Josephine, in a singularly sharp, sudden way, "say who they point at. My boxes, for one, are quite at your disposition."

"Who asked you about your boxes?" said my mistress, angrily. "Be a little less ready with your answer, if you please, the next time I speak."

She then turned to me, and began explaining the circumstances under which she had discovered her loss. I suggested that the missing things should be well searched for, first; and then, if nothing came of that, that I should go for the constable and place the matter under his direction. My mistress agreed to this plan; and the search was undertaken immediately. It lasted till dinner time, and led to no results. I then proposed going for the constable. But my mistress said it was too late to do any thing that day, and told me to wait at table as usual, and to go on my errand the first thing the next morning. Mr. Meeke was coming with some new music in the evening; and I suspect she was not willing to be disturbed at her favorite occupation by the arrival of the constable.

Dinner was over; the parson came; and the concert went on as usual through the evening. At ten o'clock I took up the tray, with the wine and soda-water and biscuits. Just as I was opening one of the bottles of soda-water, there was a sound of wheels on the drive outside, and a ring at the bell.

I had unfastened the wires of the cork, and could not put the bottle down to run at once to the door. One of the female servants answered it. I heard a sort of half scream—then a sound of footsteps that were familiar to me.

My mistress turned round from the piano, and looked at me.

"William!" she said. "Do you know that step?"

Before I could answer, the door was pushed open, and Mr. James Smith walked into the room.

He had his hat on. His long hair flowed down under it over the collar of his coat; his bright black eyes, after resting an instant on my mistress, turned to Mr. Meeke. His heavy eyebrows met together, and one of his hands went up to one of his bushy black whiskers, and pulled at it angrily.

"You here again!" he said, advancing a few steps toward the little parson who sat trembling all over, with his fiddle hugged up in his arms as if it had been a child.

Seeing her villainous husband advance, my mistress moved too, so as to face him. He turned round on her at the first step she took, as quick as lightning.

"You shameless woman!" he said. "Can you look me in the face in the presence of that man?" He pointed, as he spoke, to Mr. Meeke.

My mistress never shrank when he turned upon her. Not a sign of fear was in her face when they confronted each other. Not the faintest flush of anger came into her cheeks when he spoke. The sense of the insult and injury that he had inflicted on her, and the consciousness of knowing his guilty secret, gave her all her self-possession at that trying moment. The high spirit that despised him spoke its contempt in every feature of her calm, haughty, unchanging face.

"I say to you again," he repeated, finding that she did not answer him. "How dare you look me in the face in the presence of that man?"

She raised her steady eyes to his hat, which he still kept on his head.

"Who has taught you to come into a room and speak to a lady with your hat on?" she asked, in quietly-contemptuous tones. "Is that a habit which is sanctioned by your new wife?"

My eyes were on him as she said those last words. His complexion, naturally dark and swarthy, changed instantly to a livid yellow white; his hand caught at the chair nearest to him; and he dropped into it heavily.

"I don't understand you," he said, after a moment of silence, looking about the room unsteadily while he spoke.

"You do," said my mistress. "Your tongue lies, but your face speaks the truth."

He called back his courage and audacity by a desperate effort, and started up from the chair again with an oath. The instant before this happened I thought I heard the sound of a rustling dress in the passage outside, as if one of the woman servants was stealing up to listen outside the door. I should have gone at once to see whether this was the case or not, but my master stopped me just after he had risen from the chair.

"Order the bed to be made in the Red Room, and light a fire there directly," he said, with his

fiercest look and in his roughest tones. "When I ring the bell, bring me a kettle of boiling water and a bottle of brandy. As for you," he continued, turning toward Mr. Meeke, who still sat pale and speechless with his fiddle hugged up in his arms, "leave the house, or you won't find your cloth any protection to you."

At this insult the blood flew into my mistress's face. Before she could say any thing Mr. James Smith raised his voice loud enough to drown hers.

"I won't hear another word from you," he cried out, brutally. "You have been talking like a mad woman—you look like a mad woman—you are out of your senses. As sure as you live I'll have you examined by the doctors to-morrow. Why, the devil do you stand there, you scoundrel?" he roared, wheeling round on his heel to me. "Why don't you obey my orders?"

I looked at my mistress. If she had directed me to knock Mr. James Smith down, big as he was, I think at that moment I could have done it.

"Do as he tells you, William," she said, squeezing one of her hands firmly over her bosom, as if she was trying to keep down the rising indignation in that way. "This is the last order of his giving that I shall ask you to obey."

"Do you threaten me, you mad—?" He finished the question by a word that I shall not repeat.

"I tell you," she answered, in clear, ringing, resolute tones, "that you have outraged me past all forgiveness and all endurance, and that you shall never insult me again as you have insulted me to-night."

After saying those words, she fixed one steady look on him, then turned away and walked slowly to the door.

A minute previously, Mr. Meeke had summoned courage enough to get up and leave the room quietly. I noticed him walking demurely away, close to the wall, with his fiddle held under one tail of his long frock coat, as if he was afraid that the savage passions of Mr. James Smith might be wreaked on that unoffending instrument. He got to the door before my mistress. As he softly pulled it open, I saw him start, and I heard the rustling of the gown again in the passage outside.

My mistress followed him into the passage, turning, however, in the opposite direction to that taken by the little parson, in order to reach the stair-case that led to her own room. I went out next, leaving Mr. James Smith alone.

I overtook Mr. Meeke in the hall, and opened the door for him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," I said, "but did you come upon any body listening outside the music-room when you left it just now?"

"Yes, William," said Mr. Meeke, in a faint voice. "I think it was the French maid. But I was so dreadfully agitated that I can't be quite certain about it."

Had she surprised our secret? That was the question I asked myself, as I went away to light the fire in the Red Room. Calling to mind the exact time at which I had first detected the rustling outside the door, I came to the conclusion that she had only heard the last part of the quarrel between my mistress and her rascal of a husband. Those bold words about the "new wife," had been assuredly spoken before I heard Josephine stealing up to the door.

"As soon as the fire was alight and the bed made, I went back to the music-room to announce that my orders had been obeyed. Mr. James Smith was walking up and down, in a perturbed way, still keeping his hat on. He followed me to the Red Room without saying a word. Ten minutes later, he rang for the kettle and the bottle of brandy. When I took them in, I found him unpacking a small carpet-bag which was the only luggage he had brought with him. He still kept silence, and did not appear to take any notice of me. I left him for the night without our having exchanged so much as a single word.

So far as I could tell the night passed quietly.

The next morning I heard that my mistress was suffering so severely from a nervous attack that she was unable to rise from her bed. It was no surprise to me to be told that, knowing, as I did, what she had gone through the night before.

About nine o'clock I went with the hot water to the Red Room. After knocking twice, I tried the door, and, finding it not locked, went in with the jug in my hand.

I looked at the bed; I looked all round the room. Not a sign of Mr. James Smith was to be seen any where.

Judging by appearances the bed had certainly been occupied. Thrown across the counterpane lay the night-gown he had worn. I took it up and saw some spots on it. I looked at them a little closer. They were spots of blood.

CHAPTER III.

THE first amazement and alarm produced by this discovery deprived me of my presence of mind. Without stopping to think what I ought to do first, I ran back to the servants' hall, calling out that something had happened to my master. All the household hurried directly into the Red Room, Josephine among the rest. I was first brought to my senses, as it were, by observing the strange expression of her countenance when she saw the bed-gown and the empty room. All the other servants were bewildered and frightened. She alone, after giving a little start, recovered herself directly. A look of devilish satisfaction broke out on her face; and she left the room quickly and quietly, without exchanging a word with any of us. I saw this, and it aroused my suspicions. There is no need to mention what they were, for, as events soon showed, they were entirely wide of the mark.

Having come to myself a little, I sent them all out of the room, except the coachman. We two then examined the place. The Red Room was usually occupied by visitors. It was on the ground floor, and looked out into the garden. We found the window-shutters, which I had barred over night, open, but the window itself was down. The fire had been out long enough for the grate to be quite cold. Half the bottle of brandy had been drunk. The carpet-bag was gone. There were no marks of violence or struggling any where about the bed or the room. We examined every corner carefully, but made no other discoveries than these.

When I returned to the servants' hall, bad news of my mistress was awaiting me there. The unusual noise and confusion in the house had reached her ears, and she had been told what had happened without sufficient caution being exercised in preparing her to hear it. In her weak, nervous state, the shock of the intelligence had quite prostrated her. She had fallen into a swoon, and had been brought back to her senses with the greatest difficulty. As to giving me or any body else directions what to do, under the embarrassing circumstances which had now occurred, she was totally incapable of the effort.

I waited till the middle of the day, in the hope that she might get strong enough to give her orders; but no message came from her. At last I resolved to send and ask her what she thought it best to do. Josephine was the proper person to go on this errand; but when I asked for Josephine, she was nowhere to be found. The housemaid, who had searched for her ineffectually, brought word that her bonnet and shawl were not hanging in their usual places. The parlor-maid, who had been in attendance in my mistress's room, came down while we were all aghast at this new disappearance. She could only tell us that Josephine had begged her to do lady's maid's duty that morning as she was not well. Not well! And the first result of her illness appeared to be that she had left the house!

I cautioned the servants on no account to mention this circumstance to my mistress, and then went up stairs myself to knock at her door, and ask if I might count on her approval if I wrote, in her name, to her relation the lawyer in London, and if I afterward went and gave information of what had occurred to the nearest justice of the peace. I might have sent to make this inquiry through one of the female servants; but by this time, though not naturally suspicious, I had got to distrust every body in the house, whether they deserved it or not.

So I asked the question myself, standing outside the door. My mistress thanked me in a faint voice, and begged me to do what I had proposed immediately.

I went into my own bedroom and wrote to the lawyer, merely telling him that Mr. James Smith had appeared unexpectedly at the Hall,

and that events had occurred in consequence which required his immediate presence. I made the letter up like a parcel, and sent the coachman with it to catch the mail on its way through to London.

The next thing was to go to the justice of the peace. The nearest lived about five miles off, and was well acquainted with my mistress. He was an old bachelor, and he kept house with his brother who was a widower. The two were much respected and beloved in the county, being kind, unaffected gentlemen who did a great deal of good among the poor. The justice was Mr. Robert Nicholson, and his brother, the widower, was Mr. Philip.

I had got my hat on, and was asking the groom which horse I had better take, when an open carriage drove up to the house. It contained Mr. Philip Nicholson and two persons in plain clothes, not exactly servants and not exactly gentlemen, as far as I could judge.

Mr. Philip looked at me, when I touched my hat to him, in a very grave, downcast way, and asked for my mistress. I told him she was ill in bed. He shook his head at hearing that, and said he wished to speak to me in private. I showed him into the library. One of the men in plain clothes followed us, and sat in the hall. The other waited with the carriage.

"I was just going out, Sir," I said, as I set a chair for him, "to speak to Mr. Robert Nicholson about a very extraordinary circumstance—"

"I know what you refer to," said Mr. Philip, cutting me short rather abruptly, "and I must beg, for reasons which will presently appear, that you will make no statement of any sort to me until you have first heard what I have to say. I am here on a very serious and a very shocking errand, which deeply concerns your mistress and you."

His face suggested something worse than his words expressed. My heart began to beat fast, and I felt that I was turning pale.

"Your master, Mr. James Smith," he went on, "came here unexpectedly, yesterday evening, and slept in this house last night. Before he retired to rest, he and your mistress had high words together, which ended, I am sorry to hear, in a threat of a serious nature addressed by Mrs. James Smith to her husband. They slept in separate rooms. This morning you went into your master's room and saw no sign of him there. You only found his night-gown on the bed, spotted with blood."

"Yes, Sir," I said, in as steady a voice as I could command. "Quite true."

"I am not examining you," said Mr. Philip. "I am only making a certain statement, the truth of which you can admit or deny before my brother."

"Before your brother, Sir!" I repeated. "Am I suspected of any thing wrong?"

"There is a suspicion that Mr. James Smith has been murdered," was the answer I received to that question.

My flesh began to creep all over from head

to foot. I tried to speak again, but the words would not come.

"I am shocked, I am horrified to say," Mr. Philip went on, "that the suspicion affects your mistress, in the first place, and you, in the second."

I shall not attempt to describe what I felt when he said that. No words of mine, no words of any body's, could give an idea of it. What other men would have done in my situation I don't know. I stood before Mr. Philip, staring straight at him, without speaking, without moving, almost without breathing. If he, or any other man, had struck me at that moment, I do not believe I should have felt the blow.

"Both my brother and myself," said Mr. Philip, "have such unfeigned respect for your mistress, such sympathy for her under these frightful circumstances, and such an implicit belief in her capability of proving her innocence, that we are desirous of sparing her in this dreadful trial as much as possible. For those reasons, I have undertaken to come here with the persons appointed to execute my brother's warrant—"

"Warrant, Sir!" I said, getting command of my voice as he pronounced that word. "A warrant against my mistress!"

"Against her and against you," said Mr. Philip. "The suspicious circumstances have been sworn to by a competent witness, who has declared on oath that your mistress is guilty, and that you are an accomplice."

"What witness, Sir?"

"Your mistress's French maid, who came to my brother this morning, and who has made her deposition in due form."

"And who is as false as hell," I cried out passionately, "in every word she says against my mistress and against me."

"I hope—no, I will go farther, and say, I believe she is," said Mr. Philip. "But her perjury must be proved, and the necessary examination must take place. My carriage is going back to my brother's, and you will go in it in charge of one of my men, who has the warrant to take you in custody. I shall remain here with the man who is waiting in the hall; and, before any steps are taken to execute the other warrant, I shall send for the doctor to ascertain when your mistress can be removed."

"Oh, my poor mistress!" I said. "This will be the death of her, Sir."

"I will take care that the shock shall strike her as tenderly as possible," said Mr. Philip. "I am here for that express purpose. She has my deepest sympathy and respect, and shall have every help and alleviation that I can afford her."

The hearing him say that, and the seeing how sincerely he meant what he said, was the first gleam of comfort in the dreadful affliction that had befallen us. I felt this; I felt a burning anger against the wretch who had done her best to ruin my mistress's fair name and mine; but in every other respect, I was like a man who had been stunned, and whose faculties had not perfectly recovered from the shock. Mr. Philip

was obliged to remind me that time was of importance, and that I had better give myself up immediately on the merciful terms which his kindness offered to me. I acknowledged that, and wished him good-morning. But a mist seemed to come over my eyes as I turned round to go away; a mist that prevented me from finding my way to the door. Mr. Philip opened it for me, and said a friendly word or two which I could hardly hear. The man waiting outside took me to his companion in the carriage at the door, and I was driven away—a prisoner for the first time in my life.

On our way to the Justice's, what little thinking faculty I had left in me was all occupied in the attempt to trace a motive for the inconceivable treachery and falsehood of which the French woman had been guilty. Her words, her looks, and her manner, on that unfortunate day when my mistress so far forgot herself as to strike her, came back dimly to my memory, and led to the inference that part of the motive, at least, of which I was in search might be referred to what had happened on that occasion. But was this the only reason for her devilish vengeance against my mistress? And, even if it were so, what fancied injuries had I done her? Why should I be included in the false accusation? In the dazed state of my faculties, at that time, I was quite incapable of seeking the answer to these questions. My mind was clouded all over, and I gave up the attempt to clear it in despair.

I was brought before Mr. Robert Nicholson that day, and the fiend of a French woman was examined in my presence. The first sight of her face—with its wicked self-possession, with its smooth, leering triumph—so sickened and horrified me that I turned my head away and never looked at her a second time throughout the proceedings. The answers she gave amounted to a mere repetition of the deposition to which she had already sworn. I listened to them with the most breathless attention, and was thunder-struck at the inconceivable artfulness with which she had mixed up truth and falsehood in her charge against my mistress and me.

This was, in substance, what she now stated in my presence:

After describing the manner of Mr. James Smith's arrival at the Hall, the witness, Josephine Durand, confessed that she had been led to listen at the music-room door by hearing angry voices inside; and she then described, truly enough, the latter part of the altercation between husband and wife. Fearing, after this, that something serious might happen, she had kept watch in her room, which was on the same floor as her mistress's. She had heard her mistress's door open softly, between one and two in the morning—had followed her mistress, who carried a small lamp, along the passage and down the stairs into the hall—had hidden herself in the porter's chair—had seen her mistress pass on the way that led to the Red Room, with the dagger in the green sheath in her hand—had followed her again, and seen her softly

enter the Red Room—had heard the heavy breathing of Mr. James Smith, which gave token that he was asleep—had slipped into an empty room, next door to the Red Room, and had waited there about a quarter of an hour, when her mistress came out again with the dagger in her hand—had followed her mistress again into the hall, where she had put the dagger back in its place—had seen her mistress turn into a side passage that led to my room—had heard her knock at my door, and heard me answer and open it—had hidden again in the porter's chair—had, after a while, seen me and my mistress pass together into the passage that led to the Red Room—had watched us both into the Red Room—and had then, through fear of being discovered and murdered herself, if she risked detection any longer, stolen back to her own room for the rest of the night.

After deposing, on oath, to the truth of these atrocious falsehoods, and declaring, in conclusion, that Mr. James Smith had been murdered by my mistress, and that I was an accomplice, the French woman had further asserted, in order to show a motive for the crime, that Mr. Meeke was my mistress's lover, that he had been forbidden the house by her husband, and that he was found in the house, and alone with her, on the evening of Mr. James Smith's return. Here again there were some grains of truth cunningly mixed up with a revolting lie, and they had their effect in giving to the falsehood a look of probability.

I was cautioned in the usual manner, and asked if I had any thing to say. I replied that I was innocent, but that I would wait for legal assistance before I defended myself. The Justice remanded me; and the examination was over. Three days later my unhappy mistress was subjected to the same trial. I was not allowed to communicate with her. All I knew was that the lawyer had arrived from London to help her. Toward the evening he was admitted to see me. He shook his head sorrowfully when I asked after my mistress.

"I am afraid," he said, "that the horror of the situation in which that vile woman has placed her has affected her brain. Weakened by her previous agitation, she seems to have sunk altogether under this last shock, tenderly and carefully as Mr. Philip Nicholson broke the bad news to her. All her feelings appeared to be strangely blunted at the examination to-day. She answered the questions put to her quite correctly, but at the same time quite mechanically, with no change in her complexion, or in her tone of voice, or in her manner, from beginning to end. It is a sad thing, William, when women can not get their natural vent of weeping, and your mistress has not shed a tear since she left Darrock Hall."

"But surely, Sir," I said, "if my examination has not proved the French woman's perjury, my mistress's examination must have exposed it?"

"Nothing will expose it," answered the law-

yer, "but producing Mr. James Smith, or, at least, legally proving that he is alive. Morally speaking, I have no doubt that the Justice before whom you have been examined is as firmly convinced as we can be that the French woman has perjured herself. Morally speaking, he believes that those threats which your mistress unfortunately used, referred (as she said they did, to-day) to her intention of leaving the Hall early in the morning, with you for her attendant, and coming to me, if she had been well enough to travel, to seek effectual legal protection from her husband for the future. Mr. Nicholson believes that; and I, who know more of the circumstances than he does, believe also that Mr. James Smith stole away from Darrock Hall in the night under fear of being indicted for bigamy. But if I can't find him; if I can't prove him to be alive; if I can't account for those spots of blood on the night-gown, the accidental circumstances of the case remain unexplained—your mistress's rash language, the bad terms on which she has lived with her husband, and her unlucky disregard of appearances in keeping up her intercourse with Mr. Meeke, all tell dead against us—and the Justice has no alternative, in a legal point of view, but to remand you both, as he has now done, for the production of further evidence."

"But how, then, in Heaven's name, is our innocence to be proved, Sir?" I asked.

"In the first place," said the lawyer, "by finding Mr. James Smith; and, in the second place, by persuading him, when he is found, to come forward and declare himself."

"Do you really believe, Sir," said I, "that he would hesitate to do that, when he knows the horrible charge to which his disappearance has exposed his wife? He is a heartless villain, I know; but sure—"

"I don't suppose," said the lawyer, cutting me short, "that he is quite scoundrel enough to decline coming forward, supposing he ran no risk by doing so. But remember that he has placed himself in a position to be tried for bigamy, and that he believes your mistress will put the law in force against him."

I had forgotten that circumstance. My heart sank within me when it was recalled to my memory, and I could say nothing more.

"It is a very serious thing," the lawyer went on; "it is a downright offense against the law of the land to make any private offer of a compromise to this man. Knowing what we know, our duty as good citizens, is to give such information as may bring him to trial. I tell you plainly that, if I did not stand toward your mistress in the position of a relation, as well as a legal adviser, I should think twice about running the risk—the very serious risk—on which I am now about to venture for her sake. As it is, I have taken the right measures to assure Mr. James Smith that he will not be treated according to his deserts. When he knows what the circumstances are, he will trust us—supposing always that we can find him. The search

about this neighborhood has been quite useless. I have sent private instructions by to-day's post to Mr. Dark in London, and with them a carefully-worded form of advertisement for the public newspapers. You may rest assured that every human means of tracing him will be tried forthwith. In the mean time, I have an important question to put to you about the French woman. She may know more than we think she does; she may have surprised the secret of the second marriage, and may be keeping it in reserve to use against us. If this should turn out to be the case, I shall want some other chance against her besides the chance of indicting her for perjury. As to her motive, now, for making this horrible accusation, what can you tell me about that, William?"

"Her motive against me, Sir?"

"No, no! not against you. I can see plainly enough that she accuses you because it is necessary to do so to add to the probability of her story—which, of course, assumes that you helped your mistress to dispose of the dead body. You are coolly sacrificed to some devilish vengeance against her mistress. Let us get at that first. Has there ever been a quarrel between them?"

I told him of the quarrel, and of how Josephine had looked and talked when she showed me her cheek.

"Yes," he said, "that is a strong motive for revenge, with a naturally pitiless, vindictive woman. But is that all? Had your mistress any hold over her? Is there any self-interest mixed up along with this motive of vengeance? Think a little, William. Has anything ever happened in the house to compromise this woman, or to make her fancy herself compromised?"

The remembrance of my mistress's lost trinkets and handkerchiefs, which later and greater troubles had put out of my mind, flashed back into my memory while he spoke. I told him immediately of the alarm in the house when the loss was discovered.

"Did your mistress suspect Josephine and question her?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, Sir," I replied. "Before she could say a word Josephine impudently asked who she suspected, and boldly offered her own boxes to be searched."

The lawyer's face turned red as scarlet. He jumped out of his chair, and hit me such a smack on the shoulder that I thought he had gone mad.

"By Jupiter, William!" he cried out, "we have got the whip hand of that she-devil at last!"

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Why, man alive!" he said, "don't you see how it is? Josephine's the thief! I am as sure of it as that you and I are talking together. This vile accusation against your mistress answers another purpose besides the vindictive one—it is the very best screen that the wretch could possibly set up to hide herself from detection. It has stopped your mistress and you from mov-

ing in the matter; it exhibits her in the false character of an honest witness against a couple of criminals; it gives her time to dispose of the goods, or to hide them, or to do any thing she likes with them. Stop! let me be quite sure that I know what the lost things are. A pair of bracelets, three rings, and a lot of lace pocket-handkerchiefs—is that what you said?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Your mistress will describe them particularly, and I will take the right steps the first thing to-morrow morning. Good-evening, William, and keep up your spirits. It shan't be my fault if you don't soon see the French woman in the right place for her—at the prisoner's bar."

With that farewell he went out. The days passed, and I did not see him again until the period of my remand had expired. On this occasion, when I once more appeared before the Justice, my mistress appeared with me. The first sight of her absolutely startled me—she was so sadly altered. Her face looked so pinched and thin that it was like the face of an old woman. The dull vacant resignation of her expression was something shocking to see. It changed a little when her eyes first turned heavily toward me; and she whispered, with a faint smile, "I am sorry for you, William: I am very, very sorry for you." But as soon as she had said those words the blank look returned, and she sat with her head drooping forward, quiet and inattentive, and hopeless, so changed a being that her oldest friends would hardly have known her.

Our examination was a mere formality. There was no additional evidence, either for or against us, and we were remanded again for another week.

I asked the lawyer, privately, if any chance had offered itself of tracing Mr. James Smith. He looked mysterious, and only said in answer, "Hope for the best." I inquired next, if any progress had been made toward fixing the guilt of the robbery on the French woman.

"I never boast," he replied. "But, cunning as she is, I should not be surprised if Mr. Dark and I, together, turned out to be more than a match for her."

Mr. Dark! There was something in the mere mention of his name that gave me confidence. If I could only have got my poor mistress's sad dazed face out of my mind, I should not have had much depression of spirits to complain of during the interval of time that elapsed between the second examination and the third.

On the third appearance of my mistress and myself before the Justice, I noticed some faces in the room which I had not seen there before. Greatly to my astonishment—for the previous examinations had been conducted as privately as possible—I remarked the presence of two of the servants from the Hall, and of three or four of the tenants on the Darrock estate, who lived nearest to the house. They all sat together on one side of the justice-room. Opposite to them, and close at the side of a door, stood my old

acquaintance Mr. Dark, with his big snuff-box, his jolly face, and his winking eye. He nodded to me, when I looked at him, as jauntily as if we were meeting at a party of pleasure. The French woman, who had been summoned to the examination, had a chair placed opposite to the witness-box, and in a line with the seat occupied by my poor mistress, whose looks, as I was grieved to see, were not altered for the better. The lawyer from London was with her, and I stood behind her chair. We were all quietly disposed in the room in this way, when the Justice, Mr. Robert Nicholson, came in with his brother. It might have been only fancy, but I thought I could see in both their faces that something remarkable had happened since we had met at the last examination.

The deposition of Josephine Durand was read over by the clerk, and she was asked if she had any thing to add to it. She replied in the negative. The Justice then appealed to my mistress's relation, the lawyer, to know if he could produce any evidence relating to the charge against his clients.

"I have evidence," answered the lawyer, getting briskly on his legs, "which, I believe, Sir, will justify me in asking for their discharge."

"Where are your witnesses?" inquired the Justice, looking hard at the French woman while he spoke.

"One of them is in waiting, your worship," said Mr. Dark, opening the door near which he was standing.

He went out of the room, remained away about a minute, and returned with his witness at his heels. My heart gave a bound as if it would jump out of my body. There, with his long hair cut short, and his bushy whiskers shaved off—there, in his own proper person, safe and sound as ever, was Mr. James Smith!

The French woman's iron nature resisted the shock of his unexpected presence on the scene with a steadiness that was nothing short of marvelous. Her thin lips closed together convulsively, and there was a slight movement in the muscles of her throat. But not a word, not a sign betrayed her. Even the yellow tinge of her complexion remained absolutely unchanged.

"It is not necessary, Sir, that I should waste time and words in referring to the wicked and preposterous charge against my clients," said the lawyer, addressing Mr. Robert Nicholson. "The one sufficient justification for discharging them immediately is before you at this moment, in the person of that gentleman. There, Sir, stands the murdered Mr. James Smith, of Darrock Hall, alive and well, to answer for himself."

"That is not the man!" cried the French woman, her shrill voice just as high, clear, and steady as ever. "I denounce that man as an impostor! Of my own knowledge I deny that he is Mr. James Smith!"

"No doubt you do," said the lawyer; "but we will prove his identity for all that."

The first witness called was Mr. Philip Nich-

olson. He could swear that he had seen Mr. James Smith, and spoken to him, at least a dozen times. The person now before him was Mr. James Smith, altered as to personal appearance by having his hair cut short, and his whiskers shaved off, but still, unmistakably, the man he assumed to be.

"Conspiracy!" said the French woman, hissing the word out viciously between her teeth.

"If you are not silent," said Mr. Robert Nicholson, "you will be removed from the room. It will sooner meet the ends of justice," he went on, addressing the lawyer, "if you prove the question of identity by witnesses who have been in habits of daily communication with Mr. James Smith."

Upon this, one of the servants from the Hall was placed in the box. The alteration in his master's appearance evidently puzzled the man. Besides the perplexing change already adverted to, there was also a change in Mr. James Smith's expression and manner. Rascal as he was, I must do him the justice to say that he looked startled and ashamed when he first caught sight of his unfortunate wife. The servant, who was used to be eyed tyrannically by him, and ordered about roughly, stammered and hesitated on being asked to swear to his identity.

"I can hardly say for certain, Sir," said the man, addressing the Justice in a bewildered manner. "He is like my master, and yet he isn't. If he wore whiskers and had his hair long, and if he was, saving your presence, Sir, a little more rough and ready in his way, I could swear to him any where with a safe conscience."

Fortunately for us, at this moment Mr. James Smith's feeling of uneasiness at the situation in which he was placed changed to a feeling of irritation at being coolly surveyed, and then stupidly doubted in the matter of his identity, by one of his own servants.

"Can't you say in plain words, you idiot, whether you know me, or whether you don't?" he called out, angrily.

"That's his voice!" cried the servant, starting in the box. "Whiskers or no whiskers, that's him!"

"If there is any difficulty, your worship, about the gentleman's hair," said Mr. Dark, coming forward with a grin, "here's a small parcel which, I may make so bold as to say, will remove it." Saying that, he opened the parcel, took some locks of hair out of it, and held them up close to Mr. James Smith's head. "A pretty good match, your worship!" continued Mr. Dark. "I have no doubt the gentleman's head feels cooler now it's off. We can't put the whiskers on, I'm afraid, but they match the hair; and there they are in the paper (if one may say such a thing of whiskers) to speak for themselves."

"A lie! a fraud!" cried the French woman. "A lie of lies! a fraud of frauds!"

The Justice made a sign to two of the constables present, as she burst out with those ex-

clamations, and the men removed her to an adjoining room.

The second servant from the Hall was then put in the box, and was followed by one of the tenants. After what they had heard and seen, neither of these men had any hesitation in swearing positively to their master's identity.

"It is quite unnecessary," said the Justice, as soon as the box was empty again, "to examine any more witnesses as to the question of identity. All the legal formalities are accomplished, and the charge against the prisoners falls to the ground. I have great pleasure in ordering the immediate discharge of both the accused persons, and in declaring from this place that they leave the court without the slightest stain on their characters." He bowed low to my mistress as he said that, paused a moment, and then looked inquiringly at Mr. James Smith. "I have hitherto abstained from making any remark unconnected with the immediate matter in hand," he went on. "But now that my duty is done, I can not leave this chair without expressing my strong sense of disapprobation of the conduct of Mr. James Smith—conduct which, whatever may be the motives that occasioned it, has given a false color of probability to a most horrible charge against a lady of unspotted reputation, and against a person in a lower rank in life whose good character ought not to have been imperiled, even for a moment. Mr. Smith may, or may not, choose to explain his mysterious disappearance from Darrock Hall, and the equally unaccountable change which he has chosen to make in his personal appearance. There is no legal charge against him; but, speaking morally, I should be unworthy of the place I hold, if I hesitated to declare my present conviction that his conduct has been deceitful, inconsiderate, and unfeeling in the highest degree."

To this sharp reprimand, Mr. James Smith (evidently tutored beforehand as to what he was to say) replied that, in attending before the Justice, he wished to perform a plain duty, and to keep himself strictly within the letter of the law. He apprehended that the only legal obligation laid on him was to attend in that court to declare himself, and to enable competent witnesses to prove his identity. This duty accomplished, he had only to add that he preferred submitting to a reprimand from the Bench to entering into explanations which would involve the disclosure of domestic circumstances of a very unhappy nature. After that brief reply he had nothing to add, but that he would respectfully request the Justice's permission to withdraw.

The permission was accorded. As he crossed the room he stopped near his wife, and said confusedly, in a very low tone, "I have done you many injuries, but I never intended this. I am sorry for it. Have you any thing to say to me before I go?" My mistress shuddered and hid her face. He waited a moment, and, finding that she did not answer him, bowed his head

politely, and went out. I did not know it then, but I had seen him for the last time.

After he had gone, the lawyer, addressing Mr. Robert Nicholson, said that he had an application to make, in reference to the woman Josephine Durand.

At the mention of that name my mistress hurriedly whispered a few words into her relation's ear. He looked toward Mr. Philip Nicholson, who immediately advanced, offered his arm to my mistress, and led her out. I was about to follow, when Mr. Dark stopped me, and begged that I would wait a few minutes longer, in order to give myself the pleasure of seeing "the end of the case."

In the mean time the Justice had pronounced the necessary order to have the French woman brought back. She came in, as bold and confident as ever. Mr. Robert Nicholson looked away from her in disgust, and said to the lawyer:

"Your application is to have her committed for perjury, of course?"

"For perjury?" said Josephine, with her wicked smile. "Ah, well! well! I shall explain some little things then that I have not explained before. You think I am quite at your mercy now? Bah! I shall make myself a thorn in your sides, yet."

"She has got scent of the second marriage," whispered Mr. Dark to me.

There could be no doubt of it. She had evidently been listening at the door, on the night when my master came back, longer than I had supposed. She must have heard those words about "the new wife"—she might even have seen the effect of them on Mr. James Smith.

"We do not, at present, propose to charge Josephine Durand with perjury," said the lawyer, "but with another offense, for which it is important to try her immediately, in order to effect the restoration of property that has been stolen. I charge her with stealing from her mistress, while in service at Darrock Hall, a pair of bracelets, three rings, and a dozen and a half of lace pocket-handkerchiefs. The articles in question were taken this morning from between the mattresses of her bed; and a letter was found in the same place which clearly proves that she had represented the property as belonging to herself, and that she had tried to dispose of it to a purchaser in London." While he was speaking Mr. Dark produced the jewelry, the handkerchiefs, and the letter, and laid them before the Justice.

Even the French woman's extraordinary powers of self-control now gave way at last. At the first words of the unexpected charge against her she struck her hands together violently, gnashed her sharp white teeth, and burst out with a torrent of fierce-sounding words in her own language, the meaning of which I did not understand then, and can not explain now.

"I think that's check-mate for Marmzelle," whispered Mr. Dark, with his invariable wink. "Suppose you go back to the Hall, now, William, and draw a jug of that heavenly old ale

of yours? I'll be after you in five minutes, as soon as the charge is made out."

I could hardly realize it, when I found myself walking back to Darrock a free man again. In a quarter of an hour's time Mr. Dark joined me, and drank to my health, happiness, and prosperity, in three separate tumblers. After performing this ceremony, he wagged his head and chuckled with an appearance of such excessive enjoyment that I could not avoid remarking on his high spirits.

"It's the Case, William; it's the beautiful neatness of the Case that quite upsets me. Oh, Lord, what a privilege it is to be concerned in such a job as this!" cries Mr. Dark, slapping his stumpy hands on his fat knees in a sort of ecstasy.

I had a very different opinion of the case, for my own part, but I did not venture on expressing it. I was too anxious to know how Mr. James Smith had been discovered and produced at the examination, to enter into any arguments. Mr. Dark guessed what was passing in my mind, and telling me to sit down and make myself comfortable, volunteered, of his own accord, to inform me of all that I wanted to know.

"When I got my instructions and my statement of particulars," he began, "I was not at all surprised to hear that Mr. James Smith had come back. (I prophesied that, if you remember, William, the last time we met?) But I was a good deal astonished, nevertheless, at the turn things had taken; and I can't say I felt very hopeful about finding our man. However, I followed my master's directions, and put the advertisement in the papers. It addressed Mr. James Smith, by name; but it was very carefully worded as to what was wanted of him. Two days after it appeared, a letter came to our office in a woman's handwriting. It was my business to open the letters, and I opened that. The writer was short and mysterious; she requested that somebody would call from our office, at a certain address, between the hours of two and four that afternoon, in reference to the advertisement which we had inserted in the newspapers. Of course, I was the somebody who went. I kept myself from building up hopes by the way, knowing what a lot of Mrs. James Smiths there were in London. On getting to the house, I was shown into the drawing-room; and there, dressed in a wrapper and lying on a sofa, was an uncommonly pretty woman, who looked as if she was just recovering from an illness. She had a newspaper by her side, and came to the point at once: 'My husband's name is James Smith,' she says, 'and I have my reasons for wanting to know if he is the person you are in search of.' I described our man as Mr. James Smith of Darrock Hall, Cumberland. 'I know no such person,' says she—"

"What! was it not the second wife, after all?" I broke out.

"Wait a bit," says Mr. Dark. "I mentioned the name of the yacht next, and she started up

on the sofa as if she had been shot. 'I think you were married in Scotland, ma'am?' says I. She turns as pale as ashes, and drops back on the sofa, and says, faintly, 'It is my husband. Oh, Sir, what has happened? what do you want with him? Is he in debt?' I take a minute to think, and then make up my mind to tell her every thing—feeling that she would keep her husband (as she called him) out of the way, if I frightened her by making any mysteries. A nice job I had, William, as you may suppose, when she knew about the bigamy business. What with screaming, fainting, crying, and blowing me up (as if I was to blame!), she kept me by that sofa of hers the best part of an hour—kept me there, in short, till Mr. James Smith himself came back. I leave you to judge if that mended matters! He found me mopping the poor woman's temples with scent and water; and he would have pitched me out of the window, as sure as I sit here, if I had not met him and staggered him at once with the charge of murder against his wife. That stopped him; when he was in full cry, I can promise you. 'Go and wait in the next room,' says he, 'and I'll come in and speak to you directly.' I knew he couldn't get out by the drawing-room windows, and I knew I could watch the door; so away I went, leaving him alone with the lady, who didn't spare him by any manner of means, as I could hear easily enough in the next room. However, all rows in this world come to an end sooner or later; and a man with any brains in his head may do what he pleases with a woman who is fond of him. Before long I heard her crying and kissing him. 'I can't go home,' she says, 'after this. You have behaved like a villain and a monster to me—but oh, Jemmy, I can't give you up to any body! Don't go back to your wife! oh don't, don't go back to your wife!' 'No fear of that,' says he. 'My wife wouldn't have me if I did go back to her.' After that, I heard the door open, and went out to meet him on the landing. He began swearing the moment he saw me, as if that was any good! 'Business first, if you please, Sir,' says I, 'and any pleasure you like, in the way of swearing, afterward.' With that beginning, I mentioned our terms to him, and asked the pleasure of his company to Cumberland in return. He was uncommonly suspicious at first, but I promised to draw out a legal document (mere waste paper, of no earthly use except to pacify him), engaging to hold him harmless throughout the proceedings; and what with that, and telling him of the frightful danger his wife was in, I managed, at last, to carry my point."

"But did the second wife make no objection to his going away with you?" I inquired.

"Not she," said Mr. Dark. "I stated the case to her, just as it stood; and soon satisfied her that there was no danger of Mr. James Smith's first wife laying any claim to him. After hearing that, she joined me in persuading him to do his duty, and said she pitied your mistress from the bottom of her heart. With

her to back me, I had no great fear of our man changing his mind. I had the door watched that night, however, so as to make quite sure of him. The next morning he was ready to time when I called; and a quarter of an hour after that, we were off together for the north road. We made the journey with post-horses, being afraid of chance passengers, you know, in public conveyances. On the way down Mr. James Smith and I got on as comfortably together as if we had been a pair of old friends. I told the story of our tracing him to the north of Scotland; and he gave me the particulars, in return, of his bolting from Darrock Hall. They are rather amusing, William—would you like to hear them?"

I told Mr. Dark that he had anticipated the very question I was about to ask him.

"Well," he said, "this is how it was: To begin at the beginning, our man really took Number Two to the Mediterranean as we heard. He sailed up the Spanish coast, and, after short trips ashore, stopped at a sea-side place in France called Cannes. There he saw a house and grounds to be sold, which took his fancy as a nice retired place to keep Number Two in. Nothing particular was wanted but the money to buy it; and, not having the little amount in his own possession, Mr. James Smith makes a virtue of necessity, and goes back overland to his wife with private designs on her purse-strings. Number Two, who objects to be left behind, goes with him as far as London. There he trumps up the first story that comes into his head, about rents in the country, and a house in Lincolnshire that is too damp for her to trust herself in; and so, leaving her for a few days in London, starts boldly for Darrock Hall. His notion was to wheedle your mistress out of the money by good behavior; but it seems he started badly by quarreling with her about a fiddle-playing parson who—"

"Yes, yes, I know all about that part of the story," I broke in, seeing by Mr. Dark's manner that he was likely to speak both ignorantly and impertinently of my mistress's unlucky friendship for Mr. Meeke. "Go on to the time when I left my master alone in the Red Room, and tell me what he did between midnight and nine the next morning."

"Did?" said Mr. Dark. "Why he went to bed with the unpleasant conviction on his mind that your mistress had found him out, and with no comfort to speak of, except what he could get out of the brandy-bottle. He couldn't sleep; and the more he tossed and tumbled the more certain he felt that his wife intended to have him tried for bigamy. At last, toward the gray of the morning, he could stand it no longer, and he made up his mind to give the law the slip while he had the chance. As soon as he was dressed it struck him that there might be a reward offered for catching him, and he determined to make that slight change in his personal appearance which puzzled the witnesses so much before the magistrate to-day. So

he opens his dressing-case and crops his hair in no time, and takes off his whiskers next. The fire was out, and he had to shave in cold water. What with that, and what with the flurry of his mind, naturally enough he cut himself—"

"And dried the blood with his night-gown!" said I.

"With his night-gown," repeated Mr. Dark. "It was the first thing that lay handy, and he snatched it up. Wait a bit, though, the cream of the thing is to come. When he had done being his own barber, he couldn't for the life of him hit on a way of getting rid of the loose hair. The fire was out, and he had no matches, so he couldn't burn it. As for throwing it away, he didn't dare do that in the house, or about the house, for fear of its being found, and betraying what he had done. So he wraps it all up in paper, crams it into his pocket to be disposed of when he is at a safe distance from the Hall, takes his bag, gets out at the window, shuts it softly after him, and makes for the road as fast as his long legs will carry him. There he walks on till a coach overtakes him; and so travels back to London to find himself in a fresh scrape as soon as he gets there. An interesting situation, William, and hard traveling from one end of France to the other had not agreed together in the case of Number Two. Mr. James Smith found her in bed, with doctor's orders that she was not to be moved. There was nothing for it after that but to lie by in London till the lady got better. Luckily for us she didn't hurry herself; so that, after all, William, your mistress has to thank the very woman who supplanted her for clearing her character by helping us to find Mr. James Smith!"

"And pray how did you come by that loose hair of his which you showed before the Justice to-day?" I asked.

"Thank Number Two again," says Mr. Dark. "I was put up to asking after it by what she told me. While we were talking about the advertisement, I made so bold as to inquire what first set her thinking that her husband and the Mr. James Smith whom we wanted might be one and the same man. 'Nothing,' says she, 'but seeing him come home with his hair cut short and his whiskers shaved off, and finding that he could not give me any good reason for disfiguring himself in that way. I had my suspicions that something was wrong, and the sight of your advertisement strengthened them directly.' The hearing her say that suggested to my mind that there might be a difficulty in identifying him after the change in his looks; and I asked him what he had done with the loose hair before we left London. It was found in the pocket of his traveling coat just as he had huddled it up there on leaving the Hall, worry and fright and vexation having caused him to forget all about it. Of course I took charge of the parcel; and you know what good it did as well as I do. So to speak, William,

it just completed this beautifully neat case. Looking at the matter in a professional point of view, I don't hesitate to say that we have managed our business with Mr. James Smith to perfection. We have produced him at the right time, and we are going to get rid of him at the right time. By to-night he will be on his way to foreign parts with Number Two, and he won't show his nose in England again if he lives to the age of Methuselah."

It was a relief to hear that; and it was almost as great a comfort to find, from what Mr. Dark said next, that my mistress need fear nothing that the French woman could do for the future. The threat that had fallen from her on her reappearance before the Justice, he assured me, had not at all surprised him. He had suspected from the first that she must have known of the second marriage, because he believed it to be impossible that she would risk bringing her infamous charge against my mistress and myself without being acquainted with the nature of the circumstance which made it Mr. James Smith's interest to keep out of the way. This information, he said, she might well have gained by listening at the door; but he felt convinced at the same time that it did not include a knowledge of the means by which evidence of the second marriage might be procured. If she had possessed this dangerous information, she would long since have turned it to good account; for the threat of making the evidence public would have given her exactly that hold over her mistress which it was her interest to gain. As matters had turned out, however, there was no reason to fear her, let her know as much as she might. The charge of theft, on which she was about to be tried, did not afford the shadow of an excuse, in law any more than in logic, for alluding to the crime which her master had committed. If she meant to talk about it she might do so at Botany Bay; but she would not have the slightest chance of being listened to previously in a court of law.

"In short," said Mr. Dark, rising to take his leave, "as I have told you already, William, it's check-mate for Marmzelle. She didn't manage the business of the robbery half as sharply as I should have expected. She certainly began well enough by staying modestly at a lodging in the village to give her attendance at the examinations, as it might be required. Nothing could look more innocent and respectable so far. But her hiding the property between the mattresses of her bed—the very first place that any experienced man would think of looking in—was such an amazingly stupid thing to do, that I really can't account for it, unless her mind had more weighing on it than it was able to bear, which, considering the heavy stakes she played for, is likely enough. Any how, her hands are tied now, and her tongue too, for the matter of that. Give my respects to your mistress, and tell her that her runaway husband and her lying maid will never either

of them harm her again as long as they live. She has nothing to do now but to pluck up her spirits and live happy. Here's long life to her and to you, William, in the last glass of ale; and here's the same toast to myself in the bottom of the jug." With those words, Mr. Dark pocketed his large snuff-box, gave a last wink with his bright eye, and walked away, whistling, to meet the London coach.

I, who knew my poor mistress far better than he did—I, who had noticed, that very day, that the sad, dull, vacant look in her face never brightened when the Justice spoke the few welcome words which told her that her innocence was made clear, and that she was a free woman again—I, in short, who looked at her and at her future prospects with very different eyes from the eyes of a stranger, felt mournful misgivings at my heart when I thought over Mr. Dark's parting toast after he had left me. Other people—her relation, the lawyer, among them—thought she would get over the shock that had been inflicted on her, with time and care. I alone felt doubts about her recovery from the first. As soon as possible after the occurrence of the events that I have just been relating she was removed to London for change of scene and for the best medical advice. From London she was sent to the sea-side; and her next removal was to the country house on the estate in Yorkshire. I attended her wherever she went, and saw but too plainly the utter uselessness of all the efforts that were made to preserve her life. She drooped and faded slowly, without a look of impatience or a word of complaint, considerate, and kind, and thankful for small services to the last. Long years have passed since those melancholy days, but the sorrowful remembrance of them is still so strong in my memory that I can not be sure of preserving my composure, even now, if I dwell too long on the details of my mistress's last illness. It will be better, on all accounts, to pass over them, and to come quickly to the sad end. In little more than a year from the time of that last examination before the Justice I made one of the mourners who followed her to the grave. The day before she departed I was called to her bedside. All through her illness she had never spoken of the trouble and the terror of the past time. But when she took leave of me forever in this world, she reverted, for a moment, to the old days of sorrow. "We bore the burden of that heavy trial together," she said, "and when I am gone, William, you will find that I have not forgotten you." Those words referred to the legacy which, in her great generosity and gratitude, she left me out of the savings of her income, which were hers to dispose of. It was a large sum—too large a sum for a person like me. I do not underrate the value of that money—I am deeply sensible of the great advantage and security of worldly position, which it has been the means of procuring for me—but I can say, honestly, from the bottom of my heart, that I would have given it all, and more, to have saved my

mistress's life, and to have purchased me the privilege of living and dying in her service.

My long story is almost done. A few last words relating to the persons chiefly concerned in the events of this narrative will conclude all that it is now necessary for me to say.

The French woman was found guilty of the robbery, and was transported for seven years. She did not live to serve out her time. After two years' submission to punishment, she and another woman joined some male convicts in an attempt to escape. They succeeded in getting away, but perished fearfully in the interior of the country. The bodies were discovered by the help of the natives; and certain appearances were observed which led to horrible suspicions of cannibalism on the part of the men, who probably survived starvation longest. The circumstances are all detailed, I believe, in the Parliamentary Blue Books. But it is needless for my purpose to say more about them than I have said already.

Mr. Meeke must not be forgotten, although he has dropped out of the latter part of my story. The truth is that he had nothing to do with the serious events which followed the French woman's perjury. I remember hearing that he came to the Hall, after I had been removed to the Justice's, and asked, helplessly, if he could be of any use. In the confusion and wretchedness of the time he was treated with very little ceremony, and went back to his parsonage in despair. There can be no question, I think, that the poor little man was, in his weak way, warmly attached to my mistress. The news of her death quite broke him down. He said he should never forget, to his dying day, that he had been the innocent first cause of all the trouble at Darrock Hall; and he declared that he would devote the rest of his life to a great and good object, as some atonement for the mischief that he had unconsciously produced. When I next heard of him he had carried out this idea by volunteering to join a missionary expedition to the Cape of Good Hope—an object which he was about as fit to forward as my cat there lying asleep on the rug. However, his strength gave way—fortunately, perhaps, for himself—before responsibilities of any sort were fairly laid on his shoulders. On the voyage out he suffered so severely from seasickness that they were obliged to put him ashore at Madeira. He had broken a blood-vessel, and was given over by the ship's surgeon; but he languished, rather than lived, for some time, in the fine climate in which they left him. When the last weak remains of life were exhausted, Death took him very quietly. He departed with my mistress's name on his lips, and he is now laid in the English burial-ground at Madeira.

As for Mr. James Smith, he was spared for many years, and lived quietly abroad with his Scotch wife. I hope, for his own sake, that he took advantage of the opportunity for repentance

which was mercifully granted to him. It may seem unjust, to our earthly eyes, that he should have offended so grievously, and have escaped suffering for his wickedness in this world; but our punishments, as well as our rewards, wait for us beyond our mortal time. He has gone to answer for his sins before a Judge who can never err. I heard nothing of his last moments; and I can say no more of him, now I have spoken the words that record his death.

Hardly six months have passed since I heard of his widow. She has married again, and is settled in London. She, and I, and Mr. Dark—who is now a feeble old man, the eldest of a brotherhood occupying a charitable asylum—are the only survivors of the troubles at Darrock Hall. I take Mr. Dark a present of snuff once a year. The last time I saw him his faculties were thought to be decaying. He knew who I was, however; for he winked feebly, and muttered and mumbled several words together. I could not make out one half of them; but I heard enough to convince me that he was still given to talking about the Tour in Scotland, and the "beautifully neat case" in which it ended.

I have perhaps wearied you, Sir, by a very long story. But I hope I have not occupied your time without convincing you that I had some little cause for speaking as I did when I said that there was no sight in the country I would not sooner take you to see than the empty house which is known by the name of Darrock Hall.

WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT.

THERE is scarcely a book, humorous or poetic, satirical or romantic, in the language, that has not some allusions to the tongue of woman. That "little member"—as it is commonly called with respectful gravity, as one speaks of a terrible and potent though invisible agency—has commanded the attention of the world so entirely, so many good jokes, so many poor ones, have been made over it that there seems little left to say on the subject. But as long as the language endures there will be written and read Lives of Washington and Napoleon—stories about Love are as interesting to-day as they were when Romeo and Juliet first "did" the balcony scene, and will be as long as time lasts. To say all in a curt way, there are some subjects which are inexhaustible, and of these (without intending a joke) is woman's talk.

That women can talk, and do talk well, is as true, and as generously acknowledged by their natural enemies, the opposite sex, as that they sometimes talk foolishly and too much. The charm of woman's conversation is well remembered and immortalized by many a wit and memoir-writer. Some philosophers, who have weighed the important subject with deliberation and care, have decided that it was more fascinating than beauty, this power of attractive conversation; but have, unfortunately for the the-

ory, generally married very handsome women who talked very foolishly. However, the philosopher and his theory should never be called upon to answer for the weakness of the man.

Women can talk well, there is no doubt, but do they?

In the first place, *what* do they talk much about?

Firstly, DRESS.

Secondly, EACH OTHER.

Thirdly, SERVANTS.

Now the first, rightly considered, is a very pretty subject. The mind can scarcely paint a lovelier picture than that of a room full of pretty girls, all charmingly dressed, talking of colors and costume; wondering whether an ivy wreath running over white muslin would be becoming, and pausing to remember how beautiful the clematis looked, last summer, running over the white trellis up in the country; or grouping the red poppies together to loop up the yellow crape, remembering the while how the corn-fields "waved in the wind," suggestive of yellow crape and poppies!

It reminds one of Diana and her nymphs, of all that is classic and beautiful—and this sweet power of dress can not be overrated; but it also reminds us that this talk is generally so vapid—so wanting in all that is fanciful, in the best sense of that word—so false in taste—that we would almost repudiate the subject; and while we would beg that dress might always be handsome and appropriate, we would almost ask that it might never again be spoken of.

For dress is not now chosen for its becomingness, but for its display; and in talking of it, women forget that it is dress which is subordinate to the woman. Woman has become subordinate to dress. To hear beautiful, well-educated, charming women spend entire mornings and evenings in wondering why Mrs. Macwhirter wears real point over blue, while Mrs. Macstinger wears Brussels over yellow, is a most painful waste of the taste, the fancy, and the wit which does undoubtedly belong to the speakers if they would but speak what they do know.

But the subject ascends from the simply foolish and idle into the dangerous, when we approach the second head of our discourse—*Each other!* The hand is palsied with its inability to grasp this part of its work. What do not ladies say about each other? Men dare not, however much they hate each other, talk freely of the vices, fancied or real, of their fellows. The law lays a potent finger on their lips, but none on the mouth of woman.

It is too unfortunately true that our lives in the present day offer but few objects of competition to woman, and at the same time woman is as ambitious as man. She has all the desire to conquer worlds, but no worlds to conquer. After being educated as well, if not better than most men, she enters the world and finds nothing to strive for but the attention of gentlemen, pre-eminence in dress and style, and the dangerous distinction of being much talked

about. These are her worldly prizes: for these she must strive, for these she must exert her talents, her charms, and all of these efforts are degrading.

For we do not count the probability of her falling in love, wisely and well, marrying the man most suited to her, as one which is so common as to be other than an exception to the rule; for even in this happy country, where every one marries (it is supposed) his or her unbiased choice, the thirst for distinction and pre-eminence is so intense that worldly marriages are almost as common as in the older countries. But for the sake of the argument we will take the fortunate exception, and show how even then woman is exposed to the temptations of envy and detraction.

She loves and is beloved—so far she is safe; but her day must be spent (taking the average) in contact with her servants, in small and uninteresting duties which give her mind no food, no occupation. If she has ever in mind that she is keeping in order a machine which, if allowed to get rusty, will creak horribly and disarrange a vast edifice—if she can remember that if she leaves this pin unset, or that wheel unturned, the consequence will be fearful, she may go on with a semblance of content to the end, and, remembering Milton's glorious line,

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"

may look with calmness on the sacrifice of powers which she knows are "too good for the place," and add to her other virtues the sublimest of all, cheerful patience; but if she is less great than this (which frequently happens), she is annoyed and fretful, she must have some amusement, she finds a sort of relief in dress and company, and alas, in *talk*; and it is vexatious to "see some women succeeding, you don't know how," and the tongue once loosed it is a difficult steed to rein in, and hence scandal and its horrors so acrid and intense that the poor subject may well say,

"So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good."

What meannesses have not women committed under the influence of that most *belittling* passion, "a desire to succeed in society!" What detraction and even falsehood is not pressed into the service! and yet, remove this temptation and place this same woman in a position where she is called on to succor distress, and she mounts again to her original high position! She will not shrink from the night-watches by the sick-bed. She will not forget the poor—she still prays; but would that she could remember to hold her tongue!

So long as society is organized as it now is, particularly in our new and energetic country, these passions will be aroused. Beauty, talent, success will always be followed by envy and detraction as by shadows.

But somewhat of the fell malignity of passions can be softened by simply not expressing what one feels. An idea spoken is a much stronger

thing than an idea thought. The hatreds that we tell of are much harder plants to weed out than the hatreds which, in silence and in sorrow, we endeavor to free ourselves from. In this very city of ours thousand of instances daily occur where, if one or two words had been left unspoken, the ill feeling would have died away; but the words *were* spoken, and their "echo is endless!"

One lady, feeling a mortal aversion to another lady, goes to the house of a friend on some idle pretense, and introduces the subject of the general bad nature of Lady No. 2. Fortunately the friend is a true one, and is not influenced, and stops the scandal by causing Lady No. 2 to clear herself. But those little words of Lady No. 1 resound far and wide, and affect whole families; dissensions grow up apace, and instead of an ill feeling between two people, there comes ill feelings between two hundred. Now if Lady No. 1 had staid at home that morning, and had *not said a word*, the ill feeling might have died a natural death; some future day she and No. 2 might have been friends; but now a broad gulf lies between them, and nothing but time and the influence of a higher Power can bring them together.

Servants! Servants!

"If you knew the trouble I have had with Bridget!"

The most "ilegant pisantry in the world" have to answer for a great deal. If they have done nothing more, they have lowered the tone of conversation in our ladies. We suppose, if we could enter all the handsome, well-lighted dining-rooms of our prosperous city this evening, we should find nine-tenths of the women telling their poor tired husbands of the shortcomings of Catherine, and Mary, and Lucy, and Margaret, while he would rather hear almost any thing else, even of the unpaid bills. One very neat, methodical housekeeper once took her husband up into the fourth story of her house, and showed him a table which had not been dusted. "There," said she; "can you imagine a deeper grade of vice than that Margaret is guilty of? I have told her to dust that table every day since she has been here."

"My dear," said the husband, solemnly, "I have to-day been cheated out of five thousand dollars, I have had a forgery brought to my attention, two murderers were brought into Court before my face. I looked at them with horror, but any thing like the guilt of Margaret remains for me yet to see!"

The solemnity of these remarks, we have reason to believe, checked the volubility of one lady for some time.

We all have very noble sentiments about making home happy, no doubt; we all wish to make the "fireside," and so forth, attractive, and perhaps we succeed; but then again perhaps we might succeed better; at any rate, it would not make the fire on the domestic altar any less bright if we weeded our conversation of these three topics, particularly the latter.

Women can talk well and wittily of the events of the day, of music, of all the arts in fact—most women have a gift that way, and can describe a picture, a play, a public speaker, better than men; and it being their peculiar and proud province to make the world more agreeable to man, how can they throw away the immense privilege? Man is the king of this world; he should have a royal consort.

One may say that a good temper would be the cure of all the evils herein described. True enough, if one were never annoyed by a dilatory dress-maker, or an unbecoming dress, or no dresses at all, or ruffled by a slanderous report, or worn out with poor servants—if these ills of life found all serene and composed, one should be simply perfect, and nothing more need be said or written; but we have not attained to that dull level of perfection. To be those "faultless monsters whom the world ne'er saw" would be worse than to mount the perpetual hobbies of dress, parties, scandal, servants; but greatest virtues being faults overcome, we can improve very greatly without running much risk of becoming perfect.

Women, when together, do not talk much of love, except in quiet parlors in the country. There little groups, or more often two, speculate on the great subject. The sentimental woman is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth. The busy life of cities, the wonderful exertions our women have to make to attain even the poor prizes which the world offers them, precludes sentiment. Perhaps that is well. The Rosa-Matilda school was not a good one, but it might be worse; and some women of unoccupied minds and hearts have found a worse in the novels of Balzac and his contemporaries. But we have little to fear from this; a few may feel the vitiating influence, but the many are too busy and too pure. The individual who always

—— "Finds some work
For idle hands to do,"

according to Dr. Watts, would seem to find his occupation gone in this country.

We have simply skimmed the surface of society, and have quoted the style of talk of many women. Far be it from our intention to say that no women talk better. The image of many a beloved mother, many a good wife, many an attractive and most admirable person, rises up to silence such an assertion. But we believe it not unfair to say that the conversation which is cultivated in fashionable circles, and even in the more exclusive home circles, is, among women, flat, foolish, and most unprofitable. Its chief spice is abuse, and that is a very poor spice to use. Still, as we before said,

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

Straws sometimes show which way the wind blows, however; and there is no surer way of becoming envious, flippant, and undevout than to talk as if we were.

There is, in a library in Cincinnati, a statue

of Silence, with finger on lip. The effect of the statue is said to be electrical. Every one who looks at it immediately stops talking. If we could have one in our parlors how admirable the effect would be! To be in the full tide of furious talk, to look up, and see this marble finger perpetually raised!

"Come, then, expressive Silence!"

We all know some people who say more by saying nothing at all than all the rest of the world achieve by talking perpetually. Let us then cultivate, as one step toward reformation, the "great talent of silence;" and, as another step, let us discard the three most fascinating subjects to woman, and the three most detestable ones to man.

We have not touched at all the possibility of making these subjects interesting and instructive. Perhaps there exists that Circe from whose lips even the evil doings of servants may come clothed in golden utterances; but she is indeed a Circe, and to be avoided for her unfortunate sisters, for they would only contract her faults without her fascination, and that result we have all seen and felt.

Nor can the remedy be so readily pointed out as the disease. But that we leave, with much confidence, to the discretion of the fair speakers. Our women find out very readily what is becoming in all other senses of the word. Let them find out, as undoubtedly they will, what is most so in conversation.

A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON.

"Only a lock of hair."

"PASS through the village straight,
Then turn to your left hand,

And you will see
By a tall elm-tree

A little cottage stand.

There's a cistern by the gate,
Where horses and cattle drink;
Knock at the door on the farther side,
For there she lives, I think."
The traveler offered the boy a dime,
Who shook his head, and began to climb
Over the wall, where the drying hay,
And his rake and cast-off jacket lay;
So the traveler thanked him and went his way.

It was that time of the afternoon

When farmers begin to bind their sheaves,
The grasshopper played a drowsy tune,
The dust like ashes lay on the leaves,
The road was ashes under the feet,
And in the distance one might see
The strong-nerved oak and the chestnut-tree
Quiver like poplars in the heat.

The traveler turned as he was bid,
And presently saw in the trees, half-hid,
A little red cottage, overwrought
With vines and creepers from sills to eaves,
And looking for all the world, he thought,
Like a ruddy apple among the leaves.

Rarely trod was the yard before,
And the grass crept close about the door.
In front, across the level leas,
Butterflies fluttered o'er clover seas;
In the blossoming bean was heard
The muffled whirr of the humming-bird,
And a girlish voice, that, sweet and strong,
Made at a window a rose of song.

A narrow path the stranger led
By a lilac-bush and a posy-bed,
Till an open door disclosed to view
A rustic carpet of sombre hue,
The mantle brasses, worn and bright,
The edge of a little window, white
With the fall of linen snows—
A frugal room, in all things fit,
And a sweet-faced maid came out of it,
Like perfume out of a rose.

"I bear the weight of many a mile,
And would rest me at your door a while,"

The stranger said, with a weary air;
She gave him welcome with a smile,
And placed for him an easy-chair.

A sick, pale woman opposite,
Sat bolstered upon pillows white,
With kerchief crossed, and tidy cap,
And hands uneasy in her lap,
And a little work, which, now and then,
She took and turned and dropped again.
"Bring him a glass of milk," she said,
"And cut the newest loaf of bread."

The stranger marveled that she should show
Such thought for one she did not know;
But he forgot that none can tell
What gives the lily its gracious smell.

"I have a son of my own," she said,
"I have not seen him for a year;
Before the maple's leaves are red,

He writes, we may expect him here."
The stranger turned away his head,
With twitching lip and vision dim;
"If I am thoughtful of you," she said,
"Other mothers may think of him."

The tear ran down the stranger's cheek,
He brushed it off and did not speak.

"'Tis hard for a mother to send away
Her only child, an only son,
And sit by the way of life alone;

Yet not alone, since God is good,
And has a private care of all;
For when I had my frightful fall,
And without sense for weeks I lay,

This maiden came in angel-hood,
Came of her own most sweet accord,
For charity, and not reward—

I know not why she should."
Low the damsel bent her head,
And busily plied the flashing thread.

"There was a youth in the ship with me,
Who had a mother like your son—"

He paused a moment, nervously,
As if regretting he had begun.
"We left his pleasant face behind,
And what you said brought him to mind."

A charmed nothing often stirs
 A train of memories ghastly-wan;
 Oh, I have seen stern eyelids wet
 By a small sprig of mignonnette—
 The favorite flower of one foregone.

"We were the only passengers,
 This youth and I; and from the day
 When first I heard his converse gay,
 And saw the life that overran
 In every motion of the man,
 In every glance, within I felt
 The chains that bound my nature melt.
 I did not know myself till then,
 For contact with unloving men
 Had wrought forgetfulness in me
 That such a thing as love could be.
 But out of noddings of the head,
 And brief 'Good-morning's' kindly said,
 And casual talk of common things;
 From practice of unconscious arts,
 And urgent beckoning of hearts,
 By sure degrees a friendship springs.

"Our hammocks side by side were hung,
 And many a tropic night we lay,
 And with the vessel's motion swung,
 And talked the languid hours away,
 Until the day began to peep,
 Or we forgot ourselves in sleep.
 One morn he thought he would not rise,
 For heaviness was on his eyes,
 In every bone a sullen pain,
 And dizziness perplexed his brain.
 Another hour, and every limb
 Was racked by aches too great to bear.
 We soothed him with our tenderest care,
 But felt there was no help for him.
 At last the fit of madness came.
 He begged that we would take him home;
 Then called upon his mother's name,
 And chided that she did not come.
 If human love could make him well,
 I should not have a tale to tell.

"Oh, never night so graciously
 Came out of heaven the world to bless!
 The perfect circle of the sea
 Throbbled with a painful loveliness.
 When we gave the eager deep
 The treasure of our hearts to keep
 There was no eye that did not weep.
 When the waters shut the door
 Upon our friend forevermore,
 The sea seemed richer than before.
 But pardon me—I did not think
 To talk so long when I began;
 But thought with thought hath secret link,
 And love beyond discretion ran."

The traveler rehearsed his tale
 As if to statues stony-pale,
 For neither moved a finger's tip
 Till the last word had left his lip.
 Then the younger wished to know
 Where died the youth? How long ago?
 And if his mother knew her woe?

"Alas! by me it must be done—
 The duty that I still defer;
 Oh, mother! as you love your son,
 How shall I break the news to her?"

Then like a low, o'erburdened cloud,
 When winds are still and thunders loud,
 The mother's heart burst into rain—
 A sudden fear flashed through her brain;
 "Oh, tell me if it is my son!"
 Her feeble voice was sharp with pain.
 "It can not be, for God is good!
 He would not rob my widowhood
 Of its one joy—its only one.
 Poor soul, that grief a truth to find,
 The thought of which distracts my mind!"
 Silence there was a little space,
 Each gazing in another's face;
 "Say, have you not some trifling thing—
 A lock of hair, a chain, a ring—
 To place upon his mother's hand,
 That she may see and understand?"

The stranger from a pocket drew
 A little parcel of dingy hue,
 And opening it with loving care,
 Disclosed a lock of flaxen hair.
 Without a word or gesture, he
 Laid it upon the mother's knee.
 She did not cry—the tears half-shed
 Back to their secret fountain fled;
 Her eyes were not a moment dim—
 They did not turn away from him;
 Her feeble hands were fiercely bent;
 Her rigid limbs did not relent;
 For will was dead, and thought was gone;
 Hope, parent of her joy, had flown,
 And left her heart's young tenderlings
 Without the warmth of brooding wings.

The maiden touched his arm. "And me?"
 She murmured low, heart-brokenly.
 He took her hand—an ice-cold thing—
 "I have told all I have to tell."
 Then on her finger slipped a ring—
 In truth it fitted well—
 And then beside the matron's knee
 The maiden knelt, and laid her head
 Upon the lock of hair, and said,
 "Oh, mother, who shall comfort me?"

Ah! then it was not hard to guess
 The source of all that tenderness—
 That precious box of ointment shed
 In holy service on her head!

HOW TO ENJOY WINTER.

THANKS for Winter! Thanks to Winter!
 Yes, to Winter, for we like to think of winter as something more than a mere phenomenon of nature. It is almost an existence—a wild, untamed personality—sternly conscious of its power, and self-demonstrative beyond all the seasons. Winter stands in the category of nature by itself. The other seasons are variations of the same aspects—modifications of the same

laws; but winter is a character by itself—a wondrous individuality in look, tone, manner. It is no conformist, but establishes its own rule and originates its own fashion, and therefore we love it: for, while the other seasons are neat, trim, civilized beauties, winter has just enough of the rude, aboriginal force to stir our manlier blood.

Every one who has any natural pluck in him feels this waking up of his more heroic qualities so soon as Winter blows his first blast. It is a trumpet-sound of battle. The instinctive warrior springs up within us, and rejoices in the opportunity. Out in the open fields, amidst stormy scenes, we feel a quickening for conflict. There is something to be resisted. There is a victory to be won. Rough winds and savage tempests are to be confronted and conquered. For the rest of the year we are all tame in the presence of Nature. Our passive qualities are in play; we quietly sympathize with the loveliness around us; we are subdued into gentle behavior, and, in communion with the beautiful world, we enjoy a kind of parlor-life that tones us down to mild emotions and graceful steps. But the grand old winter sets us free. We bound into liberty—we cry “Huzza!” and rush into the affray of the elements; we are Byronic in more than poetic sentiment—and “a part of the tempest and of thee” glows in our blood like a new principle of vitality.

In this respect winter is a great benefactor. It takes us out of our easy habits and rouses will and energy. Foster ought to have honored it as one of the sources of decision of character, for it is a true friend to strength and majesty of nature. We can't afford to be relaxed now. Every thing within us must be tightly drawn. Nerve and muscle must be in complete tension, and the full measure of vigor must be in exercise. The animal feeling transfers itself into the spirit, and we are competent to mightier tasks than pleasant skies and a soft atmosphere allow. No doubt thought and sensibility are large debtors to spring and summer. Love and beauty then see their images every where. Nature is a gallery of fine art, and life is a day of festal gladness. But winter is the era of power. It deals in sublimity, grandeur, and its impressiveness goes with a solemn weightiness into the depths of the soul. How much more of massiveness there is in the ideas which it suggests! All its images are on a broader scale. It has few small beauties. It strings no pearls on silken threads. It offers no miniature pictures. Variety is shut out and monotony is glorified. We get widely-extended views, and are occupied by oneness. At other seasons one impression is fast supplanted by another, and we are taxed with rapid and versatile admiration. We take the motion of restless bees, flying birds, sailing clouds. One state of mind quickly succeeds another. But in winter we are detained spectators. The panorama is fixed, and we are students at leisure. Nature holds the sense in captivity to sameness, and its great spectacles are kept firmly and long before us.

Now this is an intellectual benefit. Insensibly to ourselves, it educates us to a more thorough survey, and secures a more accurate and finished perception. Hence the more truthful portraiture of winter that abound in our great poets. Our best paintings of winter-scenes always convey a more definite and satisfactory idea of their meaning than other pictures. If they have a narrower range, they are more intense; and on this account it is worth while to cultivate the habit of observation in winter. It is not the same exercise as observation in summer; we have more to do with forms and bare outlines. The trees, the hills, the mountain curves, the sweep of the landscape, are far more statuesque. Less like pictures, they are more like sculpture. We study shape, symmetry, proportion to better advantage, and nature lets us into the secret of those abstract elements which make the foundation of beauty and grandeur. In this connection winter does for the artist a similar work to the dissecting-hall for the surgeon. The anatomy of form is exhibited. The most ordinary man of taste may verify this in experience. Take a noble oak, standing against a sunset-sky, and study its magnificent outline. Trunk, boughs, branches, are instinct with an omnipresent law that shapes them in obedience to its type, and it rears itself before you as an architecture of wonder and delight. What a well-ordered system throughout its whole extent! What an expenditure of vigor, and yet what economy in its outlay of life! How every limb leaves the main shaft with wood enough to reach its boundary line, tapering as it stretches itself out and gracefully striving to harmonize itself with the ideal of its beauty! And then the minute distinctness with which every part is set forth, and the perfect combination of the whole into a majestic appearance! See that tree next summer wearing its robe of foliage, and the previous analysis gives you an interest and a joy in it you never felt before. You can now understand how its vail of verdure is so charmingly hung around it, and why it bears itself so like a monarch of the forest. You comprehend how it sways itself with such serene strength in the storm, and converts the roar of the tempest into the music of its praise. And the same law of observation applies to every thing. Summer presents the concrete forms of beauty and splendor. We have the aggregate of shape, color, relation, and all Nature puts on her royal garments of state. And it is then that the aspects of the universe address our whole being, and feed the sense and the intellect with most enjoyment. But winter is the season to acquire truth and depth of imagination. We learn from its landscape—all bleak and barren—the fundamental principles of form and unity. In its uncovered grandeur, in its massive proportions, we trace the basis of summer's pomp and garniture.

The study of Nature is essential to the healthy and mature development of mind. Honor books as we may, they have but a one-sided work to

perform. Fragments themselves, they make us partialists in thought and wisdom; and by too much attention to them, we get bound up in their muslin and leather, and, at last, take our place on the shelf with them. Books give a social spirit to the intellect, and create a community of sentiment and feeling. They are the mighty conservators of the world's mental brotherhood, and as such fulfill a great office. But Nature is the original literature. She is the oldest, grandest, divinest poem. She teaches the philosophy that anticipated Plato. Her offices were before Cicero, and her history antedated Thucydides; and she holds in trust for us a virtue and a culture not elsewhere attainable. Only in a limited way can she communicate through second hands. For much of her intelligence and power we must go directly to her fountains. But if Nature educate us, we must adopt her methods. We must learn *seriatim*. She travels through her circle—contracts and expands—shines and frowns. We must follow her changes, vary our position to suit her, fall into this or that mood as she may require. This is one of the chief benefits of observing Nature. Every season, every phenomenon, summons us into a new state of sympathy and alters the attitude of the intellect. She has no long audience. Wearisomeness and prolixity are no vices of hers. If we reason or imagine or beautify too much, she is quick to interpose her authoritative veto. Now it is wise to conform to this rule; and hence, if she has an intellectual and moral quickening for us in winter altogether different from summer, let us seize the advantages and become the better for them.

Winter is nature's great tonic for the body. Nerves and muscles are stronger for frosty nights and cold days. People travel and spend money to recruit health in summer; but what means of recreation, what watering-places, what medicinal waters, can compare with the bracing breath of winter? We have no doubt that Providence designs every man to lay up a stock of health in winter, just as summer and autumn supply us with a stock of provisions for bodily nourishment. And we ought then to labor for animal vigor as we labor in the other seasons for animal food. But how few people are on good terms with winter! Out of doors is the motto for winter. Out of doors, as much as possible; out of doors, heedless of our love of comfort and luxury; out of doors, despite of weather, whenever and wherever a prudent regard to circumstances will allow. Observation has long since convinced us that it is ordinarily much safer to err on the extreme of exposure than on the other extreme of confinement. The artificial winter in our houses has destroyed hundreds where the external cold has killed tens. Art is a far bloodier butcher than Nature. The human body knows its friends and values them. Indeed, it will bear a good deal of hard treatment from them. But its artificial friends—such friends as house-builders and furnace-manufacturers often prove to be—it despises and re-

jects. The most of our houses, as well as our habits, seem to be formed on the principle that manhood and womanhood are a prolonged infancy. For four months in every year we adopt the regimen of babyhood, lacking only a cradle and a sucking-bottle to complete the correspondence. Nature's fresh, invigorating air—food for the lungs, life for the blood—is conscientiously excluded from our apartments, and air, dry to deathliness, poisoned by overheated iron, full of the impure gases of coal, is substituted in its stead. The ingenuity of science is taxed to contrive a way for us to be luxurious and healthy, while any squatter in a Western forest can build a healthier home than all the architects of the country put together. But so it is; we must have science in every thing. Science, in this wise age, must preach and pray. Science must construct our houses and ventilate them. Science must prescribe our diet, and order our comings, goings, and restings. Would not a little old-fashioned nature help us out of our troubles? If we violate the laws of our being, art can not save us from the penalty. If we breathe bad air, we can not expect to have good blood or good digestion. The instinct of nature in winter is for out-door exercise. Every thing in us clamors for it. The sharp air is like wine, and the muscles pant for motion. But we disobey the kind calls of our physical constitution. What wonder, then, that we suffer? If we practiced the rules of health in winter, we should feel the benefit all through the year. The heat of summer and the malaria of autumn would be much less pernicious. As it is, we enervate ourselves in cold weather, and then, reversing all natural methods, vainly try to find a compensation in mountain air or sea-bathing in the warm season.

To enjoy winter, forsake your luxurious house, and freely take the weather in its wildest moods. If you are not already half dead with disease, have no fear of ill consequences, for tolerable health can live and flourish in any sort of atmosphere. Have a strong will and a resolute love of action; brave the fury of the northwester; defy the driving wind and the cutting sleet, and you will be all the manlier and better for the endurance. We really gain nothing from our climate but in winter. All the rest of the year sky and landscape are enjoyable things, gliding easily and noiselessly into you, and requiring no sort of effort to realize their advantages. Winter is an honest old worthy that speaks rather sternly, has a repulsive manner, and deals in a bluff, straightforward way with your delicate touchiness. Yet beneath this rugged exterior what a warm heart he has, and how reliable! But to stand on fair terms with him there must be no sentimental softness. He tolerates none of your effeminacy. If the abuses of modern civilization have taken the iron and the granite out of you, winter will sport roughly with you: but no matter; never mind its blustering, meet it all bravely, and win its homage. A few trials, and you will

balance your powers against all its threats and violence; a few more, and the snow, hail, and tempest will learn your pluck and acknowledge its superiority; and then, perchance, they will poetize, and paint, and chant most musical anthems for you. How your cheeks will grow ruddy with their unrivaled bloom! and how your eyes will outshine the auroral lights of the northern firmament, and what a volume of tone, taken from the free winds, will swell your voice! This is the charm of winter—the charm of personal combat. We wrestle with the opposing elements, and if we have courage enough to be men, we are sure to have energy sufficient to be triumphant victors. Now all this may sound like a strain of the imagination. But it is a meaning reality. Nature in winter challenges the strong heart of men and women, unspoiled by your devices of refinement. Fine ladies and gentlemen are silently ignored. They are not invited to its athletic strife. Balmy airs, green fields, and luscious orchards are for them. If you have a soul of steel, you will have joy in the conflict. No knight was ever happier in tournament than you, and, returning to your fireside laden with the spoils of success, you feel yourself entitled to its delightful repose. The economy of nature provides for intenser animal pleasures in winter than at any other season. Food, drink, sleep, exercise, are more relished, and impart a higher degree of excitement. The animal spirits are more vigorous. But to have these in perfection we must wrestle with the elements in the outer world, and draw strength from them.

Our countrymen, and especially our countrywomen, need the physical virtues of winter, more than any thing else, transfused into them. We are fast becoming a summer race, taking our complexion from lilies, and our strength from flowers. Never was Scripture more literally verified, for we are "*as grass*." But all this is against nature. Summer is perfection to vegetables and fruits; men require cold air and biting frosts. Heaven and earth are then propitious to blood and nerves—all the consciousness of physical manhood comes out in its full pride; it is a luxury to breathe, to walk, to labor, when vigor grows with every swing of the arm and every movement of the foot. Life in the open air is what we most want—life in the open air of winter. We ought to consider a good northwester as one of our institutions, and value it accordingly. But we are too artificial to follow the leadings of nature. In winter we scorn the air that cools our fevered blood. We will have nothing to do with ice, and the snow must be daintily used—a barrier of furs suitable for polar bears between us and it. In summer we fall back on winter, in so far as our sickly habits allow. We must have ice-water, ice-lemonade, ice-cream; we must be as cool as possible, so as to antagonize the arrangements of Providence; and thus we keep up a war the year round with the beneficent provisions of the world. A great law is violated in

this way; for if the visible universe is beneficent by being in harmony with itself, each part working with every other part, it is equally necessary that man should be likewise in harmony with it. Nature, then, has a work to do for us in winter. Let us not thwart its designs. If we resist its goodness at this season, we shall find no compensation in other portions of the revolving year. Its keen air and bracing weather are for the animal man, and if we lose their benefits our manhood is so much the more effeminate and feeble.

Winter is the enjoyable season of household life. Home then realizes its designed seclusion; it is shut in from the outside world, and we rejoice in thick walls and substantial roofs. The fireside now has a meaning—provided it is a fireside, and not a modern counterfeit fed by hot air from a furnace. No feature of home has such associations as the fireside, for it gathers most of our touching memories around it. The cradle, the old arm-chair, the evening reading-table, are connected with it; and there, in early childhood, stretched on the rug, we used to dream of the mysteries of coming life until the sweet perplexity calmed us into sleep. The fireside is the heart of home. It circulates the joy of life throughout the dwelling; and along the halls, from cellar to attic, you can hear the tones whose key-note begins there. We remember little of father and mother except what they were around the cheerful fire; the hearthstone is the pedestal of their images, and the serene glow of the evening light on their faces is the favorite picture which the mind cherishes. How much blessedness winter brings to a comfortable home! Just let it be comfortable, not luxurious; for luxury spoils the beauty of the impression. To our taste the plain old-fashioned furniture, with its simple lounges and stuffed rocking-chairs, is in better keeping with the ideal of the fireside than our recent finery. We would far rather see the skill of mother and sisters in the covered sofa, in the hangings about the windows, than to be entertained with the devices of the upholsterer. The room containing the family fireside ought to be thoroughly domestic, showing the spirit of household life in its arrangements. Fashionable art has no business here. It is the pictorial gallery of the family, and all its articles, wearing an aspect of gentle repose, ought to represent the sentiment of domestic character.

Every family should feel that winter is the great season for its culture. Home is then paramount to every other consideration. There is not so much to divert our attention, nor are the claims of business and outward occupancy so engrossing. If you are wise you will now be intent on enlarging your stock of domestic happiness. Every one within the charmed circle will be drawn closer to your affections. You will talk to instruct and please them, read to improve them, and be studious of amusements to gratify them. A little wisdom is very valuable just here, for it checks the tyranny of selfish-

ness over our nature and insensibly takes us out of ourselves for the service of others. The art of making others happy is one of the cardinal lessons of human life, and the fireside of winter is its best teacher. How the prattle of the children, the commonplace details of family incidents, the daily narratives of the school-boy, the free interchange of easy thought—how they build up the strength of domestic ties and augment our patrimony of happiness! Now this simplicity of taste and pleasure—this quick and hearty response to the moods of companions and friends—is of great worth to the mind. Care, responsibility, and anxiety always tend to solitary thought and feeling. They turn us inward on ourselves and magnify our sense of individual importance. The fireside of winter awakens another spirit, calls for genial tempers, and compels us to participate in the heart and life of those around us. And then the festal gatherings of winter—what would Thanksgivings, Christmas, New Years, be at any other season? The cheerful fire, the family-dinner, the playful reminiscences, are all associated with winter, and enter largely into the joys which this beneficent season brings.

If you would enjoy winter learn to be agreeable at home. Sympathy is a nobler endowment than talent, and it enriches more than money. The fireside is the true school of sympathy. You must be a man there before you can be a man elsewhere. Wife and children can do more to form a really great character than all other human agencies. But do not confine your sympathies to home. Abroad in the suffering world you have the work of kindness and generosity to do. Winter is a sorrowful season to the poor and the destitute. Remember them, for their sad condition is an appeal from Heaven to your benevolence. If Christ numbered it among the evidences of his divinity that the poor had the Gospel preached to them, you should esteem it as one of the highest exercises of your intellectual and moral capacity to feed and clothe them. We can not work miracles; but if humanity ever seizes the true spirit of miracles, absorbing its divineness into itself and thus reaching the very altitude of its being, it is when it follows the Redeemer and seeks to benefit the afflicted. Our own hearts need the offices of charity to act on them quite as much as the poverty-stricken, and, by means of the wretchedness around us, winter affords us signal opportunities to improve our character as well as to promote the comfort of the unfortunate.

Thanks, then, for winter! Thanks for its life, in-doors and out-of-doors! If landscape and sky are not so beautiful, why feel the absence of summer pomp and autumn glory, if Heaven comes nearer to our hearts? Nearer it does come, for it forsakes the outward world to enter the selecter world in our own homes. The voice of singing birds and the flow of musical waters are hushed in the forest and meadow, but a gladder melody chants its joys around the fireside. Sunshine decks not plain and hill-

side in their variegated colors, but a lovelier light illumines the walls of home, and in its radiance we sit contented and happy. Winter is the Sabbath season of domestic peace, and, as such, blesses the world with its richest bliss.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

AN English gentleman of moderate fortune and small ambition, vibrating between Paris and London during the most stirring of modern half-centuries, has quietly enacted the part of Boswell-Extraordinary to the age and society in which he lived.

The man is dead. His Journal has been printed; and we propose to extract from it some of the most amusing and interesting of his jottings.

Of Wellington, "The Duke," he has a plenty of stories—a few good, many indifferent, and not a few stupid. There is a story of one C——, noted for obstinate adherence to his own opinions, who, having already contradicted the Duke in his statement of an incident of the battle of Waterloo, again opposed him (at a dinner) on the question of using percussion-caps; whereupon Wellington said to him, "My dear C——, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may, perhaps, know a great deal more about what passed at Waterloo than myself; but, as a *sportsman*, I will maintain my point about the percussion-caps."

When the Duke was chosen Chancellor at Oxford, he was expected to make a Latin speech. "Whereupon," he says, "not knowing Latin, I applied to my physician as most likely, *from his prescriptions*, to know Latin, and he made me out a speech which answered very well."

There are some curious anecdotes of modern Court life, related on the authority of Wellington. Thus the Duke says: "When George IV. sent for me to form a new administration, in 1828, I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban night-cap—one as greasy as the other; for, notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private."

There are jealousies even at Victoria's Court; for, speaking of a royal marriage, he relates:

"When we proceeded to the signatures, the King of Hanover (Queen Victoria's uncle) was extremely anxious to sign before Prince Albert, and for that purpose placed himself beside Victoria at the table. She, knowing what he was after, suddenly dodged around the table, placed herself next Prince Albert, took the pen, signed, and handed it to the Prince, who signed before it could be prevented."

Again the Duke helps out his royal mistress, who appears to have had a spite against her uncle. The Queen was anxious to give precedence at Court to Leopold of Belgium before her uncle of Hanover. She asks the Duke how it is to be managed, who, looking to precedents, "supposed it should be settled as we did at the Congress of Vienna."

QUEEN. "How was that? by first arrival?"

DUKE. "No, ma'am — alphabetically; and then, you know, B comes before H."

This pleased Victoria, and it was done.

There is a story of Grisi and the Duke, which is recounted with a shrug of High Tory horror. Having once to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, he invited Grisi, Lablache, and other Italian singers, to Strathfieldsaye to amuse his royal guests. When Grisi arrived he asked her at what hour she liked to dine. To which she replied, "Oh, at your hour, and when you dine." "Seeing," says our old fogey, "what she expected, he was so good-natured as to comply."

A foolish woman in society once asked the Duke to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo.

"Oh," he replied, "that is easily done. We pommeled them and they pommeled us; and I suppose we pommeled the hardest, and so gained the day."

It is curious to read, under date of October, 1886, that "the members of the London Stock Exchange are so indignant at the early information obtained in certain quarters by pigeon expresses from Paris, that they have had collected on the Kentish coast a number of hawks, falcons, and other birds of prey, to waylay and destroy these carriers."

Of George IV., whom he calls "a man of refined manners and classical taste," our Man of the World tells that a plain coat used to cost him as much as \$1500 before it was done, so many were the alterations made by the royal tailor. Although he gave his mind chiefly to the cut of his coat, it would sometimes wander off to less important matters. He thought, for instance, that it was his genius which gained the victory over Napoleon. This being told to Sheridan, he said: "That is all well enough; but what the King particularly prides himself upon is the last productive harvest."

Sheridan came once into a gambling club where Beau Brummel was winning. Brummel proposed to go shares; and putting to poor Sheridan's ten pounds £200 of his own, in less than ten minutes found himself in possession of £1500. Giving Sheridan £750, he said to him, "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again."

Those were gambling days: the young men all played. It is a question whether Fox was, in his own day, more notorious for his desperate play or for his magnificent eloquence. He said the greatest pleasure in life was winning, and the next greatest losing, at cards. So notorious was his ill luck, that there was a rhyme upon him, running somewhat as follows:

"In gaming, indeed, he's the stoutest of cocks;
No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card—if he rattles a box—
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox."

Among the heaviest of the gamblers was Lord Cholmondeley, one of four wealthy young men,

who set up a faro bank at Brookes's, which ruined half the town. They would not trust the waiters to be croupiers, but themselves dealt the cards by turns, each receiving three guineas per hour from the common fund for this labor. Thus Lord C. and his partners slaved away at the cards till a late hour every morning. Their gains were enormous. Lord C.'s share amounted to nearly £400,000—two million dollars. A Mr. Pane, who brought home a large fortune from India, lost \$540,000 in one night, was ruined, and next morning started back to the East to make another.

Lord Cholmondeley was a very agreeable man, but was, during his life, singularly fortunate in discovering old claims to property which had been either dormant or unknown to his family. This led a Mr. Coke to write him that "wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long line of ancestors, but knowing the various claims his Lordship possessed upon that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive, as an indemnity for any claim he might hereafter think fit to make upon his (Mr. Coke's) Holkham estate."

To which Lord Cholmondeley replied, in the same vein, that "with every wish to tranquilize the mind of an old and much-loved friend, he did not think that, in justice to his own family, he could consistently enter into any arrangement which might hereafter be so detrimental to their interests."

It was Major Brereton, another gambling celebrity, who, complaining to Sheridan of "a great misfortune since we last met, having lost my wife," was answered with, "Ay? How did you lose her—at hazard or quinze?"

Speaking of metaphors as of great use in debate, Sheridan related an instance, in the Irish House of Commons, where Sir Boyle Roche, attacking another member for some delinquency, said: "There he stands, Mr. Speaker, like a crocodile, with his hands in his pockets, shedding false tears."

George Selwyn was famous for his fondness for executions. Upon occasion when a famous malefactor was to be broke upon the wheel, in Paris, Selwyn, unable to gain admittance to the coveted sight, made use of a curious expedient. On such grand occasions it was usual for the chief executioner to invite his fellows from the provinces to assist. Selwyn came early to the ground, and contrived to pass with the provincial executioners through the gate. As they passed through they were announced as Monsieur de Lyons, Monsieur de Bordeaux, etc., till it came to Selwyn's turn. The attendant, not knowing him, but seeing he was an Englishman, said, inquiringly, "Monsieur de Londres?" to which Selwyn bowed a silent assent, and was thus ushered on to the scaffold in the character of the London Jack Ketch.

There is a story of one Howarth, an M.P., but formerly surgeon in India, who, going out to fight a duel with Earl Barrymore, determined

to lessen the risk as much as possible, and knowing that gun-shot wounds were often aggravated by parts of the clothing being driven by the ball into the orifice, appeared upon the field stripped (except thin drawers). Luckily the affair was settled, and the precaution proved needless.

Lord Erskine, who was unhappily married, said, at a dinner at the Duke of York's, that "a wife was a tin kettle tied to a man's tail," at which the Duchess was greatly outraged. Monk Lewis, who was present, wrote, in reply, the following neat epigram:

"Lord Erskine at marriage presuming to rail,
Says a wife's a tin canister tied to one's tail;
And the fair Lady Ann, while the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? If taken aright,
A tin canister's useful, and polished, and bright;
And if dirt its original purity hide,
'Tis the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

"Ferne has been sold at auction," writes the journalist. The residence of Voltaire—that Mecca of the philosophers of the eighteenth century—is converted into a sugar-refinery. The temple, which bore on its front the proud inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire," is transformed to a stable. What a lesson on the imbecility of godless humanity!

When Bernadotte was adopted and elected Prince Royal of Sweden, and heir-apparent to the throne of Charles XIII., he incurred the violent hatred of that portion of the royal family which was thus cut off from the succession. An entertainment was given to him and to the whole court by the old Queen Dowager, at which the Prince was for the first time recognized by her. He was treated, to his own surprise, with the most marked affability. Toward the close of the evening tea was served, and the old Queen graciously poured out two cups, for herself and the Prince, indicating his cup by a gesture. He was about to take it when he felt the significant pressure of a thumb upon his shoulder. Without changing a muscle, he instantly exclaimed, "Ah, Madame, I can not permit your Majesty to serve me!" and, seizing the waiter, he turned it adroitly in such manner as to place before the Queen the cup previously before himself.

She turned mortally pale. Bernadotte watched her with the utmost anxiety. A moment's hesitation—and then, with a smiling salutation to the Prince, she took the cup, and drank the contents to the last drop.

On the following day the *Gazette* of Stockholm contained the following short paragraph: "The Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night. Her death is generally imputed to apoplexy." This was in 1818.

The death of the Duchess of St. Alban's brings out the following choice *morceau* of gossip: "She was of low origin, and a bad actress at the low class theatres, when she gained a prize of £10,000 in a lottery. Then she attracted the notice of Coutts, the rich banker, who first lived with her, and then married her, leaving her at his death an immense fortune.

Having wealth, she now desiderated rank, and married the Duke of St. Alban's, grand falconer of England, who was much younger than herself. She has left the Duke £10,000 per year, which satisfies him."

Here is a bit of interesting reminiscence: "The late Duke of Queensbury, whom I remember in my early days—called old Q.—was of the school of the Marshal Duc de Richelieu in France, and every whit as profligate. He lived at the Bow-window House in Picadilly, where he was latterly always seen looking at the people who passed by. A groom on horseback, known as Jack Radford, always stood under the window to carry his messages to people whom he remarked. He kept a physician in the house, and, to insure attention to his health, his terms were that he should have so much per day while he lived, but not a shilling at his death. He was a little sharp-looking man, and swore like ten thousand troopers; enormously rich and selfish.

"At that time were also known two young men—Members of Parliament—much remarked in society. They were Mr. Grey and Mr. Whitbread, the former son of Sir Charles Grey, the latter son of a wealthy brewer. Mr. Grey was a man of fashion, of pleasing address, and a favorite with the women. Mr. Whitbread, a more steady character, married Mr. Grey's sister. Both were in Parliament, and good debaters. Years are now passed away. Of the two young men, who equally occupied the public attention, Grey became famous in history as the father of the Reform Bill; while Whitbread cut his own throat, and his name is lost."

Camille Los Rios, a diplomat, though very attentive to his duties when employed at London and Berlin, had very few internal resources. He seldom took up a book, and led a generally idle and dissipated life. But he had a taste for drawing, and wherever he went always made a sketch of the interior of the room in which he slept; sometimes a mere outline, at others a highly-finished and colored drawing. As he had traveled much, and never omitted this ceremony at any inn where he slept during thirty-three years of his life, the collection of the bed-chambers of all nations found in his portfolio at his death was very curious.

Apropos of the death of Crockford, it is written of him: "He was originally a low fishmonger in Fish Street Hill; then a leg at New Market, and keeper of small hells in London. At last he set up the club in St. James's Street, with a hazard bank, by which he won all the disposable money of the men of fashion in London, leaving a fortune of ten million dollars."

Of Talleyrand there is an interesting description: He was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes, ever and anon, his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time—an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing gray eyes peering through shaggy eyebrows—his unearthly face, marked

with deep stains, and covered in part by a shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous muslin cravat, which supports a large protruding lip, drawn over his upper lip with a cynical expression no painting could render. His pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he points out triumphantly as a rest of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. He asserts that the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of his life, and that thus comes not only his longevity, but also his marvelous faculty of existing almost without sleep.

His bed was made with a deep slope in the middle, and rising equally at the head and foot. Only in this position dared he rest, for many years. Once, during sleep, his head dropped from the pillow, and when his servant came to awake him, he was found so deluged in blood that no feature could be recognized. It was his fashion to rise at two or three o'clock in the morning from the whist-table, return home, wake up one of his secretaries, and read letters, make marginal notes for answers, and talk business till four. At that hour he retired, sitting nearly upright in bed, with innumerable night-caps on his head to keep that warm, and—as he expressed it—feed the intellect with blood. At six he would rise, and be ready for business.

He ate nothing till dinner, which was his only meal during the twenty-four hours. Then, however, his appetite was enormous.

One of his contemporaries, who knew him well, wrote of him: "He was not a man of imagination or invention. He never could make an *extempore* speech in his life. His forte is his impassibility—his cool and perfect judgment. He is very silent, and is always stimulating those who approach him to talk on the important subjects of the day. He will listen for hours to the opinions of men of mediocrity, and out of all he hears makes up those webs in which other politicians get involved like giddy flies. To this power of judgment Talleyrand adds that without which neither statesmen nor generals can ever succeed—namely, exceedingly good luck."

Wellington called Talleyrand "a very agreeable companion, but not a talkative one. He would often remain for an hour in company without speaking, and then would come out with an epigram which you never forgot."

So, too, the Duc de Richelieu said, "M. de Talleyrand has a great deal of wit, but he can not be called an amusing man. He will remain silent for a whole evening, listening to what passes, and will then perhaps make some very clever and pointed remark, which every one will afterward repeat."

The Journal affords us incidentally some curious traits of the times. Speaking of the great revulsion of 1837, he mentions a Lord H—, "who loses \$2,500,000 by the stoppage of the United States Bank. With his immense property this is a loss he can hardly feel; but he

has always had a great dread of revolutions, and used often to say that he had secured to himself a clean shirt and a *valet de chambre* in the funds of every civilized country on the globe. It was with this view he had invested in American funds."

Again, a story of the Dowager Duchess of Richmond going one Sunday with her daughter to the Chapel Royal at St. James's, but, being late, finding herself unable to gain a place. After looking about for a while she said, "Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the civil thing."

We read that when the Grand Duke (now Emperor) of Russia visited England he had an allowance of \$200,000 per month; that when Queen Christina left Spain she brought away wealth to the amount of over \$25,000,000. Among her baggage was a case of a dozen bottles, supposed to contain Madeira, but in reality filled with the finest precious stones, part of the Spanish crown jewels.

Again, some anecdotes which strikingly illustrate the peculiarities of French character. General Count Gerardin, when Colonel of Dragoons, during the Empire, had an orderly servant named Lallemand—a very clumsy fellow, always breaking every thing that came in his way. Having on one occasion very much irritated his Colonel, he broke a cane over his back, and dismissed him.

"The next morning," said the Colonel, "one of his comrades called upon me, and asking me aside, said, 'Mon Colonel, Lallemand is much offended at your blows, and demands of you that you give him satisfaction.' I replied, 'Certainly;' and, taking a friend with me, went to the ground. On our arrival we found Lallemand waiting, who immediately came up to me and said, 'Mon Colonel, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have saved my honor, and I shall be grateful to you for the balance of my life.' He then put up his sword, and, with a low bow to me, went away." It was this spirit which made the soldiers of Napoleon so long irresistible.

When the Duke of Orleans (son of Louis Philippe) was told that his intended bride had yellow hair and complexion, he vowed to wear yellow spectacles, "that every woman might appear to him of the same complexion with his wife." A piece of gallantry on a par with that of a French Marquis, lately married to a handsome young wife, whom he loved with much fervor. She had dressed for a grand ball, and came before her husband, at the moment of departure, looking so radiantly beautiful that, after gazing admiringly at her for a while, he very deliberately tore her gown in pieces from her back, by way of preventing others from the enjoyment of such a sight. Many a woman would have felt herself outraged by such conduct. The Marquise, a true French woman, told the story herself, and "was flattered beyond measure, and proud of this proof of her husband's admiration."

PRUNES AND PRISMS.

"Nothing could have supported Margery under the affliction she was in for her loss, but the pleasure she took in her new shoes."—*Nursery Classics*.

THE floating ensign attached to the bell of No. 20 Lorillard Place—"two yards of the best vail crape" (we quote from the bill of Messrs. Weed and Co., furnishing undertakers), tied by "two and a half extra-wide black sarsnet ribbon"—conveyed to passers-by the intelligence that the master of the mansion had been called suddenly away.

He had passed a busy, toiling life in achieving the wealth that had purchased it; he had studied its plan, and arranged its details with infinite care and pains; he had crowned its adornments by placing at its head a young and beautiful woman, strange contrast to his approaching threescore years. He had said, "Now I am ready to begin to live," and as he spoke the echo changed into the stern, relentless sentence, "Thou fool!" and his soul was required of him.

The daily papers eked out their columns with mention of "the great loss our community has sustained in the death of our public-spirited fellow-citizen, Sampson P. Johnson, Esq.," deducing his happiness in another world from his great success in this, after the admirable style of reasoning introduced in the well-known epitaph, "First cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of heaven." There were also delicately worded allusions to the *irreparable loss* this would prove "to the young and lovely being, deprived of all that can make life desirable; whose future is shrouded by an impenetrable pall of grief and despair."

Passing the gorgeous drawing-room, in and out of which steal the stealthy feet of the solemn man of woe, busied about the costly shell which is able to sum up the whole need of the once far-reaching, grasping hands folded in grim and rigid silence now, let us, the only privileged intruders, tread softly upon the velvet-covered stair-case, through the dim light befitting the gloom so suddenly cast over the young life which those dumb lips sought vainly, by solemn vows, to link with that which has passed away.

The transition is from death to life—bustle and confusion for the guarded stillness and quiet which reigns below. Work-women, chattering over their needles, gather about the windows; great, half-empty boxes, with the familiar name of Weed and Co., fill the bed, the chairs, and their contents add to the disorder of the apartment; a vail half shrouds the Psyche glass, over which it has been carelessly thrown, and before it stands the object of such wide-spread sympathy, at the mercy of another of her own sex, whose busy tongue keeps time to the nimble fingers that are arranging the emblems of her widowhood.

She has been weeping, poor child! it is seen at once by a glance at the face reflected in the dusky mirror. The long, fair hair is brushed back carelessly from the blue-veined temples,

the eyes are heavy and tear-stained, the small, red mouth quivers with a sudden, sorrowful recollection.

He was very kind, and it was so very sudden! He indulged her in every whim, and she loved him so much! it was such a shock, and the lawyer had told her he was quite sure the will was made in her favor! Every body spoke so well of him! and how sweetly the newspapers alluded to her! No wonder that she cried every time she thought about it.

The sobs began afresh as she caught the first glimpse of her face in the mirror. She had not really cared how she looked since it happened; there was no one but the doctor to see! She pitied herself very much as she stood there and saw how badly she had been feeling.

"Oh don't, Madame! make it any way you like; oh dear, dear!"

"My dear Madame Johnson, I beg, I demand—," and the polite little Frenchwoman held up her hands in dismay as the great round tears plashed down on the crape fold she was pinning across the well-developed bust.

"Ah, you have spoil it! you spoil yourself, you spoil your *jolis* eyes, you ruin your complexion!"

"Oh, Madame, I don't care! there's nobody to admire me now. He always did so much, I could not help being fond of him!"

"*Mais*, Madame! there es plenty of men, elegant, distinguish, who will admire if you do not spoil yourself. Ah, ze light is so bad! permit me—" and the jealously-closed blind was thrown back, letting in a flood of light through the crimson brocade curtains.

"Oh no, not for any thing! what would people say? before the funeral, too."

"You care noting for dese people at ze back of ze house; I know ver well 'tis not in ze front. I would not *compromis* Madame. Ah, I have make plenty young widows in my day; I know all about ze ceremony."

A widow! She was really a widow, then! It was the first time any one had applied the word in her hearing. Really a widow! Even her maid, Madeline, who had already ventured to suggest the consolations of the future, had not ventured to speak out so plainly.

"Only think, Madeline, I am a—a widow! and so young too, only twenty last January! and all my elegant wedding things hardly soiled! Oh dear, isn't it very strange! I don't see why such a thing should happen to me!"

"It might have been worse;" and the damsel deposited box number seven, which had just arrived from the *maison de deuil*, on the only unoccupied chair, a *fauteuil*, in which her mistress had been buried, with her handkerchief up to her eyes, all the morning. "Here's the bonnet at last, ma'am; I began to think they wanted you to go to church bareheaded; of course, you'll go to church Sunday week—it's the most proper place to make your first appearance; and then all your friends will know you are ready to be called on."

"Ah, yes, ze reception, ze condolence," suggested Madame; "ze bombazine is mos suitable for ze occasion. I will finish it first place."

"Don't you think these crape folds on the skirt might be a little deeper?"

Madame and the observant Abigail exchanged glances; the bereaved one was returning to the interests of life, which she had lost sight of the last twenty-four hours. Indeed, as Madeline had just explained to the intimate friend of her mistress, Mrs. De Ruyter, who had sent for her to come to the carriage-window, "it was really enough to melt a stone to see the way she had gone on, hardly eating nor sleeping—with no end to the call for pocket-handkerchiefs. If the new dozen black borders hadn't just come from Weed's, there's no knowing how we should get through the day, ma'am;" and poor affectionate little Mrs. De Ruyter drove away with her own up to her eyes, to write a pathetic note on paper, with a border as deep as that on her friend's pocket-handkerchief.

"Deeper? them folds? Why, to be sure, ma'am; two inches at least. It ought to be the very deepest—every thing you have. A widow, as you say—hardly out yet, too, as you was when you was married; and such a fortune as he's left you—all in your own right, and nothing said about marrying again! Nothing could be too deep for such a man!"

"I will try ze effect." And the ample folds of sombre drapery were skillfully gathered about the slender waist, still invested with the corsage Madame had been fitting. A girdle of black ribbon concealed the expedient, and Madeline produced a collar, sombre as the dress, as its finishing point. The sewing-girls paused at their needles to look and criticise; Madame threw up both hands with a gesture of satisfaction.

Unconsciously the snow-white throat was arched from the air of listless despondency; the languid eyes brightened; a faint flush crept over the tear-stained cheek. The dress was certainly very becoming to such a pure complexion; the heavy folds of the sombre drapery—cumbersome to a less elegant figure—but enhanced the grace and perfect outlines reflected in the mirror. Even the airy elegance of her bridal robes was scarcely more becoming, and the novelty was quite as great—she had never worn the dress before since her childhood for any one.

"It's most a pity—ain't it now?—to cover up all that hair. Some ladies would give their eyes for it! Never mind. I've heard gentlemen say, ma'am—good judges, too—that it was the most interesting thing a lady could put on—"

"A cap!" And the fair face clouded again as Madeline, opening the last arrival, presented one to be tried on. "I never thought of a cap!"

"She never thought of nothing, poor dear!—no wonder—and might have been in her red dressing-gown to this minute, if it hadn't been for me; and her aunt can't come till to-mor-

row, not getting the first telegraph." Madeline wisely addressed her remarks to Madame, to allow her mistress time to become familiar with the unwelcome head-dress before urging her to assume it.

"Yes, ma'am, a cap, of course; and I told them to send the finest of tarletan, with a very full border. A widow's no widow at all without her cap, at present. La, there was Mrs. Depew, that I lived with two years and nine months, ma'am; she used to say she was sorry to leave it off, for fear people in the street wouldn't know she was a widow!"

It was by no means disfiguring, strange as it may seem, concealing as it did the golden ripples of her hair. The young widow looked again. How much more youthful the face seemed for the sheer close quilling around it! Yes, every one would know she was a widow by that! Otherwise, deep as she could dress, people might think it was only for a father!

"Now the bonnet, ma'am! It's a good time to try it on, and the boy's a-waiting. There ain't much variety in the first one, but you'll get to bugles and black flowers before long, and then I don't know but it's as handsome as colors. Here's your vail! I told them to be sure and send it as double as possible; and the instant I mentioned your name—la, I wish you could a-seen them clerks step round! They said it was all in the newspapers about how bad you felt, and how much money he'd left you. Oh, this way—it pins in the middle, and falls most down to the ground each way."

"Here is ze mantle—an' she will be finish," suggested Madame.

The robing was complete! Yes, she was a young widow! How every one would turn and look after her as she walked up the aisle next Sunday! There was Jack Depew, who always made it a point to sit with his sister in the pew opposite theirs in the middle aisle. But then such thoughts were very wicked; she should never marry again—no, not if she lived to be eighty; no, indeed—no more than if she had no right to!

So the rehearsal ended, and the dressing-gown resumed; but she was able now to read over what the newspapers said of "one whose worth could only be fully appreciated in the home circle"—dwelling, perhaps, on their allusion to "its brightest ornament now shrouded in impenetrable gloom;" and then she wondered if she should ever get accustomed to a cap; and her thoughts wandered to her solitary pew at the head of the middle aisle, and Jack Depew sitting opposite, with his large, melancholy eyes accidentally meeting hers as she glanced up from her prayer-book!

"The least bit of the wing of a partridge, ma'am," broke in upon this consoling reverie, as the indefatigable handmaid presented a tempting luncheon tray.

"Oh, Madeline, I have not the shadow of an appetite. How could I eat?"

But it was very delicate, and she managed to

add a bit of the breast—nearly all of it, if the truth must be told—together with a glass of port wine, which Madeline also recommended.

"I shouldn't be so bold, ma'am, but the doctor charged me the last thing; and what's done can't be helped, as he said; and human nature can't bear up on nothing."

That she was sustained may be concluded by the closing sentence of a letter from the expected aunt to a mutual friend:

"Our dear love conducts herself wonderfully. It is quite superhuman, in such trying circumstances. He was fifty-seven years old, and had just made his will—being still very much in love—in which he leaves her every thing—house, furniture, and plate included."

If the neighbors had not managed, through that unflinching news agency, the kitchen, to keep themselves fully aware of the movements of No. 20, they might have been led to an awkward conclusion, the Monday following the bereaved one's first appearance at church, by supposing that a wedding reception was in progress. The blinds were closed, to be sure; but that is by no means uncommon at a bridal—on the contrary, it has been considered *de rigueur*, as all complexions, especially a bride's, which is proverbially mottled, instead of becomingly pale, show best by gaslight.

The white-gloved serving-man scarcely had an opportunity to fortify his inner man in the butler's room as the morning progressed; and the line of carriages, arriving and departing, afforded full occupation to all the residents on the opposite side of the street, particularly those who did not visit at No. 20. "The condolence" was in progress.

It is not to be supposed that on such an occasion the toilet was of the slightest moment. We may, therefore, set down to natural emotions, awakened afresh at the near prospect of seeing her friends and receiving their sympathy, the feeling displayed by the object of their attentions, when she discovered that Madame had not sent home the dress promised for the day, and she should be obliged to appear for the second time in that which she had worn on Sunday.

"Covered with crape, I told her! And she promised so faithfully! Every body will know it by the three folds. I might have known two were most suitable for a widow myself. I noticed Mrs. De Lacy's the instant I went into church. It was unpardonable in Madame to make such a mistake—such a bill as she is sure to send in, too! Where is my handkerchief, Madeline? And the *bouquet de Cypress*? What could have possessed Mrs. Jones to come so early? Not that cap; don't you know it comes a quarter of an inch over my hair further than the first one I tried on? Don't be so stupid!"

Mrs. Jones, sitting in the darkened drawing-room, had composed her face to the precise expression with which she desired to meet her young friend. Mrs. Jones was tall, matronly, severe; she had a duty to do, and she meant to

do it. It was not a part of her "gift" to "spare people's feelings;" but even Mrs. Jones was partially melted as the door opened noiselessly, and the slender, heavily-draped figure came gliding in.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones! it is so very kind of you! Oh, Mrs. Jones!" And the young creature, wholly overcome, sank on a sofa, and buried her face in the deep-bordered cambric handkerchief.

"Not at all—only my duty, my dear—I never shrink from duty. I am glad to see you can give way so. Cry, my dear; it will relieve you; and you need not mind me. But I should advise you to display as little emotion as possible before others. This is a hard, censorious world, and people are often misjudged. I came early to warn you, my dear, that you can not hope to escape censure. It's a trying position—a very trying position!"

It was a very becoming one, nevertheless, which the young mourner had assumed and still maintained. There was just enough of the dim twilight to enhance the delicacy of the brow visible above the handkerchief, and the hand—with its solitary diamond cluster over the marriage ring—which supported it.

"Of course you must have a companion; it would never do in the world for you to go on here alone. Don't trouble yourself to talk, my dear; I will do all that is necessary. I can recommend you an admirable person—late matron in a Magdalen asylum—the very person for you, though some might consider her tone—of mind, understand me—slightly severe. There, my dear, I think you have given way to your feelings sufficiently, and will be able to attend to what I feel it my duty to say. I trust you will appreciate my motives, and look on me, in the absence of your aunt—who has left you, I understand—in the light of a maternal relative."

A faint sob from behind the cambric, and a slight movement of assent, was a sufficient response to this exordium.

"I am happy to see your blinds are still closed. I was afraid I should find that absurd, unfeeling, foreign custom of making the room as cheerful as possible. I much prefer the Philadelphia fashion—the only thing in which they do take the pre-eminence—keeping the shutters bowed, and tied by black crape bows, for a year. You might make it ribbon after six months. Of course you will see no gentlemen, or be seen speaking to one, for that length of time. Make it a season of study and reflection, my dear. You might go on with your music after a while, if you have your piano moved to the back of the house, and practice chiefly with the soft pedal; though I don't know, after all, but I prefer that a widow should keep her piano entirely closed for the whole year. You can easily get up your practice again; and people are so censorious."

"Oh, Mrs. Jones! I'm sure they could not say any thing unkind of me. After such a loss!

"I'm sure I haven't the least desire to go out, or see any body, or practice or do any thing."

"I dare say not. I am one of those who have charity for every body; but, unfortunately, we have to think of *the world*. There's one thing I particularly wish to impress upon you: don't on any account be seen with your veil up for several months. Nothing creates so much scandal about a widow as that, and naturally enough. I was much pleased with your conduct on Sunday. I watched you narrowly; and I made up my mind that it was my duty, situated as you are, to warn you at once of what you may expect. If I were you—excuse me, my dear—I should remove that diamond ring from my finger, and—"

"It was my engagement ring, and the first thing he ever gave me. It has been the greatest comfort—oh, you don't know—"

"Very probably, my dear, and I can understand it. As I said, I can make allowances; but *the world* might attribute other motives. A band of black enamel, with a single diamond point, if you please, would be most suitable. And that set of jet you have on—excuse me, my dear—did it come from Tiffany's? From Ball and Black's, did you say? Ah, I thought so. Tiffany would not have been guilty of such an error. That thread of gold! Tiffany would have kept you in the plainest jet, without pendants, for two months at least. People will talk, you know, and it's just as well not to give them any occasion. Of course, I could make allowances."

A roll of arriving wheels warned Mrs. Jones that her solitary audience had ended, and she gathered her Cashmere about her as she rose to go.

"I should like to remain and support you through this trying ordeal, but I have an imperative engagement with the managers of the Magdalen. Oh! about Mrs. Black, their late matron? When shall I say you will see her, my dear? You must not allow yourself to be prejudiced by her countenance, recollect; as I so often say, one should never judge from appearances."

"Oh, my darling girl!" And little Mrs. De Ruyter flew past the stately figure bestowing this parting benediction. "Oh, I have felt so dreadfully, you can't imagine! I wanted to come yesterday, but James thought going out to church was quite as much as you ought to go through with. Oh, how pale and dreadfully you look! Oh, don't cry!" And, by way of setting a good example, up flew the lace handkerchief, with its cambric medallion in the centre, and Mrs. De Ruyter sobbed herself, like a child as she was.

"Oh, it's been so dreadful, Antoinette, you can't imagine. The very sight of this room makes me wretched. He used to say I was the loveliest picture in it! He *did* love me so much! Nobody will ever love me so well again!"

"I'm sure he did; we all said so the minute

the will was published. Nobody could have desired more. I wanted to fly across the aisle, Sunday, when you came in. I never saw any thing so becoming as mourning is to you! Brother Jack said that cap was the climax; it fairly brought tears to his eyes—it made him realize it so! I don't believe he heard a word of the service."

"The climax" was involuntarily arranged a little farther back from the forehead, leaving a faint line of golden ripples visible.

"He was always so kind, your brother!"

"Yes, indeed, you can't imagine what a state he has been in; and to think he can't come and tell you so! Here comes Adeline! She can tell you how he has gone on." And as she spoke, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, late Depew, sailed magnificently toward the friends, still sitting with their hands clasped, and making a not unlovely picture by contrast of light and shade.

"Antoinette's here already, cheering you up, I see. That's right. Let me beg of you not to mope. It's no use, my dear—not in the least; fretting won't bring him back again, and you lose just so much by it. You're quite a figure now—as pale as a ghost—or else it's that horrid black, though it's becoming to you, I must say. Isn't it, Antoinette? Jack thinks so; he quite raves about it. It was becoming to me, too. I never regretted any thing so much in my life as having to leave it off. I kept it on as long as I could—till the very Sunday before I was married to Mr. Van Rensselaer. It was a private engagement, you know, and nobody's business. You should have seen people stare when I came out that day in a blue bonnet! Any one else been here this morning?"

"I met that horrid Mrs. Jones just as I came in. She can't endure me, and I detest her. She looked daggers at me—didn't she, Eva?"

"Oh, don't mind that old raven. Don't go and shut yourself up now. I dare say she told you that Mrs. Jenkins kept her veil down in the street for two years; so she did, and put on a bridal one a month after! And there was Mrs. Dr. Grant, shut herself up for dear knows how long. She was Mrs. Praed then, and Dr. Grant her physician. She didn't care about seeing any one, of course, when she was engaged to him all the time!"

"Dreadful! Oh, how can people do so! I'm sure I never should dream of marrying again."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear; of course you will; it's expected of you. Mrs. Strong will tell you so." And the new-comer, who advanced to the mistress of the house with an effective silent pressure of the hand, and a mutual fresh application of handkerchiefs, was appealed to.

"She must not say she will never marry again—must she, Mrs. Strong? Though it's very natural. I said so for as much as three months after Mr. Depew died. Antoinette knows how I used to talk."

Mrs. Strong emerged from the fragile com-

bination of embroidery and Valenciennes that hid her face.

"La! my dear, of course. Don't say you never will. It's all very well for *men* to; it's expected of them, and no one ever minds it. They can say what they please, be as tragic as they like, and do as they please afterward. Nobody ever minds them! But it's apt to be remembered and be brought up against a woman. Society is always so much harder on a woman."

"Just as Mrs. Strong says, Eva. Dear me, when I married Mr. Van Rensselaer it was quite trying, I assure you, receiving my bridal calls, to have people begin, 'Ah, ha! I thought so when you protested against marrying again!' Men!—la, my dear, *men*! Why, there's Van Buren Jones, nephew of the raven; didn't he have to be helped in the carriage the day of his wife's funeral—he was so overcome; and didn't he have a step-ladder brought in every night to climb up and kiss her portrait before he went to bed!"

"He had that sweet monument put up—don't you remember?—at Greenwood, with the epitaph, 'Was ever sorrow like to mine!' Somebody said he ought to have put under it, 'Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' when he married, nine months afterward."

"And there was that intimate friend James used to have," suggested Mrs. De Ruyter, greatly relieved to see her friend's face brightening up at the turn the conversation had taken. Nothing distressed Mrs. De Ruyter so much as to see any one else in trouble. She was known to have cried the whole morning when Fido's paw was so badly scalded by the overturning of a coffee-cup.

"Who? Duncan Lenox, to be sure! There's another, Eva! He kept his head out of the carriage window all the way over the ferry, not to lose sight of his wife's coffin as long as he could see it! Shocking, wasn't it? Six months after, he was saying at the club that he never knew what real devotion meant until his present engagement to Miss Costar. La, my love, *men*!" And Mrs. Van Rensselaer disposed of the whole sex by a contemptuous flutter of plumes and shrug of her ermine-covered shoulders.

"You must not shut yourself up any more than you can help," said Mrs. Strong, returning directly to their young friend; "it's the worst thing in the world for the complexion—isn't it, Mrs. Van Rensselaer?"

"Oh, horrid! I tell her so. Yet what can she do, poor thing, for the next three months? Not a concert, not an opera, not even a *matinée*!"

"Those heavenly *matinées* of Thalberg's, too!" said Mrs. De Ruyter. "You can't imagine what you've lost! They are so exclusive—it's perfectly delightful! And such a magnificent performer as he is! And Brown, too—only think of Brown; wasn't it an idea?

It makes you feel so much at home the instant you see him, you might as well be in your own drawing-room entertaining your friends. You see every body there!"

"The fact is, there's only one thing open to a widow. I know, for I've been through the whole of it—a perfect martyr to scandal, I may say; only one thing left—to go abroad. It would be the very best thing for you, Eva." And Mrs. Van Rensselaer paused to watch the effect of her suggestion, but apparently to consult the tiny Geneva watch that formed a pendant to her bracelet. "There's too much truth in what Mrs. Jones says; though I didn't mind it, I dare say you would. If you put your vail up to look in a shop window, somebody will be sure to see it; if you go to Beck's even, twice a week, it's remarked upon; and to have a gentleman, even if it's your grandfather, seen coming up the steps—horrors! that's sufficient!"

The young widow's face brightened, as if she already inhaled the fresh, sweeping sea-breeze, that seemed so inviting as an escape from the ennui and seclusion to which she was doomed. "If there was only some pleasant party going out!"

"Oh, of course you must have a chaperon. Can't you persuade James to take you to Paris this winter, Antoinette? That would be an excellent opportunity."

"Delightful!" But an agitated peal of the door-bell warned the conclave that Act Second was about to commence. The three intimates were discovered taking a tender and affectionate farewell as the door was thrown open to admit a little throng of less privileged acquaintances, and the fair mourner had resumed her attitude and her handkerchief.

No. 20 settled into desolation and gloom as the season advanced. Dust and straws drifted and lodged in the corners of the broad stone entrance-flight, the massive silver door-plate gathered stain and blackness, as did the costly monument bearing the same name, and "Sacred to its memory!" The spring foliage came out and brightened the dusty street, but still those jealously-closed shutters remained barred to light and air, save at long intervals, when they were thrown back only to disclose the dismantled walls and furniture within. But when winter came again, the house gave token of renewed life and activity. Its year of mourning was ended. Upholsterers and decorators began their work afresh; and while the neighbors said "Ah!" and cheered them in their busy labors by watchful scrutiny and comment, the door-plate itself was removed, and the same day they read in the *Evening Post*:

"Married, on December 12th, at the house of the American Consul in Paris, John Livingstone Depew to Eva, widow of the late Sampson P. Johnson, Esq."

Certainly it was very amiable in the bride to afford them so many topics of interest and conversation.

Mrs. Jenkins, at No. 21, who did not visit at No. 20, welcomed Mrs. Nickham Pell with out-

stretched hands the morning after the arrival by the *Arago*, and drew her to the front window.

"I'm so glad to see you—just in the nick of time! Jennie and I have been watching this half hour to see the groom come out and go down town. There he is—no, it's only the waiter. Yes, it is—he's behind; look, Jennie—that's her, as sure as you live."

"She never came to the door with poor Mr. Johnson *that way*, Ma."

"No, indeed! What an elegant dressing-gown! trimmed with sable, isn't it? or is it plush? See him kiss her! Well, I declare! See him look back and wave his hand! Isn't he stylish? I declare if she isn't kissing her hand to him!" And Mrs. Jenkins dropped the lace curtain in a spasm of virtuous indignation.

"Look, Ma, here's a carriage! it must be some of the family, it's so very early—"

"Early! I wonder what poor Mr. Johnson, with his regular ways, would say to such hours. Seven o'clock, you see. Yes, it's Mrs. Van Rensselaer; her first husband was a Depew, and they've always been very intimate. She went out with Mrs. De Ruyter, who was Miss Depew."

Mrs. Jenkins prided herself on her knowledge of the aristocratic portion of community, and they rewarded her zeal by holding her at arm's-length, so to speak, in all her endeavors to approach more nearly.

Yes, it was Mrs. Van Rensselaer, the first to offer congratulations on the success of her nice little plan to save her dear friend from chagrin and ennui.

The bride flew to meet her with open arms. "I knew you would come to-day. I told Jack so; he had to go down and see something about a detention of our trunks. Ten trunks we had, and some impertinent officer took it into his head that my laces couldn't be private property."

Mrs. Van Rensselaer deliberately turned the bright, glowing face to the light. "What an improvement! That *imperatrice* is very becoming to your style—slightly more so than the cap you wore last year this time. What did I tell you?"

"But it was the cap, after all. Jack said it went right to his heart. I've kept one to remind me of it—that first moonlight talk we had on the steamer. Wasn't it odd he should happen to go out in the same one? Antoinette looked so surprised when he came on board with his trunks, just as we sailed, till he explained something about unexpected business. Wasn't it fortunate we had returned to Paris, so that I could get my *trousseau* on the spot; we waited two weeks though, to have the year and month up. I thought it was very amiable in Jack, when he might have insisted on having our engagement known three weeks before. The dear fellow!"

"Dreadfully in love, I see!" and Mrs. Van Rensselaer stretched out the tip of her boot lazily, and drew a cushion nearer.

"Oh, we don't deny it, either of us. It's a perfect love-match, you know, on both sides; and when I married Mr. Johnson—well, aunt

was so determined about it, you know, and he was so generous. But this—oh, this is a different thing altogether!"

"What will Mrs. Jones say?"

"I must tell you: I had the most astonishing note from her. She says that she is willing to overlook what has passed, and continue my acquaintance—"

"Condescending creature!"

"Wait—because in a foreign country, where I was, I had undoubtedly a right to follow their customs; considering, too, that I had a chaperon, and all that! Poor little Nett used to be taken for a school-girl traveling for the benefit of her accent! But never mind; she was 'Madame,' and of course she never interfered; and it was very proper, which was all one cares for. Mrs. Jones goes on to say that, of course, if it had happened in New York, by accepting Jack's attentions before the year was up, I should have lost caste altogether; but she was gratified to know that there was no public engagement until two weeks before we were married. I had every article home then from Delisle's and Alexandrine's—bridal dress and all; but, as she says, '*an understanding* is very different from an engagement.'

"De-lighted!" and Lawrence Lovell, Esq., held out the tips of his well-gloved hand to the old friend he had just encountered at Delmonico's. "Quite an agreeable surprise, 'pon honor. When did you arrive?"

"*Arago*, yesterday. How are all the boys?"

"Up in arms. I say, Jack, you didn't give us fair play."

"Every man for himself. Own up now, wasn't it a *coup d'état*?"

"Rather."

"Considering the desperate financial crisis I had arrived at too. *Entre nous*?"

"Yes, hang it, go ahead!"

"Positively the last five hundred I could raise—my traveling expenses. Staked every thing. You see it was rather 'urgent business,' as I explained to the dear little soul when she opened her eyes at seeing me walk on board. It takes a woman, though. You wouldn't have believed how Antoinette helped me through."

The elegant Lovell swallowed a second mysterious compound at the bar before he could trust himself to respond. Envy possessed his soul. He had three sisters. Why couldn't *they* do something for a fellow?

"It's kind of queer, though, isn't it?"

"Queer, old boy?"

"Why, yes; to think that old Johnson should have been slaving all his life for you to spend."

"I think of that myself sometimes, don't you know! I say, who'd a thought it, when he used to come rushing in here mornings out of Wall Street, so busy he could hardly get down a sandwich, and we fellows used to be lying about on our oars! Queer how things do come round. Doosed comfortable house of his, any way—only the silver will have to be marked over

again! Good taste that old cock had! Positively, wife and all isn't hard to take!"

Verily, "man walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and can not tell who shall gather them."

NANCY'S BROOK.

WE have not in our borders,
Like the Old World, many a spot
Where old names are as recorders,
Lest its legends be forgot.

'Tis a pity—for the spirit
Loves its kind in joy and pain;
And to think it shall inherit
Sympathy itself again.

And where human joys or sorrows
Haunt the valley or the lake,
Nature, from tradition, borrows
Two-fold graces, for their sake.

So, whene'er on foot I travel,
After my long, winter task,
For their hoards of Love or Marvel
Of the farmers' wives I ask.

Not for tales of feudal glory,
Knightly deeds, or magic book,
But like hers whose simple story
Gave the name to Nancy's Brook.

She had followed her seducer
From the country near the sea,
As she might have followed you, Sir,
Had you spoken fair as he.

And she had no home nor kindred
In the city by the bay;
None of those who might have hindered
When she went with him away.

So they journeyed on together,
With the jocund hunter-train,
In the pleasant April weather,
Through the sunshine and the rain.

Journeyed northward by the river,
Till its cradle-song was heard,
Where the sheltering pine-leaves quiver,
In the upland breezes stirred.

Northward through the rocky passes,
Dark, and difficult, and steep;
Through—to where the meadow-grasses
In the summer stillness sleep.

Where the cloud-crowned mountain towers,
Proud and king-like, over them;
And the timid tribes of flowers
Come and kiss his garments' hem.

There their sylvan lodge was builded,
Roofed with white-and-yellow bark;
And its life the landscape gilded
From the dawning till the dark.

And she lived there, unreminded
About innocence or crime;
To the wintry future blinded,
Like the birds in pairing-time.

Hers was no romantic passion,
Nurtured by poetic lore;
'Twas Affection's homeliest fashion—
Love and serve—and nothing more.

No thought took she for the morrow,
Nor for any thing beyond,
But to meet his frown with sorrow,
And to smile when he was fond.

So the summer days went past her,
Till the yellow golden-rod
And the purple-flowering aster
Carpeted the verdant sod.

And the squirrel in the branches,
Gnawing at the ripened nut—
Sitting, poised upon his haunches—
Dropped the shells upon the hut.

And along the forest arches
Purple grapes began to shine,
High among the feathery larches,
Like great, glistening drops of wine.

Then the band began to scatter,
Few by few, till all were gone;
But she thought it little matter
That they two were left alone.

But, alas! what rotten-hearted
Creatures mask themselves as men!
He, that seemed a man, departed,
And she saw him not again.

Long she watched and long she waited—
On the lonely threshold stood—
Hoping he was but belated
Somewhere in the distant wood.

While the chill night-wind was blowing,
Listened if his footsteps came;
Kept the embers bright and glowing,
So that she might cook his game.

Then her hope grew daily colder,
Unperceived, within her mind;
As the kernel oft will moulder,
Leaving but the brittle rind.

And she sat, with forehead shaded,
Stony with unspoken grief—
Neighborless, alone, unaided—
Through the falling of the leaf.

And the bag of meal grew lighter
Day by day, and crumb by crumb;
While dim visions would affright her
Of the winter snows to come.

In her bosom her heart sickened,
With its dumb and sullen strife;
But, within its gloom, there quickened
Still, the yearning after life.

Memory moulded o'er the faces
Which upon her childhood smiled;
Painted the familiar places,
Far to southward, through the wild.

Then, when agony was sorest—
Pausing, lingering, looking back—
On she started, through the forest,
Following the hunters' track.

Oh, the days were very dreary,
 As she struggled on forlorn;
 Or, in darkness, cold and weary,
 Waited for another morn.

Struggled upward, to the hollow
 Where the rifted granite blocks
 Left a pathway she could follow,
 With the deer, between the rocks.

Clambered down, along the masses
 Of those broad, colossal shelves,
 Where the bear-cubs, as she passes,
 Think her savage as themselves.

Walked beneath the soaring ledges
 Where the trees climb dwindling up;
 And streams, sparkling from their edges,
 Overfill each pebbly cup;

Or, with many braided crinkles,
 Like a crown of silver hair,
 Fall above the hoary wrinkles
 Of some boulder, bald and bare.

Crept through tough and tangled savin,
 Underneath the hemlock eaves,
 Which o'erhang the sombre ravine
 With a thatch of glossy leaves.

Then the streamlet, glad and gushing,
 Through the broader valley marched,
 With united phalanx rushing,
 By the blue sky overarched.

And along the banks she wandered
 With uncertain, tottering tread;
 All this wealth of Nature squandered
 On her lorn, disheveled head.

Naught to her the burning splendor
 Of the forest's funeral blaze;
 Nor the distance, faint and tender,
 Through the purple autumn-haze.

As she passed, the partridge, whirring,
 Shot from out the ferny brake;
 Or, among the leaves, unstirring,
 Watchful, lay the bright-eyed snake.

And the life of those glad creatures,
 'Mid Earth's grand and silent grace,
 Made her eager, haggard features
 Seem a blot on Nature's face.

So she slowly onward faltered,
 Wan with abstinence and pain,
 Till the river's course was altered,
 Turning eastward to the plain.

There a stream her pathway crosses,
 Roaring downward, swollen and wild;
 Though in summer, through the mosses,
 It would murmur like a child.

And beyond its dizzy whirling,
 At the bottom of the glen,
 Is the blue smoke upward curling—
 Is the fellowship of men.

But her pilgrimage was over—
 Hopeless sank she on the brink,
 Thinking of her cruel lover,
 And of God she tried to think.

With her senses feebly reeling,
 Had a vision, vague and dim,
 How, beside her mother, kneeling,
 Once she used to pray to Him.

There she lay—her forehead turning
 Southward, where the farm-fires burned,
 Till her spirit, bruised and yearning,
 To its Giver had returned.

Lay with falling leaves around her—
 And the kindly country folk,
 Near the stream by which they found her,
 Buried her beneath an oak.

'Tis, you'll say, a simple story;
 And the theme for poet's art
 Should be some old, sculptured glory,
 Not the fragment of a heart.

But such legendary riches
 As our hunting-grounds possess,
 Better fit their forest niches—
 Archives of the wilderness.

And the surges of the city
 Overwhelm a thousand pleas
 Heard with brimming eyes of pity
 Amid solitudes like these.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

[Written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Never too late to Mend," "Christie Johnstone," etc.

CAP 6.

MY office in this trip was merely to contract for the Elephant's food at the various places: but I was getting older and shrewder, and more designing than I used to be, and I was quite keen enough to see in this elephant the means of bettering my fortunes if I could but make friends with her. But how to do this? She was like a coquette; strange admirers welcome: but when you had courted her a while she got tired of you and then nothing short of your demise satisfied her caprice. Her heart seemed inaccessible, except to this brute Elliot, and he, drunk or sober guarded the secret of his fascination by some instinct; for reason he possessed in a very small degree.

I played the spy on quadruped and biped, and I found out the fact but the reason beat me. I saw that she was more tenderly careful of him than a mother of her child. I saw him roll down stupid drunk under her belly, and I saw her lift first one foot and then the other and draw them slowly and carefully back, trembling with fear lest she might make a mistake and hurt him.

But why she was a mother to him and a step mother to the rest of us, that I could not learn.

One day, between Plymouth and Liverpool, having left Elliot and her together, I happened to return and I found the Elephant alone and

in a state of excitement, and looking in I observed some blood upon the straw.

His turn has come at last was my first notion; but looking round there was Elliot behind me.

"I was afraid she had tried it on with you," I said.

"Who?"

"The Elephant!"

Elliot's face was not generally expressive, but the look of silent scorn he gave me at the idea of the Elephant attacking him, was worth seeing. The brute knew something I did not know, and could not find out; and from this one piece of knowledge he looked down upon me with a sort of contempt that set all the Seven Dials blood on fire.

"I will bottom this" said I "if I die for it."

My plan was to feed D'jek every day with my own hand, but never to go near her without Elliot at my very side and in front of the Elephant.

This was my first step.

We were now drawing toward Newcastle, and had to lie at Morpeth where we arrived late, and found Mr. Yates and M. Huguet who had come out from Newcastle to meet us; and at this place I determined on a new move which I had long meditated.

Elliot, I reflected, always slept with the Elephant. None of the other men had ever done this. Now might there not be some magic in this unbroken familiarity between the two animals?

Accordingly at Morpeth I pretended there was no bed vacant in the Inn, and asked Elliot to let me lie beside him: he grunted an ungracious assent.

Not to overdo it at first, I got Elliot between me and D'jek, so that if she was offended at my intrusion, she must pass over her darling to resent it; we had tramped a good many miles and were soon fast asleep.

About 2 in the morning, I was awoke by a shout and a crunching, and felt myself dropping into the straw out of the Elephant's mouth—she had stretched her proboscis over him, had taken me up so delicately that I felt nothing, and when Elliot shouted I was in her mouth; at his voice, that rung in my ears like the last trumpet she dropped me like a hot potatoe. I rolled out of the straw giving tongue a good one, and ran out of the shed. I had no sooner got to the Inn than I felt a sickening pain in my shoulder and fainted away.

Her huge tooth had gone into my shoulder like a wedge. It was myself I had heard being crunched.

They did what they could for me and I soon came to. When I recovered my senses I was seized with vomiting: but at last all violent symptoms abated, and I began to suffer great pain in the injured part, and did suffer for 6 weeks.

And so I scraped clear. Somehow or other Elliot was not drunk, or nothing could have

saved me—for a second wonder he, who was a heavy sleeper, woke at the very slight noise she made eating me; a moment later nothing could have saved me—I use too many words—suppose she had eaten me! what then?

They told Mr. Yates at breakfast, and he sent for me, and advised me to lie quiet at Morpeth till the fever of the wound should be off me, but I refused. She was to start at ten and I told him I should start with her.

Running from grim death like that, I had left my shoes behind in the shed, and M. Huguet sent his servant Baptiste an Italian for them.

Mr. Yates then asked me for all the particulars, and while I was telling him and M. Huguet we heard a commotion in the Street, and saw people running, and presently one of the waiters ran in and cried,

"The Elephant has killed a man, or near it."

Mr. Yates laughed and said

"Not quite so bad as that, for here is the man."

"No—no"—cried the waiter—"it is not him, it is one of the foreigners."

Mr. Yates started up all trembling. He ran to the Stable. I followed him as I was, and there we saw a sight to make your blood run cold. On the corn binn lay poor Baptiste crushed to a mummy. How it happened there was no means of knowing—but, no doubt, while he was groping in the straw for my wretched shoes, she struck him with her trunk, perhaps more than once—his breast bones were broken to chips and every time he breathed, which by God's mercy was not many minutes, the man's whole chest frame puffed out like a bladder with the action of his lungs—it was too horrible to look at.

Elliot had run at the man's cry, but too late to save life this time. He had drawn the man out of the straw as she was about to pound him to a jelly, and there the poor soul lay on the corn binn, and by his side lay the things he had died for; two old shoes—Elliot had found them in the straw and put them there of all places in the world.

By this time all Morpeth was out. They besieged the doors and vow'd death to the Elephant. M. Huguet became greatly alarmed; he could spare Baptiste but he could not spare D'jek. He got Mr. Yates to pacify the people—"tell them something," said he.

"What on earth can I say for her over that man's bleeding body?" said Mr. Yates. "Curse her! would to God I had never seen her!"

"Tell them he used her cruel"—said M. Huguet. "I have brought her off with that before now."

Well, my sickness came on again, partly no doubt by the sight, and the remorse; and I was got to bed and lay there some days: so I did not see all that passed, but I heard some and I know the rest by instinct now.

Half an hour after breakfast time Baptiste died. On this the Elephant was detained by

the authorities and a Coroner's inquest was summoned, and sat in the shambles on the victim, with the Butcheress looking on at the proceedings.

Pippin told me she took off a juryman's hat during the investigation waved it triumphantly in the air and placed it cleverly on her favorite's head old Tom.

At this Inquest two or three persons deposed on oath that the deceased had ill used her more than once in France; in particular that he had run a pitchfork into her two years ago, that he had been remonstrated with, but in vain; unfortunately she had recognized him at once and killed him out of revenge for past cruelty, or to save herself from fresh outrages.

This cooled the ardor against her. Some even took part with her against the man.

"Run a pitchfork, into an Elephant! Oh—for shame! no wonder she killed him at last. How good of her not to kill him then and there—what forbearance! forgave it for two years, ye see!"

There is a fixed opinion among men, that an Elephant is a good kind creature: the opinion is fed by the Proprietors of Elephants, who must nurse the notion or lose their customers. And so a set tale is always ready to clear the guilty and criminate the sufferer; and this tale is greedily swallowed by the public. You will hear and read many such tales in the papers before you die. Every such tale is a lie.

How curiously things happen! Last year i.e. more than 20 years after this event, my little girl went for a pound of butter to Newport Street. She brought it wrapped up in a scrap of a very old newspaper; in unrolling it my eye by mere accident fell upon these words "An Inquest." I had no sooner read the paragraph than I put the scrap of paper away in my desk: it lies before me now, and I am copying it:

"An Inquest was held at the Phoenix Inn Morpeth on the 27th ultimo, on view of the body of an Italian named Baptiste Bernard, who was one of the Attendants on the female Elephant which lately performed at the Adelphi. It appeared from the evidence that the man had stabbed the elephant in the trunk with a pitchfork about two years ago while in a state of intoxication, and that on the Tuesday previous to the Inquest, the animal caught hold of him with her trunk and did him so much injury that he died in a few hours. Verdict—died from the wounds and bruises received from the trunk of an Elephant—Deodand 5 shillings."

Well this has gone all abroad: for Print travels like wind and it is not fair to the friends and the memory of this Baptiste Bernard to print that he died by his own cruelty, or fault, or folly.

So take my deposition, World, and above all Milan, his native City.

I declare upon oath that the above is a lie. That the man was never an attendant upon the female elephant: he was an attendant on the female Huguët. He never stabbed or ill used D'jek, or ever came near her or about her. He was Madame Huguët's footman. His first introduction to Mademoiselle D'jek was her killing him, and he died, not by any fault of his

own, but by the will of God and through ignorance of the real nature of the *full grown Elephant*, the cunningest, most treacherous, and blood thirsty beast that ever played the Butcher among mankind.

What men speak dissolves in the air, what they print stands fast and will look them in the face to all eternity. I print the truth about this man's death—so help me God!

Business is business. As soon as we had got the inquest over and stamped the lie current, hid the truth, and buried the man, we marched south and played our little play at Newcastle.

Deodand for a human soul sent by murder to its account, five bob!!!

After Newcastle we walked to York, and thence to Manchester. I crept along thoroughly crest-fallen—Months and months I had watched and spied and tried to pluck out the heart of this Tom Elliot's mystery—I had failed.—Months and months I had tried to gain some influence over D'jek—I had fail'd—But for Elliot it was clear I should not live a single day within reach of her trunk—this brute was my superior, I was compelled to look up to him, and I *did look up to him*.

As I tramped sulkily along, my smarting shoulder reminded me that in Elephant, as in every thing else I had tried—I was Jack, not master.

The proprietors had their cause of discontent too; we had silenced the Law, but we could not silence opinion. Somehow, suspicion hung about her in the very air, wherever she went. She never thrived in the English Provinces after the Morpeth job, and finding this—Mr. Yates said "Oh hang her, she has lost her character here, send her to America." So he and M. Huguët joined partnership and took this new speculation on their shoulders. America was even in that day a great card if you went with an English or French reputation.

I had been thinking of leaving her and her old Tom in despair: but now that other dangers and inconveniences were to be endured besides her and her trunk, by some strange freak of human nature, or by fate, I began to cling to her like a limpet to a rock the more you pull at him.

Mr. Yates dissuaded me—"Have nothing to do with her Jack. She will serve you like all the rest. Stay at home, and I'll find something for you in the Theatre."

I thought a great deal of Mr. Yates for this: for he was speaking against his own interest I was a faithful servant to him, and he needed one about her. Many a £5 note I had saved him already, and well he deserved it at my hands.

"No Sir" I said "I shall be of use, and I can't bear to be nonplussed by two brutes like Elliot and her. I have begun to study her, and I must go on to the word 'Finis.'"

Messrs. Yates and Huguët insured the elephant for £20,000 and sent us all to sea togeth-

er in the middle of November, a pretty month to cross the Atlantic in.

This was what betterers call a hedge; and not a bad one.

Our party was Queen D'jek—Mr. Stevenson her financier, Mr. Gallott her stage manager and wrongful heir; Elliot her Keeper, her Lord, her King; Pippin her slave always trembling for his head, myself her Commissariat, and one George Hinde from Wombwell's her man of all work.

She had a stout cabin built upon deck for her. It cost £40 to make; what she paid for the accommodation Heaven knows, but I should think a good round sum, for it was the curse of the sailors and passengers, and added fresh terrors to navigation: the steersman could not see the ship's head for it, until the sea took the mariner's part and knocked it into tooth picks.

Captain Sebor had such a passage with us, as he never encountered before; he told us so—and no wonder; he never had such a wholesale murderess on board before—contrary winds for ever, and stiff gales too. At last it blew great guns; and one night as the sun went down on us in the Gulf of Florida, the sea running mountains high, I saw Captain Sebor himself was fidjety. He had cause—that night a tempest came on, "The Ontario" rolled fearfully and groaned like a dying man: about two in the morning a sea struck her, smashed D'jek's cabin to atoms and left her exposed and reeling: another such would now have swept her overboard, but her wits never left her for a moment. She threw herself down flatter than any man could have conceived possible: out went all her four legs, and she glued her belly to the deck—the sailors passed a chain from the weather to the lee bulwarks, and she seized it with her proboscis, and held on like grim death. Poor thing, her jacket never got to say dry—she was like a great water rat all the rest of the voyage.

The passage was twelve weeks of foul weather: the Elephant began to be suspected of being the cause of this, and the Sailors often looked askant at her, and said we should never see port till she walked the plank into the Atlantic. If her underwriters saved their twenty thousand pounds, it was touch and go more than once or twice. Moreover she ate so little all the voyage that it was a wonder to Elliot and me how she came not to die of sickness and hunger. I suppose she survived it all because she had more mischief to do.

As the pretty little witches sing in Mr. Locke's Opera of M'beth,

She must, she must, she must, she must, she must, shed—much—more—blood!!!

CAP 7.

OUR preposterous long voyage deranged all the calculations that had been made for us in England, and we reached New York just at the wrong time. We found Master Burke playing at the Park Theatre, and we were forced to treat with an inferior house—"The Bowery Thea-

tre." We played there but with small success compared with what we had been used to in Europe. Master Burke filled the house—we didn't fill ours: so that at last she was actually eclipsed by a human actor: to be sure it was a boy—not a man, and child's play is sometimes preferred by the Theatre going world even to Horse play.

The states men were cold to us; they had not at this time learned to form an opinion of their own at sight on such matters, and we did not bring them an overpowering European verdict to which they had nothing to do but sign their names. There was no groove cut for the mind to run in about us, and while they hesitated, the speculation halted. I think she would succeed there now: but at this time they were not ripe for an Elephant.

We left New York—and away to Philadelphia on foot and steamboat.

There is a place at the mouth of the Delaware where the boat draws up to a small pier. Down this we marched, and about 10 yards from the end the floor gave way under her weight and D'jek and her train fell into the water—I was awoke from a reverie and found myself sitting right at top of her with my knees in Chesapeake bay. Elliot had a rough benjamin on, and, as he was coming thundering down with the rest of the rubbish, alive and dead, it caught in a nail and he hung over the Bay by the shoulder like an Indian Fakeer cursing and swearing for all the world like a dog barking. I never saw such a posture—and oh! the language!!!

I swam out, but D'jek was caught in a trap between the two sets of piles. The water was about two feet over her head, so that every now and then she disappeared, and then striking the bottom she came up again, plunging and rolling and making waves like a steamboat, her trunk she kept vertical like the hose of a diving bell, and, oh, the noises that came up from the bottom of the sea through that flesh pipe for about four hours. She went up and down the gamut of "Oh Lord what shall I do?" more than a thousand times I think. We brought ropes to her aid, and boats, and men, and tried all we knew to move her, but in vain; and when we had exhausted our sagacity, she drew upon a better bank—her own. Talk of brutes not being able to reason—Gammon! D'jek could reason like Solomon: for each fresh difficulty she found a fresh resource. On this occasion she did what I never saw her do before or since—she took her enormous skull, and used it as a battering ram against the piles; two of them resisted, no wonder, they were about 8 inches in diameter; the third snapped like glass and she plunged through and waddled on shore. I met her with a bucket of brandy and hot water—stiff.

Ladies, who are said to sip this compound in your boudoirs while your husbands are smoking at the clubs, but I don't believe it of you, learn how this lady disposed of her wooden tumbler full

—she thrust her proboscis into it—Whis-s-s-sp! now it is all in her trunk—Whis-s-s-sh—now it is all in her abdomen: one breath drawn and exhaled sent it from the bucket home. This done, her eye twinkled and she trumpeted “All is well that ends well.”

I should weary the reader were I to relate at length all the small incidents that befell us in the United States.

The general result was failure, loss of money our salaries not paid up and fearful embarrassments staring us in the face, we scraped through without pawning the elephant: but we were often on the verge of it. All this did not choke my ambition. Warned by the past I never ventured near her, unless Elliot was there, for twelve months after our landing: but I was always watching Elliot and her to find the secret of his influence.

A fearful annoyance to the leaders of the speculation was the drunkenness of old Tom and George Hinde: these two encouraged one another and defied us, and of course they were our masters because no one but Elliot could move the Elephant from place to place, or work her on the stage.

One night Elliot was so drunk that he fell down senseless at the door of her shed on his way to repose—I was not near, but Mr. Gallott, it seems, was, and he told us she put out her proboscis, drew him tenderly in, laid him on the straw, and flung a blanket over him or partly over him—Mr. Gallott is alive and a public character, you can ask him whether this is true: I tell the tale as twas told to me, and I can believe it.

Not long after this, in one of the American towns, I forget which, passing by D'jek's shed I heard a tremendous row. I was about to call Elliot thinking it was the old story, somebody getting butchered: but I don't know how it was, something stopped me, and I looked cautiously in instead, and I saw Tom Elliot walking into her with a pitchfork—she trembling like a school boy with her head in a corner—and the blood streaming from her sides. As soon as he caught sight of me he left off and muttered unintelligibly. I said nothing—I thought the more.

CAP 8.

WE steamed and tramped up and down the United States of America. At Norfolk she broke loose at midnight, slipped into the Town, took up the trees on the Boulevard and strewed them flat, went into the market, broke into a vegetable shop, munched the entire stock, next to a coachmaker's, took off a carriage wheel, opened the door, stripped the cushions, and we found her eating the stuffing.

One day at noon we found ourselves fourteen miles from the Town, I forget its name, we had to play in that very night. Mr. Gallott had gone on to rehearse etc., and it behooved us to be marching after him. At this juncture, old Tom being rather drunk, feels a strong desire

to be quite drunk, and refuses to stir from his brandy and water. Our Exchequer was in no condition to be trifled with thus; if Elliot and Co. became helpless for an hour or two, we should arrive too late for the night's performance, and D'jek eating her head off all the while. I coaxed and threatened our two brandy sponges; but in vain: they stuck and sucked. I was in despair: and being in despair I came to a desperate resolution; I determined to try and master her myself then and there and defy these drunkards.

I told Pippin my project: he started back aghast: he viewed me in the light of a madman “are you tired of your life?” said he. But I was inflexible. Seven Dials pluck was up. I was enraged with my drunkards, and I was tired of waiting so many years the slave of a quadruped whose master was a brute.

Elephants are driven with a rod of steel sharpened at the end; about a foot from the end of this weapon is a large hook, by sticking this hook into an Elephant's ear and pulling it, you make them sensible which way you want them to go, and persuade them to comply.

Armed with this tool I walked up to D'jek's shed, and in the most harsh and brutal voice I could command bade her come out. She moved in the shed, but hesitated. I repeated the command still more repulsively, and out she came toward me very slowly.

With beasts such as lions, tigers and elephants great promptitude is the thing. Think for them! don't give *them* time to think! or their thoughts are apt to be evil. I had learned this much: so I introduced myself by driving the steel into D'jek's ribs and then hooking her ear, while Pippin looked down aghast from a first story window. If D'jek had known how my heart was beating she would have killed me then and there: but finding no hesitation on my part, she took it all as a matter of course and walked with me like a lamb. I found myself alone with her on the road and fourteen miles of it before us. It was a serious situation, but I was ripe for it now. All the old women's stories and traditions about an Elephant's character had been driven out of me by experience and washed out with blood. I had fathomed Elliot's art, I had got what the French call the riddle key of Mademoiselle D'jek, and that key was “Steel!”

On we marched the best of friends—there were a number of little hills on the road, and as we mounted one, a figure used to appear behind us on the crest of the last between us and the sky—this was the gallant Pippin, solicitous for his friend's fate, but desirous of not partaking it if adverse. And still the worthy D'jek and I marched on the best of friends. About a mile out of the Town she put out her trunk, and tried to curl it gently round me in a caressing way—I met this overture by driving the steel into her till the blood squirted out of her. If I had not the Syren would have killed me in the course of the next five minutes. Whenever

she relaxed her speed I drove the steel into her. When the afternoon sun smiled gloriously on us, and the poor thing felt nature stir in her heart, and began to frisk in her awful clumsy way, pounding the great globe, I drove the steel into her: if I had not I should not be here to relate this sprightly narrative.

Meantime at * * * her Stage Manager and Financier were in great distress and anxiety. Four o'clock, and no elephant! At last they got so frightened, they came out to meet us, and presently to their amazement and delight D'jek strode up with her new general. Their ecstacy was great to think the whole business was no longer at a Drunkard's mercy—"But how did you manage—how ever did you win her heart?" "With this?" said I and showed them the bloody steel.

We had not been in the Town half an hour before Tom and George came in. They were not so drunk but what they trembled for their situations after my exploit, and rolled after us as fast they could.

By these means I rose from Mademoiselle's slave to be her companion and friend.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER IX.

HOSPITALITIES.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Commander-in-Chief set forth to pay his visit to Madam Esmond in such a state and splendor as became the first personage in all his Majesty's colonies, plantations, and possessions of North America. His guard of dragoons preceded him out of

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Williamsburg in the midst of an immense shouting and yelling of a loyal, and principally negro population. The General rode in his own coach. Captain Talmadge, his Excellency's Master of the Horse, attended him at the door of the ponderous emblazoned vehicle, and riding by the side of the carriage during the journey from Williamsburg to Madam Esmond's house. Major Danvers, aid-de-camp, sate in the front of the carriage with the little postmaster from Philadelphia, Mr. Franklin, who, printer's boy as he had been, was a wonderful shrewd person, as his Excellency and the gentlemen of his family were fain to acknowledge, having a quantity of the most curious information respecting the colony, and regarding England too, where Mr. Franklin had been more than once. "Twas extraordinary how a person of such humble origin should have acquired such a variety of learning and such a politeness of breeding, too, Mr. Franklin!" his Excellency was pleased to observe, touching his hat graciously to the postmaster.

The postmaster bowed, said it had been his occasional good fortune to fall into the company of gentlemen like his Excellency, and that he had taken advantage of his opportunity to study their honors' manners, and adapt himself to them as far as he might. As for education, he could not boast much of that—his father being but in straitened circumstances, and the advantages small in his native country of New England: but he had done to the utmost of his power, and gathered what he could—he knew nothing like what they had in England.

Mr. Braddock burst out laughing, and said, "As for education, there were gentlemen of the army, by George, who didn't know whether they should spell bull with two b's or one. He had heard the Duke of Marlborough was no special good penman. He had not the honor of serving under that noble commander—his Grace was before his time—but he thrashed the French soundly, although he was no scholar."

Mr. Franklin said he was aware of both those facts.

"Nor is my Duke a scholar," went on Mr. Braddock—"aha, Mr. Postmaster, you have heard that, too—I see by the wink in your eye."

Mr. Franklin instantly withdrew the obnoxious or satirical wink in his eye, and looked in the General's jolly round face with a pair of orbs as innocent as a baby's. "He's no scholar, but he is a match for any French general that ever swallowed the English for *fricassée de crapaud*. He saved the crown for the best of kings, his royal father, his Most Gracious Majesty King George."

Off went Mr. Franklin's hat, and from his large buckled wig escaped a great halo of powder.

"He is the soldier's best friend, and has been the uncompromising enemy of all beggarly red-shanked Scotch rebels and intriguing Romish Jesuits who would take our liberty from us, and our religion by George. His royal highness,

my gracious master, is not a scholar neither, but he is one of the finest gentlemen in the world."

"I have seen his royal highness on horseback, at a review of the Guards, in Hyde Park," says Mr. Franklin. "The Duke is indeed a very fine gentleman on horseback."

"You shall drink his health to-day, Postmaster. He is the best of masters, the best of friends, the best of sons to his royal old father; the best of gentlemen that ever wore an epaulet."

"Epaulets are quite out of my way, Sir," says Mr. Franklin, laughing. "You know I live in a Quaker city."

"Of course they are out of your way, my good friend. Every man to his business. You, and gentlemen of your class, to your books, and welcome. We don't forbid you; we encourage you. We, to fight the enemy and govern the country. Hey, gentlemen? Lord! what roads you have in this colony, and how this confounded coach plunges! Who have we here, with the two negro boys in white and blue liveries? He rides a good gelding."

"It is Mr. Washington," says the aid-de-camp.

"I would like him for a corporal of the Horse Grenadiers," said the General. "He has a good figure on a horse. He knows the country, too, Mr. Franklin."

"Yes, indeed."

"And is an extremely genteel young man, considering the opportunities he has had. I should have thought he had the polish of Europe, by George I should."

"He does his best," says Mr. Franklin, looking innocently at the stout chief, the exemplar of English elegance, who sat swaggering from one side to the other of the carriage, his face as scarlet as his coat—swearing at every other word; ignorant on every point off parade, except the merits of a bottle and the looks of a woman; not of high birth, yet absurdly proud of his no-ancestry; brave as a bull-dog; savage, lustful, prodigal, generous; gentle in soft moods; easy of love and laughter; dull of wit; utterly unread; believing his country the first in the world, and he as good a gentleman as any in it. "Yes, he is mighty well for a provincial, upon my word. He was beat at Fort What-d'ye-callum last year, down by the Thingamy river. What's the name on't, Talmadge?"

"The Lord knows, Sir," says Talmadge; "and I dare say the Postmaster, too, who is laughing at us both."

"Oh Captain!"

"Was caught in a regular trap. He had only militia and Indians with him. Good-day, Mr. Washington. A pretty nag, Sir. That was your first affair last year."

"That at Fort Necessity? Yes, Sir," said the gentleman, gravely saluting as he rode up, followed by a couple of natty negro grooms, in smart livery coats and velvet hunting-caps. "I began ill, Sir, never having been in action until that unlucky day."

"You were all raw levies, my good fellow. You should have seen our militia run from the Scotch, and be cursed to them. You should have had some troops with you."

"Your Excellency knows 'tis my passionate desire to see and serve with them," said Mr. Washington.

"By George we shall try and gratify you, Sir," said the General, with one of his usual huge oaths; and on the heavy carriage rolled toward Castlewood; Mr. Washington asking leave to gallop on ahead, in order to announce his Excellency's speedy arrival to the lady there.

The progress of the Commander-in-Chief was so slow that several humbler persons who were invited to meet his Excellency came up with his carriage, and, not liking to pass the great man on the road, formed quite a procession in the dusty wake of his chariot-wheels. First came Mr. Dinwiddie, the Lieutenant-Governor of his Majesty's province, attended by his negro servants, and in company of Parson Broadbent, the jolly Williamsburg chaplain. These were presently joined by little Mr. Dempster, the young gentleman's schoolmaster, in his great Ramillies wig, which he kept for occasions of state. Anon appeared Mr. Laws, the judge of the court, with Madam Laws on a pillion behind him, and their negro man carrying a box containing her ladyship's cap, and bestriding a mule. The procession looked so ludicrous, that Major Danvers and Mr. Franklin espying it, laughed outright, though not so loud as to disturb his Excellency, who was asleep by this time, bade the whole of this queer rear-guard move on, and leave the Commander-in-Chief and his escort of Dragoons to follow at their leisure. There was room for all at Castlewood when they came. There was meat, drink, and the best tobacco for his Majesty's soldiers, and laughing and jollity for the negroes, and a plenteous welcome for their masters.

The honest General required to be helped to most dishes at the table, and more than once, and was forever holding out his glass for drink; Nathan's sangaree he pronounced to be excellent, and had drunk largely of it on arriving before dinner. There was cider, ale, brandy, and plenty of good Bordeaux wine, some which Colonel Esmond himself had brought home with him to the colony, and which was fit for *ponteficis canis*, said little Mr. Dempster, with a wink to Mr. Broadbent, the clergyman of the adjoining parish. Mr. Broadbent returned the wink and nod, and drank the wine without caring about the Latin, as why should he, never having hitherto troubled himself about the language? Mr. Broadbent was a gambling, guzzling, cock-fighting divine, who had passed much time in the Fleet prison, at Newmarket, at Hockley in the Hole; and having gone of all sorts of errands for his friend Lord Cinqbars, Lord Ringwood's son (my lady Cinqbars's waiting-woman being Mr. B.'s mother—I daresay, the modern reader had best not be too particular regarding Mr. Broadbent's father's pedigree).

had been of late sent out to a church-living in Virginia. He and young George had fought many a match of cocks together, taken many a roe in company, hauled in countless quantities of shad and salmon, slain wild geese and wild swans, pigeons and plovers, and destroyed myriads of canvas-backed ducks. It was said by the envious that Broadbent was the midnight poacher on whom Mr. Washington set his dogs, and whom he caned by the river side at Mount Vernon. The fellow got away from his captor's grip, and scrambled to his boat in the dark; but Broadbent was laid up for two Sundays afterward, and when he came abroad again had the evident remains of a black eye and a new collar to his coat. All the games at the cards had George Esmond and Parson Broadbent played together, besides hunting all the birds in the air, the beasts in the forest, and the fish of the sea. Indeed, when the boys rode together to get their reading with Mr. Dempster, I suspect that Harry staid behind and took lessons from the other professor of European learning and accomplishments—George going his own way, reading his own books, and, of course, telling no tales of his younger brother.

All the birds of the Virginia air, and all the fish of the sea in season were here laid on Madam Esmond's board to feed his Excellency and the rest of the English and American gentlemen. The gumbo was declared to be perfection (young Mr. George's black servant was named after this dish, being discovered behind the door with his head in a bowl of this delicious hotch-potch by the late Colonel, and grimly christened on the spot), the shad were rich and fresh, the stewed terrapins were worthy of London aldermen—before George, he would like the Duke himself to taste them, his Excellency deigned to say—and, indeed, stewed terrapins are worthy of any duke or even emperor. The negro women have a genius for cookery, and in Castlewood kitchens there were adepts in the art brought up under the keen eye of the late and the present Madam Esmond. Certain of the dishes, especially the sweets and *flans*, Madam Esmond prepared herself with great neatness and dexterity; carving several of the principal pieces, as the kindly cumbrous fashion of the day was, putting up the laced lappets of her sleeves, and showing the prettiest round arms and small hands and wrists as she performed this ancient rite of a hospitality not so languid as ours. The old law of the table was that the mistress was to press her guests with a decent eagerness, to watch and see whom she could encourage to farther enjoyment, to know culinary anatomic secrets, and execute carving operations upon fowls, fish, game, joints of meat, and so forth; to cheer her guests to fresh efforts, to whisper her neighbor, Mr. Braddock: "I have kept for your Excellency the jowl of this salmon.—I will take no denial! Mr. Franklin, you drink only water, Sir, though our cellar has wholesome wine which gives no headaches.—Mr. Justice, you love wood-cock pie?"

"Because I know who makes the pastry," says Mr. Laws, the Judge, with a profound bow. "I wish, Madam, we had such a happy knack of pastry at home as you have at Castlewood. I often say to my wife, 'My dear, I wish you had Madam Esmond's hand.'"

"It is a very pretty hand; I am sure others would like it too," says Mr. Postmaster of Boston—at which remark Mr. Esmond looks but half-pleased at the little gentleman.

"Such a hand for a light pie-crust," continues the Judge, "and my service to you, Madam." And he thinks the widow can not but be propitiated by this compliment. She says simply that she had lessons when she was at home in England for her education, and that there were certain dishes which her mother taught her to make, and which her father and sons both liked. She was very glad if they pleased her company. More such remarks follow: more dishes; ten times as much meat as is needful for the company. Mr. Washington does not embark in the general conversation much, but he and Mr. Talmadge, and Major Danvers, and the Postmaster, are deep in talk about roads, rivers, conveyances, sumpter-horses, and artillery train; and the provincial militia Colonel has bits of bread laid at intervals on the table before him, and stations marked out, on which he has his finger, and regarding which he is talking to his brother aids-de-camp, till a negro-servant, changing the courses, brushes off the Potomac with a napkin, and sweeps up the Ohio in a spoon.

At the end of dinner, Mr. Broadbent leaves his place and walks up behind the Lieutenant-Governor's chair, where he says Grace, returning to his seat and resuming his knife and fork when this work of devotion is over. And now the sweets and puddings are come, of which I can give you a list, if you like; but what young lady cares for the puddings of to-day, much more for those which were eaten a hundred years ago, and which Madam Esmond had prepared for her guests with so much neatness and skill? Then, the table being cleared, Nathan, her chief manager, lays a glass to every person, and fills his mistress's. Bowing to the company, she says she drinks but one toast, but knows how heartily all the gentlemen present will join her. Then she calls "His Majesty," bowing to Mr. Braddock, who with his aids-de-camp and the colonial gentlemen all loyally repeat the name of their beloved and gracious Sovereign. And hereupon, having drunk her glass of wine and saluted all the company, the widow retires between a row of negro-servants, performing one of her very handsomest courtesies at the door.

The kind Mistress of Castlewood bore her part in the entertainment with admirable spirit, and looked so gay and handsome, and spoke with such cheerfulness and courage to all her company, that the few ladies who were present at the dinner could not but congratulate Madam Esmond upon the elegance of the feast, and es-

pecially upon her manner of presiding at it. But they were scarcely got to her drawing-room when her artificial courage failed her, and she burst into tears on the sofa by Mrs. Laws's side, just in the midst of a compliment from that lady. "Ah, Madam!" she said, "it may be an honor, as you say, to have the King's representative in my house, and our family has received greater personages than Mr. Braddock. But he comes to take one of my sons away from me. Who knows whether my boy will return, or how? I dreamed of him last night as wounded, and quite white with blood streaming from his side. I would not be so ill-mannered as to let my grief be visible before the gentlemen; but, my good Mrs. Justice, who has parted with children, and who has a mother's heart of her own, would like me none the better if mine were very easy this evening."

The ladies administered such consolations as seemed proper or palatable to their hostess, who tried not to give way farther to her melancholy, and remembered that she had other duties to perform before yielding to her own sad mood. "It will be time enough, Madam, to be sorry when they are gone," she said to the Justice's wife, her good neighbor. "My boy must not see me following him with a wistful face, and have our parting made more dismal by my weakness. It is good that gentlemen of his rank and station should show themselves where their country calls them. That has always been the way of the Esmonds, and the same Power which graciously preserved my dear father through twenty great battles in the Queen's time, I trust and pray will watch over my son now his turn is come to do his duty." And now, instead of lamenting her fate, or farther alluding to it, I dare say the resolute lady sate down with her female friends to a pool of cards and a dish of coffee, while the gentlemen remained in the neighboring parlor, still calling their toasts and drinking their wine. When one lady objected that these latter were sitting rather long, Madam Esmond said: "It would improve and amuse the boys to be with the English gentlemen. Such society was very rarely to be had in their distant province, and though their conversation sometimes was free, she was sure that gentlemen and men of fashion would have regard to the youth of her sons, and say nothing before them which young people should not hear."

It was evident that the English gentlemen relished the good cheer provided for them. While the ladies were yet at their cards, Nathan came in and whispered Mrs. Mountain, who at first cried out, "No! she would give no more—the common Bordeaux they might have, and welcome, if they still wanted more—but she would not give any more of the Colonel's." It appeared that the dozen bottles of particular claret had been already drunk up by the gentlemen, besides all "cider, Burgundy, Lisbon, and Madeira," says Mrs. Mountain, enumerating the supplies.

But Madam Esmond was for having no stint

in the hospitality of the night. Mrs. Mountain was fain to bustle away with her keys to the sacred vault where the Colonel's particular Bordeaux lay, surviving its master, who, too, had long passed underground. As they went on their journey, Mrs. Mountain asked whether any of the gentlemen had had too much? Nathan thought Mister Broadbent was tipsy—he always tipsy; he then thought the General gentleman was tipsy; and he thought Master George was a lilly drunk.

"Master George!" cries Mrs. Mountain; "why, he will sit for days without touching a drop."

Nevertheless, Nathan persisted in his notion that Master George was a lilly drunk. He was always filling his glass, he had talked, he had sung, he had cut jokes, especially against Mr. Washington, which made Mr. Washington quite red and angry, Nathan said. "Well, well!" Mrs. Mountain cried, eagerly, "it was right a gentleman should make himself merry in good company, and pass the bottle along with his friends." And she trotted to the particular Bordeaux cellar with only the more alacrity.

The tone of freedom and almost impertinence which young George Esmond had adopted of late days toward Mr. Washington had very deeply vexed and annoyed that gentleman. There was scarce half a dozen years' difference of age between him and the Castlewood twins; but Mr. Washington had always been remarked for a discretion and sobriety much beyond his time of life, while the boys of Castlewood seemed younger than theirs. They had always been till now under their mother's anxious tutelage, and had looked up to their neighbor of Mount Vernon as their guide, director, friend—as, indeed, almost every body seemed to do who came in contact with the simple and upright young man. Himself of the most scrupulous gravity and good-breeding, in his communication with other folks he appeared to exact, or, at any rate, to occasion, the same behavior. His nature was above levity and jokes: they seemed out of place when addressed to him. He was slow of comprehending them, and they slunk, as it were, abashed out of his society. "He always seemed great to me," says Harry Warrington, in one of his letters, many years after the date of which we are writing, "and I never thought of him otherwise than of a hero. When he came over to Castlewood, and taught us boys surveying, to see him riding to hounds was as if he was charging an army. If he fired a shot, I thought the bird must come down; and if he flung a net, the largest fish in the river were sure to be in it. His words were always few, but they were always wise; they were not idle, as our words are—they were grave, sober, and strong, and ready on occasion to do their duty. In spite of his antipathy to him, my brother respected and admired the General as much as I did—that is to say, more than any mortal man."

Mr. Washington was the first to leave the

jovial party which were doing so much honor to Madam Esmond's hospitality. Young George Esmond, who had taken his mother's place when she left it, had been free with the glass and with the tongue. He had said a score of things to his guest which wounded and chafed the latter, and to which Mr. Washington could give no reply. Angry beyond all endurance, he left the table at length, and walked away through the open windows into the broad veranda or porch which belonged to Castlewood, as to all Virginian houses.

Here Madam Esmond caught sight of her friend's tall frame as it strode up and down before the windows; and, the evening being warm, or her game over, she gave up her cards to one of the other ladies, and joined her good neighbor out of doors. He tried to compose his countenance as well as he could; it was impossible that he should explain to his hostess why and with whom he was angry.

"The gentlemen are long over their wine," she said; "gentlemen of the army are always fond of it."

"If drinking makes good soldiers, some yonder are distinguishing themselves greatly, madam," said Mr. Washington.

"And I dare say the General is at the head of his troops?"

"No doubt, no doubt," answered the Colonel, who always received this lady's remarks, playful or serious, with a peculiar softness and kindness. "But the General is the General, and it is not for me to make remarks on his Excellency's doings at table or elsewhere. I think very likely that military gentlemen born and bred at home are different from us of the colonies. We have such a hot sun that we need not wine to fire our blood as they do. And drinking toasts seems a point of honor with them. Talmadge hiccoughed to me—I should say, whispered to me—just now, that an officer could no more refuse a toast than a challenge, and he said that it was after the greatest difficulty and dislike at first that he learned to drink. He has certainly overcome his difficulty with uncommon resolution."

"What, I wonder, can you talk of for so many hours?" asked the lady.

"I don't think I can tell you all we talk of, madam, and I must not tell tales out of school. We talked about the war, and of the force Mr. Contrecoeur has, and how we are to get at him. The General is for making the campaign in his coach, and makes light of it and the enemy. That we shall beat them, if we meet them, I trust there is no doubt."

"How can there be?" says the lady, whose father had served under Marlborough.

"Mr. Franklin, though he is only from New England," continued the gentleman, "spoke great good sense, and would have spoken more if the English gentlemen would let him; but they reply invariably that we are only raw provincials, and don't know what disciplined British troops can do. Had they not best hasten for-

ward and make turnpike-roads, and have comfortable inns ready for his Excellency at the end of the day's march. 'There's some sort of inns, I suppose,' says Mr. Danvers, 'not so comfortable as we have in England; we can't expect that.' 'No, you can't expect that,' says Mr. Franklin, who seems a very shrewd and facetious person. He drinks his water, and seems to laugh at the Englishmen, though I doubt whether it is fair for a water-drinker to sit by and spy out the weaknesses of gentlemen over their wine."

"And my boys? I hope they are prudent?" said the widow, laying her hand on her guest's arm. "Harry promised me, and when he gives his word I can trust him for any thing. George is always moderate. Why do you look so grave?"

"Indeed, to be frank with you, I do not know what has come over George in these last days," says Mr. Washington. "He has some grievance against me which I do not understand, and of which I don't care to ask the reason. He spoke to me before the gentlemen in a way which scarcely became him. We are going the campaign together, and 'tis a pity we begin such ill friends."

"He has been ill. He is always wild and wayward, and hard to understand. But he has the most affectionate heart in the world. You will bear with him, you will protect him—promise me you will."

"Dear lady, I will do so with my life," Mr. Washington said, with great fervor. "You know I would lay it down cheerfully for you or any you love."

"And my father's blessing and mine go with you, dear friend!" cried the widow, full of thanks and affection.

As they pursued their conversation, they had quitted the porch under which they had first begun to talk, and where they could hear the laughter and toasts of the gentlemen over their wine, and were pacing a walk on the rough lawn before the house. Young George Warrington, from his place at the head of the table in the dining-room, could see the pair as they passed to and fro, and had listened for some time past, and replied in a very distracted manner to the remarks of the gentlemen round about him, who were too much engaged with their own talk, and jokes, and drinking, to pay much attention to their young host's behavior. Mr. Braddock loved a song after dinner, and Mr. Danvers, his aid-de-camp, who had a fine tenor voice, was delighting his General with the latest ditty from Marybone Gardens, when George Warrington, jumping up, ran toward the window, and then returned and pulled his brother Harry by the sleeve, who sat with his back toward the window.

"What is it?" says Harry, who, for his part, was charmed too with the song and chorus.

"Come!" cried George, with a stamp of his foot, and the younger followed obediently.

"What is it?" continued George, with a bitter oath. "Don't you see what it is? They were billing and cooing this morning; they are bill-

ing and cooing now before going to roost. Had we not better both go into the garden, and pay our duty to our mamma and papa?" and he pointed to Mr. Washington, who was taking the widow's hand very tenderly in his.



CHAPTER X.

A HOT AFTERNOON.

GENERAL BRADDOCK and the other guests of Castlewood being duly consigned to their respective quarters, the boys retired to their own room, and there poured out to one another their opinions respecting the great event of the day. They would not bear such a marriage—no. Was the representative of the Marquises of Esmond to marry the younger son of a colonial family, who had been bred up as a land-surveyor! Castlewood, and the boys at nineteen years of age, handed over to the tender mercies of a step-father of three-and-twenty! Oh, it was monstrous! Harry was for going straightway to his mother in her bed-room—where her black maidens were divesting her ladyship of the simple jewels and fineries which she had assumed in compliment to the feast—protesting against the odious match, and announcing that they would go home, live upon their little property there, and leave her forever, if the unnatural union took place.

George advocated another way of stopping it, and explained his plan to his admiring brother. "Our mother," he said, "can't marry a man with whom one or both of us has been out on the field, and who has wounded us or killed us, or whom we have wounded or killed. We must have him out, Harry."

Harry saw the profound truth conveyed in George's statement, and admired his brother's immense sagacity. "No, George," says he, "you are right. Mother can't marry our mur-

derer; she won't be as bad as that. And if we pink him, he is done for. '*Cadit questio*,' as Mr. Dempster used to say. Shall I send my boy with a challenge to Colonel George now?"

"My dear Harry," the elder replied, thinking with some complacency of his affair of honor at Quebec, "you are not accustomed to affairs of this sort."

"No," owned Harry, with a sigh, looking with envy and admiration on his senior.

"We can't insult a gentleman in our own house," continued George, with great majesty, "the laws of honor forbid such inhospitable treatment. But, Sir, we can ride out with him, and, as soon as the park gates are closed, we can tell him our mind."

"That we can, by George!" cries Harry, grasping his brother's hand, "and that we will, too. I say, Georgy . . ." Here the lad's face became very red, and his brother asked him what he would say?

"This is *my* turn, brother," Harry pleaded. "If you go to the campaign, I ought to have the other affair. Indeed, indeed, I ought;" and he prayed for this bit of promotion.

"Again the head of the house must take the lead, my dear," George said, with a superb air. "If I fall, my Harry will avenge me. But I must fight George Washington, Hal: and 'tis best I should; for, indeed, I hate him the worst. Was it not he who counseled my mother to order that wretch, Ward, to lay hands on me?"

"Ah, George," interposed the more pacable younger brother, "you ought to forget and forgive!"

"Forgive? Never, Sir, as long as I remember. You can't order remembrance out of a man's mind; and a wrong that was a wrong yesterday must be a wrong to-morrow. I never, of my knowledge, did one to any man, and I never will suffer one, if I can help it. I think very ill of Mr. Ward, but I don't think so badly of him as to suppose he will ever forgive thee that blow with the ruler. Colonel Washington is our enemy, mine especially. He has advised one wrong against me, and he meditates a greater. I tell you brother, we must punish him."

The grandsire's old Bourdeaux had set George's ordinarily pale countenance into a flame. Harry, his brother's fondest worshiper, could not but admire George's haughty bearing and rapid declamation, and prepared himself, with his usual docility, to follow his chief. So the boys went to their beds, the elder conveying special injunctions to his junior to be civil to all the guests so long as they remained under the maternal roof on the morrow.

Good manners and a repugnance to telling tales out of school, forbid us from saying which of Madam Esmond's guests was the first to fall under the weight of her hospitality. The respectable descendants of Messrs. Talmadge and Danvers, aids-de-camp to his Excellency, might not care to hear how their ancestors were intoxi-

cated a hundred years ago; and yet the gentlemen themselves took no shame in the fact, and there is little doubt they or their comrades were tipsy twice or thrice in the week. Let us fancy them reeling to bed, supported by sympathizing negroes; and their vinous General, too stout a toper to have surrendered himself to a half-dozen bottles of Bordeaux, conducted to his chamber by the young gentlemen of the house, and speedily sleeping the sleep which friendly Bacchus gives. The good lady of Castlewood saw the condition of her guests without the least surprise or horror; and was up early in the morning, providing cooling drinks for their hot palates, which the servants carried to their respective chambers. At breakfast, one of the English officers rallied Mr. Franklin, who took no wine at all, and therefore refused the morning cool draught of toddy, by showing how the Philadelphia gentleman lost two pleasures, the drink and the toddy. The young fellow said the disease was pleasant and the remedy delicious, and laughingly proposed to continue repeating them both. The General's new American aid-de-camp, Colonel Washington, was quite sober and serene. The British officers vowed they must take him in hand and teach him what the ways of the English army were; but the Virginian gentleman gravely said he did not care to learn that part of the English military education.

The widow, occupied as she had been with the cares of a great dinner, followed by a great breakfast on the morning ensuing, had little leisure to remark the behavior of her sons very closely, but at least saw that George was scrupulously polite to her favorite, Colonel Washington, as to all the other guests of the house.

Before Mr. Braddock took his leave, he had a private audience of Madam Esmond, in which his Excellency formally offered to take her son into his family; and when the arrangements for George's departure were settled between his mother and future chief, Madam Esmond, though she might feel them, did not show any squeamish terrors about the dangers of the bottle, which she saw were among the severest and most certain which her son would have to face. She knew her boy must take his part in the world, and encounter his portion of evil and good. "Mr. Braddock is a perfect fine gentleman in the morning," she said, stoutly, to her aid-de-camp, Mrs. Mountain; "and though my papa did not drink, 'tis certain that many of the best company in England do." The jolly general good-naturedly shook hands with George, who presented himself to his Excellency after the maternal interview was over, and bade George welcome, and to be in attendance at Frederick three days hence; shortly after which time the expedition would set forth.

And now the great coach was again called into requisition, the General's escort pranced round it, the other guests and their servants went to horse. The lady of Castlewood attended his Excellency to the steps of the veranda in front of her house, the young gentlemen fol-

lowed, and stood on each side of his coach-door. The guard trumpeter blew a shrill blast, the negroes shouted "Huzzay, and God save de King!" as Mr. Braddock most graciously took leave of his hospitable entertainers, and rolled away on his road to head-quarters.

As the boys went up the steps, there was the Colonel once more taking leave of their mother. No doubt she had been once more recommending George to his namesake's care; for Colonel Washington said: "With my life. You may depend on me," as the lads returned to their mother and the few guests still remaining in the porch. The Colonel was booted and ready to depart. "Farewell, my dear Harry," he said. "With you, George, 'tis no adieu. We shall meet in three days at the camp."

Both the young men were going to danger, perhaps to death. Colonel Washington was taking leave of her, and she was to see him no more before the campaign. No wonder the widow was very much moved.

George Warrington watched his mother's emotion, and interpreted it with a pang of malignant scorn. "Stay yet a moment, and console our mamma," he said, with a steady countenance, "only the time to get ourselves booted, and my brother and I will ride with you a little way, George." George Warrington had already ordered his horses. The three young men were speedily under way, their negro grooms behind them, and Mrs. Mountain, who knew she had made mischief between them and trembled for the result, felt a vast relief that Mr. Washington was gone without a quarrel with the brothers, without, at any rate, an open declaration of love to their mother.

No man could be more courteous in demeanor than George Warrington to his neighbor and namesake, the Colonel. The latter was pleased and surprised at his young friend's altered behavior. The community of danger, the necessity of future fellowship, the softening influence of the long friendship which bound him to the Esmond family, the tender adieux which had just passed between him and the mistress of Castlewood, inclined the Colonel to forget the unpleasantness of the past days, and made him more than usually friendly with his young companion. George was quite gay and easy: it was Harry who was melancholy now; he rode silently and wistfully by his brother, keeping away from Colonel Washington, to whose side he used always to press eagerly before. If the honest Colonel remarked his young friend's conduct, no doubt he attributed it to Harry's known affection for his brother, and his natural anxiety to be with George now the day of their parting was so near.

They talked further about the war, and the probable end of the campaign; none of the three doubted its successful termination. Two thousand veteran British troops with their commander must get the better of any force the French could bring against them, if only they moved in decent time. The ardent young Vir-

ginian soldier had an immense respect for the experienced valor and tactics of the regular troops. King George II. had no more loyal subject than Mr. Braddock's new aid-de-camp.

So the party rode amicably together, until they reached a certain rude log-house, called Benson's, of which the proprietor, according to the custom of the day and country, did not disdain to accept money from his guests in return for hospitalities provided. There was a recruiting station here, and some officers and men of Halkett's regiment assembled, and here Colonel Washington supposed that his young friend would take leave of him.

While their horses were baited, they entered the public room, and found a rough meal prepared for such as were disposed to partake. George Warrington entered the place with a particularly gay and lively air, whereas poor Harry's face was quite white and wo-begone.

"One would think, Squire Harry, 'twas you who was going to leave home and fight the French and Indians, and not Mr. George," says Benson.

"I may be alarmed about danger to my brother," said Harry, "though I might bear my own share pretty well. 'Tis not my fault that I stay at home."

"No, indeed, brother," cries George.

"Harry Warrington's courage does not need any proof!" cries Mr. Washington.

"You do the family honor by speaking so well of us, Colonel," says Mr. George, with a low bow. "I daresay we can hold our own, if need be."

While his friend was vaunting his courage, Harry looked, to say the truth, by no means courageous. As his eyes met his brother's he read in George's look an announcement which alarmed the fond, faithful lad. "You are not going to do it now?" he whispered his brother.

"Yes, now;" says Mr. George, very steadily.

"For God's sake let me have the turn. You are going on the campaign, you ought not to have every thing—and there may be an explanation, George. We may be all wrong."

"Pshaw, how can we? It must be done now—don't be alarmed. No names shall be mentioned—I shall easily find a subject."

A couple of Halkett's officers, whom our young gentlemen knew, were sitting under the porch, with the Virginian toddy-bowl before them.

"What are you conspiring, gentlemen?" cried one of them. "Is it a drink?"

By the tone of their voices and their flushed cheeks it was clear the gentlemen had already been engaged in drinking that morning.

"The very thing, Sir," George said, gayly. "Fresh glasses, Mr. Benson! What, no glasses? Then we must have at the bowl."

"Many a good man has drunk from it," says Mr. Benson; and the lads one after another, and bowing first to their military acquaintance, touched the bowl with their lips. The liquor did not seem to be much diminished for the

boys' drinking, though George especially gave himself a toper's airs, and protested it was delicious after their ride. He called out to Colonel Washington, who was at the porch, to join his friends, and drink.

The lad's tone was offensive, and resembled the manner lately adopted by him, and which had so much chafed Mr. Washington. He bowed, and said he was not thirsty.

"Nay, the liquor is paid for," says George, "never fear, Colonel."

"I said I was not thirsty. I did not say the liquor was not paid for," said the young Colonel, drumming with his foot.

"When the King's health is proposed, an officer can hardly say no. I drink the health of his Majesty, gentlemen," cried George. "Colonel Washington can drink it or leave it. The King!"

This was a point of military honor. The two British officers of Halkett's, Captain Grace, and Mr. Waring, both drank the King. Harry Warrington drank the King. Colonel Washington, with glaring eyes, gulped, too, a slight draught from the bowl.

Then Captain Grace proposed "The Duke and the Army," which toast there was likewise no gainsaying. Colonel Washington had to swallow the Duke and the Army.

"You don't seem to stomach the toast, Colonel," said George.

"I tell you again, I don't want to drink," replied the Colonel. "It seems to me the Duke and the Army would be served all the better if their healths were not drunk so often."

"You are not up to the ways of regular troops as yet," said Captain Grace, with rather a thick voice.

"Maybe not, Sir."

"A British officer," continues Captain Grace, with great energy but doubtful articulation, "never neglects a toast of that sort, nor any other duty. A man who refuses to drink the health of the Duke—hang me, such a man should be tried by a court-martial!"

"What means this language to me? You are drunk, Sir!" roared Colonel Washington, jumping up, and striking the table with his fist.

"A cursed provincial officer say I'm drunk!" shrieks out Captain Grace. "Waring, do you hear that?"

"I heard it, Sir!" cried George Warrington.

"We all heard it. He entered at my invitation—the liquor called for was mine: the table was mine—and I am shocked to hear such monstrous language used at it as Colonel Washington has just employed toward my esteemed guest, Captain Waring."

"Confound your impudence, you infernal young jackanapes!" bellowed out Colonel Washington. "You dare to insult me before British officers, and find fault with my language? For months past I have borne with such impudence from you, that if I had not loved your mother—yes, Sir, and your good

grandfather and your brother—I would—I would—” Here his words failed him, and the irate Colonel, with glaring eyes and purple face, and every limb quivering with wrath, stood for a moment speechless before his young enemy.

“You would what, Sir?” says George, very quietly, “if you did not love my grandfather, and my brother, and my mother? You are making her petticoat a plea for some conduct of yours—you would do what, Sir, may I ask again?”

“I would put you across my knee and whip you, you snarling little puppy, that’s what I would do!” cried the Colonel, who had found breath by this time, and vented another explosion of fury.

“Because you have known us all our lives, and made our house your own, that is no reason you should insult either of us!” here cried Harry, starting up. “What you have said, George Washington, is an insult to me and my brother alike. You will ask our pardon, Sir!”

“Pardon?”

“Or give us the reparation that is due to gentlemen,” continues Harry.

The stout Colonel’s heart smote him to think that he should be at mortal quarrel or called upon to shed the blood of one of the lads he loved. As Harry stood facing him, with his fair hair, flushing cheeks, and quivering voice, an immense tenderness and kindness filled the bosom of the elder man. “I—I am bewildered,” he said. “My words, perhaps, were very hasty. What has been the meaning of George’s behavior to me for months back? Only tell me, and, perhaps—”

The evil spirit was awake and victorious in young George Warrington: his black eyes shot out scorn and hatred at the simple and guileless gentleman before him. “You are shirking from the question, Sir, as you did from the toast just now,” he said. “I am not a boy to suffer under your arrogance. You have publicly insulted me in a public place, and I demand a reparation.”

“In Heaven’s name be it!” says Mr. Washington, with the deepest grief in his face.

“And you have insulted *me*,” continues Captain Grace, reeling toward him. “What was it he said? Confound the militia captain—colonel, what is he? You’ve insulted me! Oh, Waring! to think I should be insulted by a captain of militia!” And tears bedewed the noble Captain’s cheek as this harrowing thought crossed his mind.

“I insult *you*, you hog!” the Colonel again yelled out, for he was little affected by humor, and had no disposition to laugh as the others had at the scene. And, behold, at this minute a fourth adversary was upon him.

“Great Powers, Sir!” said Captain Waring, “are three affairs not enough for you, and must I come into the quarrel, too? You have a quarrel with these two young gentlemen.”

“Hasty words, Sir!” cries poor Harry, once more.

“Hasty words, Sir!” cries Captain Waring. “A gentleman tells another gentleman that he will put him across his knees and whip him, and you call those hasty words? Let me tell you if any man were to say me, ‘Charles Waring,’ or ‘Captain Waring, I’ll put you across my knees and whip you,’ I’d say, ‘I’ll drive my cheese-toaster through his body,’ if he were as big as Goliath, I would. That’s one affair with young Mr. George Warrington. Mr. Harry, of course, as a young man of spirit, will stand by his brother. That’s two. Between Grace and the Colonel apology is impossible. And, now—run me through the body! You call an officer of my regiment—of Halkett’s, Sir!—a hog before my face! Great Heavens, Sir! Mr. Washington! are you all like this in Virginia? Excuse me, I would use no offensive personality, as, by George! I will suffer none from any man! but, by Gad, Colonel! give me leave to tell you that you are the most quarrelsome man I ever saw in my life. Call a disabled officer of my regiment—for he is disabled, ain’t you, Grace?—call him a hog before *me*! You withdraw it, Sir—you withdraw it?”

“Is this some infernal conspiracy in which you are all leagued against me?” shouted the Colonel. “It would seem as if I was drunk, and not you, as you all are. I withdraw nothing. I apologize for nothing. By Heavens! I will meet one or half a dozen of you in your turn, young or old, drunk or sober.”

“I do not wish to hear myself called more names,” cried Mr. George Warrington. “This affair can proceed, Sir, without any further insult on your part. When will it please you to give me the meeting?”

“The sooner the better, Sir!” said the Colonel, fuming with rage.

“The sooner the better,” hiccupped Captain Grace, with many oaths needless to print (in those days oaths were the customary garnish of all gentlemen’s conversation); and he rose staggering from his seat, and reeled toward his sword, which he had laid by the door, and fell as he reached the weapon. “The sooner the better!” the poor tipsy wretch again cried out from the ground, waving his weapon and knocking his own hat over his eyes.

“At any rate, *this* gentleman’s business will keep cool till to-morrow,” the Militia Colonel said, turning to the other King’s officer. “You will hardly bring your man out to-day, Captain Waring?”

“I confess that neither his hand nor mine are particularly steady,” said Waring.

“Mine is!” cried Mr. Warrington, glaring at his enemy.

“His comrade of former days was as hot and as savage. Be it so—with what weapon, Sir?” Washington said, sternly.

“Not with small-swords, Colonel. We can beat you with them. You know that from our old bouts. Pistols had better be the word.”

“As you please, George Warrington—and God forgive you, George! God pardon you, Har-

ry! for bringing me into this quarrel," said the Colonel, with a face full of sadness and gloom.

Harry hung his head, but George continued with perfect calmness. "I, Sir? It was not I who called names, who talked of a cane, who insulted a gentleman in a public place before gentlemen of the army? It is not the first time you have chosen to take me for a negro, and talked of the whip for me."

The Colonel started back, turning very red, and as if struck by a sudden remembrance.

"Great Heavens, George! is it that boyish quarrel you are still recalling?"

"Who made you the overseer of Castlewood?" said the boy, grinding his teeth. "I am not your slave, George Washington, and I never will be. I hated you then, and I hate you now. And you have insulted me, and I am a gentleman, and so are you. Is that not enough?"

"Too much, only too much," said the Colonel, with a genuine grief on his face, and at his heart. "Do you bear malice too, Harry? I had not thought this of thee!"

"I stand by my brother," said Harry, turning away from the Colonel's look, and grasping George's hand. The sadness on their adversary's face did not depart. "Heaven be good to us! 'Tis all clear now," he muttered to himself. "The time to write a few letters, and I am at your service, Mr. Warrington," he said.

"You have your own pistols at your saddle. I did not ride out with any; but will send Sady back for mine. That will give you time enough, Colonel Washington?"

"Plenty of time, Sir," and each gentleman made the other a low bow, and, putting his arm in his brother's, George walked away. The Virginian officer looked toward the two unlucky captains, who were by this time helpless with liquor. Captain Benson, the master of the tavern, was propping the hat of one of them over his head.

"It is not altogether their fault, Colonel," said my landlord, with a grim look of humor. "Jack Firebrace and Tom Humbold of Spotsylvania was here this morning, chanting horses with 'em. And Jack and Tom got 'em to play cards; and they didn't win—the British Captains didn't. And Jack and Tom challenged them to drink for the honor of Old England, and they didn't win at that game, neither, much. They are kind, free-handed fellows when they are sober, but they are a pretty pair of fools—they are."

"Captain Benson, you are an old Frontier man, and an officer of ours, before you turned farmer and taverner. You will help me in this matter with yonder young gentlemen?" said the Colonel.

"I'll stand by and see fair play, Colonel. I won't have no hand in it, beyond seeing fair play. Madam Esmond has helped me many a time, tended my poor wife in her lying-in, and doctored our Betty in the fever. You ain't a goin' to be very hard with them poor boys? Though I seen 'em both shoot: the fair one

hunts well, as you know, but the old one's a wonder at an ace of spades."

"Will you be pleased to send my man with my valise, Captain, into any private room which you can spare me? I must write a few letters before this business comes on. God grant it were well over!" And the Captain led the Colonel into almost the only other room of his house, calling, with many oaths, to a pack of negro servants, to disperse thence, who were chattering loudly among one another, and no doubt discussing the quarrel which had just taken place. Edwin, the Colonel's man, returned with his master's portmanteau, and as he looked from the window, he saw Sady, George Warrington's negro, galloping away upon his errand, doubtless, and in the direction of Castlewood. The Colonel, young and naturally hot-headed, but the most courteous and scrupulous of men, and ever keeping his strong passions under guard, could not but think with amazement of the position in which he found himself, and of the three, perhaps four enemies, who appeared suddenly before him, menacing his life. How had this strange series of quarrels been brought about? He had ridden away a few hours since from Castlewood, with his young companions, and, to all seeming, they were perfect friends. A shower of rain sends them into a tavern, where there are a couple of recruiting officers, and they are not seated for half an hour, at a social table, but he has quarreled with the whole company, called this one names, agreed to meet another in combat, and threatened chastisement to a third, the son of his most intimate friend!



CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN THE TWO GEORGES PREPARE FOR BLOOD.

THE Virginian Colonel remained in one chamber of the tavern, occupied with gloomy preparations for the ensuing meeting; his adversary in the other room thought fit to make his testa-



GEORGE'S SECRETARY AT WAR.

mentary dispositions, too, and dictated by his obedient brother and secretary a grandiloquent letter to his mother, of whom, and by that writing, he took a solemn farewell. She would hardly, he supposed, pursue *the scheme which she had in view* (a peculiar satirical emphasis was laid upon the scheme which she had in view), after the event of that morning, should he fall, as probably would be the case.

"My dear, dear George, don't say that!" cried the affrighted secretary.

"As probably will be the case," George persisted with great majesty. "You know what a good shot Colonel George is, Harry. I myself am pretty fair at a mark, and 'tis probable that one or both of us will drop. 'I scarcely suppose you will carry out the intentions you have at present in view.'" This was uttered in a

tone of still greater bitterness than George had used even in the previous phrase. Harry wept as he took it down.

"You see I say nothing; Madam Esmond's name does not ever appear in the quarrel. Do you not remember in our grandfather's life of himself, how he says that Lord Castlewood fought Lord Mohun on a pretext of a quarrel at cards? and never so much as hinted at the lady's name, who was the real cause of the duel? I took my hint, I confess from *that*, Harry. Our mother is not compromised in the —. Why, child, what have you been writing, and who taught thee to spell?" Harry had written the last words "in view," in *view*, and a great blot of salt water from his honest, boyish eyes may have obliterated some other bad spelling.

"I can't think about the spelling now, Georgy,"

whimpered George's clerk. "I'm too miserable for that. I begin to think, perhaps it's all nonsense, perhaps Colonel George never—"

"Never meant to take possession of Castlewood; never gave himself airs, and patronized us there; never advised my mother to have me flogged, never intended to marry her; never insulted me, and was insulted before the King's officers; never wrote to his brother to say we should be the better for his parental authority? The paper is there," cried the young man, slapping his breast-pocket, "and if any thing happens to me, Harry Warrington, you will find it on my corse!"

"Write yourself, Georgy," says Harry, "I can't write," digging his fists into his eyes, and smearing over the whole composition, bad spelling and all, with his elbows.

On this, George, taking another sheet of paper, sat down at his brother's place, and produced a composition in which he introduced the longest words, the grandest Latin quotations, and the most profound satire of which the youthful scribe was master. He desired that his negro boy, Sady, should be set free, that his Horace, a choice of his books, and, if possible, a suitable provision should be made for his affectionate tutor, Mr. Dempster; that his silver fruit-knife, his music books, and harpsichord, should be given to little Fanny Mountain; and that his brother should take a lock of his hair, and wear it in memory of his ever fond and faithfully attached George. And he sealed the document with the seal of arms that his grandfather had worn.

"The watch, of course, will be yours," said George, taking out his grandfather's gold watch, and looking at it. "Why two hours and a half are gone! 'Tis time that Sady should be back with the pistols. Take the watch, Harry, dear."

"It's no good!" cried out Harry, flinging his arms round his brother. "If he fights you, I'll fight him, too. If he kills my Georgy, — him, he shall have a shot at me!" and the poor lad uttered more than one of those expressions, which are said peculiarly to affect recording angels, who have to take them down at celestial chanceries.

Meanwhile, General Braddock's new aid-de-camp had written five letters in his large resolute hand, and sealed them with his seal. One was to his mother, at Mount Vernon; one to his brother; one was addressed M. C. only; and one to his Excellency, Major-General Braddock; "And one, young gentlemen, is for your mother, Madam Esmond," said the boys' informant.

Again the Recording Angel had to fly off with a violent expression, which parted from the lips of George Warrington. The chancery previously mentioned was crowded with such cases, and the messengers must have been forever on the wing. But I fear for young George and his oath there was no excuse; for it was an execration uttered from a heart full of hatred, and rage, and jealousy.

It was the landlord of the tavern who communicated these facts to the young men. The Captain had put on his old militia uniform to do honor to the occasion, and informed the boys that the Colonel was walking up and down the garden a waiting for 'em, and that the Reg'lars was a'most sober, too, by this time.

A plot of ground near the Captain's log-house had been inclosed with shingles, and cleared for a kitchen-garden; there indeed paced Colonel Washington, his hands behind his back, his head bowed down, a grave sorrow on his handsome face. The negro servants were crowded at the palings, and looking over. The officers under the porch had wakened up also, as their host remarked. Captain Waring was walking, almost steadily, under the balcony formed by the sloping porch and roof of the wooden house; and Captain Grace was lolling over the railing, with eyes which stared very much, though, perhaps, they did not see very clearly. Benson's was a famous rendezvous for cock-fights, horse-matches, boxing, and wrestling-matches, such as brought the Virginian country-folks together. There had been many brawls at Benson's, and men who came thither sound and sober had gone thence with ribs broken and eyes gouged out. And squires, and farmers, and negroes, all participated in the sport.

There, then, stalked the tall young Colonel, plunged in dismal meditation. There was no way out of his scrape but the usual cruel one, which the laws of honor and the practice of the country ordered. Goaded into fury by the impertinence of a boy, he had used insulting words. The young man had asked for reparation. He was shocked to think that George Warrington's jealousy and revenge should have rankled in the young fellow so long; but the wrong had been the Colonel's, and he was bound to pay the forfeit.

A great halloing and shouting, such as negroes use, who love noise at all times, and especially delight to yell and scream when galloping on horseback, was now heard at a distance, and all the heads, woolly and powdered, were turned in the direction of this outcry. It came from the road over which our travelers had themselves passed three hours before, and, presently, the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard, and now Mr. Sady made his appearance on his foaming horse, and actually fired a pistol off in the midst of a prodigious uproar from his woolly brethren. Then he fired another pistol off, to which noises Sady's horse, which had carried Harry Warrington on many a hunt, was perfectly accustomed; and now he was in the courtyard, surrounded by a score of his bawling comrades, and was descending amidst fluttering fowls and turkeys, kicking horses, and shrieking, frantic pigs, and brother negroes crowded round him, to whom he instantly began to talk and chatter.

"Sady, Sir, come here!" roars out Master Harry.

"Sady, come here! Confound you!" shouts

Master George. (Again the Recording Angel is in requisition, and has to be off on one of his endless errands to the Register Office.) "Come directly, Mas'r," says Sady, and resumes his conversation with his woolly brethren. He grins. He takes the pistols out of the holster. He snaps the locks. He points them at a grunter, which plunges through the farm-yard. He points down the road over which he has just galloped, and toward which the woolly heads again turn. He says again, "Comin', Mas'r. Every body a-comin'." And now the gallop of other horses is heard. And who is yonder? Little Mr. Dempster, spurring and digging into his pony; and that lady in a riding-habit, on Madam Esmond's little horse, can it be Madam Esmond? No. It is too stout. As I live, it is Mrs. Mountain, on Madam's gray!

"O Lor! O Golly! Hoop! Here dey come! Hurra!" A chorus of negroes rises up. "Here dey are!" Dr. Dempster and Mrs. Mountain have clattered into the yard, have jumped from their horses, have elbowed through the negroes, have rushed into the house, have run through it and across the porch, where the British officers are sitting in muzzy astonishment; have run down the stairs to the garden where George and Harry are walking, their tall enemy stalking opposite to them; and almost ere George Warrington has had time sternly to say, "What do you do here, Madam?" Mrs. Mountain has flung her arms round his neck, and cries: "Oh George, my darling! It's a mistake! It's a mistake, and is all my fault!"

"What's a mistake?" asks George, majestically separating himself from the embrace.

"What is it, Mounty?" cries Harry, all of a tremble.

"That paper I took out of his portfolio, that paper I picked up, children; where the Colonel says he is going to marry a widow with two children. Who should it be but you, children, and who should it be but your mother?"

"Well?"

"Well, it's—it's not your mother. It's that little widow Custis whom the Colonel is going to marry. He'd always take a rich one; I knew he would. It's not Mrs. Rachel Warrington. He told Madam so to-day, just before he was going away, and that the marriage was to come off after the campaign. And—and your mother is furious, boys. And when Sady came for the pistols, and told the whole house how you were going to fight, I told him to fire the pistols off; and I galloped after him, and I've nearly broken my poor old bones in coming to you."

"I have a mind to break Mr. Sady's," growled George. "I specially enjoined the villain not to say a word."

"Thank God he did, brother!" said poor Harry. "Thank God he did!"

"What will Mr. Washington and those gentlemen think of my servant telling my mother at home that I was going to fight a duel?" asks Mr. George, still in wrath.

"You have shown your proofs before, George," says Harry, respectfully. "And, thank Heaven, you are not going to fight our old friend—our grandfather's old friend. For it was a mistake; and there is no quarrel now, dear, is there? You were unkind to him under a wrong impression."

"I certainly acted under a wrong impression," owns George, "but—"

"George! George Washington!" Harry here cries out, springing over the cabbage-garden toward the bowling-green, where the Colonel was stalking; and, though we can not hear him, we see him with both his hands out, and with the eagerness of youth, and with a hundred blunders, and with love and affection thrilling in his honest voice, we imagine the lad telling his tale to his friend.

There was a custom in those days which has disappeared from our manners now, but which then lingered. When Harry had finished his artless story his friend the Colonel took him fairly to his arms, and held him to his heart; and his voice faltered as he said, "Thank God, thank God for this!"

"Oh, George," said Harry, who felt now how he loved his friend with all his heart, "how I wish I was going with you on the campaign!" The other pressed both the boy's hands in a grasp of friendship, which, each knew, never would slacken.

Then the Colonel advanced, gravely holding out his hand to Harry's elder brother. Perhaps Harry wondered that the two did not embrace as he and the Colonel had just done. But, though hands were joined, the salutation was only formal and stern on both sides.

"I find I have done you a wrong, Colonel Washington," George said, "and must apologize—not for the error, but for much of my late behavior which has resulted from it."

"The error was mine! It was I who found that paper in your room, and showed it to George, and was jealous of you, Colonel. All women are jealous," cried Mrs. Mountain.

"'Tis a pity you could not have kept your eyes off my paper, madam," said Mr. Washington. "You will permit me to say so. A great deal of mischief has come because I chose to keep a secret which concerned only myself and another person. For a long time George Warrington's heart has been black with anger against me, and my feeling toward him has, I own, scarce been more friendly. All this pain might have been spared to both of us had my private papers only been read by those for whom they were written. I shall say no more now, lest my feelings again should betray me into hasty words. Heaven bless thee, Harry! Farewell, George! And take a true friend's advice, and try and be less ready to think evil of your friends. We shall meet again at the camp, and will keep our weapons for the enemy. Gentlemen! if you remember this scene tomorrow, you will know where to find me." And with a very stately bow to the English of-

ficers, the Colonel left the abashed company, and speedily rode away.



CHAPTER XII.

NEWS FROM THE CAMP.

WE must fancy that the parting between the brothers is over, that George has taken his place in Mr. Braddock's family, and Harry has returned home to Castlewood and his duty. His heart is with the army, and his pursuits at home offer the boy no pleasure. He does not care to own how deep his disappointment is at being obliged to stay under the homely, quiet roof, now more melancholy than ever since George is away. Harry passes his brother's empty chamber with an averted face; takes George's place at the head of the table, and sighs as he drinks from his silver tankard. Madam Warrington calls the toast of "the King" stoutly every day; and on Sundays, when Harry reads the Service, and prays for all travelers by land and by water, she says: "We beseech thee to hear us," with a peculiar solemnity. She insists on talking about George constantly, but quite cheerfully, and as if his return was certain. She walks into his vacant room with head upright, and no outward signs of emotion. She sees that his books, linen, papers, etc., are arranged with care; talking of him with a very special respect, and specially appealing to the old servants at meals, and so forth, regarding things which are to be done "when Mr. George comes home." Mrs. Mountain is constantly on the whimper when George's name is mentioned, and Harry's face wears a look of the most

ghastly alarm; but his mother's is invariably grave and sedate. She makes more blunders at piquet and backgammon than you would expect from her; and the servants find her awake and dressed, however early they may rise. She has prayed Mr. Dempster to come back into residence at Castlewood. She is not severe or haughty (as her wont certainly was) with any of the party, but quiet in her talk with them, and gentle in assertion and reply. She is forever talking of her father and his campaigns, who came out of them all with no very severe wounds to hurt him; and so she hopes and trusts will her eldest son.

George writes frequent letters home to his brother, and, now the army is on its march, compiles a rough journal, which he forwards as occasion serves. This document is perused with great delight and eagerness by the youth to whom it is addressed, and more than once read out in family council, on the long summer nights, as Madam Esmond sits upright at her tea-table (she never condescends to use the back of a chair)—as little Fanny Mountain is busy with her sewing, as Mr. Dempster and Mrs. Mountain sit over their cards, as the hushed old servants of the house move about silently in the gloaming, and listen to the words of the young master. Harken to Harry Warrington reading out his brother's letter! As we look at the slim characters on the yellow page, fondly kept and put aside, we can almost fancy him alive who wrote and who read it—and yet, lo! they are as if they never had been; their portraits faint images in frames of tarnished gold. Were they real once, or are they mere phantasms? Did they live and die once? Did they love each other as true brothers and loyal gentlemen? Can we hear their voices in the past? Sure I know Harry's, and yonder he sits in the warm summer evening, and reads his young brother's simple story:

"It must be owned that the provinces are acting scurvily by his Majesty King George II., and his representative here is in a flame of fury. Virginia is bad enough, and poor Maryland not much better, but Pennsylvania is worst of all. We pray them to send us troops from home to fight the French; and we promise to maintain the troops when they come. We not only don't keep our promise, and make scarce any provision for our defenders, but our people insist upon the most exorbitant prices for their cattle and stores, and actually cheat the soldiers who are come to fight their battles. No wonder the General swears, and the troops are sulky. The delays have been endless. Owing to the failure of the several provinces to provide their promised stores and means of locomotion, weeks and months have elapsed, during which time, no doubt, the French have been strengthening themselves on our frontier and in the forts they have turned us out of. Though there never will be any love lost between me and Colonel Washington, it must be owned that *your favorite* (I am not jealous, Hal) is a brave man and a good of-

ficer. The family respect him very much, and the General is always asking his opinion. Indeed, he is almost the only man who has seen the Indians in their war-paint, and I own I think he was right in firing upon Mons. Jumonville last year.

"There is to be no more *suite* to that other quarrel at Benson's Tavern than there was to the proposed battle between Colonel W. and a certain young gentleman who shall be nameless. Captain Waring wished to pursue it on coming into camp, and brought the message from Captain Grace, which your friend, who is as bold as Hector, was for taking up, and employed a brother aid-de-camp, Colonel Wingfield, on his side. But when Wingfield heard the circumstances of the quarrel, how it had arisen from Grace being drunk, and was fomented by Waring being tipsy, and how the two 44th gentlemen had chosen to insult a militia officer, he swore that Colonel Washington should not meet the 44th men; that he would carry the matter straightway to his Excellency, who would bring the two captains to a court-martial for brawling with the militia, and drunkenness, and indecent behavior, and the captains were fain to put up their toasting-irons, and swallow their wrath. They were good-natured enough out of their cups, and ate their humble pie with very good appetites at a reconciliation dinner which Colonel W. had with the 44th, and where he was as perfectly stupid and correct as Prince Prettyman need be. Hang him! He has no faults, and that's why I dislike him. When he marries that widow—ah me! what a dreary life she will have of it."

"I wonder at the taste of some men, and the effrontery of some women," says Madam Esmond, laying her tea-cup down. "I wonder at any woman who has been married once, so forgetting herself as to marry again! Don't you, Mountain!"

"Monstrous!" says Mountain, with a queer look.

Dempster keeps his eyes steadily fixed on his glass of punch. Harry looks as if he was choking with laughter, or with some other concealed emotion, but his mother says, "Go on, Harry! Continue with your brother's journal. He writes well; but, ah, will he ever be able to write like my papa?"

Harry resumes. "We keep the strictest order here in camp, and the orders against drunkenness and ill-behavior on the part of the men are very severe. The roll of each company is called at morning, noon, and night, and a return of the absent and disorderly is given in by the officer, to the commanding-officer of the regiment, who has to see that they are properly punished. The *men* are punished, and the drummers are always at work. Oh, Harry, but it made one sick to see the first blood drawn from a great strong white back, and to hear the piteous yell of the poor fellow."

"Oh, horrid!" says Madam Esmond.

"I think I should have murdered Ward if he

had flogged me. Thank Heaven he got off with only a crack of the ruler! The *men*, I say, are looked after carefully enough. I wish the officers were. The Indians have just broken up their camp, and retired in dudgeon, because the young officers were forever drinking with the squaws—and—and—hum—ha." Here Mr. Harry pauses, as not caring to proceed with the narrative, in the presence of little Fanny, very likely, who sits primly in her chair by her mother's side, working her little sampler.

"Pass over that about the odious tipsy creatures," says Madam. And Harry commences, in a loud tone, a much more satisfactory statement. "Each regiment has Divine Service performed at the head of its colors every Sunday. The General does every thing in the power of mortal man to prevent plundering, and to encourage the people round about to bring in provisions. He has declared soldiers shall be shot who dare to interrupt or molest the market people. He has ordered the price of provisions to be raised a penny a pound, and has lent money out of his own pocket to provide the camp. Altogether, he is a strange compound, this General. He flogs his men without mercy, but he gives without stint. He swears most tremendous oaths in conversation, and tells stories which Mountain would be shocked to hear—"

"Why *me*?" asks Mountain; "and what have I to do with the General's silly stories?"

"Never mind the stories; and go on, Harry," cries the mistress of the house.

"—would be shocked to hear after dinner; but he never misses service. He adores his Great Duke, and has his name constantly on his lips. Our two regiments both served in Scotland, where I dare say Mr. Dempster knew the color of their facings."

"We saw the tails of their coats, as well as their facings," growls the little Jacobite tutor.

"Colonel Washington has had the fever very smartly, and has hardly been well enough to keep up with the march. Had he not better go home and be nursed by his widow? When either of us is ill, we are almost as good friends again as ever. But I feel somehow as if I can't forgive him for having wronged him. Good Powers! How I have been hating him for these months past! Oh, Harry! I was in a fury at the tavern the other day, because Mountain came up so soon and put an end to our difference. We ought to have burned a little gunpowder between us and cleared the air. But though I don't love him as you do, I know he is a good soldier, a good officer, and a brave, honest man; and, at any rate, shall love him none the worse for not wanting to be our step-father."

"A step-father, indeed!" cries Harry's mother. "Why, jealousy and prejudice have perfectly maddened the poor child! Do you suppose the Marquis of Esmond's daughter and heiress could not have found other step-fathers for her sons than a mere provincial surveyor? If there are any more such allusions in George's



THE WILDERNESS.

journal I beg you skip 'em, Harry, my dear. About this piece of folly and blundering there hath been quite talk enough already."

"'Tis a pretty sight," Harry continued, reading from his brother's journal, "to see a long line of red-coats threading through the woods or taking their ground after the march. The care against surprise is so great and constant that we defy prowling Indians to come unawares upon us, and our advanced sentries and savages have on the contrary fallen in with the enemy, and taken a scalp or two from them. They are

such cruel villains, these French and their painted allies, that we do not think of showing them mercy. Only think, we found but yesterday a little boy scalped but yet alive in a lone house, where his parents had been attacked and murdered by the savage enemy, of whom—so great is his indignation at their cruelty—our General has offered a reward of £5 for all the Indian scalps brought in.

"When our march is over, you should see our camp and all the care bestowed on it. Our baggage and our General's tents and guard are

placed quite in the centre of the camp. We have outlying sentries by twos, by threes, by tens, by whole companies. At the least surprise they are instructed to run in on the main body, and rally round the tents and baggage, which are so arranged themselves as to be a strong fortification. Sady and I, you must know, are marching on foot now, and my horses are carrying baggage. The Pennsylvanians sent such rascally animals into camp that they speedily gave in. What good horses were left 'twas our duty to give up; and Roxana has a couple of packets upon her back instead of her young master. She knows me right well, and whinnies when she sees me, and I walk by her side, and we have many a talk together on the march.

"July 4. To guard against surprises, we are all warned to pay especial attention to the beat of the drum; always halting when they hear the long roll beat, and marching at the beat of the long march. We are more on the alert regarding the enemy now. We have our advanced pickets doubled, and two sentries at every post. The men on the advanced pickets are constantly under arms, with fixed bayonets, all through the night, and relieved every two hours. The half that are relieved lie down by their arms, but are not suffered to leave their pickets. 'Tis evident that we are drawing very near to the enemy now. This packet goes out with the General's to Colonel Dunbar's camp, who is fifty miles behind us; and will be carried thence to Frederick, and thence to my honored mother's house at Castlewood, to whom I send my duty, with kindest remembrances, as to all friends there, and how much love I need not say to my dearest brother from his affectionate George E. Warrington."

The whole land was now lying parched and scorching in the July heat. For ten days no news had come from the column advancing on the Ohio. Their march, though it toiled but slowly through the painful forest, must bring them ere long up with the enemy; the troops, led by consummate captains, were accustomed now to the wilderness, and not afraid of surprise. Every precaution had been taken against ambush. It was the outlying enemy who were discovered, pursued, destroyed, by the vigilant scouts and skirmishers of the British force. The last news heard was that the army had advanced considerably beyond the ground of Mr. Washington's discomfiture on the previous year, and two days after must be within a day's march of the French fort. About taking it no fears were entertained; the amount of the French reinforcements from Montreal was known. Mr. Braddock, with his two veteran regiments from Britain, and their allies of Virginia and Pennsylvania, were more than a match for any troops that could be collected under the white flag.

Such continued to be the talk, in the few towns of our Virginian province, at the gentry's houses, and the rough road-side taverns, where people met and canvassed the war. The few messengers who were sent back by the General

reported well of the main force. 'Twas thought the enemy would not stand or defend himself at all. Had he intended to attack, he might have seized a dozen occasions for assaulting our troops at passes through which they had been allowed to go entirely free. So George had given up his favorite mare, like a hero as he was, and was marching afoot with the line. Madam Esmond vowed that he should have the best horse in Virginia or Carolina in place of Roxana. There were horses enough to be had in the provinces, and for money. It was only for the King's service that they were not forthcoming.

Although at their family meetings and repasts the inmates of Castlewood always talked cheerfully, never anticipating any but a triumphant issue to the campaign, or acknowledging any feeling of disquiet, yet it must be owned they were mighty uneasy when at home, quitting it ceaselessly, and forever on the trot from one neighbor's house to another in quest of news. It was prodigious how quickly reports ran and spread. When, for instance, a certain noted border warrior, called Colonel Jack, had offered himself and his huntsmen to the General, who had declined the ruffian's terms or his proffered service, the defection of Jack and his men was the talk of thousands of tongues immediately. The house negroes, in their midnight gallops about the country, in search of junketing or sweethearts, brought and spread news over amazingly wide districts. They had a curious knowledge of the incidents of the march for a fortnight at least after its commencement. They knew and laughed at the cheats practiced on the army, for horses, provisions, and the like; for a good bargain over the foreigner was not an unfrequent or unpleasant practice among New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, or Marylanders; though 'tis known that American folks have become perfectly artless and simple in later times, and never grasp, and never overreach, and are never selfish now. For three weeks after the army's departure, the thousand reports regarding it were cheerful; and when our Castlewood friends met at their supper, their tone was confident and their news pleasant.

But on the 10th of July a vast and sudden gloom spread over the province. A look of terror and doubt seemed to fall upon every face. Affrighted negroes wistfully eyed their masters and retired, and hummed and whispered with one another. The fiddles ceased in the quarters, the song and laugh of those cheery black folk were hushed. Right and left, every body's servants were on the gallop for news. The country taverns were thronged with horsemen, who drank and cursed and brawled at the bars, each bringing his gloomy story. The army had been surprised. The troops had fallen into an ambuscade, and had been cut up almost to a man. All the officers were taken down by the French marksmen and the savages. The General had been wounded, and carried off the field in

his sash. Four days afterward the report was that the General was dead, and scalped by a French Indian.

Ah, what a scream poor Mrs. Mountain gave, when Gumbo brought this news from across the James River, and little Fanny sprang crying to her mother's arms! "Lord God Almighty, watch over us, and defend my boy!" said Mrs. Esmond, sinking down on her knees, and lifting her rigid hands to Heaven. The gentlemen were not at home when this rumor arrived, but they came in an hour or two afterward, each from his hunt for news. The Scots tutor did not dare to look up and meet the widow's agonizing looks. Harry Warrington was as pale as his mother. It might not be true about the manner of the General's death—but he was dead. The army had been surprised by Indians, and had fled, and been killed without seeing the enemy. An express had arrived from Dunbar's camp. Fugitives were pouring in there. Should he go and see? He must go and see. He and stout little Dempster armed themselves and mounted, taking a couple of mounted servants with them.

They followed the northward track which the expeditionary army had hewed out for itself,

and at every step which brought them nearer to the scene of action, the disaster of the fearful day seemed to magnify. The day after the defeat a number of the miserable fugitives from the fatal battle of the 9th July had reached Dunbar's camp, fifty miles from the field. Thither poor Harry and his companions rode, stopping stragglers, asking news, giving money, getting from one and all the same gloomy tale—A thousand men were slain—two-thirds of the officers were down—All the General's aids-de-camp were hit. Were hit?—but were they killed? Those who fell never rose again. The tomahawk did its work upon them. Oh, brother, brother! All the fond memories of their youth, all the dear remembrances of their childhood, the love and the laughter, the tender romantic vows which they had pledged to each other as lads, were recalled by Harry with pangs inexpressibly keen. Wounded men looked up and were softened by his grief: rough women melted as they saw the woe written on the handsome young face: the hardy old tutor could scarcely look at him for tears, and grieved for him even more than for his dear pupil who lay dead under the savage Indian knife.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Thirty-fifth Congress convened on the 7th of December. The Administration having a decided majority in both Houses, an organization was at once effected. In the House, Hon. J. L. Orr, of South Carolina, Democrat, was chosen Speaker, receiving 128 votes against 84 cast for Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Republican. In the Senate, Mr. Breckinridge being temporarily absent, Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, Democrat, was chosen temporary Chairman.—The President's Message presents a full resumé of foreign and domestic affairs. The recent financial revulsion is ascribed to our extravagant and vicious system of paper currency and bank credits, which excite the people to wild speculation and gambling in stocks. Such revulsions, it is affirmed, must recur periodically so long as the amount of paper currency and bank loans shall be left to the discretion of 1400 irresponsible banking institutions. It is one of the first duties of Government to insure a sound currency, and no banks should be chartered without restrictions which will compel them to maintain an amount of gold and silver sufficient to secure the immediate convertibility of their notes under all circumstances. The Bank of England is required by law to keep in its vaults specie to the amount of one-third of its circulation and deposits; while in this country, as a general rule, there is absolutely no legal limitation to the amount of notes which banks may issue; and it has been shown that the banks held at the commencement of the year gold and silver to the amount of less than one-seventh of their liabilities. The President considers that the remedy for this evil lies mainly with the several States; and suggests that the lowest denomination of bank-notes should be raised at first to twenty, and subsequently to fifty

dollars; that every bank should be obliged to keep in its vaults specie equal to one-third of its circulation and deposits; and that by a self-executing enactment they should be compelled to go into liquidation the moment that they suspend specie payments. He holds that Congress possesses the constitutional power to pass, and recommends that it should pass, a uniform bankrupt law applicable to all banking institutions.—Our relations with foreign powers are in general satisfactory. With Great Britain, indeed, it has always been our misfortune to have some dangerous outstanding question. The two Governments have continued to place wholly different constructions upon the Clayton and Bulwer treaty of 1850; and to the Dallas and Clarendon treaty of 1856 amendments have been made by each party to which the other would not accede. In such circumstances, the wisest course would be to abrogate the disputed treaty and begin anew. Had this been done promptly, all difficulties about Central America would probably have been long ago settled; since the interests of Great Britain and the United States in these countries are identical, being mainly confined to securing safe transit routes across the Isthmus.—With *France* our ancient amicable relations remain unbroken; but it is to be regretted that our commercial intercourse is embarrassed by discriminating duties upon the products of each country when arriving in vessels belonging to the other. It is hoped that a treaty, similar to those with other European powers, may soon be negotiated with France, by which these commercial restrictions will be removed.—With *Spain* our relations are less satisfactory. The outrage committed by the Spanish frigate *Ferolana* in firing into, detaining, and searching the mail steamer *El Dorado*, remains unacknowledged and unredressed; and nothing has been done

toward the settlement of the claims of our citizens against the Spanish Government; all demands of this sort having been met by the objection that the American Congress has made no appropriations for indemnifying the claimants in the "Amistad Case," as was recommended by Presidents Polk and Pierce. The President considers such indemnity as due, under the treaty of 1795, and recommends that an appropriation be made by Congress for this purpose. In the mean while, as our Envoy to Spain wishes to be recalled, the President proposes to send out a new Minister, with special instructions in respect to all pending disputes, with directions to secure, if possible, a speedy and amicable adjustment.—A treaty having been made with the Shah of *Persia*, who has expressed a wish we should send a Minister to his Court; it is recommended that an appropriation be made for this purpose.—Our newly-appointed Envoy to *China* has instructions to occupy a neutral position with respect to the hostilities waged at Canton; but will co-operate with the British and French Ministers in endeavoring to secure treaty stipulations favorable to commerce.—The difficulties with *New Granada* are in a fair train of amicable and honorable settlement. As we are under treaty obligations to guarantee the neutrality of the Isthmus route, and the supremacy of *New Granada* over the territory through which it passes, it is recommended that the President be authorized to employ, in case of necessity, the naval and military force of the United States to carry this guarantee into effect; and that similar legislation be adopted in reference to any other routes across the Isthmus in which we may acquire an interest by treaty.—Our influence in Central America has been impaired by the filibustering expeditions fitted out in this country. It is the duty of every nation to prevent its citizens from acts of aggression against other nations. We should call any power upon earth to strict account for permitting expeditions to be fitted out within its territories to burn our towns and murder our people; when, therefore, it was rendered probable that a new expedition against *Nicaragua* was on foot, orders were issued to carry into effect the Neutrality Laws of 1818. Notwithstanding these orders, the leader of that expedition, after having been arrested at New Orleans, and held to bail in the insufficient sum of \$2000, escaped from our shores. The President recommends this subject to the serious attention of Congress; since "our duty and our interest, as well as our national character, require that we should adopt such measures as will be effectual in restraining our citizens from the commission of such outrages."—The President of *Paraguay* has refused to ratify the treaty recently negotiated. The steamer *Water Witch*, while ascending the river, was fired upon from a Paraguayan fort, under the pretext that a decree of the Government prohibited foreign vessels of war from navigating the rivers of that State; but as Paraguay owns but one bank of the river, the validity of the pretext can not be admitted; and besides, the *Water Witch* was not a vessel of war, but was employed in peaceful and scientific explorations. American citizens residing in Paraguay have also been maltreated and deprived of their property by the Government. For all these outrages a demand of satisfaction will be made.—The Message dwells at length upon the affairs of *Kansas*. The President admits that he anticipated that the Constitution framed by the Lecompton Convention would be submitted to the

action of the people of the Territory. But the *Kansas-Nebraska* Act did not expressly direct any portions to be so submitted, except those which relate to the domestic institution of slavery; and as this portion is submitted, he argues that, whether the Constitution be ratified with or without slavery, the Territory should at once be admitted into the Union as a State.—The difficulties in *Utah* are detailed at length; the rebellious attitude of the Mormons under the guidance of Brigham Young is clearly set forth; and the necessity is urged of putting down this first rebellion in a Territory in such a manner as to make it the last. It is recommended that appropriations be made to raise the additional regiments required for this purpose.—The establishment of a Territorial Government in *Arizona* is recommended. This Territory now contains a considerable and increasing population, who need governmental protection, and is supposed to be rich in mineral and agricultural resources; besides that, the route over which the mails to the Pacific will be carried will probably pass through it.—The President holds that under the war-making power Congress has the Constitutional right to aid in the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, and, without committing himself to any particular route, urges this subject upon the consideration of Congress.—In view of the probable deficiency in the revenues, the issue of Treasury Notes, to a limited amount, is recommended by the President. He considers any alteration in the tariff at present unadvisable, and urges that the public lands should be, as far as possible, reserved for actual settlers, at a moderate price; recommends that the present system of making valuable presents to the Indian tribes should be discontinued, and that the policy should be adopted of colonizing them in suitable localities, where they can be taught the rudiments of education, and be gradually incited to adopt habits of industry.—He advocates a wise economy in public expenditures, without withholding the means necessary to accomplish important national objects, especially such as may be necessary for the public defense. Finally, he asks the two Houses of Congress to set apart at least two days at the close of each session, during which no new bills shall be presented to him, in order that he may have time to examine all bills before affixing to them his signature.

The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the revenues of the present fiscal year (including last year's surplus of \$17,710,114) at \$75,926,875; and the expenditures at \$74,064,756; leaving an estimated surplus, on the 1st of July, 1859, of \$1,862,119. But on account of the financial disturbances of the times a large amount of merchandise imported is warehoused; and as the duties are not levied until they are entered for consumption, the immediate expenditures of Government will exceed the receipts. To meet this temporary emergency, he asks for an issue of Treasury Notes to the amount of \$20,000,000. The estimates for expenditures do not include any appropriations which may arise from the original action of Congress during the present session; so that the actual expenditures will probably very considerably exceed the estimated amount.

The Secretary of War reports that the army of the United States consists nominally of 17,984 men, but its present effective force is but 15,764. This force is inadequate to perform the work of guarding our extended frontier, and occupying the lines

of communication between the Valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific. He suggests that five additional regiments should be raised. In view of the present hostile attitude of the Mormons, in spite of the assurances of Government that there was no intention to molest them on account of their religious opinions, he urges that the army in Utah be reinforced by five additional regiments. Several important suggestions are made for increasing the efficiency of the army, among which are modifications of the rule of promotion by seniority; the providing of a retreat for infirm and disabled officers; releasing the common soldiers from the performance of work as laborers; and rendering promotion by commission easily and certainly obtainable by meritorious men in the ranks.

The Secretary of the Navy reports upon the distribution of our naval force. Five vessels constitute the Home Squadron; five are on the Pacific station; three in the Mediterranean; three on the Brazil station; three on the African coast; and five on the Chinese station. He recommends the construction of ten new war steamers of light draught, the estimated cost of which will be \$2,300,000.

The Secretary of the Interior reports that the total amount of public domain was originally 1,450,000,000 acres. Of this, exclusive of school lands, 401,604,988 acres have been surveyed and prepared for market. The total number of acres that have been disposed of by claims, grants, and sales, is 363,862,464; which, deducted from the original quantity, leaves an area of 1,086,137,536 acres not disposed of. During the period embraced in the fiscal year 1857, and the first quarter of 1858, 21,160,037 acres have been disposed of; of which 5,116,000 acres were granted to railroads; 7,381,010 were located under military warrants; 3,862,475 acres returned to the States under swamp land grants; and 5,300,550 were sold for cash, producing \$4,225,908, a diminution from the sales of the corresponding period of last year of \$5,322,145, while the falling off in the location of land warrants was more than 20 per cent., showing that even previous to the financial revulsion the investments in wild lands had greatly decreased.—The number of Indians within the territories of the United States is estimated at 325,000; and the Secretary suggests important modifications in the policy to be observed toward them. He recommends that they should be gathered into smaller reservations, divided into separate farms, upon which they should be encouraged to erect dwellings for themselves and their families; they should have the right of selling these only to members of their own tribes; whites should not be allowed to settle on these reservations; the sale of ardent spirits among them should be suppressed; and they should be instructed in agriculture and the mechanical arts; while useful articles should be purchased and distributed among them *per capita*.—Details are given of the operations upon the various wagon roads authorized by the last Congress, all of which have been vigorously prosecuted.

The Postmaster-General reports that there are now 26,157 post-offices, being an increase of 1021 during the year. The mails are now carried 77,906,067 miles, at a cost of \$6,622,046. The gross revenues of the Department, including the ocean mail service, were \$8,053,951, the expenditures amounting to \$11,507,670—leaving a deficit of \$3,453,719.

That portion of the President's Message which relates to Kansas has excited warm opposition. In the Senate, Mr. Douglas took an early opportunity of expressing his dissent from the conclusions of the President, urging that the principle of "popular sovereignty," as embodied in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, required that the Constitution framed by the Lecompton Convention should be submitted to the people of the Territory. Subsequently, in a long and able speech, he assailed the Lecompton Constitution, on the ground that it was obnoxious to the great majority of the people of Kansas, whom it deprived of the power of regulating their own domestic institutions. He submitted an "enabling bill" authorizing the people of Kansas to form a State Constitution, preparatory to the admission of the Territory into the Union as a State. Messrs. Broderick of California, and Stuart of Michigan, are the only Democratic Senators who have taken ground upon this subject with Mr. Douglas against the Administration. Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, also introduced a bill providing for the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, with the same boundaries as were defined by the bill of the last Congress. It also requires that the seventh article of that Constitution, relative to slavery, shall be submitted to the direct vote of the qualified electors on the 7th of April next, and that the returns of this election shall be made to the Governor of the Territory instead of the President of the Convention; states that the election shall be conducted in obedience to the laws in force on the 7th of November last; also provides that the Constitution shall not be so construed as to limit or impair the right of the people to at any time call a convention for the purpose of altering, amending, or abolishing their form of government, subject to the Constitution of the United States.—Both Houses, by very decided majorities, passed the bill authorizing the issue of Treasury Notes.

New complications have in the mean while arisen in respect to Kansas. Governor Walker returned from the Territory to Washington, and, after conference with the President, resigned his office—assigning as the reason that "the grounds assumed by the President in his late Message to Congress, and in recent instructions in connection with the events now transpiring here and in Kansas, admonish me that, as Governor of that Territory, it will no longer be in my power to preserve the peace or promote the public welfare." Mr. Stanton, who remained as Acting Governor, summoned the Territorial Legislature to convene on the 7th of December. As soon as this was known at Washington Mr. Stanton was removed, and General Denver, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was appointed in his place. The Territorial Legislature, in the mean while, came together, and passed a bill submitting the Lecompton Constitution to the people, at an election to be held on the 4th of January—the ballots to be in three forms: "Constitution with Slavery," "Constitution without Slavery," and "No Lecompton Constitution." A law organizing a Territorial militia, having been vetoed by Governor Stanton, was reaffirmed by a majority of more than two-thirds. The vote upon the acceptance of the Constitution, "with or without slavery," was taken, as directed, on the 21st of December. The greater portion of the Free-State men abstained from voting, and the Constitution, "with slavery," was consequently accepted by a decided ma-

jority. Fresh hostilities had broken out between the two parties.

Dispatches have been received from Colonel Johnson, the commander of the army in *Utah*, to the 7th of November. The different trains had at that time been collected near the mouth of Ham's Fork, after a slow and tedious march, the condition of the draught animals not allowing them to travel more than eleven miles a day, although the roads were good and the weather fine. The army was on the march for Fort Bridger, to dislodge any hostile forces that might be there. No direct molestation had been offered by the Mormons; and the health of the troops was good. Brigham Young had, under date of October 16, addressed a letter to Colonel Alexander, reiterating his purpose to oppose the advance of the troops by force, and warning the commanding officer not to attempt to bring an army into the Territory. Letters had been found upon the person of a prisoner, purporting to be orders from the Mormon General, Wells, commanding his subordinate to harass and annoy the troops in every possible way; to stampede their animals, set fire to their trains, and burn the country before them and on their flanks. Colonel Johnson says that if a long interval should pass without his being heard from, it must be attributed to the difficulty of sending expresses in the winter across the mountains.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico*, President Comonfort, by a sudden *coup d'état* executed on the 17th of December, has taken the reins of government wholly into his own hands, abrogating the constitution recently adopted, dispersing the National Congress, and proclaiming himself absolute Dictator. The movement was made almost simultaneously at the Capital, at Puebla, and Vera Cruz. He promises in three months to convoke an Extraordinary Congress to draft a new Constitution, which shall be submitted to the votes of the people, and if it is not accepted by them it is to be returned to be amended according to the wish of the majority. In the mean time, the government is to be carried on by a Council, the members of which are to be appointed, and their functions defined by the Dictator.

General William Walker's Nicaragua Expedition has reached a sudden and unexpected termination. Leaving New Orleans, as noted in our last Record, in the steamer *Fashion*, he sailed to Mobile Bay, where stores and supplies were taken on board, and set out, on the 14th of November, for Nicaragua. On the 24th the steamer reached the mouth of the Colorado, a branch of the San Juan, where a detachment of about 50 men, under the command of Colonel Frank Anderson, was landed, who proceeded up the river. The *Fashion* then proceeded to Greytown, where a landing was quietly effected, although the United States sloop-of-war *Saratoga* lay in the harbor. Intrenchments were thrown up on Punta Arenas, and the military character of the expedition became apparent. On the 6th of December the United States frigate *Wabash*, Commodore Paulding, arrived. The American vessels took up a position commanding the camp of the filibusters, who were summoned to surrender. They complied with the demand, and the men were shipped on board the American vessels to be brought home. Walker, upon giving his word of honor to surrender himself on his arrival at New York, was permitted to return by the regular steamer from Aspinwall. The propriety of the course taken by Commodore Paul-

ding in arresting Walker upon foreign soil has been questioned. He says, in his dispatch to Government: "I could not regard Walker and his followers in any other light than as outlaws who had escaped from the vigilance of the officers of the Government, and left our shores for the purpose of rapine and murder; and I saw no other way to vindicate the law and redeem the honor of our country than by disarming and sending them home. In so doing I am sensible of the responsibility I have incurred, and look confidently to the Government for my justification." Walker, upon his arrival in the United States, proceeded to Washington, and presented himself to the Secretary of State as a prisoner of State. Mr. Cass refused to recognize him as such, stating that it was only through the action of the Judiciary that he could be lawfully held to answer any charges against him. He was then released from the custody of the United States Marshal, in whose charge he had come from New York.

EUROPE.

Parliament was opened on the 8th of December, considerably earlier than usual, on account, as was stated in the Queen's Speech, of the prevailing commercial distress. The bill indemnifying the Bank of England for issuing notes beyond the amount prescribed by its charter was passed. Parliament thereupon adjourned till February.—Renewed attempts have been made to launch the *Leviathan*, but the vessel has as yet been moved only a small part of the required distance.

The Legislative Body of France has been called together. Count de Morny, the President, spoke of the unexampled financial crisis which had fallen upon the labor and industry of the country; but said that the institutions of credit and commerce had proved their solidity and were gathering the fruits of their prudence: which indicated prodigious resources, and must give to the whole world a high idea of the power of France. In fact, the financial distress seems to have been felt in France much less sensibly than in the other commercial States of Europe.—Messrs. Carnot and Goudchaux, two of the Republican members elected from Paris, refused to take the oath of fidelity to the Emperor, and their seats were declared vacant. Three other of the Republican deputies took the oath, and assumed their seats. The leading Parisian journal, *La Presse*, has been suspended for two months on account of a political article to which a revolutionary tendency was ascribed.

In the north of Europe the monetary revulsion has been great. Hamburg, in particular, has suffered severely.

The attempt to raise the vessels sunk at Sebastopol has been abandoned. The vessels are so deeply buried in mud and earth that the expense of raising them would exceed their value. They will be blown to pieces, and taken up piecemeal.

THE EAST.

From *India* there is little positive intelligence. General Havelock and the forces at Lucknow were in a very perilous situation. Exclusive of the wounded, the number of troops shut up in the Residency was only 1400, while the strength of the enemy in the neighborhood of the city is estimated at 70,000. Sir Colin Campbell, at the latest dates, had just set out from Cawnpore for Lucknow at the head of 5000 men. The kingdom of Oude is now the chief seat of war. Since the fall of Delhi no new outbreaks of importance have occurred.

The troops dispatched from England were rapidly arriving.

Mr. Townsend Harris, our Envoy to Japan, has concluded a treaty with the Government of that country, by which important commercial advantages are secured. American vessels are to be allowed to visit the port of Nangasaki for supplies; a vice-consul may be appointed for Hakodadi, and Americans may permanently reside there and at

Simoda. American gold and silver are to be taken for supplies, at the same value, weight for weight, as Japanese, deducting six per cent. for recoining. Heretofore, owing to the relative value of gold in Japan being only about three times that of silver, a loss of seventy-five per cent. was undergone in making payments. Americans committing offenses in Japan are to be tried by the Consul-General according to American law.

Literary Notices.

The Life and Times of Aaron Burr, by J. PARTON. (Published by Mason Brothers.) "Not so bad as he seems," might have furnished the motto to this lively and well-wrought biography. We do not mean that the author is so intent on whitewashing his subject from the foul and spotted reputation which has clung to him for half a century, as to lose sight of the facts on which the prevailing opinion is founded; but in a spirit of the largest charitable construction he presents the most favorable aspect of Aaron Burr's career, and gives prominence to the redeeming qualities which are found, to a certain extent, even in the most profligate characters. Mr. Parton, however, in his zeal for what he deems historical justice, does not become the apologist for base or malignant conduct. He does not set up Aaron Burr in any respect as a model of good behavior, nor does he attempt to throw a shining vail over his natural deformities; but he endeavors to make him out to be less of a moral monster than has generally been taken for granted by the American public. According to the facts brought out in this volume, however, little can be said in favor of Burr, but that he was not a sensualist of the brutal order; that he had warm domestic attachments, in spite of his roving propensities; that he was pliable, smooth, and courteous in his social relations; and that he was liberal in money matters even beyond the limits of a profuse generosity. Add to this, that he was a brave and dashing military genius, you have in a nutshell the sum total of the qualities which rescue his name from ineffable contempt. He was born an intriguer. He never went in a straight path when a crooked one was to be found. He always preferred to gain an object by stratagem than to win it by fair and open dealing. While he was a mere boy at college (which he entered almost before he was out of his long-clothes) he wrote letters in cipher. At an early age he was rebellious against authority. His own will was his only law. Before he was a dozen years old he had twice run away from home. He was an orphan from infancy, and was doubtless treated with little tact or gentleness by the stern Puritan relatives to whose care he was intrusted; but no parental influence, however affectionate, would probably have kept down the Old Adam within him, which was in full blast from the beginning of his precocious boyhood. After leaving college, he thought at one time that he would become a clergyman. He came, as we might say, of religious blood. His grandfather was the famous Calvinistic saint of New England, Jonathan Edwards. His mother, who inherited the beauty of holiness from her renowned sire, was a paragon of sweet piety. The father of Burr himself was a New Jersey divine of power and wide influence. But there was no seed of grace in the

purely secular Aaron, and after trying divinity for a while with the great Bellamy of Connecticut, he threw up the study, the profession, and the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, with no better substitute in their place than a certain hybrid evangel, compounded out of the united revelations of Chesterfield and Voltaire. From that time he acknowledged a sort of discipleship to those eminent worthies, and there was certainly nothing in his subsequent life at war with his fidelity to their principles.

Upon entering the Revolutionary army after the battle of Lexington, he found himself in a more congenial situation than at the feet of his quondam Gamaliel in Connecticut. He had a passionate love for the discipline and adventure of military life. Nor was he indifferent to its pomp and display. His audacious courage was questioned by no one. He became a skillful officer by a sort of natural military instinct. Even Washington, for a time, conceived a favorable impression of the brave young officer, and made him a member of his military family. But there could be no affinity or permanent alliance between two souls so differently constituted. Washington, with his insight into character and demand for integrity, soon learned to regard the reckless adventurer with distrust, and probably with aversion. Burr, on his part, could find nothing to admire in the character of Washington. The Fabian wisdom of the Commander-in-Chief was altogether too slow for his taste. His reckless spirit prompted him to dash ahead, without regard to consequences; and it was with profound disgust that he saw his counsels thwarted by the deliberate sagacity of Washington. He came to look upon him as an honest country gentleman, of ordinary intellect though of good purposes, but quite too much of an old fogey to be intrusted with the lead of the American arms. Luckily he did not succeed in inoculating many with his own prejudices.

The best portion of Burr's life was during the practice of his profession at the New York bar immediately after the Revolution. His manner of preparing for its duties was quite characteristic. Reversing the usual order of becoming well grounded in legal principles before learning the details of practice, he made a short cut to the bar, and plunged at once into the heart of the business. Having formed an arrangement with a noted practitioner, who, for a certain sum of money, was to devote to him a specified time every day, he gave himself wholly to the study of legal routine. His master was to answer all his questions, solve all his difficulties, settle all doubtful points that came up, so that he could rapidly become master of the weapons of his profession, and at all events be made expert, if not profound. After pursuing this meth-

od for six months, he felt himself adequate to the demands of the profession, and was admitted to the bar, though not without stretching a point in order to relax the rules in his favor. Commencing practice in Albany, he met with brilliant success, and in about a year and a half removed to New York, and at once took a high position at the bar.

Up to this time his biographer maintains that his character and conduct appear only in an honorable light. He had displayed only his best qualities—his courage, his activity, his generosity, his address—the cloven foot had not yet been made prominent. But his career at the bar, from its very commencement, showed the love of intrigue, and the unscrupulous cunning in the attainment of his ends, which were the key-notes of his subsequent character. He carried no heavy metal, but relied on the cut and thrust of his polished rapier. In preparing his causes for trial he left no stone unturned to insure success. No man at the bar could ever boast of discovering a flaw in his preliminaries, or of carrying a point against him by surprise. At the same time he was full of legal stratagems. No means were too trivial for his purpose; his forte was in playing on the weaknesses of human nature. His self-possession was always perfect. It is said that he never lost a cause which he personally conducted.

But these halcyon days were destined to find a speedy close. Colonel Burr became involved in the vortex of politics; he tasted the intoxication of office; then came the fatal tragedy of 1804; the intrigues of the Southwest were soon followed by trial for treason, and at length the bold adventurer was forced to flee his native land, friendless, penniless, ruined in his personal fortunes, and disgraced before the public.

During his exile in Europe his teeming brain was infested with all sorts of schemes and projects—some for the promotion of his ambition, some for the improvement of his finances—but none of them proved successful; and after several years of wandering in foreign lands he once more sought an asylum in New York, where he continued to survive his disgrace for more than twenty years, and preserving nearly to the last moment the gayety, vivacity, and love of excitement which made him an image of the dancing old man of Anacreon. Profuse to madness in his expenditures whenever money came into his hands—losing considerable sums by reckless speculation—and at length taken from the practice of his profession by the infirmities of age, he was indebted to the charity of a generous friend for the home of his closing years. Sportive and merry to the last, he “died and made no sign.” His remains were buried at the feet of his father and grandfather in the cemetery at Princeton, according to his own request, showing that some natural emotion yet lingered in his cold and frivolous heart.

In the composition of this work Mr. Parton has exhibited a genuine talent for historical research and biographic delineation. He has faithfully worked over an immense mass of materials, diligently gleaning information both from consultation with the survivors of Burr and from the patient examination of documentary evidence. His skill in the arrangement and construction of a narrative is remarkable. With the slightest spice of Carlyleism, shown especially in the headings of his chapters, his style is brilliant, lively, and often picturesque. He is not free from a certain taste for the

bold and even erratic elements of character, but no unmanly prejudices impair the freedom of his mind, and he shows himself a person of “wide likings” and large appreciation. In illustration of this, we may refer to his admirable chapter on Jonathan Edwards, in which he renders as discriminating justice to the great New-England Calvinist, and the system which he represents, as he has attempted to do throughout the work to his degenerate antipodal descendant.

Debit and Credit, translated from the German of GUSTAV FREYTAG. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In the preface to this volume, by Chevalier Bunsen, it is described as the most popular German novel of the age. Although it is exclusively a work of fiction, without any social or political purpose in view, it presents a striking delineation of the condition of the higher and middle classes in Prussia, accompanied by illustrations of great poetic beauty. The author is distinguished both as a dramatic writer and a journalist, but his highest reputation rests on the present work. It will be read with interest in this country for its noble aspirations after civil freedom and popular education, for its profound insight into character, its tone of cordial and human sympathy, and its faithful and animated descriptions of nature.

Lives of American Merchants, by FREEMAN HUNT. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) Mr. Hunt, the distinguished representative of “commercial literature” in this country, has performed an excellent service in the preparation of the biographies of several eminent American merchants. The second volume of his work is now issued, containing the lives of Elias Hasket Derby, Stephen Allen, Amos Lawrence, Abbott Lawrence, John Jacob Astor, Judah Touro, and several others. Most of the persons delineated in this volume were men of strongly-marked points of character, many of them occupied a high position in the history of American commerce, and the narrative of their lives, as here given, possesses a much more than ordinary interest.

Lucy Howard's Journal, by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The records preserved in this volume commence with the date of nearly half a century since. They describe the experience of a young Connecticut maiden through the various phases of school-girl life, initiation into housekeeping, journeying, courtship, marriage, and emigration to the West. In a style of extreme simplicity, bordering on quaintness, they present a transparent revelation of personal history, which can not fail to interest by its naturalness and tender feeling, while their illustrations of the olden time have a certain historical value.

Ticknor and Fields have issued a new story by Mrs. ANNA CORA RITCHIE (Mrs. MOWATT), entitled *Twin Roses*, founded on her recollections of the stage; and a collection of *Stories and Legends*, by GRACE GREENWOOD, embodying several interesting incidents in her European travels.

Songs and Poems of the South, by A. B. MEEK. (Published by S. H. Goetzel and Co.) The elements of poetry in the scenery, climate, and traditions of the South, have received ample justice from the author of this volume. He writes with genuine love of his themes, and under this potent inspiration his verse finds vitality and fervor, although the composition of poetry is only an episode to the main pursuits of his life.

Editor's Table.

MENTAL AND MORAL PAUPERISM.—Maxims which address the understandings of men through their variety are rarely subjected to that process of analysis which humbles and disenchant, and the maxims which parade the doctrine of human progress furnish nutriment so delicious to individual complacency that they often seriously interfere with individual improvement. Thus we are never wearied in asserting that the thoughts of all original thinkers become the property of the race; that a victory for conscience and reason once won is never lost; that the philosopher of five centuries ago would be amazed at the truths now taught in our common schools; and that even if the great men of the past were giants, and we are pigmies, we are still pigmies perched on the shoulders of giants, and can see farther than they.

But in the lazy satisfaction of contemplating statements so consoling as these, we are tempted to forget that the difference between the man who thinks and lives and the man who repeats and vegetates—between the man of character and the man of routine—is a difference of immense moment; that the truisms into which we translate the wisdom and virtue of past ages are deprived, in the process of translation, of the life and flavor of the originals; and that though we may succeed to the discoveries and creations of genius, we do not thereby succeed to its faculties and inspirations. The truth is, that the real question relates to our mental and moral condition; to our moods, capacities, and wills; to our depth or shallowness—our elevation or meanness as men; and we must strip our minds of all the fine phrases which cover and adorn our essential nature, and unflinchingly gaze at the image of ourselves faithfully reflected in consciousness and conscience before we bluster about progress and assert our superiority to the past.

Perhaps the chief source of our delusion proceeds from the fact that we possess the accumulated wisdom of the world in books, and that in reading these we seem to have mastered the knowledge of sixty centuries of men. Who can doubt that we know more than Bacon, when we know all that Bacon knew, and all that has been added to knowledge since Bacon lived? But, in respect even to knowledge, few of us have entered upon our inheritance, not because we have neglected to study and acquire, but because we are feeble in our perceptions, and mentally incompetent to grasp what is preserved in our books. The difficulty of putting a great mind into a little one is as insuperable now as at the time of the Pharaohs. Truly, to know is vividly to reproduce. No deep thought, no comprehensive generalization, ever really penetrated into a shallow or pinched intellect; no generous and heroic action was ever domesticated in a mean heart. We chatter about these matters, but their life and substance are hidden from us. Knowledge, like religion, must be "experienced" in order to be known. The objective progress of arts, sciences, and letters may be perfectly consistent with our individual ignorance and incapacity. The science of metaphysics has advanced since Socrates, but to how many praters on the philosophy of the human mind is Socrates still an impenetrable mystery? How many of our politicians and patriots can be said to know any thing

at all of the character of Washington? Each man's levity, bigotry, ignorance, vice, or littleness, erects a wall of adamant between himself and whatever is profound, comprehensive, wise, good, or great. He knows nothing and appreciates nothing which he has not earned the right to know and appreciate. He is blind to the signs of that subtle freemasonry by which thought communicates with thought. The ideas of genius and the deeds of heroes and saints refuse to house in his commonplaces; and though he may strut in the "foremost files of time," and tickle his vanity with the conceit of living in the world's most enlightened period, and survey with pitying derision the mistakes of dead sages and the credulities of historic martyrs, he is still inexorably consigned, by a chronology of the soul that flouts at the ordinary distinctions of time, to his due place among the lower natures of an elder age.

This fact of the incommunicability of thought, except to minds that think; of aspirations, except to natures that aspire; and the resolute refusal of vital ideas to acknowledge mechanical truisms for their representatives, makes the problem less puzzling of the assumed discrepancy between the convictions of men and their actions. This discrepancy is rather apparent than real, for the convictions of men are to be deduced from their actions and lives, and not sought in the opinions to which their understandings indolently assent, but which their hearts repudiate and their wills decline to adopt. Opinions are not ideas, but the mere outside appearances of ideas. All ideas deserving the name have their roots in the nature of the thinker. They are appetites, passions, sentiments, or aspirations in an intellectual form—the account which intelligence renders to a man of the instincts which prompt his conduct. His ideas he obtains through his nature or character; his opinions through his eyes and ears; and opinions never deepen into ideas, and become ingrafted into character, unless he has some affinities with the objects to which they relate. The hypocrisy of life consists in living in a low order of ideas for pleasure, while we are prompted by vanity to sport a high order of opinions for show. Crises, public or private, which call for immediate action, at once determine what we really think by demonstrating what we really are, and the majorities for reason, right, and truth then dwindle into small minorities indeed.

If, then, we expel from our minds all opinions which are "under the safeguards of vanity;" if we resolutely try the age we live in by vital tests, and refuse to be deluded by declamation, we shall find that there really exists beneath the fair appearances of our social life an immense amount of what we should call Intellectual and Moral Pauperism—a pauperism as worthy to be probed to its sources by the philosopher, as are the more ordinary and visible forms of it, which attract the attention of the economist. We call it Pauperism, because we can hit upon no more expressive term to designate the poor, meagre, feeble, stunted, and dependent natures who crowd the almshouses and hospitals of the world of mind; who scramble for the crumbs which fall from the tables of richer intellects; who, from defect of mental life, are incompetent to get their own mental living; and

who, while they appear outwardly independent and self-sufficing, inwardly beg, and creep, and cringe. It is hardly necessary to add that these paupers are not confined to what are styled the poorer classes, but that their indigence and inefficiency peep out from respectable silk and broad-cloth, and stare at us from prominent positions in society, politics, and the learned professions. Strive as they may to conceal their bankruptcy of nature by a certain intellectual smirk and swagger, in which conceit apes capacity, the fact still becomes fatally manifest the moment that circumstances demand the reality and refuse the semblance of ability. And then how many men there are who have lost all feeling of independence—men who can not stand upright; whose knees bend at the presence of rough power; who are victims of the last word or the last argument; who lean by instinct on more vigorous natures; who crawl at the feet of the leaders by whom they have been pushed or bullied into certain cliques, sects, or parties, and, mentally and morally prostrated, are paupers confessed!

There are two modes of accounting for this wide-spread mendicancy of soul. It may be referred to original defect or littleness of individual nature issuing naturally in self-sufficient or servile insufficiency. This theory makes stupidity an important element in the plan of Divine Providence, and implies that God creates some souls with the intention that, in this world, they shall dwindle rather than develop. Another and far more hopeful view of the matter refers this pauperism to mistakes and misdirections in the education of the mind; for however great may be the original differences in power among individuals, they are still differences of degree and not of kind. The weakest, stupidest, and most barren of human beings was in childhood a fresh and living force; and he has still buried within him an unquenchable principle of vitality, which allies him in kind to Shakespeare and Newton, however covered up this principle may be now by layer on layer of deadening habits. If this were suddenly stung into activity, the man would leap out of his cerements of prejudice, custom, and sorry self-content, and be transformed from a dull digesting machine into a living person. Such a resurrection actually occurs when some fortunate incident, be it of agony or rapture, speaks the abrupt and startling word which cuts its way to the sleeping soul, and compels it to wake. But it could have needed no electric shock to bring it to life, if it had observed the genial conditions of life from the beginning. God made the person; his own folly, or more frequently the folly of others, early paralyzed his power, and turned him into that bundle of sensations, memories, and habits, which we are wont to dignify with the name of man.

If every created soul has thus an indestructible individuality, capable of indefinite growth, or, at least, capable of growing into the moral and mental stature of man or woman, the causes which weaken this individual force, and arrest this growth, are directly traceable to a violation of the laws of mind, in the modes or accidents of education. Education, in its largest sense, includes, of course, all the influences which operate on the mind from infancy; but even in its restricted application to the school and the college, it is heavily responsible for the processes by which mental forces are turned into mental paupers. One hardly

has patience in thinking of the many ingenious devices of conscientious pedants to murder the minds given them to develop. With a very imperfect notion of what an immortal being is; with no delicate perception of the peculiarities of youthful intelligence; and, in their conceit of practicability, scorning as metaphysical the ideas of education drawn by common sense from an analysis of the human mind, they persist in an erroneous system of culture, which multiplies impediments to intellectual development under the pretense of furnishing aids. "My schoolmaster," says Carlyle, "was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much—that it had a faculty called memory, which might be reached through the muscular integument by the appliance of birchen rods." Vigorous natures break through these impediments; contrive to assert their individuality; and at last leave the schools with the possibility of being men, if not scholars. Youths of genius are therefore commonly saved to the world in spite of the laudable efforts to make them dunces; but, then, what risks are often run! Martin Luther, for example, was a person who could not have been conveniently spared in the sixteenth century; but that Martin Luther was not killed, morally, mentally, and physically, before he was sixteen, was owing to no lack of effort on the part of his teachers to commit homicide, but to the immense resisting vitality of his own character. There is hardly a poet, artist, philosopher, or man of science, mentioned in the history of the human intellect, whose genius was not opposed by parents, guardians, or teachers. In these cases Nature seems to have triumphed by direct interposition; to have insisted on her darlings having their rights; and encouraged disobedience, secrecy, falsehood, even flight from home and occasional vagabondism, rather than the world should lose what it cost her so much pains to produce. But it is too apt to be otherwise with those whose minds require intelligent and careful culture, and who are not originally strong enough to overcome obstacles to their development. They have enough in them to make them, under proper training, solid, intelligent, reliable, self-helping men; under improper training, they are crammed and flagellated through "a course of study," and afterward sink slowly into the pauper class of sterile and stunted natures.

The fundamental defect of this improper training is its perverse misconception of the purpose of teaching. The pedagogue does not condescend to look into the brain and heart of his pupil, but strives to remake him after his own image, or the image of certain idolized rules. He thinks his duty is performed when the authorized processes have been gone through, like the doctor in the well-known epigram, who blisters, bleeds, and sweats all who call for his professional services, and is supremely indifferent to their fate, in case they have the bad taste to die under such regular treatment. He would doubtless prefer to have his pupil turn out a Tully rather than a Titmouse or a Toots; but if nothing comes of him it is because there is nothing in him. He is never weary of repeating that his business is "to give instruction, and not to give brains," and thus commonly contrives to elude the responsibility of quenching the soul of his pupil by questioning its existence. But it would be far more reasonable to seek for the cause of his failure in the error of his system; and this error we believe to consist in not subordinating

the acquisition of knowledge to the formation of faculties. To crush the growing faculty by cramming it is not the way to make scholars, though it may be the way to make scholastic imbeciles. Let us take an instance in which a seeming success is achieved. Numerous facts and principles are tied to the mind, instead of being infused *into* the mind, and the result is paraded as an educated man; but the moment this educated man comes into practical life, we find that he has information without being really informed; that he has thoughts without being endowed with the power of thinking; and that, in capacity to guide and influence others, or to stand on his own legs in a contest with others, he is no man at all. With seeming learning and talents, he lacks the quality which austere tests the reality of both; that is, he lacks ability—the power of originating intelligent action.

It is curious how this divorce between the active and receptive powers results in the weakening of both. If we take any number of so-called educated men who belong to the destitute, non-producing class, in the sphere of intellect, we shall find that they have one psychological biography. Their first perceptions, as children, were fresh and eager, capable of taking in knowledge judiciously adapted to their wants, and of assimilating it into active power. Every thing indicated a mental condition in which the nature would grow and expand with the nutriment provided for it. But these perceptions were early blunted, and their vital connection with the will early severed, in a well-intentioned attempt to overwork their delicate powers, and to substitute the image of the schoolmaster for the image of God. The first timid peeping forth of independent thought, like the head of the turtle from its shell, was cowed by the pedagogue's ferule, and swiftly drawn in. For the direct communion of the person with things was substituted the packing the memory with the names of things. The will withered as the verbal information accumulated. All the weapons in the armory of knowledge were successively placed by their side, but each weapon was obtained at the expense of further enfeebling the arm which was to wield it. The result was to make them memories but not men. They passed into the world, and found a master in every sturdy soul that looked out upon them from a pair of human eyes. Thus they soon discovered their insufficiency of will; what is still concealed from them is their shallowness of intellect. They read Homer and Æschylus, Dante and Tasso, Schiller and Goethe, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, and Burke, and think their receptive powers at least as broad as human reason and imagination. Never was there a greater mistake, as we had occasion to indicate at the commencement. They receive no more than what their dwindled natures enable them to receive, and that is a slight exaltation of themselves. The writers read by their eyes are really sealed books to their minds. Great sentiments, great imaginations, great ideas, great men, are shorn of their proportions, are cut down to dwarfish size, in the process of getting them into their small and feeble characters. There is nothing in them which gives an answering thrill to amplitude of thought and heroism of action. The moment they begin to prattle about their "favorite authors," we become aware of their incapacity to feel or to know what they read. The essential thing in history, poetry, philosophy, science, slips away from their thin perceptions; and men of taste,

as they assume to be, many a Scotch plow-boy, humming a song of Burns, is deeper in the mystery of creative art than they can ever be. Rich natures, then, can not even be perceived by pauper natures. The mind that is unfed is also unstored.

These intellectual paupers are sometimes writers; but they were taught to write according to the rules of rhetoric, and early directed to form their style on the best models; that is, to avoid words and phrases which conveyed what they felt and knew, for words and phrases which conveyed what Addison, or Goldsmith, or Burke, felt and knew. Style in this way was early disconnected from character, and made an end in itself. The matter with which literature deals was overlooked in order to pay a more scrupulous attention to its form. Composition was thus made a discipline of falsehood. Words were divorced from things. Vulgarity being the great rhetorical sin, a superficial elegance was purchased at the expense of all naturalness. With every elegant sentence a new incrustation was laid on the soul, and an additional veil drawn before realities; and writing, instead of being an invigorating contest with the difficulties of expression, in which the whole nature is actively engaged, was degraded into machine labor. Now these men, thus absurdly taught to extinguish emotions and skulk from thoughts, to suppress instead of express themselves, may originally have had sentiments, passions, and ideas stirring within them to convey which in words would have been a joyous exercise of power, provided they could have been permitted to use the words which sprang from this direct impression of things; but being under tuition, and not having sufficient rude, aboriginal force of mind to revolt against authority, they were polished into imbecility and trained into pauperism. They make tolerable "fine writers," but for the real business of literature they are impotent. Declining, from an exquisite feeling of propriety, to announce a purpose or utter a truth, their euphonious sentences drop on unheeding ears from the absence of vitality and meaning in their music. Real books embody real men, and intellectual influence is the work of forces, not of phantoms.

This system of emptying words of life becomes of great practical importance, when we reflect that a large portion of the mental food of the people, whether it be thought or husks of thought, comes from contemporary literature and addresses from the pulpit. Persons, mentally poor, fly to literature to be mentally enriched; persons, spiritually poor, go to church to be spiritually enriched; but it is too often their fate to come away from both the same paupers they were before. The minister's brain is often the "poor box" of the church. The object of establishing the thousands on thousands of pulpits in the United States is, we suppose, the religious education and inspiration of the millions who crowd the pews. It is expected every week that from the clergymen will be radiated an immense stream of religious vitality into the wills of the congregations. The known effects produced by great preachers in imparting religious power as well as communicating religious knowledge, demonstrate the fact of the possibility of spiritual influence. But to be a conductor of life one must have life; to break through the inward defenses of sin and selfishness, and make words feel their way surely to the springs of motive, one must have a vigorous nature imparting itself in vigorous speech. Now how does the rhetorical training of clergymen

of average force qualify them for this work? The tendency of this training is undoubtedly to denude language of its vitality by viewing it as something to be learned apart from the soul of thought, sentiment, and volition, of which language is naturally the body. Style is taught as if words were not windows but window-screens of natures. The future pastor is told to seek his words, not in the depths of his own heart and brain, where they are quivering with the spirit of the ideas and emotions there just starting into being, but to seek for them in Hooker, or Taylor, or Baxter, or Doddridge, or the dictionary. He goes to *masters* of expression in order to be the *slave* of their expression. His individuality is consequently impoverished with every addition to his vocabulary. The gulf between himself and his words widens with his increased dexterity in marshaling them. By the time he is qualified to preach his style has acquired its finishing touch of accurate, fluent, and elegant impotence. What he is in himself nobody knows. He may be conscientious and devout, he may be a debauchee and a scoffer; the only certain thing about the matter is, that the sermon is not the man. Instead of looking directly at the spiritual condition of his flock, and driving the thought or appeal right home to their hearts in words instinct with an awful meaning and a resolute purpose, he clearly and smoothly states certain doctrines, illustrates them with *fade* images and stereotyped examples, and enforces them with the hard and brittle declamation of false feeling. Where is the dying man speaking to dying men? In fact, there is no man at all, no person, no thought, no perception, but a mechanical understanding, gifted with some learning, and a large array of dead words. Is it not frightful that this theological pauper should trifle with such themes as the salvation and damnation of souls?

If, as we contend, a vast amount of original force and possible intelligence is lost to the world by bad modes of education—if so many of our educated men have been swindled out of their brains, and made paupers by pedants and pedagogues—and if all this evil is attempted to be ignored and obscured by lusty crowing and cackling about the triumph of progressive ideas and the world's enlightenment, it is well for thoughtful eyes to look facts steadily in the face, and sternly insist on holding to the fundamental principles of real improvement. Progress is an excellent thing for the world, the conceit of progress is the worst of all things for individuals; and as the progress of the world depends on the progress of individuals, the conceit of it becomes a dangerous obstacle to the reality. Passing, then, from the consideration of the stunted and indigent natures we have been compelled to observe in some of the "highly educated" classes, we come to the mental pauperism revealed in a scrutiny of the common mind. Now the raw material out of which individualized intelligence is made is there in profusion, but much of it lies in confused heaps. We have a right to expect that an intelligent people like our own should be able to observe a series of facts, make at least a single application of a principle, and take one or two steps in analysis; yet there are signs all about us that a great many are incompetent to do these simple acts. Take the catch-words of politics, and they would cease to be so ruinously influential, if, after having served to tickle a prejudice, they were submitted to the slightest probe of analysis. Politicians wisely

enough conclude that the effort will not be made, but the vote be determined not by the brain but the ears. Again, with what docile withholding of the analytic faculty do the cheated constituents of a political rat receive his voluble reasons for his change of position! The rogue knows that all who sift his excuses know him to be a rogue, but he relies confidently on the absence of the sifting disposition or the sifting power in the majority of his partisans.

In regard to observation, which seems to be the easiest of mental operations, we are taught by experience to rank it among the rarest. There is every reason to suppose that the success of the innumerable fanaticisms and impostures which afflict society is directly owing to the absence of this power among their victims. Practical men, running over with "common sense," are as likely to be duped as the most credulous; for ridiculing the notion that a man with good eyes can not see what passes under their view, they have a conceit of possessing the power. But it is the mind that really sees, and unless that has been trained to scrutinize objects, to distrust the first impressions of the senses, and to recognize the necessity of some scientific mental discipline, it is at the mercy of every impudent conjuror who pretends to work miracles. The characteristic of correct observation is that it intelligently looks, not stupidly stares, at what is new or surprising, and it looks long enough and sharply enough to distinguish what is real from what is *apparent*. The eye it fastens on a series of facts is an eye that analyzes, disposes, and combines in observing. The great characteristic of incorrect observation is that it confounds facts with the appearances of facts, and dogmatizes immediately on what it seems to see. Its eyesight has no quality of insight or foresight. Let us take in illustration the monstrous delusion which is absurdly named Spiritualism. Now whether the phenomena of this portentous satire on our mental enlightenment be real or only apparent, there can be no doubt that the general mode in which they have been investigated has been enfeebling and corrupting to the popular mind. It is certain that no man who has a just idea of spirituality can recognize any spirits, celestial or diabolic, in the agents who rap on the tables. It is certain that the phenomena, as interpreted, contradict known laws of the mind, and known laws of the material world. It is certain that the inherent improbability of the alleged facts would make a real observer investigate in the critical spirit of one who was aiming to detect an imposition, for it is notorious that nothing confuses observation so much as an antecedent willingness to believe the marvels which it is the object of observation rigidly to test. It might be supposed, in view of these considerations, that practical men would hesitate to receive as final the testimony of their eyes, especially as the conditions under which the wonders are performed are conditions which easily admit of deception, and they do not actually see as well as they think they see. Yet men who pride themselves on their common sense are deduced into a belief in impossibilities, and call their confident credulity self-reliance and superiority to scientific prejudice! It is true they are self-reliant to the extent of disregarding and despising the judgments of competent observers, but such self-reliance is allied to the firmness which was praised in a certain statesman—"the firmness," as it ap-

peared to an opponent, "of ten jackasses;" and this self-reliance does not prevent them from having the most abject reliance on the assertions of those whose vanity or interest it is to mystify and dupe them. Indeed, whatever view may be taken of the assumed facts of spiritualism, it is certain that they have not been *observed* by their believers. If the faculty of observation had been fairly exercised, the worst effects of Spiritualism would not have occurred, namely, its effects in pauperizing the mind—in making it close shut to the most obvious truth, and wide open to the most ridiculous error—skeptical in the wrong direction and believing in the wrong direction, and leaning for spiritual support on a nonsensical materialism whose tendency is to corrupt as well as to befool.

Mental pauperism is sometimes the cause, sometimes the effect, of moral pauperism. Both are ultimately resolved into a violation of the same principle. Conscience and intelligence are enriched when they are in immediate communion with the realities which correspond to conscience and intelligence; but cut off from the mind the supplies of vitality it receives from the perception of real facts and principles, and the result is sterility of intellect and imbecility of will. Now, there is no lack of a certain kind of morality—voluble on all tongues, and buzzing in all ears. Does not every body admit axioms of morals which in former ages were strenuously denied? Is it not the pride of every citizen that he lives in a moral community? But the real question relates not to moral truisms, the prevalence of which has occasioned an exaggerated estimate of the moral progress of mankind, but to moral power. It is the absence of power which makes the moral pauper; and the absence of power to act morally is closely connected with the absence of power to perceive morally; for moral principles, vitally apprehended by the intellect, infuse moral strength into the will. The persons who lack moral life have but the shallowest pretenses to moral perception. They have no feeling or knowledge of the serene strength, the still, deep rapture of the mind really open to the awful beauty of those laws and principles which are divinely ordered for the regulation of human conduct. This vision of goodness creates the love of what is noble and right; and the will is urged in the direction of duty by inclination. Mechanical morality is deprived of this power because the pinched or haggard face which Virtue presents to it is less attractive than the painted countenance of Vice. Here we have the reason of the feeble hold of commonplace morality on the general mind. It yields to appetite, to interest, to almost every passion, because it presents no inducements to self-denial. It is a form of words representing no overpowering reality; and good words are no match for bad things.

Now it would be easy to subject the apparent morality in our social life—in our manners, customs, and politics—to an analysis which would reveal great hollowiness and dearth in its decencies and proprieties. But we have only space to consider one of the most successful of the many mimeries of moral power. This consists in the union of moral truisms with irritated sensibilities. It passes under the name of enthusiasm for moral ideas, and if it were what it assumes to be, it would alter the constitution of our society with great rapidity, for the men and women who are thought to possess it are to be counted by thousands. A

few persons of real moral energy start reforms, and form associations to promote them; but it is a great mistake to suppose that all the members are on a moral level with the objects and principles they are associated to promote, or that they perceive the dignity and elevation of the truths they repeat. The associations are merely mechanical aggregations of individuals, while the sins and stupidities they oppose are organized facts, with deep and tough roots in perverted human nature; and being thus follies and immoralities organized in men, they will only yield to morality and wisdom organized in men. Now the circumstance of being connected with an Association, and assenting to its principles and objects, does not give this morality and wisdom. But it may give a right to indulge in moral declamation, and accordingly many thin and acrid natures, whose spleen is anxious to wear the mask of righteous indignation, join the association for the purpose of finding a consecrated mode of gratifying their bad temper. Invective, of course, is not in itself wrong. Indeed it is matter of indifference whether a man of moral power smites or smiles; through the humor and through the wrath the rich ethical force of his nature finds an equal vent, and works an equal good; but this is not so in men of moral opinions, who have never penetrated into the heart of moral ideas, and whose hatred of wickedness is simply the snarl of an irritated brain. Is not much that passes for moral fervor simply an assault on baseness, selfishness, and wrong, by characterless opinions embodied in bullying words? Yet so many of these are incessantly hissing and exploding over people's heads that many are deceived by the noise into an impression that a real reformation is in progress. But invective, though it may be used by a Luther, does not make a Luther. The words became in his case "half-battles," because the soul of the warrior burned and blazed in them. He hurled his inkstand at the devil with some effect; but it is not thence to be supposed that his modern imitators, though darkening the air with their inkstands, will succeed in blotting Satan out of existence. Penury of thought and poverty of power derive no more efficiency from words that curse than from words that creep; and it is doubtful if the "kingdom of this world" can be upset by a blast from the dictionaries. It is especially doubtful at the present time, when, fire being taken out of language and fussiness put in, the most potent words—somewhat overworked, it is true, by editors and orators—can be had for a song in Worcester's or Webster's verbal bazars, and are known to buzz or rattle by a ruminating public unregarded and stingless. Occasionally, however, you may even now catch some timorous, indecisive conservator of things as they are, and by tattooing him with furious invective piping hot from Burke, and Teutonic truculencies fresh from Carlyle—by writing "traitor to humanity" on his forehead, and pasting "assassin" on his back—and by showing the poor, trembling innocent, orphaned of his mother wit, how closely he resembles Nero and Tiberius, Sir Robert Filmer as he wrote and Captain Kidd "as he sailed"—you may turn him from being a pauper repeater of the truisms of conservatism into a pauper repeater of the truisms of reform. But the forcible portion of the public, thoroughly acclimated to this "fitful fever of abuse," heed it not. The whole business of moral word-piling, indeed, has been altogether overdone; terms have lost their old,

destructive significance; whole classes are most serenely indifferent to a rhetoric of contempt and execration which stigmatizes them as criminals worse than robbers and murderers; and the rogues and liberticides of the land promise to have every thing their own way, if we can oppose them with no forces more efficient than are found in our phrases.

In this rapid sketch of some of the forms which pauperism assumes in the sphere of intellect and morals, we have described a mendicancy as real as that which is clothed in rags, and begs for food and shelter. The survey compels us to the conclusion, that there is nothing in social and educational arrangements, nothing in the instrumentalities of reform, nothing in the mere presence of unappropriated knowledge, which can compensate for the lack of primitive, individual life, issuing in individualized force and intelligence, and in constant contact with substantial realities. We have seen how much want and indigence, how much impotence of will and poverty of intellect, what dearth of ideas, incapacity of self-support, and parasitical leaning upon others, may exist under our most glaring shows of opulence. We have also seen how impossible it is for men who are mentally and morally barren to do more than mimic the words and actions of the wise and good; for a power which works with the certainty of fate keeps their souls in almshouses, though their bodies be in palaces and their lips talk in the phrases of Paradise. Such men can rise out of their pauper condition only when their natures are lifted into the comprehension and experience of the intellectual and spiritual verities, whose names are now so glib on their tongues. And when we speak of verities, we by no means intend to confine the meaning of the word to the laws and facts of art, literature, science, morals, and religion, but to include also the laws which regulate the most practical affairs. In this country it is impossible for any defect to exist in the mind of the nation without its being felt in the business of the nation; and a scrutiny of the business of the nation reveals a most portentous ignorance and violation of the most obvious principles of trade. Doubtless there is an immense moral and mental energy exercised in our commerce, manufactures, and general industrial enterprises; but there is also visible much recklessness, stupidity, and poverty of intelligence. This pauperism in the business mind is the cause of the frequent financial panics which plunge the creators of capital and the creators of debt into a common bankruptcy—Nature, when she can not impress a neglected truth in her higher manifestations of power, being perfectly willing to write it out in dollars and cents. The country is altogether too prolific in so-called merchants, manufacturers, and railroad speculators, who are incompetent to understand a single factor law of trade, who can not comprehend or apply a single principle of political economy, who have neither insight nor foresight, and whose "smartness" consists in a most notable superiority to common honesty and common decency, in their attempts to escape from the difficulties into which they are led by a blind and blundering desire to make money. These paupers have their "ups and downs," but they commonly contrive to live in comparative affluence by a succession of failures. They are supported by the real creators of wealth, just as much as if they depended on the poor-rates instead of depending on their impudence and folly. By our system of credit they "get trusted." Now when a merchant

trusts another he intends to trust qualities of character; he trusts a supposed veracity, honesty, prudence, and skill; but the event too often proves that he has trusted a thoughtless, flashy, incompetent, weak-witted, thoroughly bankrupt, and pauperized nature. It is impossible to compute the vast injury that this kind of business-man does to the interests of the country, and the effect his nonsense has in paralyzing or ruining the enterprises of better men; we simply draw the conclusion that the same pauperism and leanness of soul, which is so calamitous in all the other departments of human thought and effort, works some of its worst ravages when its blundering inability of perception and forecast is perversely active in the complicated and sensitive system of commercial and industrial phenomena.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF there were some gentle magic by which we could make roses in February, who would not study long and well that he might surround himself with roses? Such things are possible in Arabian stories, where a little carpet puts steam to shame, and a glittering palace appears with the wishing for it.

Yet things quite as wonderful are done every day, not always in a visible and palpable manner, but quite as effectively. All our life is passed in the midst of enchantment. What was the waving of Prospero's wand over his island, compared with the waving of the south wind in spring over the continent? Is it more magical that flowers should spring up in a moment than that hill and valley and winding river banks, which in March were brown and dull and dead, should sparkle and shimmer, and blush and bloom, and stand all alive with light and gayety and grace in May?

Look closely, and your longed-for magic ceases to be magical. Every thing is wonderful, or nothing is. The fisherman found a casket in his net, did he? and he opened it, and out rose a vast, towering, vaporous figure, which roared at him, and frightened him out of his wits, but was finally persuaded to show his power by doubling himself down into his prison again? And this was one of the genii, and was a slave imprisoned long ago by Solomon?

He need not have told the fisherman he was a slave. When the fisher's cunning outwitted him, and being awful enough to annihilate the piscatory person with one puff, the great vapory booby consented to retire into that box; then his servitude was made evident—he was subject to that superior wit. He was nothing but a great slave. That he kicked the box into the sea afterward is nothing. It shows no genius to keep your fingers out of the fire when they have been burned. The great point is to know enough not to begin with burning them.

And was the slave of the casket such a very remarkable servant, and only to be found in the stories invented by the imagination of the most subtle and intellectual nation that ever lived—the Arabian? Is it a grotesque fantasy for the amusement of children, and only a pleasing reminiscence of early fatuity to our venerable friend Gunnybags?

Why, look; it is not April-fool's day, and you know our veracity; but this old Easy Chair has that very slave of the casket in constant employ. And it doesn't propose to break his chains. It is

going to make him work day and night. It is going to kick the abolitionists of such slavery down stairs. It is going to insist upon its rights, and make the old fellow toe the mark. If he had not been a most arrant slave by nature he would have staid in his box forever and kept his own secret if he could. He roars lustily now, but it is too late. He shrieks and sighs and puffs all over the land, all over the sea; but there is no land broad enough to hide him, no sea deep enough to drown him. No, no; he is in harness now, and there he shall stay. Think of the back-work he has to make up for all the time he lost between Solomon and the fisherman, while he was quietly sleeping in the old casket! He is the very slave of slaves, the Jack of all trades, the maid of all work. The Easy Chair has made him print this very page which records his subjugation, and hurry with it to your hands. If you have a letter to send in reply, he will bring it and lay it on the table of the Chair. Every day he is forced to carry the Easy Chair home, over a road on which the fleetest race-horse could not run a mile, nor the strongest elephant live an hour. Suffering usually softens the feeble and fond old heart of the Easy Chair, but in vain its slave snorts and cries with impatience and fury. It listens undisturbed, and talks with the stools and benches and sofas—even the pieces of wood—around it, and is conscious of no compunction or regret.

You believe magic to be purely Arabian? What, then, will you say if you hear that the Easy Chair compels the slave of Solomon to take him about upon the piece of carpet on which, long ago, in the old story, the Prince of Persia sat, and, without moving, was borne from place to place? Even so, without moving, and seated upon that carpet, the Easy Chair flies from spot to spot. And sometimes as he sits upon it, or when he is standing superintending the slave elsewhere, suddenly he rises, as the fisherman saw him rise, and in his old form of a huge tower of vapor he wavers against the sky, and protests, with a sharp, harsh voice, against his fate and eternal bondage.

So remorseless is the Easy Chair that, quietly sleeping by country fire-sides—by the hearth of a friend, for instance, upon Staten Island—in the wildest winter night, it hears unmoved, in the gusty pauses of the storm, the unresting slave screaming and wailing far over the Jersey meadows, pleading, protesting, and moaning, as he flies like a roaring shuttle across the land, weaving distant cities together, as sparkling figures in the great embroidery of civilization. So sweet is the luxury of contrast, that, hearing that piercing wail, the Easy Chair only turns another leg to the hospitable fire, and rejoices in the warmth and silence of the great apartment of its friend.

You naturally ask if the slaves of Solomon never turn upon their masters, or if they have learned from the old king the wisdom of submission. You wonder why such a stalwart servant tolerates such servitude. Perhaps your skepticism is so profound that you begin to question the probability of the Easy Chair's narration.

But have you not seen how he was befooled by a simple fisherman? Instead of puffing him away—annihilating him with a breath—have you not remarked how spoonily he subsided into his ridiculous, and doubtless rusty, box?

Afterward he kicked it into the sea, did he?

Yes; and so he does now.

With one blow, with one shock, that shatters the prison into a mass of splinters, that sends bolts and bars, iron and copper, sky high, the gigantic slave lifts the box upon his foot, and kicks it into annihilation.

The box is no longer a small casket, as in the days of Solomon—days, Gunnybags is inclined to think, of small things—but a large casket, and full of precious treasures. All the pearls of the Persian Gulf, all the silks of Samarcand, all the wealth of Solomon's temple, could not purchase a single one of the treasures which are sometimes inclosed in the casket by the side of the slave. Romeo's Juliet is often there; the mother of the Gracchi sometimes has all her jewels in it at once; and darlings, and hopes, and promises, and whatever is most valuable, are packed away in the casket in company with that old slave of Solomon's.

But he has grown more cunning with years. He does not need now to step outside his prison; but when he swells and bursts with rage at his hard lot, then he scatters the treasures into the sea—darlings, hopes, promises, the jewels of the Gracchi, and Romeo's Juliet, are lost forever in the desolation that ensues.

It is a part of the magical condition of his life that he can not be punished. Your house servant is sent to prison for stealing your ring; but this colossal fellow, for robbing you of legs, arms, eyes, head, or heart, is never sought, never arrested, never even rebuked. The master who can make him obey his slightest wish is never angry with him, never scolds him, never tries to seize and imprison him, whatever bloody crimes he may commit.

Recently the slave of the casket has begun to cultivate accomplishments. In the East, where we first hear of him, music, as we understand it, is quite an unknown art. You may hear what they call singers and musical instruments along the Nile, on the desert, and by the gurgling Abana and Pharpar, or the bowery Jordan. But you would not call it music, but only shrill noise and discord. Yet the slave is beginning to recover from the long musical night of his infancy, and has been heard lately to hum tunes. It is not like a young lady singing at her piano, nor a bird poised and warbling upon a bough in the woods, nor a prima donna screaming at an opera. It is unlike any music you have ever heard. The tune seems to pervade all the air. It may be two miles off, but it seems just at hand in your yard or garden. It beats in huge waves, or throbs through the air—a kind of colossal whistling, in time and tune, but without sweetness or soul.

Do not complain. He has to work so hard that we may forgive him if he does not sing deliciously. He is so busy dragging all the railroad trains, and pushing all the steamboats, and keeping all the factories in motion—he is our universal servant so indispensably, that we may excuse him that he is not ornamental also.

Poor fellow! Poor drudge! Poor slave! How he must hate that fisherman—Watt was his name?—who, walking along the great sea of knowledge—upon the very beach where that other fisher, named Newton, strolled and picked up pebbles—had his net in hand, ready to cast into the water and try his luck. Somebody went out to find a kingdom, and came back shorn. But this fisher went to take a bass, and took eternal fame, love, honor, and gratitude.

It sounds like a fish story. But all fables have a fishy flavor. The moral of this one is, that magic is not an old Oriental matter, that it is part of our life, and a mere modern commonplace; so much so that we do not think of it any more than we do of steam.

It was always a fascinating subject—that of magic, upon which we have been talking. Zanoni is perhaps the most universally popular of Bulwer's novels, and that deals with Rosicrucians and mysteries, crucibles and spiritual sympathies. The contact of extremes is always very comical in these researches. It is the combination of the simplicity and guileless faith of childhood with its love of transparent self-deceit and fondness for toys. The pursuit of the philosopher's stone was a romantic union of childlikeness and childishness. One loves to think of the venerable old children with their snowy beards, hanging over the furnaces and saucepans, in which they stewed their messes—as if incantations and cookery were occultly connected together, and both allied with knowledge.

Yet what noble virtues, what self-denial, and long-suffering, and diligence, and research were developed by the process! It is as easy to sniff at them and their labors as it is for an Allopath to sniff at Homeopathy, or a Chinaman at a Redskin. But after all, when the spectator repairs to that resort of the Christian graces and sphere of praiseworthy effort, the Stock Exchange, where is the essential difference, and if there be any advantage of one over the other, on whose side is it?

What is the modern Doeskin daily doing in that austere and incomplete temple of Plutus, the Exchange, but trying to find a short cut to a fortune; trying to discover that his superior sagacity, or daring, or luck, is a magic stone, which shall turn all they touch into gold? That is his whole aim—his study by day, his dream by night. It is nothing to him that he fails to prove it on Monday, he will try Tuesday. It is nothing to him that for ten years it has resulted in nothing but anxiety, irritability, excitement, and uniform ill-luck—next year it is all coming out right; next month he is going to strike his vein and dig a golden future out of it. He will grow old at it, and before dying his now glossy brown beard will get beyond dying, and settle away into snowy austerity. But will it be a reverend winter on his chin? Year after year the struggle will go on. Day after day the dream will allure and laugh at him, and at length he will stumble and fall in the effort—just as far away as ever from his goal—just as sure that to-morrow was going to open the golden gates of prosperity.

And what has he earned by all the bootless battle?

Old Zanoni, in solitude and seclusion, fed his mind and imagination. The wisdom of human learning and the comfort of spiritual knowledge and communion were his refreshments by the way. Heroic devotion, patience, industry, simplicity, sobriety, sweetness of mind and character—these were the flowers that bloomed along the Alpine path of his endeavor, and these he plucked and put into his bosom, as he climbed farther and higher, away from friends, relatives, and companions—higher and higher, to touch the stars.

Perhaps the grave old seeker, when at length his own winter had set in, found the summit, to which he had so long and laboriously toiled, icy,

sharp, and bare. Perhaps he stood alone upon the snowy peak of utter isolation, seeing far and far below him the green valleys, and singing trees, and leaping streams, that made love and music around happy human homes—and far and far above him the stars to whose companionship he had aspired, still as hopelessly far above him as when he started from the valley upon his search—still as cold and alluring as when they looked in upon his bed in childhood through the enchanted vines on summer nights.

Yet, though he must lie down there and die, and learn, at the end of all, that the stars are as near to the vale as to the mountain top, he has the flowers he plucked and garnered in his bosom; and those flowers shall go with him when he goes, and wreath themselves into an immortal garland for his brows in Paradise.

But what comfort or consolation has Doeskin found or enjoyed while he has followed precisely the same object, under a very different name? For flowers he has gathered thorns, and instead of finding the stone that shall transmute the world into gold, his soul has distilled an acid of skepticism and sensuality which eats away all fair and delicate things, and burns and blasts, like vitriol, wherever it drops.

Doeskin's son reads "Zanoni," and his papa comes home from the Exchange, and pishes and sneers at the trash boys read, and scolds him for wasting his time. Let him go down town with papa to-morrow; let him see how papa conducts the search for the philosopher's stone, in the day of enlightenment and the march of mind. But, O kind Fate! withhold his eyes from seeing that the Zanoni of Wall Street has learned little wisdom from all the intervening centuries, and that the search for the philosopher's stone, which was once a religion producing all kinds of virtues, is now a scrub race—all a shabby bet.

THE Easy Chair is talking nothing but magic this month. It begins to feel itself a Wyman, a Blitz, or a great Wizard of the North. (No, Sir—not quite so quick, please—like Mr. Anderson, *not* like Sir Walter Scott.) But it has another word to say about magic—magical music, in fact. Not such as is made in the domestic circle with a key upon a shovel; nor the Yankee Doodle played, now loud, now soft, upon the piano, as the doubtful seeker feels his way by shades of sound to the goal. This is charming in its way. In these winter evenings it is quite worth while to send Cousin Charles into the cold hall, and to keep him waiting there for some time, while we determine what he shall do when he comes back again. Leave him there a little. It will do him no harm to cool off; it will be of positive service for him to be out of the range of your eyes, Caroline—if only for ten minutes; and when he returns, and Caroline sits down to play him on to victory, watch the rogue closely, and see how carefully he avoids doing the perfectly obvious thing, in order that he may have the right to look at Caroline and compel her to watch him. Magical music, indeed! By-and-by he will feel his way to Caroline's heart by the variations of her voice, as he now gropes toward lighting the odd candle by her *pianos* and *fortes* upon the piano-forte.

Well, then—to come to the very first sentence of our talk this month—there is a gentle magic by which you may create roses in February; there is

an enchanter—probably not named Prospero—whose waving wand can rear

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,"

which are not on the isle on which you stand; who over the dirtiest, most forlorn street or alley of the city in mid-winter, can spread—yes, and does spread—the summer plain of Campania, instead of the sharp edges of ice that bristle in the cheerless bay; can pour for you the whispering waters of warm seas, and against your red and stinging face, which Jack Frost pinches, can lay the soft cheek of Southern hill-sides, blushing with the rich purple of delicious grapes.

The enchanter's name is Franceso, Giovanni, or Beppo. He has black hair and eyes, and an olive skin. He wears a velvet artist's coat with many buttons, and he has a weary, homesick air, as if his heart had gone away with his spells, and had left a dull body behind. He has no crucibles nor carpet; nor does he pour ink into your hand, as the old alchemists did, and the Arabian magicians do. But he pours music into your heart, and looking into that as the pupils of the Arabians look into the ink, you behold the beauty of which we dream, and the winter is undone by the lovely and o'ermastering summer.

The magician has no reverend dignity. It is an Italian grinding a hand-organ.

During the darkest days of the panic, when there were nothing but gloom, hurry, and silence along Wall, Pine, Pearl, and all the streets of traffic, the Easy Chair, rolling unperceived among the crowd, stopped many a time to listen and to find itself suddenly stretched along the shores of the Arno, in the leafy Cascine; or lying among the tangled vineyards of Baia; watching the orange-covered shore of Sorrento and Capri, a cloud of ashes of roses glimmering upon the sparkling sapphire of the Mediterranean; or sitting high among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, looking across the Campagna, matted with May flowers, to the Alban Mount and the silver line of the sea.

At the corners of streets—even at the joining together of Liberty and Maiden Lane—would this splendid vision overwhelm the bewildered Chair, as the sounds of the incantation were breathed from some instrument near or far. To be sure, other people seemed to be unaware that Italy was present in the street, and that oranges, and grapes, and olives were to be had for the listening; that gorgeous moonlight nights in Florence, and trips in Venetian gondolas were offered for a penny, or for nothing at all. But the magician and the Easy Chair knew it well. It was not the same vision to both, but it was equally beautiful and alluring. The dark days were illuminated; the cold days were warmed; the dreary days were consoled by the music so generously lavished, and so full of association.

In the daily round of our life there is nothing more poetic and picturesque than the music of the hand-organs. If they are sometimes out of tune, they are not often so, nor very badly; and how often is the amateur you put on your white gloves to hear at a *soirée* half so accurate? The organ sings you the melody simply and fully as the composer wrote it; but what melody is safe in the mouth of an amateur? If amateur singing is not suppressed by law, but is still permitted to rage uncontrolled, what can not be urged for the toleration of the hand-organ?

There are, indeed, stocks and stones that would suppress this gentle and beneficent institution upon principle! Upon the same ground, doubtless, that they do not give to patent misery in the street—upon principle. As they go to church and sleep, or internally swear, through the sermon—upon principle. As they allow no excuse of illness or visitation of Providence upon the part of their tenants—upon principle. As they are machines and puppets—upon principle. As they empty pitchers of water on the heads of their daughters' serenaders—upon principle. As they do the most inhuman and unprincipled things—upon principle.

But there are not many, let us hope. We can not plant trees in our public ways, nor flowers, nor coax singing birds to perch upon the signs over our door-ways, and trill and warble all the day long. We can not turn brooks with mossy banks into streets that have names, and teach them to trickle and glance by the side of the eager stream of men. We can not rear old palaces, with ranges of cypress terraces and quaint fountains. We can not erect the remains of the greatest empire in history, nor appropriate visibly the beauty of the loveliest land in the world. We can not originate that charm which only age and association impart. But we may enjoy it all in feeling and in vision. There is a cheap magic to make the roses blow in winter. Every organ-grinder at the corner does what Prospero did—does more than the alchemists effected.

Do not grudge him your penny—even your dime. If, returning home at night, you pass him, give him even two shillings—when nobody is looking. Not so cheaply ever again shall you purchase the very feeling with which, in that spring which shall return no more, you hung enchanted upon poor singing, in the little theatre, in the little back street in Naples—for one evening of which poor singing in the dirty little theatre you would freely give a whole season of the elderly nightingales who warble in the pretty cage of Irving Place.

If an Easy Chair were to catch you by the button, and say,

"Look here! I am the easiest of old chairs. Sitting in me, you shall have more real pleasure than in the embrace of any body else in the world. The other seats—the benches, the common chairs, without even arms, the horse-hair sofas, and the crimson lounges, are not very attractive places for you to sit in; but peace and joy are to be found upon my cushion, like the bloom on peaches, or the sweet dust on flowers!"

Would you not be likely to say in your mind, "Well, this is pretty! Here's lowliness for you! Here's modesty for you! Here's self-respect, with a witness, for you! You horrid old cranky, creaky, hard, worn, slippery piece of furniture, what do you mean by talking about comfort, and pleasure, and ease? Who wants to sit in you? Who believes in your cushion? Who does not know that you are dreary and shaky, and nobody can guess where he will bring up when he sits down in you?"

You think it might be rather droll and conceited for an Easy Chair to say such things. You conceive you would be perfectly justified in denouncing it as a vain and presumptuous article of furniture. But pray why may not a chair do what a man may do? Pray, if it is expected that you will do such things yourself, why need you be so

very hard upon others—though they do chance to be chairs?

You didn't know you were?

Why, Sir, listen a moment to a reasonable Chair. Was it longer ago than yesterday, or this morning, that you met your friend John, who has not been at your house of late? in fact, he has never been there, although you are good friends, and you have often been to him. You met him in the street, and shook hands with great eloquence of affection. Then you immediately began,

"Why, you have not been to see me yet! We have been hoping to see you every evening. Do come. We shall be really offended if you don't. Maria asks me every day (*oh!*) when my friend Slimmers is coming. Do come round!"

Slimmers does not come, and you get sadly angry. You meet him again, and you renew your request. You beg him to come. You are hurt that he stays away.

But, dear friend, is then your house the most ravishingly agreeable spot in the world? Is your wife so charming, and your own conversation so fascinating, that every body should hurry to pass long evenings with you? Has it never occurred to you that Slimmers may not discover your domestic hearth to be such a Paradise that he can not stay away? Do you ever imagine that he may prefer to do something else, and to see other people, and that this besieging and battery of his politeness may lead him straight into one of two falsehoods—number one, that he wishes to come and see you; and, number two, that he will do so?

Perhaps, you know, your house is not so irresistible that people want to come to it. Perhaps, when they do come, they have a stiff and shivery time. It may be no privilege to come and see you; it may be a favor conferred upon you, and why should you entreat a man to do you a favor? If Slimmers really wants to see you he will come—and do you wish him to do it if he does not want to?

This universal form of asking people to come and see you involves the immense assumption that your house is a pleasant place. Yet who would say so in so many words? But if you would not do it directly, why indirectly?

These are mere hints for you to revolve, and discard if you find them foolish. An Easy Chair cares nothing about it personally, for it never goes any where. It stays in its room, or stumps about town, or is carried over the country; but it neither asks the sofas and footstools to come and see it, nor does it accept any invitation from them. There were days once, indeed, when these stiff legs ambled in the dance; when these angular arms escorted partners to the floor, and, embracing them, whirled in the delirious waltz. Gone are those days! But, what then? Gone also are the roses of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven—will those of fifty-eight be any the less beautiful and fragrant?

If people come to see you, try to make the time pass smoothly. If they don't come, thank Heaven they have pleasanter things to do. Of course it is not an easy virtue; but did you ever hear that any virtues were particularly easy?

THAT fast friend of the Easy Chair, the *Lounger* of *Harper's Weekly*, has set up a Letter-box, from which he professes to derive a great deal of pleasure. Certainly his readers must, for his correspondents in every quarter of the country are full

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of readiness and humor, and the Easy Chair has greatly enjoyed many a touch in these letters.

Nor is he without his correspondence, affectionate and loyal, which makes him so proud and gay that, emboldened by the example of his younger friend, he will no longer keep it to himself.

The purest personal pleasure of an author is the consciousness of his unknown friends. They people the silent air around him, as, in Raphael's picture of the San Sisto Madonna, the depth of the space around her lovely figure is crowded with the soft, shadowy faces of cherubim. Every friendly face seems to the imagination as tender and lovely as that of spirits; and the old Easy Chair is humbled and touched to think that his monthly voice is hailed with real pleasure in homes where his feet may never enter.

Long ago, in the forest of Fontainebleau, in France, on a bright summer morning, when this old Chair was new, it sat upon a mossy rock, reading from a volume of poetry to an artist who was sketching one of the splendid oaks which make the glory of that forest. As he read on the day slowly passed away; the artist stopped in his work, and, throwing himself upon the ground, listened only to the verses, until, as the book was closed, and the friends conversed, they agreed that there could be no higher human pleasure than to be the inspiring and consoling friend of those we did not know, and who could never know us. Perhaps each hoped to be, in his own way, and at some future day, that unknown friend to others—the one by the words of his pencil colored upon canvas, the other by those of his pen in print. And when now there come such friendly letters, one at least of those loiterers in the Forest of Fontainebleau feels as if the unconscious prayer of that summer morning were answered.

And so we will turn to one or two of the letters in our box.

—The first is from L. P. H., a dweller in the prairies, and into whose style have crept the prairie-flowers—that gorgeous rhetoric of Nature which blazes through the West.

It is, in fact, quite an extraordinary strain; and if, O L. P. H.! the Easy Chair omits thy praises of his impartiality in certain hot debates, it is because he wishes to preserve the very character thou praisest.

And so, good souls, perpend!

"WY-A-LU-SING, TEXAS, Dec., '57.

"I am impressed to speak with thee, dear Easy Chair, but dare not enter that gay world buzzing about thee, for I wear neither hoops nor paint, and my hair has a style quite its own. My home is in the prairie West, and God is nearer us than Fashion, and Nature inspires in place of Champagne. No; generosity (that charming characteristic of my sex) will not permit me to throw on thee the odium of my unartistic presence, but imagination will raise thee in her swift arms, and bear thee into that 'golden land where the sun lingers last'—will place thee on the wide 'last prairie' of Texas (fear not, O timid Easy Chair!), and thy harmonious soul shall drink in the solemn splendor of Nature's holy repose. Thou shalt behold a vast ocean of green go down, with flowery offerings, into a mighty ocean of blue, for the waves of the Mexican Sea nod their crested heads in the southern distance.

"Welcome, O honored Easy Chair! and while thou art gazing with gracious delight on this beau-

ty of which I am so proud, I will kneel me at thy feet, and thou wilt listen, with thy wonderful benevolence, to my simple talk. Nor am I afraid to speak, for well I know thy comprehensive sympathy will utter a gentle benediction on whatever is kindly meant. Thou, who hast all the world at thy feet, will little care to know, but thou art much beloved by me, O Easy Chair! Thou art a dove of comfort to my spirit, a perfume to sweeten and beautify my everyday life, for moments with thee are as fragments of a broken rainbow!

"I, who am but a prairie child, may not judge of thy genius and learning; but I may appreciate the gentle and honest spirit to whom these words are spoken; for 'the electric chain' of human sympathy thrills even in the untaught mind, and is the subtle magnetism which attracts it to those who realize its own vague aspirations after the beautiful and good. I may admire that justice which is born of truth, and that sweet charity which springs from a universal love; and I may also speculate in my foolish way, and wonder what noble and tender human soul has come back to us in the form of an old Easy Chair.

"I have many pleasant hours to thank thee for, and, something far better than pleasant hours, the happiness of an *unreserved* admiration—for mine is a worshiping nature, and sorrows over fallen idols. It is something, in these days, not to be disappointed in things one has set apart as being better than other things.

"I thank thee, O far-seeing Easy Chair! for mine is a simple heart, with hot blood and many prejudices, but not one so dark that it may point in scorn to any portion of my dear native land.

"I honor thee, O Easy Chair! that thou dost comprehend and maintain thy position in the world of letters; that thou dost recognize virtue and good, and condemn whatever is paltry and demeaning; that thou art not too wise to love humanity, or too good to pity its frailties. It is sweet, too, to know thee, a real, manly lover of our national goddess—a sincere republican, and not a miserable sham, with unpaid-for liveries and a poor, paltry coat-of-arms on thy hired carriage, telling every body Paris is the only place fit to live in, and Americans are so stupid, *especially the women*, who are, at best, but heavy prose articles. It is only at *such* moments, dear Easy Chair, that I wish to be a six-footer!

"I had a word on American women; but thou art growing restless, and I only marvel at thy sweet patience till now, for the sun has thrown his last golden kisses on the blue waves of the Mexican Sea, and the evening winds murmur their plaintive lullabies, filling one with longings for home. Then, while I lay my hands lovingly on thy kind arm, I will ask for thee and thine all that we may here know of happiness, and hope that the bright New-Year may bring thee a thousand friends as loyal as

L. P. H."

Truly a gushing stream of sympathy purling among sunsets and flowers. Thanks, gentle L. P. H.; and alas, that the Easy Chair's tongue is as wooden as his arm upon which thou so fondly leanest!

But the heart, L. P. H.! the heart is of oak.

—Welcome, L. M'A! As welcome as was ever the Easy Chair to your evening readings:

—MICHIGAN, Dec., '37.

"I have long wished to address you, dear 'old Easy Chair,' were it only to thank you for the pleasure you have afforded to two very quiet peo-

ple these many years. If I had been a 'literary lady' or a 'great genius,' I might have done so long ago; but being neither of these last-mentioned characters, and only of importance to my children and their father, why, it is 'a great adventure,' and requires no little courage to address the 'Easy Chair.' Still, I know it will do the 'old Easy Chair' good, to hear of the hearts he has so often helped to lighten on their weary way. Listen, then, old friend, while I, in true orthodox fashion, begin my history.

"Once upon a time, Ralph and I made what is called a very imprudent marriage; so imprudent that the doors of a house a great, great way from here were closed upon Ralph's little wife forever. But we were so young then and full of hope that we heeded not the prophecy of 'dark days and poverty;' and though I sometimes sighed as I thought of *home*, yet with its joys had also passed from me its 'iron rule.' The heart of my husband was my world, and his love strong enough, I thought, to shield me even from the curse of disobedience. Soon, however, improvidence and thoughtless forgetfulness of 'to-morrow' brought with it its own punishment. One after another of the little elegances of home went to aid in warding off, for a short time longer, the doom so fast approaching; and at last all were gone, and we had nothing left with which to begin the world anew—nothing at least save a few trinkets which were to be sold ere long; still we did not quite despair, and my husband resolved to hie him to the New World and there win himself a profession, perchance in time a *name*. So, with our child—we had a child by that time—we bade adieu to familiar faces and our old life, and went out into the 'wide, wide world,' asking aid of none.

"See us, after weeks of travel, quietly ensconced in a cozy nook of the old — State, my husband studying the profession he had embraced, and I living in one room up many pairs of stairs, banishing far away all remembrances of the past or other scenes, and helping, as far as woman can, to earn our daily bread. It may be very romantic to read of, dear Easy Chair, but it is not at all romantic in reality to be *very poor*; to live as we did, in one little room, to be brought necessarily in contact with vulgar minds and ways with which you have naught in common, and to feel that *poverty* has no right to be sensitive or proud. Each day brought to us, perhaps, rude questioning or unjust suspicion; for, of course, there remained enough of other days about us to convince many that we had not always been as now. But often would some unlooked-for kindness or respectful sympathy heal the wound the thoughtless tongue had made, and assure us that, by a *few*, at least, we were understood.

"In those days, dear Easy Chair, when bread and fuel were hardly earned, *Harper's Magazine* was our sole literary treasure; and when, on the cold winter evenings—generally Saturdays, for then we could afford, in view of the day of rest, to sit up late—my husband would come home tired with his studies, and the incessant 'writing' which brought us bread, how sweet it was to draw the little stand to the fire, and while my husband lay and smoked on the lounge of home-manufacture, to cut the leaves of a new *Harper*, and read to the weary man. Never was book so prized! Shutting out all that was coarse or uncongenial in our present life, we wept or smiled over the pages of 'Bleak House'—followed, with sympathetic interest, the

fortunes of 'Leonard' and 'Helen' in 'My Novel'; or, with the noble 'Violante' for a companion, listened to the Machiavelian wisdom of Doctor Riccabocca, and forgot, in our interest in their fortunes, the sorrows that beset our own; and when my husband dreaded worse ills than those of poverty, and feared for a life worthless to others, perhaps, but *all* to him, how often has he read by my bedside, and, with the quaint conceits and genial thoughts of the 'old Easy Chair,' won me to forgetfulness of pain.

"Days have changed since then; my husband has been 'admitted,' and is called a 'promising man' in his profession; we are not 'well off,' but we are comfortable, and books are not *now* such unheard-of luxuries in our little Western home, but still, Prince among the Monthlies, treasured and loved as an old friend, is *Harper's Magazine*.

"Believe, therefore, dear old Easy Chair, that no one feels a warmer interest in your welfare, or a truer gratitude toward yourself, than

"L. M'A."

—Here is a letter that needs no introduction. "It" speaks for itself.

"PITTSBURG, Dec., 1857.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I notice in your article of this month that you claim 'babies' as being 'its,' and find, on referring to my wife, your claim strenuously rejected. I have also a distinct impression that, some twenty years ago, being expected, by a young mother whom I had called upon, to express my congratulations upon the appearance of her first-born, and having inadvertently spoken of the baby as 'it,' saying, 'it has its father's form of nose,' etc., I was stopped by the mother indignantly asking me whether baby was not human.

"As a term of endearment, the mother allows herself sometimes to address her infant offspring as 'it'; a beloved husband or a favorite nurse may occasionally so speak of baby without being reproved; but others less intimate—never. The mother is aware that babies are written of as 'its,' but only by ironical writers, whom, for so writing on such a subject, she detests, and also feels the less poignantly that other babies, and never hers, are thus written of.

"Thus your brief sentence reviving old impressions, before venturing on the subject to my wife I strengthened myself with standard authority by quoting from Luke, chap. i., ver. 35, where grave men of yore have written down, 'Therefore that holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called,' etc.

"My wife's first exclamation was opposition almost to irreverence, being, 'I don't care what the New Testament says;' to cover which I was obliged to add that the Greek and Latin had, indeed, no such word as 'thing;' but the adjectives *ἅγιον*, *sanctum*, meaning sanctified, sainted, or holy; that the French and German had followed by the word *saint*, which, if considered as a noun substantive, expressed the meaning, but not so fully, to my mind, as the adjective; and that the English authority of Webster defined saint to be a holy person, and not by any means a 'thing;' upon which she suggested that had the editors of King James's authorized version had wives and consulted them the Latin *sanctum* would have been translated holy being, or holy creature, or something else than thing. Is was useless to urge that the neutral termination of the original word forbade the employment of a male or feminine noun.

"Being thus set at bay, I renewed the attack by quoting another high authority—Shakespeare—'but that I see thee here, thou noble thing;' and again, 'being a thing immortal as itself;' upon which my wife, asking the children whether they had finished breakfast, rose from the table, directed the girl to 'remove the things,' and betook herself to her morning household occupations.

"I am yours, *ab initio*, J. F. B."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EUROPE has a Kansas, lying on the Danube, made up of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia.

Let us, as the French say, *preciser* this tedious question of the Principalities. Do you know any thing of it? or have you wisely given it margin in the details of foreign news? Fortunate distance! which allows you thus to play at bowls with the political jumbles of the hour, and to dally with such only as offer some rallying points of interest or entertainment. Yet here, and over the Continent of Europe, this question is a dominant one: no *salon* is without its discussion, and no Court without the anxieties it nourishes.

You know, at least, where Moldavia and Wallachia lie; conterminal with Austria, Russia, and Turkey, and offering debatable ground as being the coveted prize of three crowns, as well as of three faiths—Greek, Roman, and Moham-medan.

You would go there, if you went, by way of Vienna, Hungary, and Servia; sailing down the Danube on the Austrian packet-boats until you passed Semlin and the colossal fortress of Belgrade, and the stilted watch-towers of the Slave soldiery, and the quaint feudal battlements of Semendria, and Alt Moldova, where the lithe guard upon the northern bank loiter in the sun in their tight breeches and brown jackets; you would take carriage, and bowl along upon a road hewn from the rocks which hereabout shut in the wild waters of the German river. The blue Carpathians, that you have seen as you have journeyed fringing either horizon, have here shot spurs upon the river, and loom over you in black, craggy masses. Reefs are in the river, and reefs are over your head. There are caverns, and huge, fantastic castles of rock, and eagles soar over the mountain cleft through which the Danube howls and roars. And if you pass there (as you never should) in the warmest days of later August, the gnats of Golum-bacz will attack you as you enter again upon the flat country below the mountains, and almost craze you with their sting. By-and-by you will see traces of a Roman road upon the face of an opposite precipice, and you will see the square Roman tower of Gradisca; and presently, upon the north bank, men in skins, pulling punts up the tortured stream, and your guide, or courier, or what not, will tell you these are Wallachian peasantry, and that yon shore is Wallachian. We said they were dressed in skins, for they wear high hairy caps like a mop, and long cloaks of sheepskin with the wool out.

And if you crossed the river into the Wallachian territory, you might have one of these men to drive you in a wooden cart, some three feet high by four feet long, with four fiery horses attached, at a mad gallop, to the capital, which is Bucharest. And the same, or similar convoy, might be here bargained with to attend you some hundred and fifty miles

due north to Jassy, which is the capital of Moldavia.

These two little states, as large in the gross as that mountain land of Switzerland where we went wandering the summer past, have maintained this long time gone a kind of equivocal independence; having their own hospodars, paying tribute to the Sultan, and worshiping in orthodox Greek churches. By their religion they have leaned toward Russia; by their tribute-money ("pay to Cæsar the things of Cæsar") they have leaned toward the Sublime Porte; and by the hospodars of their own kith they have leaned toward freedom.

You know how they stood neutral in the great war: how the march of Russia across their territory met no rebuke (from them); how the Austrians, by a pleasant diversion, occupied their territory. The great Congress of Paris took their condition under its advisement, and promised equable disposition of their nationality, subject always to the *suzeraineté* of the Sultan; mark the term *suzeraineté*, which is an old feudal word, implying far less of control than belongs to the more modern term sovereignty. It was further determined by the Congress of Paris that Wallachians and Moldavians should have opportunity to express their wishes, and that their wishes should be taken into kindly consideration.

In virtue of this grant, we heard early in the summer of elections there which resulted in a determination to maintain the twin nationalities, and elect hospodars as before. But it was alleged by France and Russia that these elections were unfair, and had been influenced and controlled by emissaries of Turkey and of Austria; that, in fact, it was a kind of Lecompton affair, and no expression of the real wishes of the population.

England, through Sir Stratford Redcliffe, was presumed to have abetted the Sultan in his designs, and stoutly sided with the Turkish view of the matter, up to the time of the Emperor Napoleon's visit last summer to the Isle of Wight.

After this, Victoria, won over by the assiduity of the French monarch, joined Russia and France in demanding a revocation of the elections.

Austria winced, but submitted. New elections were held; and the result was now a unanimous declaration for a union of the Principalities.

Their first claim under vote of the Divan, was for "respect of their rights; and more especially their liberty to govern themselves (*leur autonomie*)."

Next after this, their vote was for a "union of the Principalities under the name of Roumania."

Third, that Roumania should be endowed with a hereditary foreign prince, chosen from among the dynasties of Europe, whose heirs should be educated in the religion of the country.

Fourth, the neutrality of their territory.

Fifth, that the legislative power should be confided to a General Assembly, in which should be represented all the interests of the nation; and, finally, that all these rights should be held under the collective *garantie* of those powers represented at the Congress of Paris; to wit, England, Russia, Prussia, France, Austria, Turkey, and Sardinia.

We have cited this vote and this prayer of the Moldo-Wallachians from their own manifesto, now under our eye, and at the risk of bringing a dull political subject to the notice of those kind readers who are wont to relieve the heavy siege-train of the foreign papers with our light artillery.

But we have had design: This Moldo-Wallachian

vote is an argument, or a synopsis, or (to use the Saxon, which is after all better than either Greek or Latin) it is a *showing forth*, of the present average political tone of Europe.

They claim, first, the right to make their own laws (*αὐτὸς νόμος*)—a pleasant, innocent claim, in which the French, pointing to their Legislative Assembly, and their almost universal suffrage, might join them; but which really means nothing more than that the laws shall be made at Bucharest or Jassy, and not at Constantinople or Vienna.

Then they must have a prince—a toy to put upon a throne, and keep itself there by animal generation; not for its power or prudence, but only as the pivot around which Moldo-Wallachian lawgivers shall revolve in pleasant concentricity. And to make the thing more pivot-like, and part of state mechanism, "the heirs are to be reared in Greek faith."

And the Divan of the Principalities appeal to the Great Powers of the Paris Congress for the decree and guaranty of this wished-for order. We have said it was an expression of the average political feeling of Europe. That is to say, the average feeling demands a sham of voting, and a certain vapory pretense of self-government; it demands further a regal or imperial symbol, before which men may bow in civil worship.

This vote of the Principalities is now under discussion in all the journals of Europe—Russia, France, Prussia, and Sardinia applaud it; England, Turkey, and Austria deplore it. The diplomatic conference has yet to take the matter in hand, and to decide finally how far the wishes of the skindressed Wallachians shall be complied with. Meantime they wait, knotting together upon the corners of the streets of Bucharest, discussing the complexion of the last *Débats* or the last *Times*—trolling the overloaded punts up the rapids of the Danube—living in sight of Roman great deeds (the remnants of Trajan's Bridge among them, which 1600 winters have not destroyed)—calling themselves Romans (Romouni)—talking a language which wears the ancient Latin dignity, garlanded with Oriental luxuriance—they wait the decree which is to give them a king, or declare them a province.

We have been dull: we have no right, in this gossip of ours, to give so large space to a political question of the time. Do we not find in our Easy Chair relief from all this?

Shall we tell you a story? Perhaps you have read it before: it comes from the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, the chiefest of Parisian magazines (as much as ours is the chiefest of those American), and it concerns us, as carrying a subtle and graceful lampoon upon our Western habitude.

Bussy, a quick-witted, fast-living Parisian, finds himself, at the effective age of thirty or thereabout, without funds to pay some score of tradesmen's bills which he has run up in the gay capital. In fact, he has squandered a fortune, as many another does, without reckoning the end; and in the emergency he bethinks himself of certain acres of wild land bequeathed to him by his father, and lying somewhere in the State of Ohio, at the confluence (says our *naïve* story-teller) of the Scioto and Red River.

He befogs his creditors, secures his passage, lands in New York, takes rooms at the Astor House.

At his first day's dinner in that regal hostelry he is bewildered and entranced by the apparition of a certain Miss Cora Butterfly, a *New Yorkais*,

who victimizes him, from her opposite seat at table, with a battery of bare neck and arms.

Her manner (not unusual, says our pleasant story-teller, in American girls at *table-d'hôtes*) encourages him to offer wine.

Miss Cora drinks wine with Monsieur Bussy, Miss Cora chats with the engaging Parisian, and before the dinner is ended a rendezvous for the evening is named.

Monsieur Bussy, loitering upon the Astor House steps, in postprandial idleness, and reflecting upon his swift conquest, is suddenly addressed by his proper title of Baron (which he had modestly dropped in our republican country) by a fellow-Frenchman, who is established at Montreal, and who forthwith warns him against the arts of Miss Cora Butterfly.

Like all American girls, she is in search of a fortune. Moreover, she is a belle—a toast of the city. Her bare arms, her bare neck, and her familiarities must not surprise the Baron de Bussy. They belong to American habit. Yet Miss Cora is not a creature of passion—only of calculation. He warns the Baron against the rendezvous of the evening (of which he had overheard the appointment), and presents the Baron to a bright-eyed sister of his own.

The Baron admires his countrywoman intensely, but is too chivalrous to forego his appointment for the evening.

Miss Cora receives him in her chamber (which, again, in the language of our pleasant story-teller, is only a usual habit with American girls); she is seated in her rocking chair; she does not rise; she is no way discomposed; she exhibits a self-control which amazes our Parisian.

They renew the chat of dinner—familiarly, socially, tenderly; and the Frenchman, true to his instincts, ends by making love upon the spot.

Miss Cora is cool, inquiring, calculating.

If the Baron de Bussy wishes to marry her, she must know something of his expectations. The Baron straightway unrolls his titles to a great estate at the confluence of the Scioto and Red River.

Miss Cora laughs a little *petillant* laugh; tells the Baron coolly that the estate he speaks of is already the seat of a great township, held by squatter authority; that her father, Mr. Samuel Butterfly, is principal proprietor; and bids the Baron good-evening and farewell.

It was twelve o'clock (usual American hour), and the ejection summary: the Baron therefore retired.

What next?

Shall the Baron abandon his titles, and retire discomfited? The Montreal friend says no. The Baron therefore finds his way westward to Scioto township, with tingling recollections in his mind of the Montreal girl, and of the bare neck and arms of Miss Cora Butterfly.

But swiftly as he has gone to Scioto town, Mr. Samuel Butterfly is before him, and is, as appears further, the principal editor of the principal journal of that new city.

The Baron summons a lawyer, and lays his titles before him: they are good—unquestionable. But the lawyer considers, as American lawyers (in the words of the story-writer) are apt to do, if his advocacy of an alien's claim will not imperil his position with the citizens of Scioto town, and his friendship with the millionaire, Mr. Samuel Butterfly. He therefore determines to receive the retainer

of the Baron, and communicate immediately after with Mr. Butterfly.

Mr. B. suggests that the attorney should propose a temporary absence to the Baron. The attorney invites him to a hunt, which the Baron accepts. The journal of Mr. Samuel Butterfly comes down, meantime, in tremendous fashion upon foreign adventurers with forged papers, who seek to deprive industrious and worthy citizens of their rights.

The Baron returns; reads the calumny; loads his revolver; seeks out the office of Mr. Butterfly, and is confronted there by Mr. Washington Butterfly and his father Samuel, who have suborned a pair of accommodating Irishmen to swear to whatever the Butterflies may suggest.

The Baron, with French heroism, fights the four; is wounded—retires—runs, plunges into the Scioto, and swimming, in gory fashion, across the river, takes to the woods.

A chapter in the story ends here: the Butterflies *dominants*; the Baron Bussy *couchant*.

But French heroism is not to die the death in the Scioto woods. French heroism, with its arm in a sling, flies over the forests and takes refuge in the home of the Montreal friend, where it succumbs thoroughly to the battery of the Montreal friend's sister's eyes. But the Scioto estates are not forgotten. The Montreal friend assumes the management of the Baron's case. He assures the Baron that American audacity and crime can only be overcome by French *ruse*. Their plot is matured, and they journey back toward Scioto town—the friend's sister's eyes shining like two light-houses on the heights behind.

They take lodgings in a squatter village adjoining Scioto township, and the Montreal friend opens the campaign by a call upon Mr. Samuel Butterfly.

The Baron keeps dark, although his free use of his revolver on the former visit, and his bold swim across the Scioto, have given him quite a reputation for pluck.

The Baron's agent finds Mr. Butterfly imperious and disdainful; the Baron is regarded as a swindling adventurer—at least, Mr. Butterfly's manner expresses this regard.

And how is French *ruse* to unbend the American millionaire? And here lies the pivot of the story, as a Parisian interpretation of the Western character.

Mr. Butterfly has already seen evidence of the audacity of the Baron, and of his familiarity with arms; but George Washington Butterfly, the son, is even more familiar with the revolver than the Frenchman—"he can kill a swallow on the wing." The house of the Butterflies is not then to be intimidated. The Scioto courage is admitted to be fully up with the Parisian standard.

If, then, the enemy does not fear the Baron, he must be brought to respect him. With this clew the Montreal attorney commences *manœuvre*.

But how? Does he set before the Westerner the perfect validity of the Frenchman's claim, and a mass of documents to establish his rights? Not at all. The American has no respect for rights, however strong, which conflict with his own.

French *ruse* is more adroit. It represents to Mr. Butterfly that the Baron Bussy is a man of vast wealth; the attorney deploys before him his fictitious titles to an immense estate lying in the most densely populated quarter of France; he characterizes him as a man of eccentricity and unwaver-

ing pertinacity; he enjoys litigation; if Mr. Butterfly can suborn ten witnesses, the Baron can suborn twenty; if Mr. Butterfly can control the journals of Scioto town, the Baron could easily buy up the leading organs of Columbus and Cincinnati. He has heard of the American system of justice, and has great curiosity to test its elasticity.

Mr. Butterfly trembles: the millionaire is growing into his habitual respect for millions. Mere rights left him an adventurer: money has invested him with American title.

The attorney sees the heaven working. The Baron is fond of litigation—excessively; but—(Mr. Butterfly is all eagerness) there is a Miss Cora Butterfly, charming, graceful, *seduisante*; the Baron has seen her, and has fallen martyr to her attractions.

What if she were to become Madame la Baronne de Bussy? (The Parisian touches another weak point in the heart of the American father.)

Mr. Butterfly is in a condition to listen to compromise even now.

But French *ruse* has one more clever appeal to American weakness. Mr. Butterfly is a distinguished man: the Baron recognizes the great consideration in which he is held, as controlling the whole pork-world of the West: he knows that the journals and votes of Scioto town are at his feet: he admires and respects the influence which he sways over thousands of free and independent citizens (how did the Parisian story-teller learn to say these things?): he is assured that the recommendation of Mr. Butterfly would alone be sufficient to induce the inhabitants of Scioto town to pledge the credit of the place for the issue of bonds to the amount of \$400,000, one half to be assigned to the Baron, in compromise of his claim for a million, and the other two as dowry to the charming Cora, should she consent to honor the title which the Baron would be delighted to bestow.

The bargain is struck (so runs the story), with the further condition that, in the event of non-compliance on the part of Miss Cora, the \$200,000 of dowry is to revert to the Baron.

There is a meeting in Scioto town, and speeches, in virtue of which the free and independent citizens are fully persuaded that the French adventurer is no adventurer, and that the only possible way by which they can avoid forfeiture of their titles is by a prompt vote of the compromise suggested and sustained, "in his usual felicitous manner," by the Honorable Samuel Butterfly.

The French friends next manœuvre to disembarass themselves of possible obligations to Miss Cora. The Baron writes letters full of penetrating tenderness. The Montreal attorney visits New York, falls in with a strolling English lord, who is very proud, very stiff, very unscrupulous, and intensely admired. The attorney counts him a proper tool, studies his humors, flatters his vanity, and after listening with caressing indulgence to his braggart mention of the New York ladies, touches his British weakness by proposing a bet—a bet, that eager as other New Yorksais may be for his attentions, he can make no conquest of Miss Cora.

Can a British lordling refuse a wager? It is taken—and won.

The Baron is relieved; pockets the \$400,000; marries the bright-eyed sister of his accomplished attorney, and is now chairman of managers for the various operatic institutions of the New World!

Thus is set forth Parisian astuteness, British *gai-*

serie, and American civilization, by Monsieur Alfred Assolant, in the ruling literary periodical of Paris; and the most prominent of the Continental journals copies it as a "spirited portraiture of society in the United States."

The conclusions which a European reader would derive from a hearing of the story would be, first, that in America rights would weigh nothing against urgent pretension; second, that money would any where, and always, buy justice; third, that New York girls of the best education are indelicate and wanton by habit, and are not criminal in their wantonness, only because their affections take fire at thought of money or of titles.

Has the story-writer touched weak points, or has he not? It will do no harm to think upon it.

FROM our Easy Chair, all in sight of the Emperor's palace (which yesterday belonged to King People, and the day before to King Louis), we have watched curiously, through the American news waifs that have floated hither, the gathering and the break of your financial storm. We looked coolly at the first. What should it matter to us if Western railways were paying dividends out of money hired at 25 per cent. per annum? What matter if a "favorite line" had issued more stock than conditions with bondholders warranted? What matter if there were lugubrious croakings and a tumble of ten per cent., by each steamer, of the fancies? Does the American loiter in view of the great palaces, upon the strength of the fancies? Does not Thompson, who is traveling hereabout with his bride, sneer at the fancies? Does he not breathe a good Pharisee prayer when he sees the Erie falling some twenty per cent., and pity the poor publicans who are dealers in such trash?

But with the Erie, and the South Michigan, and the Milwaukie falls, came at length the Ohio Trust—crashing to nothing in a day. This startled us; but said Thompson, who represents the mercantile dignity abroad, "it all comes of a league with the fancies; Cleveland and Pittsburgh—a roundabout road in contest with a straight one; moneys advanced, and securities *nil* or—abstracted."

We rested on this, and waited for the next steamer.

Worse and worse. Every thing was down. Money at two per cent. a month; the paper of Thompson and Fairweather gone to protest.

Thompson and Bride left.

And we—paying an insurance premium on our banker's circular notes.

Other steamers came, bringing us to better news. Stocks were nowhere; suspensions were the order of the day; among the rest—could we believe our eyes?—II—and Brothers. And has our Easy Chair lost its legs, then? said we.

We had thought lightly of the fancies. Let them go down, we said; and yet fond hopes, fond as ours at their fondest, may have rested on them trustfully. We had dismissed from our mind Thompson and bride; he was no kin of ours (he may have been related to the Dazzles). What was Ohio Life and Trust to us? What bootied their indulgent fondling of a railway? Did we hold stock?

Suppose Jones failed—is it any matter of ours? Suppose Curry and Co., the India men, suspend—do they owe us a stiver? Are we sufferers?

The question came closer at the last, and taught us what every man ought to learn—that a weakening of confidence in one quarter, where confidence

has been reposed, is a weakening of confidence in all. Knavery, where knavery is looked for, may do little harm; but knavery, where we looked for honesty, may debauch the credit of a nation.

Looking from this side, and from this distance, we may say safely that no one thing seems so much the start-point of our damaged business reputation as the ignoble failure of a great trust company (we allude to the Ohio Trust) which, by its name, its basis, and its antecedents, would seem to have been a guardian of the national credit.

But what right have we to talk of these things? Save only that an American feels more keenly a damage to the national reputation abroad than at home. And in our regrets we have forgotten gossip; forgotten how the old leathern-faced Dupin, who has writhed through so many political changes, always selfishly afloat, never generously humiliated or in abeyance, has again appeared upon the stage as high judicial officer, by special appointment under the Imperial dynasty; and still more lately as senator. He has a quick, shrewd mind, and immense acquirement, but not lighted with one spark of nobleness.

Then De Morny has made talk again, coming back from his newly-acquired estates in the South *en prince*, by special train, with outriders when he touched Paris ground, bowing right and left ever so gallantly. Proud of his Russian bride, who is indeed pretty enough to start pride, and (the journals say) affecting, down upon his estates, the rural tastes of the British landholder, draining, subsoiling, nourishing foxes, and setting splendid example of such farm-steading as excites infinite wonder and does no sort of good, simply because it is wholly out of the range of all his neighbor landholders.

Then, again, there is that sad story of the American suicide—a man who had achieved fortune in our Southern cities, and came back to the world's metropolis to enjoy it; but the sight of the extravagances of such as De Morny quickened his avarice once again, and he ventured into the gulf of speculation with a crazy boldness—as if wits sharpened in America should not surely win—and sunk there, deeply, damnably—to the shooting of himself, and the terrible end.

Then, again, *Figaro* (which is a spicy, lively weekly journal, of growing reputation) has instituted literary dinners, whereat *litterateurs* mingle fraternally, and fire off *jeux d'esprit*, and compare labors, and come out with more kindness, each toward the other; and they say a literary fund is to grow of it in aid of such forlorn castaways as were the dead Gustave Planche and Gerard de Nerval.

There is gossip, too, about Lord Normanby's book, which is shortly to appear; and which, rumor says, will tell unwholesome things about the diplomatic squabbles anent the old Spanish marriages, and will prattle in most unembassador-like way about the court (of Louis Philippe), and the subtle influences which are at work always under the purple canopies that fringe monarchs.

Soberer than all this—we have to name the death of the Princesse de Nemours, suddenly, almost mysteriously, away in England; the old Queen-mother, scored with afflictions and tottering on the edge of the grave, gathering her strength once again to bear the new trial; the prince-husband, crushed with the suddenness of the blow; the prince-brothers flocking from exiled places to lend their tribute of brothers' tears; and last, the mass-

saying in that chapel St. Ferdinand, without the gates of Paris—where the young Duke of Orleans died; where the death-scene hangs in mimic life upon the wall; where the angels, which Sister Marie wrought from marble, hang over the dead prince—there, not long ago, met those who lent their sympathy to the new grief of the House of Orleans: Guizot, and Rothschild, and Scribe, and Jules Janin, and a host of those known only by title—all kneeling upon the marble pavement and praying God to lighten the last blow of that army of blows which has smitten the family of the dead King.

Editor's Drawer.

A BRILLIANT correspondent supposes a case. We shall let him state it in his own words:

"Suppose your million readers should be assembled in a ten-acre field, and should there receive at the same time the last *Harper*, and should all cut into the Drawer the first thing—as I verily believe they would—and, as they read, their sides should begin to shake, and one simultaneous, hearty, rib-expanding laugh should follow—as I know it would—now the question is, If that would not drown thunder, and make earthquakes sing small, then what would?"

Our correspondent is slightly hyperbolic in his figures of speech, yet he is very modest withal; he sends two or three very good stories, adding, "If these are not well enough dressed to appear before your audience of a million, I presume you have a wardrobe of 'ready-made,' in which you can clothe them to suit yourself!"

This soft insinuation, that we dress up the good things that appear in the Drawer, we must gently repel. The *naked* truth is always more attractive than truth with any amount of dressing; and, like beauty, when unadorned is the best looking. The great art of telling a story—that is, a tale, a narrative, an incident, a fact—is to tell it straight out, and let the reader's fancy furnish the embellishment. This it is on which the Drawer feeds. Who ever suspected the Drawer of coloring any thing that came into its inclosure? How soon its character for "truth and veracity" would go by the board if it should dress up facts! "Facts are stubborn things," and the Drawer will not attempt to mould them into better shape, provided always they are what they ought to be; if they are not, we let them *lie* in the Drawer, which is better than to let them *out to lie*. Here is a specimen of the material on hand for this month.

"DEAR DRAWER,—I send you a brace of anecdotes—the first you may have had before; the second is just out of the mint, and is good as gold:

"Joe Downs was a dull boy at school, always behindhand with his lessons, and always at the narrative end of his class. Every Saturday we were obliged to commit a large number of words from the dictionary, spell them, and give the definition. At the end of the recitation any scholar could ask the class a word and its meaning, the questioner to answer if none of the rest could, and go above all who missed. Joe's turn to 'pop the question' came, and he put out the word *Acéph*. It was spelled, but the meaning could not be given. Around the class it went, from head to foot, till it came down to Joe, who triumphantly spelled and defined it—'A-c-e-p-h, a louse without a head!'

The roar of laughter did not disconcert him in the least; but when the smoke cleared away, he appealed to the dictionary, and pointed to the word and definition—'A-ceph-a-lous, without a head.' Joe's name was changed, and he was called from that day onward 'Seph,' or a 'louse without a head.'

SUCH a story as that needs no dressing if it is an old one, and the next is quite as good:

"Some years ago, before Pittsburg, the dingy city of Western Pennsylvania, was reached by railroads from the East, the wagon was a great institution. The well-tired wheels untiringly toiled over mountains and vales, making long journeys, slow but sure. Dave Stewart was a noted wag and wagoner. He was always wagging his tongue in boasting of this great feat and that which he had performed in his expeditious teaming over the Alleghanies. Some of those mountain passes are very narrow, cut into the side of the cliffs, and on the outside a pokerish precipice admonishes the driver to hug the rock close as he goes. When teamsters meet in such places the rule of the road is set aside, and the stoutest man keeps to the wall. Dave was six feet high, and well proportioned—like Frank Granger, of anti-mason memory—and when, one day, he met an old gentleman driving leisurely along in his gig, Dave determined to have some fun at his expense. High above their heads was an overhanging table-rock, and as the horses stood head to head, Dave said to the old gentleman,

"I want you to do me a favor."

"Certainly," said the gentleman. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to climb up on that rock, and dance while I whistle!"

"I shall do no such thing, and I trust you do not intend to take advantage of an old man in such a place as this."

"Dave stepped forward with his heavy horse-whip in his hand, and, raising it, threatened to lay it on him if he did not mount the rock and dance as he was told. Seeing Dave was in earnest, the gentleman made a virtue of necessity, and scrambled up. Dave whistled and he danced till both were tired, and the fun was soon stale; when Dave told him to come down, to back out of the pass, and let him go on.

"But," said the gentleman, as he came down, "I want you to do me a favor now."

"And what is that?"

"I want you to go up there, and dance while I whistle!"

"Dave refused, intimating that he would see the man in a very bad place first.

"You won't, eh?" said the stranger, drawing a pistol suddenly, and planting it at Dave's breast; 'I'll make daylight shine through you in less than two seconds if you don't move.'

"Dave told me the story himself, and said,

"What else could I do? The old fellow was in earnest; up I had to climb, and there I had to dance while the old fellow whistled, and laughed, and threatened to shoot if I stopped a minute; and he kept me a-going, full jump, two hours and more, till I was in a lather worse than my horses in July. When I was just ready to fall off he let me come down, made me back out of the pass, and as he drove by, advised me never to ask any unnecessary favors of strangers again. And I don't mean to."

Our Binghamton friend sends us a fact which needs no fixing:

"A country gentleman, who has lived near us so long that he might pass for a native of these diggins, though he was born nearer you than me, was obliged to visit your city on business a few weeks ago, in the midst of the panic. He took quarters at a boarding-house, and his rustic dress and appearance exposed him to the observation and remark of a smart young lady, of very uncertain age, who sat opposite to him at dinner-table. Taking him for a decidedly verdant son of the soil, she proceeded to quiz him at her leisure. The gentleman perceived her drift, and humored the joke. In the course of her inquiries she asked,

"Did you ever visit our great city before?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did, several years since."

"Did you come by railroad or steamboat in those days?"

"Neither of them things was in use when I come to town."

"You must have come by stage?"

"Not exactly that way neither."

"In a wheel-barrow, perhaps?"

"No, not that way neither."

"You must have come on foot?"

"Not exactly so, ma'am."

"Well, how then did you come—do tell us?"

"Well, if you must know, I was born here, June 24, 1814, at No. 40 Walker Street, near the Bowery."

"The young lady was perfectly satisfied. She dropped the conversation, dropped her napkin and finished her dinner another time, having learned a lesson to mind her own business."

You have smart speeches of the four-year-olds in the Drawer; what do you say to this?

"My little ones had been amusing themselves with a parcel of kittens. I did not suppose they were particularly attached to them, and finding them very much in the way, I had them drowned. John took on dreadfully about his kitten, Netty."

"Why," said I, "Johnny, you make as much fuss as if your father was dead."

"Oh! boohoo!" cried the chick, "I could get a new father any time, but I shall never get another kitten like Netty!"

A LAWYER writes to the Drawer:

"A few days ago an Irishman in this vicinity attempted to rob his wife's chest of some gold which had come to her from a small estate settled on her before her marriage to this husband. The wife was the better man, and, with the aid of her son, she beat the would-be robber within an inch of his life. He put off, as soon as he was able, to a lawyer, to get a divorce and *alimony*. The lawyer told him a husband could not get *alimony* out of his wife's estate.

"And what do you know about *lor*?" said Pat. "And didn't me first wife get a divorce, and take all my money for *alimony*? If I can't have the divorce and the *alimony*, I'll take the *alimony* and my wife may have the divorce!"

"GOVERNOR GILMER, of Georgia," so says a Georgian contributor, "had a passion for buying all sorts of old iron truck, broken-down wagons, and such rubbish, which he had piled up in the yard, under the impression that it would come into use some time or other. It annoyed his wife ex-

cessively; and one day, when the Governor was away from home, she had the whole pile carted off to auction. It so happened that just as the auctioneer had put up the lot the Governor was riding by, and buy it he would; for, as he looked at it, he declared that he had a lot at home in which there were several things to match. He bid ten dollars, and the whole concern was knocked down to him. A few days afterward he was admiring Mrs. Gilmer's new bonnet, and asking her its cost, she said, 'Ten dollars, husband; the same ten you paid for your own old iron, and if you don't clear it out of the yard I shall sell it again!' The Governor shortly after that retired from the iron business."

"SQUIRE BROWN, of this county," writes an Eastern lawyer—and the lawyers afford excellent counsel to the Drawer, when they try, they always write in such a fee-ling style—"Squire Brown, of this county, was retained as counsel for an interesting young lady, who brought a suit against a faithless swain, who stole her heart and gave her pain, because he did not give her his again. The counsel for the defendant were Price and Pringle, of this city, who managed the case with their usual cleverness. In the trial divers letters written by the defendant were read, abounding in love, poetry, and other nonsense, such as may be supposed to constitute the staple of young lovers' correspondence. In addressing the jury, Mr. Price took occasion to refer *slightuallly* to these letters, insisting that there was nothing in them—absolutely nothing—that might not, with perfect propriety, be written in a letter of friendship, or even of ordinary business.

"Squire Brown's turn came. He took up the letters; found a declaration of love in every sentence, and exclaimed, 'Why, gentlemen of the jury, my brother Price says there is absolutely nothing here which may not be written in a regular business letter. Now, suppose a client of Messrs. Price and Pringle should leave with them an account for collection. They would write to the debtor on this wise: "SIR,—A small demand against you has been lodged in our office for collection. Your immediate attention is earnestly requested.

"Our pen is poor, our ink is pale,
Our love for you shall never fail!

"Yours affectionately,
"PRICE AND PRINGLE,"

"The defendant suffered sadly in damages, and the young lady's heart was healed."

That is a very good thing, and our correspondent will see that we have done better by it than he suggests—that is, to cut it in two in the middle, and throw both ends away.

FROM the Rip Van Winkle State we have a spirited story, that Mr. Delavan may put in his next letter on Temperance. It tells us where the best brandy comes from:

"A few of us were invited by the proprietor of one of our village stores to sample his brandy—a small but choice supply of which our merchants keep, for medical purposes only, of course. It was a prime article, and each one of us gave his word of recommendation, with an emphatic smack of the lips as we tasted, and then tasted yet again. Jones, on hiding about four fingers of it, quietly remarked:

"Well, this is decidedly better brandy than Lawrence keeps over the way, and yet he says *his*

is twenty-five years old. Only half that age is claimed for this; how is that to be accounted for?"

"Why, you see," said the innocent clerk who had waited on us, 'Lawrence's brandy was made before they knew exactly how!'

"Of course we 'smiled' again, for the secret was out, and we all knew how prima brandy could be made, and get to be old in less than no time."

ONE of our boys—one who was one nearly thirty years ago—writes to us from the interior of the Keystone State, and says:

"Refer to your books of accounts with your *hands* in 1829, and you will find my name among them. I was a pressman in your establishment, and left in 1830, with a *recommend* to which it is my pride to refer. Having left the press, I have taken to the law. But I keep up my acquaintance with Harper and Brothers through the Magazine, the Drawer of which I always read first, as I believe every body else does. And I send you two or three facts, not fictions, which you can use at your discretion."

It is pleasant to hear from the boys—sorry to hear that he has run down so that he had to turn lawyer; better stick to the press—that's the great institution. But let's read his facts, not fictions:

"Wiggins is an Irish lawyer at our bar, an honest fellow, as all lawyers are (!!!); and Prince is the prince of jokers, and another of our set. They met, as usual, at the Supreme Court. Wiggins had argued a case very much to his own satisfaction, in the course of his speech addressing the Court as *gentlemen*, instead of using the customary form, 'Your honors.' After adjournment, Prince took Wiggins aside, and said, 'You made a great mistake in your remarks, in addressing the Court as *gentlemen*; the Chief Justice was very much offended, and you had better apologize for it in the morning, or your case will suffer. Wiggins determined to make the matter all right. At the opening, next morning, he rose, and said:

"May it please the Court, I rise to beg your honors' pardon for a blunder of mine, committed yesterday. In the heat of debate I so far forgot myself as to call your honors *gentlemen*. Hoping that you will excuse my inadvertence, I will endeavor not to make the mistake again."

"The gravity of the bench was overset, and Court, bar, and audience applauded the Irishman."

At the late Baptist State Convention, held at Hartford, North Carolina, the Rev. Mr. Parsons gave notice that a distinguished clergyman from abroad would preach the valedictory sermon the next day. He clothed the notice in the words following:

"The closing sermon will be preached at eleven o'clock to-morrow, and the bell will be tolled at the same time, by the Rev. Dr. Wyman, of Richmond, Virginia."

At the appointed time a large crowd assembled to see the reverend gentleman toll the bell, but he was in the pulpit. It seems that they "told the sexton, and he tolled the bell."

THE verdict of posterity is pathetically pronounced in the peroration of a Tennessee lawyer's plea in behalf of a man charged with stealing a ham:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, suppose that one of you was dead, what would you think if you were to see

one of your children walking along the streets of Clarksville, and see the boys pointing the finger of scorn at him, and saying, 'There goes the child of the man's father that stole a ham?'

The appeal was sufficient; the thief saved his bacon, but the jury must have been puzzled to know what relation the child would be to the "man wot took the meat."

A LICENSE to marry is often wanted when it can't be had, but a poor one is better than none, when a man is in a hurry—*viz.*, namely, to wit, the following:

"In the early days of Texan independence and youth an eccentric genius, still living and reigning, was clerk of one of the Western counties. The village was quite secluded in the prairies, and the Squire pastured his cows on the broad acres around, bringing them home at night, and letting them go to grass in the morning. He kept a bell on one of them to help him in finding them; but one morning, as he was letting them loose, he perceived that the clapper of the bell was lost out, and, being unable to find it, he made a substitute by making fast in the bell his office-key. Not till he reached his office did it occur to him that he should want the key, but now finding himself locked out, he betook himself to other matters, proposing to recover the key at night. About noon a rough-and-ready young Texan, in buckskin dress, came riding into town, inquired for the clerk, scared him up, and asked for a marriage-license.

"'Sorry I can't accommodate you to-day, but it's no go.'

"'Why not? I'm going to be spliced to-night, and I must have it whether or no.'

"'But, the fact is,' said the clerk, 'my office is locked up, and my cow is gone away with the key!'

"'The cow!—what does the cow want of the key?'

"So the old fellow told the whole story, and the two set off for the prairie to find the cattle and get the key. But the more they looked the less they found, and finally had to give it up. A bright thought struck the Clerk of the County.

"'I'll fix you out!' said he, and Young Texas jumped a rod, so tickled was he to know that he was to be fixed out of the fix he was in. They proceeded to a store close by the office, and there the county scribe indited the following autograph:

"'Republic of Texas: To all who shall see this present, greeting: Whereas I, the undersigned, Clerk of this County, having this morning unthoughtedly tied my office-key as a clapper into my cow's bell; and whereas the said cow has gone astray to parts unknown, bearing with her the said key, and therefore the said key is *non inventus est*—that is, can't be had: And whereas one Abner Barnes has made application to me for a marriage-license, and the said Abner persists that he can not wait until the cow comes back with the key, but is compelled, by the violence of his feelings and the arrangements already made, to get married: Therefore these presents are to command any person legally authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony to join the said Abner Barnes to Rebecca Downs; and for so doing this shall be your sufficient authority.

"'Given under my hand and private seal, on the doorstep of my office—the seal of the office being locked up, and my cow having gone away with the key—this fourth day of October, A.D. 1838.

"'HENRY OSBORN, Clerk.'"

A few miles from the Indian Reservation in Cattaraugus County, resides a liquor-seller by the

name of Wheeler, who makes the most of his profits by selling watered whisky to the Indians. One day the circus was about, and the Indians were thick, and Wheeler was doing a big business. Old Billy, a well-known Red man, came in, and Wheeler received him with his usual grin, and asked him what he would take. Old Billy called for the whisky, took a drink, paid for it, and sat down on the bench. In a few minutes he repeated the operation, and waited for the drink to operate. He took a third pull at the bottle and sat down again, but finding no effects, he stumped up to the bar and grunted out, "W'eeler, W'eeler, wat matter uv wiskey—um full up and drunk no come."

Wheeler brought out a bottle of the genuine not yet "well-watered," and a good drink sent Old Billy under the bench. The crowd remembered the Indian's call, and whenever Wheeler's whisky was weaker than was agreeable, they got a better bottle by crying out "W'eeler, W'eeler, wat matter uv wiskey?"

FROM an Alabama friend we have these pretty little touches of child-nature:

"Little Lulu finds much pleasure in building houses of corn cobs. The other day while building them in the open air, the wind would blow them over as fast as she set them up. Claspings her hands and raising her eyes with a child's simplicity and reverence, she said, 'Please, good Father in heaven, make the wind stop blowing down my houses.'

"Birdie, our Birdie, so we call her, is very fond of flowers. A few weeks ago she went into the garden early in the morning to gather some roses. A heavy dew had fallen. She came back without any, and said to her mother, 'Oh, mamma, I couldn't bear to pull off the pretty roses—they are crying so—the big tears roll right down out of their eyes!'

Very sweet, both of these stories and these little girls. Of such little children is the kingdom of heaven.

ONCE we had a little girl. The dew of infancy was on her brows, and the soft light of heaven lay in her blue eye. Before her lips had learned to speak her eyes told worlds of love, more precious than words. There was but one out of heaven dearer than she: and the dearer one was the mother in whose arms the blue-eyed babe was nestling. One day when we came from work to the cot where mother and babe were waiting for us, we found them there, but a shade of sadness was on the mother's face as she received the evening kiss, and her eye rested on the child that lay across her knees. It was awake, but a dreamy look was in her eyes, as if she were asleep and looking at things invisible. The head was hot and feverish. The child was sick. It was restless that night, but as morning came it seemed to be more quiet. We called in the doctor, and he made a few inquiries, looked steadily and long into the eyes of the child, darkened the room and held a candle before its face; made his prescription, and went away with few words. Mary and I felt sadly, but said little to each other. We thought much that we did not like to speak. The day wore away, and the child slept through all its long hours, or woke sometimes with a start, and then sank down into a deeper sleep. We sat by it all night. Mary would not leave the child, and I would not leave Mary. The next day the doctor told us the child's brain was affected; he spoke of effusion—water on the brain—he would

do what he could—feared it would be a bad case—hoped we would be prepared for the worst. Then we woke. We had not breathed our fears; but now we owned them, wept them right out, and Mary laid her head on my breast and I thought she had fallen asleep, when a great sob burst forth, and she cried, “*What shall we do?*”

I had no words to answer. I kissed her over and over again, and we tried to pray. A start in the cradle roused us. The babe threw out both its hands, clenched its little fists, strained every muscle of its tender limbs, and the agony of a strong convulsion was upon her. Another followed, and soon another. It was dreadful to behold her. Friends told us that she did not suffer, but she seemed to suffer, and our hearts were bursting. She comes out of one of these paroxysms, and a sweet sleep succeeds. She smiles when she wakes, and puts up her lips for a kiss when her mother bends over her. She smiles again, and for an hour, oh, what an hour of joy was that! she was our sweet laughing babe again. In the fullness of our hearts we thought the worst was over, and that she would live. A tremor seizes her. The drops of dew stand on her forehead; the light of her eye fades away. She raises her hand, and waves it to and fro as though she were making signals to some we could not see. We call to her, but she answers not. We take her hands in ours, and breathe her name into her ears, but she hears us not. Her eyes are open, but she does not see. She breathes, but her breath is quick and hard and irregular. Mary throws her arms around my neck and fairly screams, “*George, she is dying!*”

Even so, Father in heaven, for so it was good in thy sight. We lost our babe, but God took her.

THIS correspondent who writes the following thinks it never was in print, though he brought it from England with him:

“A custom prevails among the Particular Baptists of England of giving an official invitation to young men of piety and talent to prepare for the ministry. When a young man is thus designated, he is required to preach a sermon before the church, and if it is acceptable, he is to pursue a course of scholastic and theological training under the patronage of the church. Old John Ryland of Northampton was a learned and eccentric minister of their faith and order; so eccentric, indeed, that I have heard it said of him, he would sometimes stop in the middle of a sermon or prayer to whip a boy for whispering, and then resume where he left off. His son John, who afterward became the distinguished Rev. Dr. John Ryland, was esteemed by the church to which he belonged as a young man of promise, and they called him to show forth his gifts. The trial discourse was prepared, the people assembled, and young John mounted the pulpit. He went through the preliminary exercises very creditably, and commenced his sermon. On he proceeded comfortably for some minutes, when as he cast his eyes over the audience he met the eyes of his father fixed upon him. This embarrassed him. He could well enough endure the attention and even the criticism of all the rest of the audience, but the gaze of his father pierced him through, and he began to stutter, stammer, and seemed to be ready to break down entirely when the old gentleman arose in the middle of the house, and, waving his hand, called out. “Come down, John, come down;

I see you've pumped till your sucker's dry. Let me come up, and see what I can do.” Poor John did come down, when the elder went up, took the same text, commenced where the son had stuck, and so finished the discourse.”

But John beat him afterward.

“DEACON Johnson is in the shoe-business in our village,” writes a friend in the country, “and last fall he bought a large lot of leather of a dealer, larger than he needed, and more than he would have bought but for the fact that the seller was hard pressed, and let him have it at a little reduction. The deacon stored it in his barn, and ‘calculated’ that the price would rise and that he should make a good spec of it. But just then the panic and hard times came on, and leather, like every thing else, went down flat. After a while the deacon came to the conclusion that he should have to wait a long time for the price to come up so as to enable him to get his money back. One night his wife waked him up out of a sound sleep, and told him that she heard a noise in the barn, and she was sure that thieves were there stealing his leather. It took her some time to rouse him enough to understand what was to pay; but when he did he growled out, ‘Well, if it falls on their hands as it has on mine, they’ll wish they had let it alone.’”

A CUTE correspondent in Sherburne Falls, Mass., has communicated to the Drawer a few things that are the earnest of more to come. He says:

“Mr. Stubbs, one of my neighbors, was down in the city a few weeks ago, and heard some of the most celebrated preachers in your regions. Stubbs has a great horror of political or secular preaching, thinks ministers ought to confine themselves to the Gospel, and the like of that. I asked him what he thought of your Rev. Mr. Blower, whose house is so crowded that he has to come into the pulpit by a trap-door, or climb up some other way. He said he ‘thought his church a very pleasant place of amusement; but he was afraid it would not be patronized by the better class of people, if they persisted in keeping it open on Sundays.’”

The next that our friend sends is old but good.

“In the town of Hartland, Niagara County, some twelve or fifteen years ago, there lived an old fellow who was not noted for his fondness of good books; he liked good liquor better. An agent called one day and asked if the house was supplied with the Bible. ‘Oh yes,’ he said, ‘they always had it.’ The agent was a little incredulous and desired to see it. The old man searched the house through, and at last produced a few stray leaves, saying he ‘had no *ides* they were so near out of Bible.’”

PROFESSOR Adams, of Amherst College, was a great entomologist, and had the largest collection of insects that was ever accumulated by any private individual in this country since the days of Noah. Some wicked students thought to quiz the old gentleman, and, with a great deal of care and labor, succeeded in manufacturing a nondescript insect, by taking the body of a beetle and gluing to it the legs of a grasshopper, the wings of a butterfly, and the horns of a dragon-fly. With this new style of bug they proceeded to the study of the Professor, and told him that one of their number had found a strange animal which they were unable to classify, and requested him to aid them

in defining its position. The Professor put on his spectacles, and after examining the specimen carefully, said, "Well, young gentlemen, this is a very curious bug indeed; I am inclined to think it is what naturalists call a 'HUMBUG!'"

THE Faculty of Williams College used to employ an Irishman named Jemmy to make fires, sweep, wait on the students, and do the "chores" generally. One of the boys pretended to be quite mad at him one day, and after blowing him up badly, went on to say, "Jemmy, this can't last always; by-and-by you will get your deserts, and you'll go to the bad place; what do you suppose you'll do there?"

"Oh," said Jemmy, "I suppose they'd set me to waiting on the students just as they do here."

"WHEN you have nothing better to put in the Drawer, use these," saith a correspondent. We never have any thing better, and don't wish to.

"The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, was a noted punster, and some of his wit has found a place in the Drawer. After the old time residence of Judge Tilghman had been purchased by a company of speculators who proposed to erect upon the site of it the ARCADE, that sad failure, the Judge was importuned to vacate the premises immediately. The very next day after he left, the work of demolition was commenced by taking out the sash lights. Dr. Chapman was passing at the time, and a friend remarked,

"That's quick work, Doctor."

"Yes, it is," replied the Doctor, gravely, and quite professionally; "the *liver* went out yesterday, and the *lights* are going out to-day!"

And another from the same pen:

"The late Edward Ingraham, of the Philadelphia bar, was as quick-witted as Doctor Chapman, and sometimes disturbed the gravity of Court. On one occasion coming into court when quite full, he walked back and forth within the bar until his honor, the Judge, being annoyed, called out, 'Mr. Ingraham, please be seated.' 'I am *seated*, your honor,' replied the lawyer; 'but I can find no place to put it.'"

"On another occasion, the Judge correcting him on some forms of law, Mr. Ingraham replied, 'Your honor is right, and I am wrong, as your honor generally is'—leaving the relation of the last member of the sentence undetermined."

And yet again from the same correspondent:

"Mammas are sometimes very fond of setting off the accomplishments of their daughters. One of these, at an evening party, was anxious that her darling should display her skill on the piano-forte for the benefit of the company. After some persuasion, the pretentious young lady took her seat at the instrument. She sported a splendid diamond ring on one of her fingers. Rattling off a piece of music in no very good taste, she tossed her head proudly and rose. The delighted mother turned to a gentleman who knew what good music is, and said, 'What do you think of my daughter's performance?' The courteous but very equivocal answer was, 'Madam, her finger-ring is brilliant.'"

"WHEN the Rev. Dr. Kennedy was installed in the Second Presbyterian Church in Troy, Dr. Sprague, of Albany, preached the sermon. One of the Troy papers of the next day, giving an account

of the discourse, says: 'Dr. Sprague pronounced a beautiful eulogy on his long and intimate friend, Dr. Kennedy.' Those who know the genial and learned Dr. K. will readily see that the speaker should have said broad, and not long."

So writes an Albany correspondent, who adds another, not clerical:

"In one of the colleges of the State of New York, not long since, a student by the name of Jenkins was invited to deliver a Temperance address. Jenkins was more distinguished for wind than wit—more of a swell than a sage; but having a high opinion of his own powers, he accepted the invitation, and concluded his oration in these striking words:

"Time may be divided into three spaces, or worlds—the college world, the world at large, and the world to come; it is my solemn determination, and I hope it will be yours, to preach and practice temperance in all three!"

"IN a late number of the Drawer," says a friend of ours, "there were several instances of blundering in reading the Sacred writings; but one of my boys made a mistake so slight, and yet so funny, that I think it worth telling. He read the tenth commandment of the Decalogue, 'Thou shalt not court thy neighbor's *wife*.' I think he preserved the spirit of the precept, though he missed the letter."

THE importance of importing your own stock, if you are going into the wool business, is very emphatically enforced in the following capital story, that comes to us from a very agreeable correspondent:

"Some years ago I was traveling on the Eastern shore of Maryland, and stopped for the night at the house of a gentleman by the name of Jones. He was not at home, but his wife received me very politely, though I was in the capacity of a traveling merchant, a peripatetic vender of notions, vulgarly called a peddler. She made a few purchases of articles useful in the family, and might have bought more had not Mr. Jones returned unexpectedly and at once commenced abusing me most roundly, and said he didn't want any peddlers about his house. I gave him back the change in his own coin till he cooled down, when I at length asked him what made him mad at all 'gentlemen in my line of business?' He told me.

"A few months ago a Yankee peddler was about here selling his tin-ware, and taking pay in any thing he could get. My neighbor farmer, Mr. Brown, had a very troublesome ram: one time he jumped the fence and got into the wheat, and another day into the corn, and was always where he had no business to be. One day, just as the farmer had got him out and tied up, this peddler came along, and wanted to sell his tin-ware. Mr. Brown said he would sell him the old ram, and take his pay in tin. The peddler took him up, offering him two dollars' worth of his truck for the ugly old sheep; the farmer agreed, picked out his tin things, the peddler hoisted the ram, with legs tied, into his confounded old cart, and drove right along here to my house, and had the impudence—yes, the scoundrel had!—to tell me that the ram had been imported from England by order of one of the rich farmers, Jeffers, down the country, and he had agreed to take it to him; it had cost \$200 on landing, and he was to have \$250 for it when he deliv-

ered it to Mr. Jeffers, but he was so tired of having the plaguy thing in his wagon that he would take \$100 for it the first chance he could get. I was quite anxious to improve my stock, and thought this was so fine an opportunity to buy an imported full-blood, as that rascal warranted it to be, that I just up and paid the fellow \$100, and he cut the strings and let the ram run. Sure enough, he did run, full split, right over the fence, and I after him, and my niggers coming on. In fifteen minutes my ram, niggers, and I fetched up in Brown's yard, when I found that I had been sold as well as that rascally old sheep. Before I got back the peddler had sold ten dollars' worth of wooden nutmegs and nonsense to my wife, and had gone off to parts unknown. He never came this way again; and if you are one of that sort, you had better put up your traps and be moving.

"Finally I prevailed on him to let me stay till morning, and to accept a few Yankee notions without fee or reward. But he will never forget that \$100 and his neighbor's ram."

— "CANANDAIGUA, Jan. 9.

"DEAR DRAWER,—At our Circuit Court, held here last month, the appointed Judge exchanged, and sent us the Hon. Hiram Gray, of *Elmira*, a place not in our district. One morning an Irishman presented himself to be naturalized, and his witnesses having testified to his good character, he was sworn, and the Judge proceeded to ask him the usual questions:

"JUDGE. 'How long, Patrick, have you been in this country?'

"PATRICK. 'Six years, y'r honor.'

"JUDGE. 'Where did you land?'

"PATRICK. 'In New York, Sir.'

"JUDGE. 'Have you ever been out of the United States since you landed six years ago?'

"PATRICK. 'Niver but once, y'r honor.'

"JUDGE. 'And where did you go then?'

"PATRICK. 'To *Elmira*, y'r honor!'

"The Judge joined heartily in the explosion that followed, but he gave the Irishman his papers, and after the adjournment returned to his residence in foreign lands."

To settle coffee with an egg is an easy matter; but it is not eggsactly so easy to settle an old account, as a racy writer in Otsego County, New York, shows in this letter:

"Seldom have I been more amused than when, some two years ago, upon the North Fork of the Salmon River, in California, I overheard a conversation between an *honest* miner, named Riley, and one Mike Donnelly, a trader, to whom it seemed Riley was indebted some forty dollars for provisions. Said Donnelly to Riley,

"'You ought to pay me this little bill, for you know I trusted you when no other trader on the river would. Come, now, I'll throw off half, if you'll pay the rest.'

"'Well, Mike,' said Riley, 'I'll be hanged if I'll allow you to be more liberal than I am. If you throw off one half, I'll throw off the other!'

"But this proof of liberality did not satisfy Mike, and he replied, as might be expected,

"'But that don't *settle* my account.'

"'Then break an egg into it!' said Riley, and coolly walked off."

— ENOCH ROBERTS was an eminent citizen of Wil-

mington, in Delaware, recently deceased. His eyes had been for many years turned to a strange phenomenon in the commercial history of his neighborhood, and he had become so interested in its progress that, just before dying, he expressed to a friend his desire to be permitted to see the end of the change which he had been so long occupied in observing. "Ah!" said the old gentleman, "I could wish the privilege of returning to this earth fifty years hence, to see what will then be understood to be a Jersey basket; for the careful observation of its gradual change during the past ten years would imply a result, by that time, that would be worth returning to see!"

AN EPIGRAM.

THERE is no paint like virtue's glow;
An honest heart most noble is;
And naught can give the placid brow
Like inward truth and holiness.

A KENTUCKY correspondent is responsible for the following excellent story, true to the life:

"When Henry Clay was young, and a brilliant member of the Legislature of Kentucky, one of the old Buckskins heard him quote the Common Law of England as decisive in the case then under discussion. The old fellow was astonished, and, jumping up, began:

"'Mr. Speaker, I want to know, Sir, ef what that gentleman is said is true! Are we all livin' under Old English law?'

"The Speaker informed the anxious inquirer that the Common Law was recognized as part of the law of the land.

"'Well, Sir,' resumed Buckskin, 'when I remember that our fathers, and some of *us* fit, bled, and died, to be free from English law, I don't want to be under any on it any longer. And I make a motion that it be repealed right away!'

"The motion was seconded. The Kentucky blood was up. The Buckskins fired off speech after speech, and Mr. Clay had as much as he could do to explain the matter, and save the Legislature of Kentucky from repealing the Common Law of England!"

ONE of "Doniphan's Men," of St. Louis, sends us this specimen of negro valor in the Mexican War:

"A number of the officers of Doniphan's regiment had selected their favorite servants, and they accompanied their masters to the tented field. On the march from El Paso to Chihuahua the darkies, fired with military ardor, determined to form a company of their own. Joe, a servant of Lieutenant D——, of Major Clark's artillery, was elected captain, and about one half of the remaining volunteers were appointed to fill some office, and thus were entitled to a title. Joe made his appearance on parade in a cocked hat, feathers, epaulets, sabre, etc., all right. He was impatient for the foe. When it was reported that the enemy was awaiting us at Sacramento, Joe was exultant. He would show the white folks what he and his men would do. 'He would be whar de fight was, and ef Massa D—— suspected Joe to hold his hoss, Massa D—— was mistook, dare den!'

"The battle of Sacramento was fought, and the enemy routed completely, but Joe and his men had been wholly invisible. The day after the battle Lieutenant L—— said to Captain Joe,

"Where's your company, Joe? I didn't see any thing of you and your men yesterday, and I hear that you hid behind the wagons."

"Oh, Massa Lieutenant," replied the crest-fallen Captain Joe, "I'm sorry to say my men did take to de wagins! I begged 'em and deplored 'em to come out like men, but dey wouldn't! No, Sah! dey stuck to de wagins, and I couldn't get 'em out."

"Well," said Lieutenant L—, "why didn't you leave them? you might have been in the fight, anyhow."

"Why, Massa, to tell you de trut," said Joe, "I did come out in de line at first, and I stood dare for a while, but when de balls begin to come so thicker and faster, and more of 'em, I tout de best ting dis nigger could do was to get behind de wagins hisself!"

"Joe's company was disbanded the next day."

THE same gallant fellow who sends the above adds an incident of the battle:

"The first whirr-rip of a cannon-ball in your immediate vicinity is disagreeable, and even the bravest will shrink involuntarily as the messenger of death speeds by. When the Mexican battery at Sacramento opened fire, Colonel Doniphan was riding up and down in front of his regiment. Seeing that some of his men stooped in their saddles as the nine-pounder balls whizzed past, he exclaimed,

"Don't dodge, boys, they can't shoot!"

"Hardly had he spoken before a cannon-ball passed within a few feet of his head, causing even that brave officer to shrink.

"Well, *that* was rather close!" said the Colonel. "Better dodge 'em if you can! dodge 'em if you can!"

DOWN-EAST poetry is rizz. "A Subscriber from the commencement," who hails from the State of Maine, says: "Our friend the apothecary had the misfortune to lose a valuable dog. But there was still spared to him an apprentice boy, aspiring to mortar-and-pestle honors, who mourned the decease of the dog, and let himself and his grief out in the following highly-finished 'pome':"

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

Young Dog "Bro" was very playful,
The cat could not drive him away;
His hair was black and beautiful—
But he's gone far away, far away.
He was owned by my batchelor friend,
The trader near the foot of the hill;
Who amused himself and his friends
In letting him play with the cat and squirrel.
He was coming from dinner one day
With his master and Parcher,
When he fell from the bridge on to the
Ice below and broke his neck.
His skin was taken off by the doctor,
Who made an examination post mortem,
And declared that he died from dislocation
Of the spinal column in falling from the bridge
On the 18th of Dec., 1856.

"BEVERLY TOMES, Esq., of Washington, a gentleman alike distinguished for his ready wit and hearty good-nature, was lately seated in a train about to leave for Baltimore, when a newsboy entered, and sung out:

"Have a paper? *Harper's Weekly, Ledger, Pic.* Have a paper?" he said, as he thrust it under the nose of Mr. Tomes.

"No," said Mr. T., with a twinkle of his eye that told his intended joke, "no, I can't read."

"The quick-witted youngster was up to him:

"Book-store right around the corner, Sir. Shall I get you a *primer*?"

"The passengers laughed loudly. Tomes was obliged to invest largely in newspapers, and acknowledge that the boy had him fairly."

So writes a Baltimore correspondent.

"In the year 1842 the Gallipolis (Ohio) Bank failed, and had the country flooded with its worthless issues, to such an extent, indeed, that boys residing along the Ohio River would board steamboats in order to sell to passengers its notes at one or two cents on a dollar. When the excitement about the failure was the most intense, a packet approached a wood-yard; the captain hailing the proprietor, asked the price of his wood.

"Two dollars and fifty cents," came back from the wood-yard.

"You ask too much."

"Can't take a cent less."

"Will you take Gallipolis money for your wood?"

"Oh, yes; *cord for cord*!"

"The captain was fairly sold, but the woodman had to wait for another boat to dispose of his wood."

ONE more from the same budget:

"Colonel Carrington was a *fair* specimen of an Arkansas gentleman; if not fully up to all the ways of genteel society, he was courteous and affable, extremely sensitive to insult, and of a hasty temper. During the fall of 1844 he was a passenger on board of a steamboat ascending the Arkansas River. One day, at dinner, he was seated opposite a Yankee who was full of talk, and ambitious of playing the agreeable to those around him. The Colonel, with the freedom of Western manners, had helped himself to the butter with his own knife. Then he took a dish of preserves, and with the same knife raked off upon his plate what he wished. This was too much for the Yankee's ideas of good manners, and in his opinion it required reproof. Raising a butter-knife that was lying by the butter-plate, he held it up, and then, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by all at the table, he addressed the Colonel:

"Will you inform me what this is, Sir?"

"A butter-knife," replied the Colonel.

"Good!" said the Yankee, and raising a spoon, he continued, "Now tell me what this is?"

"A spoon," said the Colonel.

"Good, you answer very correctly," added the impertinent questioner, and resumed his dinner.

"Those who knew Colonel Carrington looked to see him leap over the table to cut the fellow in two. But not so; he preferred to cut him up more leisurely. Drawing a bowie-knife from the back of his neck, with a blade at least eighteen inches long, he held it up, and, imitating the Yankee's manner, said:

"Do you know what *that* is?"

"The man hesitated a moment. 'Speak out!' roared the Colonel fiercely.

"A bo-bowie-knife!" stammered the other.

"Good!" said the Colonel, placing it upon the butter-knife. Then pulling a pistol from his pocket, he went on in the same tremendous tone:

"Now, Sir, tell me what *that* is," pointing the muzzle right at the fellow's head.

"'For mercy's sake,' cried he, 'don't shoot me! I meant no harm; indeed I did not!' gasped the frightened man.

"'Then speak out,' thundered the Colonel, 'or I will!'

"'A p-p-pistol!' groaned the man, now ready to wilt in his seat.

"'Good, you answer very correctly indeed;' and the Colonel placed the pistol across the spoon, and resumed his dinner, as if nothing had occurred. In a moment afterward the Yankee rose to steal away from the table. The Colonel insisted on his keeping his seat, and a glance at the tooth-pick and shooting-iron kept him there for a few minutes, but he soon evaporated, and was seen no more on that trip."

A FEW days ago we were at a dinner-table, where several of the clergy were among the most agreeable of the guests. One of them said:

"At a recent ecclesiastical convention a doctor of divinity with an immense corporosity was president. His expanded frame, well clothed with fat, required an extra-wide chair in which to preside over the body, and his excessive greatness inspired the expectation that he would make a first-rate officer. But alas for all such hopes. He proved a dead failure. Weak, vacillating, ignorant, and confused, he soon became rather an object of pity than respect. One of the members, a little given to wagery, remarked that 'the president afforded the most extraordinary example he had ever seen of the triumph of *matter* over *mind*.'"

ONE William Genung lost his twin babes, of which he was very fond, by the same disease, and in the same day. After their burial he went to the nearest village, and procured a stone to be placed over their single grave, and in the simplicity of his heart (and that heart *was* very simple) left it with the stone-cutter to compose an appropriate inscription.

Accordingly, the following couplet was placed upon the stone:

"Here lie two babes of Bill Genung,
Waiting for their daddy to come;"

with which "Bill" was entirely satisfied.

His grief was no doubt as sincere, and probably deeper than that of "Counselor Button," of whom the following "good one" is told.

The counselor was the fiddler of all his section of country, and, as such, a necessary part and parcel of all the dances, corn-huskings, and other merry-makings for miles around him. On a time he was engaged to attend, with his fiddle, a dance to be held in his immediate neighborhood. As it happened his wife sickened and died, and was buried on the day of the party, leaving her widowed husband, as the company supposed, "a lorn and wretched man." With commendable delicacy and regard for the old man's feelings, the managers procured another fiddler, leaving him to the silence of his own chamber, and the thoughts of her who, for a long pilgrimage, had occupied the room with him. To their surprise, however, when the company was collecting together, and the new fiddler had taken his place, the counselor, with his fiddle under his arm, the mourning weed on his hat, and with a subdued step and contented brow, walked into the room and announced himself ready to fulfill his promise. "But," says one of the managers, drawing him aside, "we do not require this

of you; we knew your loss, and supposing you would not wish to be with us on such an occasion, have obtained another in your place." "Yes, yes," said the old counselor in reply, as he turned to the gay company around him, "I've thought all about what this man says, and over and over; but I knew you would want me, and I've finally concluded that, *being that the old 'oman wasn't no blood relation*, it wouldn't do no hurt for me to come; and here I am; it's all right as it is—boys take your partners."

The twang of the fiddle silenced all opposition, and soon they and he were alike oblivious of aught than the merry dance, led on by the well-known sound of the counselor's music.

A CORRESPONDENT in the army is responsible for the following:

"While our army was in Mexico, General T— was walking in the plaza at Tampico, when a Mexican offered to sell him a fine Mustang pony, which the General, who had a keen eye for horses, was desirous of purchasing; but as the owner was ignorant of English, and the General's Spanish did not extend beyond *si* and *vamos*, they made slow progress toward a trade. The General called an orderly to him, a genuine Irishman, and asked:

"'Orderly, do you speak Spanish?'

"'Niver a word, Sur.'

"'Then go and find me some one who does.'

"Off went the orderly, and soon returned dragging after him a full-blooded and thoroughly frightened Mexican.

"'What are you doing with that man?' demanded the General; 'what has he done?'

"'He has done nothing an' I know of, Sur.'

"'Then why do you bring him here?'

"'An' wasn't it a man to spake Spanish that the General would have me to bring wid me?'

"'Certainly it was.'

"'Will, thin, I thought him the very man for your honor, for I am sure he can spake nothin' but Spanish at all, at all!'

"The General was obliged to admit that the orderly had obeyed orders to the letter, but it was no help in buying the mustang."

A CORRESPONDENT from whom we hope to hear many a time and oft, sends a budget of *incidental* matters, from which we take a brick or two as a sample:

"An elderly gentleman from the State of Mississippi was traveling eastward, and stopping at a hotel in Philadelphia, with his nephew, a youth of some sixteen or eighteen years. At dinner oysters were on the table, and the young man asked his uncle *what* they were? A man sitting opposite laughed at the simplicity of the question, and asked,

"'Did you never see an oyster before?'

"'Never, Sir,' said the youth.

"'Where in the world did you come from?'

"The uncle fired up at the impudence of the man, and asked him,

"'Did you, Sir, ever see an alligator?'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Where in the world, then, did you come from?'

THOSE who were familiar with the city of Albany forty years ago knew Donald M'Donald, the hair-dresser, whose artistic shears, courtly man-

ners, and exhaustless anecdotes, drew numberless visitors to his shop. A correspondent of the *Drawer*, in a very pleasant letter, tells the following:

"Donald used to illustrate the stubborn pride of ancestry among the Scottish clans by a story of a warm debate between a M'Donald and a Grant, while enjoying their usquebaugh at a friendly table in the Highlands. The argument grew fast and furious, till the Grant, despairing of success by other means, quickly brought the matter to a climax by a thump of his huge fist upon the oaken table, making the glasses reel and ring, and declaring that 'when the Lord made Adam, the clan Grant was even then as numerous as the heather upon yon hills.'

"Another attempt to prove the antiquity of the same clan from Holy Scripture was less successful. A patriarchal Grant at whose house the 'mountain dew' and the 'big ha' Bible' were always companions on the hospitable board, was one day drawn by his roguish nephew into his favorite theme, the early origin of their family. The youth had slyly taken the Bible, and, turning to the sixth chapter of Genesis, had transformed the word *giants* into *Grants*, so as to make it read, 'And there were Grants in the earth in those days.' Now opening the book, the young rogue said that he had recently found honorable mention of their family name in the earliest records of the world, in the Sacred Scriptures. The uncle was incredulous, but on being shown the passage, he was too much blinded by ancestral pride to detect the cheat, and, in the abundance of his self-complacency, he declared that 'when the antiquity of a family name was thus proved by the Word of God, it was no use arguing.' But the fraud was afterward found out, and Sandie learned to his cost that it was a more fearful thing to tamper with the old man's pride than with the 'big ha' Bible.'

"M'Donald used to tell of a wig-maker in Edinburgh who happily magnified his calling by a Scriptural illustration. He procured a sign upon which was painted the rebellious son of David, hanging by his hair in the branches of a spreading oak, his body pierced by the spear of Joab, and underneath was inscribed this motto:

"O Absalom! unhappy prig!
Thou should'st have worn a periwig."

A MISSISSIPPI reader renders an old story so neatly in a new relation that we have enjoyed it much:

"The Union Bank Bond question has been mixed up with every election in Mississippi for the last fifteen or sixteen years, and ought to be pretty much used-up by this time. At the last Governor's election the Democratic candidate for the office again brought it in. His opponent, also a Democrat, but a Know Nothing besides, replied to the allusion, that he had supposed the Bond question to be dead and gone, and he never expected to have to discuss it again. He was reminded, by his opponent's bringing it up again and again, of an anecdote in point. In the part of the country where he was raised there was an old Baptist man who had a son in training for the pulpit. The father thought him the smartest boy that ever came out, and he was anxiously waiting for the time to come when he would blaze on the world as a splendid preacher. At length the young man was licensed, and on the first Sabbath of his appearance in the pulpit his father was present, and heard him deliver a sermon from the text, 'And Peter's wife's

mother lay sick of a fever.' The old man was delighted with the sermon, and praised it to the skies. Next Sunday the young man preached in a neighboring town, and his father went with him to listen to another discourse from the same eloquent lips. His son announced his text: 'And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.' The father was mortified to hear from his promising son the same sermon; and on the following Sabbath he went still farther to hear him again, when, lo! the youthful preacher rose and read his text: 'And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever!' The old man could hold in no longer; but before another word escaped his son's lips he cried out, 'I say, my son, ain't that old woman dead yet?'

"The speaker went on to apply the anecdote to the Bond question, which seemed to come up so often he thought it high time it was dead, and buried, and forgotten."

WE have a correspondent in Georgia who overflows with good things, and is always welcome to the *Drawer*. He sends us the following:

Judge Dooly, an eminent jurist in Georgia forty years ago, was a great wag as well as a great judge—witty as well as wise. His gravity gave effect even to his jokes, and these were more frequent than his decisions. One of his fancies was to take people down who were in the habit of exaggeration. The way he used up Austin Edwards, keeper of the hotel at Elbertson, is a caution to all story-tellers, of whom Austin was the prince. He always told the whole truth, and more. "It was nateral," he said; "he liked uncommon things better than common ones—'twas a heap more amusin' anyhow." One morning at the breakfast table this long-bow landlord had been relating one of his extraordinary yarns, and Judge Dooly, being at the hotel and listening to the story, sat in solemn silence when it was over, and then remarked that he had an awful dream in the night, and was very much depressed this morning. The landlord was awake in a moment, and begged the Judge, if it would be no violence to his feelings, to relate the dream, as all would like to hear it. The Judge still declined, as it might hurt the feelings of others.

"Oh, do tell it, Judge—we must have it!" urged the landlord, and the company joining in, the Judge proceeded as if he were about to sentence a criminal to be hung:

"Well, I dreamed last night that two lawyers and myself had retired to a private room to divide among us a fee received from a hard case, which had been carried through with a mighty deal of lying on all hands. While we were settling the division in steps the devil, who, without any formality, said he had come for us—we had told lies enough, and if he left us any longer we might repent, and so he would lose us. We did our best to persuade him to let us off, but he was inexorable, till at last I ventured to ask him if he would take a substitute.

"Whom do you offer?" he asked.

"Austin Edwards," I said, 'keeper of the Elbertson Hotel.'

"Good! he'll do," said he, 'send him along. I'll take him for all three of you!'

The table was in a roar, and the landlord was cured, for a time at least, of his habit of over-drawing. He passed away a few years since, and Judge Dooly is gone too, so there is no harm done in telling the story.

Miss Fanny Flirt and her Victims.



Miss FANNY, from a Photograph by Scratcher.



Herr SWEITZER, an ardent admirer of Shuberth.



Señor MACCARONI, who sings Opera so deliciously.



FRED FARO, her Broadway lover.



Mons. DE CHAPAUD, who is so polite.



Mr. MIST, who is so good-natured, and so stupid.



Mr. VACUUM, who is so despondent.



TOM RACKET, who talks "Horse" so beautiful.

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CHARLES SEDIMENT, who quotes so beautifully from the Poets.



Q. P. OPAQUE, Artist, who painted her as the Goddess of Liberty ten times.



MR. BULL, who sings "Roast Beef of Hold Hindland" so charmingly.



P. DONEGAL, Esq., who is so amusing in his anecdotes of the *Pizentry*.



MR. BLODDGER, who smells of Rum, and tells anecdotes of Stocks, etc.



Brigadier-General BANGER, who *never* makes love except in Regimentals.



JOSHUA BRADS, her Country Cousin.



MR. SPONDOLICKS, who married Miss FANNY.

Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1, 2, 3, 4.—CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

WE devote our leading illustration to Costumes for the rising generation.—Figure 1 is designed for a girl of from eight to twelve years. The Hat is of silk plush, with a round crown, trimmed with an ostrich plume and black lace; a ball trimming may be substituted for the lace. The hair is left to its natural curls. The dress consists of a deep-skirted pardessus of mode-colored cloth, with a quadrilled trimming of narrow braid or velvet, with a button in each lozenge. The skirt is of poplin. The pantalettes are full and gathered at the ankles *à la Turque*.—Figure 2 represents a boy of from four to six years, dressed in a blouse of plaided cloth or poplin, with full sleeves, closed by a wristband. This blouse has no opening either in back or front, but is cut open upon the shoulders as far as the insertion of the sleeves, in order to allow it to be passed over the head; the openings are then closed by neat gilt buttons upon a black velvet edging, similar to that which borders the garment. The scarf is of the same material as the blouse, and has tassels to match.—Figure 3 is designed for a boy somewhat older—say of seven or eight years. It is a Russian Costume of blue terry velvet, trimmed with braid, with a cord and tassel at the waist.—Figure 4 represents a girl of eight or ten. The hair is turned up with a narrow bandeau of black velvet and two rosettes with floating ends. The dress consists of a body of dark-colored velvet, with *revers* continued down the back to the waist, where the braces meet in a point, presenting a mock *gilet*, with rows of *brandebourgs* or buttons. The points of the jacket are tasseled. The sleeves are half-length, slashed and laced, as is the jacket at the sides. The embroidered under-sleeves are puffed, and have narrow wristbands. The skirt is of maize-colored merino, trimmed with black velvet and a lace purling. A narrow frill surrounds the neck.



FIGURE 5.—COIFFURE.



FIGURE 6.—DRESS CAP.

The DRESS CAP, represented above, is composed entirely of blonde, ornamented with cineraria flowers.

GENERAL ITEMS.—Bodies will be made high, except for evening toilets. Braces and berthes remain favorites; they may be either rounded in front and back, or round behind and pointed before. Sleeves are cut straight way with the cloth, wide, plaited at top and bottom, the plaits confined about six inches from the shoulders, where small jockeys are set; these may be ornamented with a velvet band and fringe. Wristbands five or six inches wide are likely to be in vogue. Closed sleeves will be used only for *deshabille* and plain walking dresses. Ordinary dresses are made with long jacket bodies. Round bodies, *i. e.*, those without lappets at the waist, belong almost exclusively to full dress, for which, however, lappets are also admissible. Velvet bodies will be worn with silk or poplin skirts. Black lace mantillas find favor for evening toilets. Plain satins are reported to be coming into vogue in Paris. Few decided novelties in furs have come under our notice.



FIGURE 7.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCIV.—MARCH, 1858.—VOL. XVI.



THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

MORE than three centuries have passed away since Ponce de Leon attempted to find, in this New World, the "magic fountain of youth," and failed in his attempt. But a few years later (1541) De Soto, a bold Spanish adventurer, landed on the Florida coast, and pushed out westward till he struck the banks of a wide and turbid river. He was searching for gems and gold and barbaric cities, but found them not—only tangled forests, wide morasses, and solitary prairies. He crossed the broad river, and sought farther, but found suffering and death, and his body was sunk in the depths of the Mississippi he had discovered.

A century later French Jesuits penetrated the wilderness west from Canada, seeking to convert Indians; and in the year 1671 formal possession of the Northwest was taken by the French. Two years later (1673) two birch canoes with seven men started from Michillimackinac, in which were Marquette and Joliet. These missionaries had been told of the great river, on whose banks they would find savage Indians, fearful monsters, raging demons, and

FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

parching heats; but bent on saving souls after their method, they went forward with the name of God on their lips and a contempt of danger in their hearts.

They passed through Green Bay and down the Fox River till, in a village of Kickapoos, they found signs of civilized man. There Al-lonez had preached, and there, in the midst of an Indian town, was standing "une belle croix" covered with offering of skins and belts from grateful hunters to the new God. In June they

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THE DEVIL'S TOWER.

left these friendly Indians, and crossed the prairies to a new river (the Wisconsin), through which they hoped to reach that more wonderful river which lay to the west.

On the 17th of June their small barks entered the Mississippi "with a joy which I can not express," says Marquette. Besides the wish to Christianize Indians, there was burning in the

hearts of these men a longing for adventure and discovery which could not be controlled. The swift current carried them along, and they saw deer, and buffalo, and wingless swans, and great fish, which nearly destroyed one of their canoes. Then they came to the towns of the handsome and well-mannered Illinois; they passed the "Pictured Rocks," and the mouth of



DEVIL'S BAKE-OVEN.

the muddy Missouri, and the "Devil's Tower," and the "Devil's Bake-oven," of whose dangers they had been warned, and then the mouth of the Ohio; and were fiercely attacked by mosquitoes and Indians, but their lives were saved; for, says Marquette, "God touched their hearts." They appear to have reached the mouth of the Arkansas, when, after being feasted on "corn and dog," they once more turned their faces northward.

La Salle and Hennepin followed in 1678, but were baffled. In 1680, however, Hennepin was sent by La Salle to explore and discover northward toward the sources of the river. He was seized by Indians and carried away captive, till, in the month of May, he reached a great fall, which he named St. Anthony's Falls, in honor of his patron saint (a common luxury in those days), which name they now bear. Above these falls spring those thousand lakes, clear fountains of eternal youth (which Ponce de Leon did not find), that feed the laughing fall and make the broad river which hurries down to the Gulf.

The river is divided here by an island, but the western channel, through which the greatest water flows, is some three hundred and ten yards wide, while the perpendicular height of the principal fall is but seventeen feet.

When the friar discovered the fall it was resorted to for fish by roving tribes of hunting, fighting Indians—Sioux, Sacs, Foxes, Ojibways, Crows—few of whom yet remain, the prey of crafty traders who sell rum for pelts. Then, as now, they lived and suffered in miserable huts or lodges, an insufficient shelter



INDIAN BURIAL-PLACE.

from an inclement climate. Their occupation is gone—deer and buffalo have disappeared—and



INDIAN LODGE.



SIOUX CAMP.—SKIN LODGES.

work is irksome to the "noble savage;" those left see the white workers in full possession, and their race nearly extinct; they possessed the continent, but left no mark upon its his-

tory, and are remembered as a curiosity of the past rather than as a part of the development of manhood.

Notwithstanding the filth and destitution of



THE CANOE.

the real savage life, it still has charms for some who have not tried it; and when compared with the wretchedness and degradation of the "Devil's Acre" in London, or the "Five Points" in New York, it is to be chosen. Cooper and Ruxton have given us too glowing pictures of the ease and plenty and excitements of the wilderness life; but who would not rather fly from the taxation and prolonged misery of the European serf to the quicker death of the arrow or tomahawk?

The early hunters and trappers came very near to the savage life—now at peace, now at war with the Indians, with whom, however, they almost always intermarried. Many a wild adventure and hair-breadth escape has enriched the page of the story-teller, but the white proved stronger and wiler than the savage.

A quarrel grew up between a trader and some of the Indians, and the Indians came to his cabin to attack and murder him. He opened the door, holding a brand in one hand, and they entered. He said:

"You see this barrel of powder, and you see this brand: go home and bid your squaws good-by, for if you move one step nearer I will blow you to atoms!"

They retired awed and cowed.

A curious question has often been discussed, though pretty well settled now, as to the endurance and strength of the wild compared with the civilized man. Marvelous stories were once told and believed about the powers of the savage: he could travel day and night, could live without food for days, could be cut up till life seemed impossible, yet his wounds would heal,

and immediately he was well; his sense of smell was wonderful, and those of sight and hearing incredible; he was believed to be able to start from any one point, and go readily on a bee line through tangled forests and over trackless mountains direct to any other point, even hundreds of miles away. Every boy has read with profound interest the story of "The Last of the Mohicans," and has believed in the startling escapes of Le Reynard Subtil, and the mysterious honesty and sagacity of Uncas, the friendly Delaware. Their powers to outdo and to outwit the more civilized white man are in that book unquestioned; even the tough and keen "Leather Stocking" is no match for them.

So it is in that admirable story, and in many another story; but so it is not in fact. A more careful examination of the question has shown that the white man is the superior of the red, even in strength and endurance. Captain Franklin and other Arctic voyagers found that the Indian guides succumbed under hardship, labor, and privation sooner than the whites. He, and many others too, found that sailors, who it was supposed were much stronger than officers, gave up before them. From this we learn that mere body is not all, and that MIND, too, goes to make up the physical man. Notwithstanding this, it is a right royal instinct which leads us away from the pale-faced counter-jumper, and the weak-eyed student, and the trembling miser, to the rough, untrimmed, out-of-door man of the fields and forests. To the fields and forests we must forever look for new, fresh blood; to them return when our own gets thin, and our nerves begin to tremble. We can



INDIANS MIGRATING.

not forget our double nature—that combination of body and mind, of material and spiritual—which goes to make the true man. The Indian seems to have been a failure—he was a body; but he was not a greater failure than the philosopher who aspires to be pure mind.

It is a mistake, too, to suppose that the Indian was sure of good health, one principal condition of which certainly is plenty of open air. That he had, but he lacked almost every thing else; and out of the many born, the few who lived were commonly subject to diseases, such as rheumatism, tooth-ache, and fevers. The charming stories of Paul and Virginia and Typee are not, therefore, to be relied on.

The continent is changed; savage nature in man and forest has disappeared; the forest has fallen, and the Indian's path is trod by the wheel of the untiring locomotive.

Where the Indian and the red deer once roved free, their feet have departed; the sound of the war-whoop and the ring of the rifle have given place to the clip of the axe and the shout of the teamster; the laughing waters turn the busy mill, and the cry of the wild-drake is silenced by the "pough-pough" of the steamer which breasts the stream to the foot of the falls. The broad prairies are now cut by the wheels of daring and doing emigrants, who seek good spots for future homes. Wives, sons, daughters, and babies are piled up with loads of goods, and New England spreads from the far East to the far West; the bold spirit of the Northmen still lives—not to filibuster the world, but to convert the wilderness into peaceful fields, and to extend that freedom which includes blessings, and duties too, which makes every man a king over himself, a prince in his own house, and a man upright before the Lord.

But why is it that people emigrate? Why do so many thousands turn their backs upon their homes, tear up by the roots those associations and sympathies, the growth of a lifetime, which have fastened themselves upon every spring, and tree, and chamber, and corner of the old homestead? Why do they leave old

nations, too, with a past and a history? and, above all, why do they leave old friends, to go out to unknown places, to unknown dangers and hardships, and to begin among strangers a new experiment? Whoever now reads this by the side of his cheerful fire, in his accustomed seat, will shudder at the prospect of leaving it, and going forth to grapple with untamed nature. But before another year he too may go: and why?

It is the law of God. The world must be occupied and subdued, and civilized man must occupy and subdue it. It is for this reason that men go, not only because they are restless and impatient of present evils.

Why should we be content with a bare existence? Our people believe in comfortable houses, decent clothes, churches, school-houses, pianos, magazines, newspapers, silks, laces, and hoops—and they will have them. The moment population begins to get straitened for room, and the means of living begin to be subdivided, that moment they push out into new lands, happy in the consciousness that there are new lands to push into. But as we go out upon such slight provocation, let us look for a moment into that new West, to which men now tend.

The sun goes down in the golden west, but possibly it is not more golden than the spot where we stand to see it. So we may conclude every place has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. When the New England Pilgrims came to their "West," they found land, but no-



thing more; they were obliged to send to England for "drums, turkeys, bells, books, powder, primers, madder seeds, and ministers." All the conveniences and comforts of an old settlement are wanting in the new; all has yet

to be done. Taverns? None. At nightfall you see parties of emigrants making their way in slow lines across the rolling prairie (or "parara," as the borderers like to call it), in search of the convenient banks of some stream where



EMIGRANTS' CAMP.

they can find water for their cattle and wood for their fires. As the eye sweeps the horizon a curling smoke here and there tells of neighboring camps. The wagons are ranged in an open circle in the midst of which women are cooking and children crying, but no doughnuts, no seed-cakes, no cream, no strawberries, no chairs, no clean damask are there. Corn-dodgers baked in the ashes, salt pork broiled on the end of a stick, and a little muddy tea, must suffice for the hungry stomach. Children at first enjoy the novelty and excitement of freedom, but

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," comes, and where are the cradles in which they have been rocked to rest—where the peaceful beds full of peaceful sleep? It is known that the solitudes of the prairie are often startled by the fretful wail of many a wearied child, whose bed is at last found among the bundles of household "plunder" hidden in the recesses of the wagon-top. When the animals have browsed they are gathered into the inclosure made by the wagon, and tethered, to protect them against a prowling wolf or Indian, occasionally to be met with even now in Iowa or Minnesota, and then men and women find what repose exhausted nature insures.

To woman pioneer life is hard, for she is tender, though tough; she wants, and should have, more comforts and conveniences than

man, but in this new life she has less. She must work hard, and live a life of the commonest reality, without the solace of cheerful gossip over steaming cups of tea, the comforting voice of her accustomed minister, or the assurances of her long-tried friend and physician—without those thousand little aids and appliances of taste and grace, and neatness and dress, which help to smooth the onward and upward path of life.

She, too, must rough it—and she does not like to rough it—and she is hurt and demoralized if the roughing is too rough, or too long continued. Is it not so? Does any one love to see a woman with uncombed hair, shabby clothes, and ragged shoes, with an overworked and wearied look? I trow not; not one—not even her own husband. But woman can go through this all, and well, too, as Mrs. Kirkland once showed us, in her clever book called "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" She can do all, and more, strengthened by love, if its fires can only be kept bright on the home altar. Let men remember that. But women do not like tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, and growling, dirty men—not they.

Settlers should go out in companies whenever it can be done for mutual help and comfort; organized settlements made up of farmers, mechanics, surveyors, schoolmasters, and shopkeepers are sure to succeed. The first work to

be done is to put up some kind of a house sufficient for present needs, and in doing this the advantages of working in companies is evident. In a country of trees these cabins are built of logs, in prairie countries of boards or slabs; these often stand for years, all the while being improved and added to, until, by-and-by, constant industry and rich lands reward the farmer with bountiful crops and full barns; and then good houses start up over the country. Work is sweet to him who sees that he is to reap where he has sown; and when the farmer, of the Northwest drives his strong plow-share through the tough sod and turns up the fat black soil, he enjoys his labor, for his mind's eye sees those lands waving with yellow grain which he is sure to reap. It is best that emigrants should be sanguine, but not over-sanguine; and we therefore venture to suggest that there are some slight drawbacks even in the teeming West. It is not pleasant to have one's spleen torn with the talons of "Fever and Ague," and the foundations of health and enjoyment thus undermined. Possibly this can not be escaped, but let the man who knows the value of health avoid night and morning air, strong coffee, heavy bread, saleratus cake, whisky, and doses. Patent medicine merchants now career through the West with four-horse teams, dispensing drugs and destruction right and left: they fill their pockets and the grave-yards. Such things as this are common: A child is ailing, he continues to eat pies and cakes, and candy if he can get it, and the anxious parent looks in the cupboard for a remedy; a bottle, handsomely labeled, promises well, and the child is dosed. The next day it is worse, and another bottle is tried which promises to cure every thing; the dose is given, and the child is still worse. A box of "infallible pills" is discovered, and tried, which is sure, if one but takes enough: they are given, and in two days the child is dead—and then people say "it is a mysterious dispensation of Providence:" they forget the patent medicines. Thousands of children are thus ignorantly slain, and thousands shake out a miserable existence from neglect or ignorance of the simplest laws of health and diet. The millennium must be postponed a little longer.

A few districts seem tolerably free of this scourge; they are most eagerly sought for; time alone and superior methods of life and diet will rid others of it.



Another evil which presses heavily upon the farmer of the Northwest is the long and severe winter; both man and beast must be fed, and the six months of summer must be devoted to severe toil to secure the means of subsistence during the six months of winter. Notwithstanding this, the fruit of all civilization—well

developed men and women—are more common in cool and temperate climates than in warm and luxurious ones.

The growth of these Western towns which now stand upon the river's bank is surprising, almost incredible. Our old friend, "P. W.," tells of a brief conversation he had with a young man who reported himself as coming to New York from Davenport, where a few years ago Antoine le Claire lived, but where a city had then neither local habitation nor name.

Hé said he came to New York to buy goods.

"What goods?"

"Music and musical instruments."

"What! for Davenport, where the stumps are hardly dug out?"

"Yes, Sir; I sell music and musical instruments."

"Only?"

"Yes, I sell those two things to the amount of five thousand dollars a year." P. W. turned away and marveled at the words. It is high-

ly probable that at this time Mr. Morrison sells them to the amount of twenty thousand dollars a year. But let him and his customers beware lest they *buy too much and produce too little*, and so go down to destruction. "He who hastens to be rich shall not be innocent," said the prophet, and he was not a fool.

Throughout the prairie regions of the West the want of timber and lumber are severely felt, and railroad companies are being driven into the adoption of coal-burning engines to save the consumption of wood. Through Ohio and parts of Indiana stumps and girdled trees still stand in the midst of grain-fields, and wood is a drug; but in Illinois, Lower Wisconsin, and Iowa hedges of Osage Orange are resorted to, and the seeds of forest trees are being sown for future crops. In Upper Wisconsin and Iowa and in Minnesota forests abound, and there we find majestic pines which the sharp axes of the lumber-men are turning into "saw-logs;" we find also pioneers and axe-men busy in girdling



MAKING A CLEARING.



and clearing the ground for coming crops. The woody region has its advantages too, wherever the forest grows without underbrush; for there the trees can be quickly girdled and good crops be raised in the first year. Vast quantities of lumber and logs are now sent down from the upper tributaries of the Mississippi, to supply the want which exists throughout its lower region; amounting to over 395,000,000 feet annually. A class of strong, daring men is engaged in this business, to whom ease is distressing, and danger excitement. It is a common thing for the logs sent floating down the upper rivers to collect above the Falls of St. Anthony into a "jam," piled above one another and wedged into a compact mass. Then comes an exciting time, for the loggers must loosen this mass so that the current will sweep it over the fall and down the river. The pile of logs overhangs the fall, on and among which the loggers are prying and trying—all the while shouting to one another; for there is somewhere one log which holds the mass, the key to the jam; by-and-by this is reached, and the whole pile begins to tremble, and then to scatter and plunge over the fall. Every one shouts a warning, and each rushes for the shore over the moving mass; and lives are rarely lost, so expert and strong have these men become. Below the falls logs and lumber are made up into rafts, and with houses on their decks are floated away South.

This great Northwest is now flooded with paper projects for cities which will never be built. Our readers well know that cities do not make themselves, but are built up with hard, persistent, and determined effort, and that, besides unwearied labor, something is owing to circumstances which no man can foresee. Our readers will, therefore, use due caution that some plausible speculator does not transfer coin from

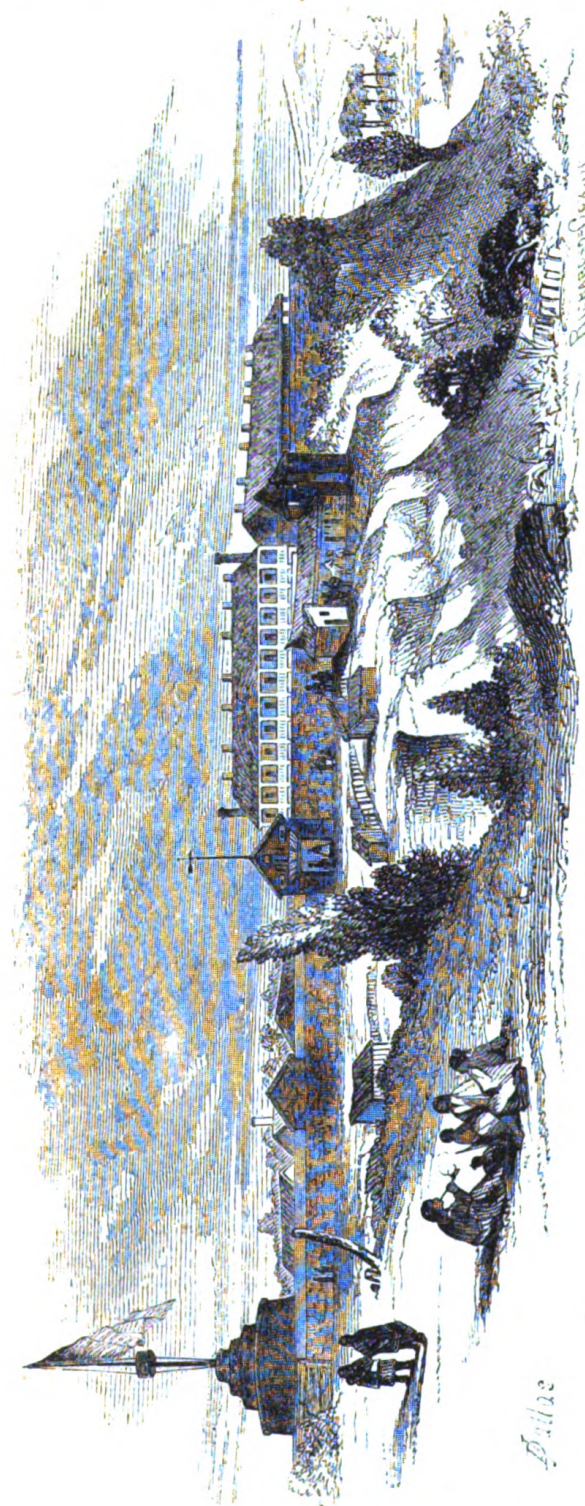
their pockets to his, leaving in its place only some "Castle in Spain."

A JAM OF LOGS.

In all these growing places, besides the land, there is a large investment in machinery, tools, work-shops, and steam powers; and these cities are not merely places where men buy and sell and get gain, but are also great bee-hives, where are produced a thousand things which civilized people now demand.

But let us refer to the open secret of the whole matter, and let no man forget it. Out of the bosom of the bountiful earth comes all the wealth, and he who digs it *makes money*, not he who sits in his banking-house and with greased measure measures gold and wheat. He may *get* money, but the other makes it, and ought to have it.

Behind these cities spread away those broad acres of fertile land upon which grow majestic pines which come floating down the St. Croix, and the Rum, and the Mississippi, and the Chipewewa rivers; the waving fields of wheat and corn, which in millions of bushels are sent forth



FORT SNELLING.

velopment of her material resources, we might expect all else to be forgotten in the West. We therefore ask attention to a little thing, which lies at the root of the tree of liberty, and is the secret of the success (or failure) of free institutions.

The wisest pioneers that ever colonized a new country were the Puritan leaders of New England; they sought material good, but they fully and fairly recognized the fact that "man lives not by bread alone," and they provided at the outset for the wants of the soul and mind as well as of the body; they established and sustained in the centres of their towns schools and meeting-houses, which are at the base of modern civilization and democracy; and which will save this nation from falling into speedy despotism and corruption and decay. Their descendants have every where followed this example, and throughout Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota schools and churches are established, and universities liberally endowed; while history and science have their associations of devoted inquirers.

The public school system of New England is extended over the entire West, and even in New Orleans is introduced with an indefatigable corps of teachers. The universities of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are richly endowed with grants of lands, and we may yet see a growth of mind in the far West analogous to that of crops. So far ideas are the product of older countries, and the West has received these from the East, which she has repaid in food for the body. These universities and schools will do whatever can be done to check the madness of speculation and lust for wealth which now overruns the West.

One of the peculiar features in the system of rivers which forms the Mississippi is the FLAT-BOAT (built of gunwales and plank), some one hundred feet long and thirty broad, square at the ends—familiarly known as "broad-horns." Some are roofed over, others are open, and they carry the loads of giants.

On every tributary these arks are constructed through the summer and fall, ready to do their work when the hour shall come. And when the time does come, and the myriads of corn-fields, large and small, pour their crops together, these "broad-horns" receive them into their capacious chambers, and are swept downward by the stream.

to feed the people of the Old World as well as the New; and the beef, and pork, and lead, and coal, without which bankers and merchants would perish and leave no sign. Honor and glory and praise and profit be to those stalwart souls and bodies who produce.

In the haste for money making, and in the de-

When one sees the hosts of people collected in a large city the wonder is how they are to be fed; but when ranks of barrels of flour and meat, and piles of corn and bacon, disgorged from these broad-horns upon the spacious levee at New Orleans are before you, one then wonders who is to eat it all. But nothing is so strange to the man who has a decent regard for his body as the infinite quantities of whisky and tobacco, produced in the West and Southwest, which it is pretty well known can not be used safely, which, nevertheless, somebody does pour down their throats and chew in their mouths until the devil snatches them away.

How some of the whisky is used it is worth while for enterprising money-getters to know. Thus, you buy it at say twenty-six cents a gallon, you add a little Danish cherry brandy to give it a rich Otard flavor, and a little burnt sugar to give it a ruby tint, and a little Prussic acid to give it the genuine "tang," and then by afternoon you sell it for pure *French brandy* at two dollars a gallon. This is a nice little trick, which enables you to put money into your purse and destruction into your neighbor's home.

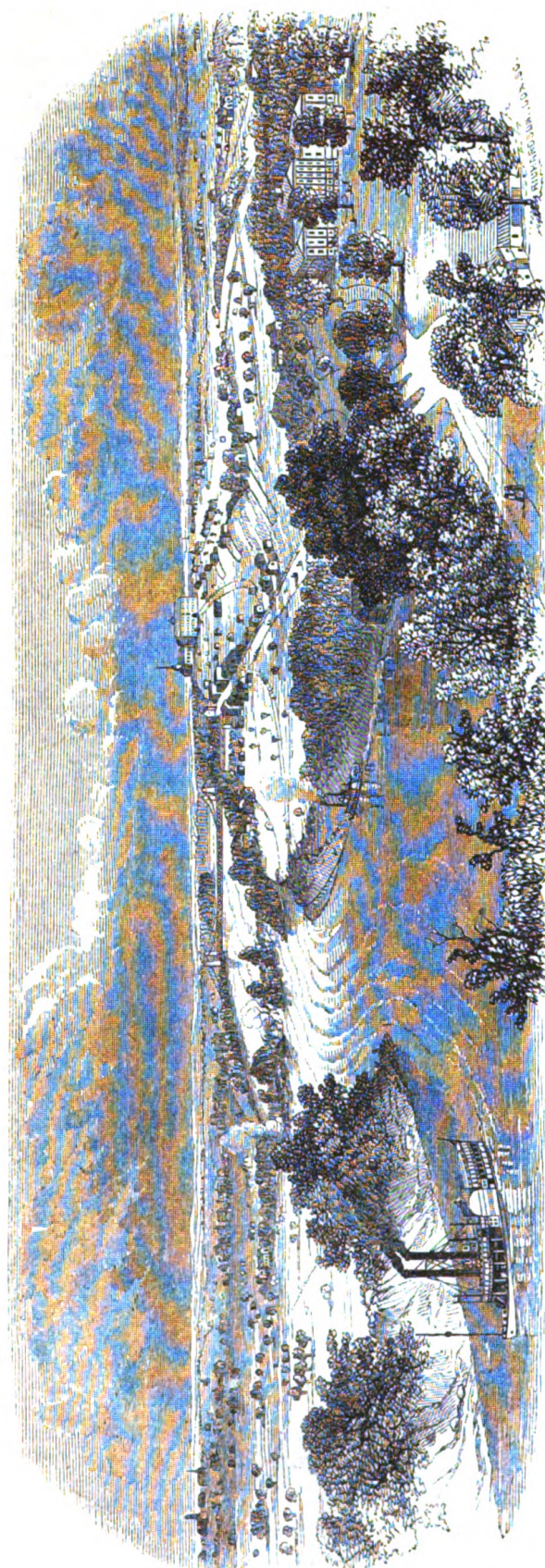
A little above the falls is Fort Snelling, with its barracks and broad acres, which have recently been sold. The fort was established to keep Indians in check, and to protect early settlers. It has of late years been used as a station where certain payments were made to the old possessors, on ac-

count of their lands, and to keep them quiet. The enterprising traveler bent upon sight-seeing will, of course, visit this spot, as well as the new towns of Minneapolis and St. Anthony. Ten short years have worked a marvelous change.

Look for a moment at St. Paul, the leading town of the upper river. In 1846 it contained ten inhabitants; in 1856 it contained ten thousand; in June and July of that year, the receipts of the Winslow House were above six thousand dollars per month, while more than a dozen hotels besides were doing a thriving business. Steamers were coming and going—

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.





ST. ANTHONY.

drays and teams and loads of emigrants were driving hither and thither and away. Carpenters and masons were hard at work, regretting that each of them was not a Briareus with a hundred hands, each to earn three dollars a day. Shops and dwellings were starting out of the ground as if magicians were busy, and all was life, and energy, and hope. The Court-house, Presbyterian Church, Baldwin School-house, State House, hotels, the new Cathedral, Masonic Hall, theatres, and Odd Fellows' Hall, adorn the city, and tell the story of wealth and work. Occasionally an Indian or a wild duck revisits his old haunts, and quickly disappears; the former turns his face westward to die—the latter wings its flight to Hudson's Bay, to seek a quiet nest to brood its young.

Let us then pass on southward with the flowing water, which in this region runs clear.

Here the river flows through a picturesque and varied country; high banks and rock-capped wooded bluffs are succeeded by open prairies and broken valleys. At the foot of Lake Pepin the new town of Wabasha is beginning to grow, where, a few days ago, was only prairie and grass. The river, for a distance of some twenty-five miles, spreads out into a broad sheet, varying from three to five miles in width; is bounded by woody hills and rocky shores, and is called, by courtesy, "Lake Pepin." On its eastern shore rises the "Maiden's Rock," four hundred feet high, around which still lingers a tale of love and death—the story of a young Indian girl, Winona; how she loved a gay white trader, and would love no other, though her friends urged upon her a brave young chief of her own tribe; how her prayers and tears availed nothing; and then how she went on to the high rock, sang in low tones her death-song, and threw herself headlong, choosing rather thus to die than to live without love. Such realists are found among women, whether in the halls of kings or the wilderness of the West. This red girl had an earnest, loving soul. God protect her!

These, however, are not the only things which interest the traveler; cities are to be built, or, at least, projected and mapped out, and

town-lots are to be bought and sold; and people now are living, who are persuaded that their mission is to lay out cities, and sell town-lots at enormous prices; so that they may become fabulously wealthy, lose their digestion, pass sleepless nights, travel in Europe, and come back sick of themselves and the world.

Such people will look with interest upon rising cities on the west bank, upon the town of Wabasha, the future rival of St. Paul, and Winona: upon La Crosse, in Wisconsin, where a railroad will one day extend itself from Chicago, and Prairie du Chien, and Mendota. Then, in Iowa, many towns will interest the traveler and speculator—Guttenburg, Dubuque, Lyons, and Davenport, the place of the music store; Muscatine, Burlington, and Keokuk; some of which are large cities, furnished with streets of brick warehouses piled with merchandise, so that one might fancy portions of New York or Philadelphia had been transported as they stood. All these have done much, and promise to do more; and active, determined men do not fear to build mills and hotels and shops there, sure of good returns. Illinois shows the towns of Galena, and Rock Island, and Oquawka, and Nauvoo—where the Mormons built their strange temple and their strange religion, but lost their remarkable prophet, one Jo Smith, Esq., whose successor, Brigham Young, now challenges attention.

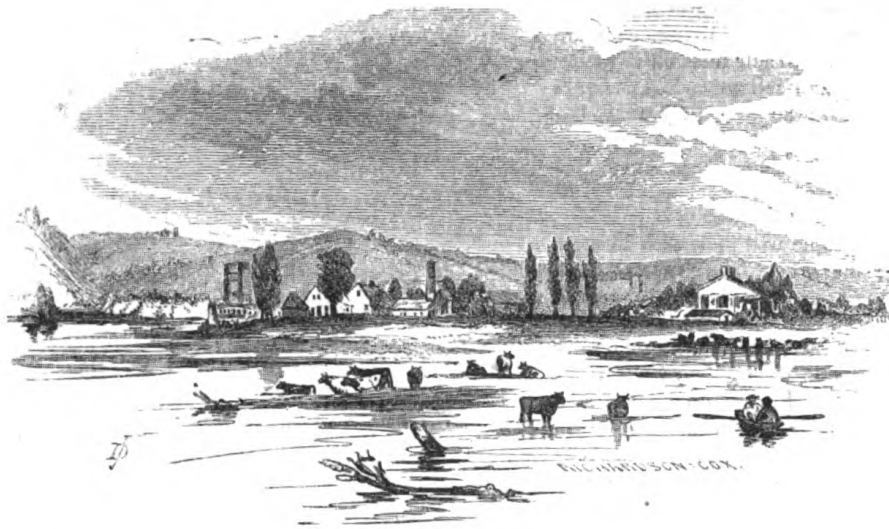
Our view of Galena is as it once was, but these towns come up in a night, and grow, like the prophet's gourd, so fast that one can hardly keep pace with them. It is the metropolis of the great lead region, and ships away annually 42,000,000 pounds of the metal, which is valued at \$1,780,000, and gives direct employment to about two thousand people. In the region round about the ground is penetrated with pits and diggings, many of which extend deep below the surface. Thousands of tons of zinc and copper ores are dug out and lie on the surface, unused for want of coal to smelt them. The town contains about ten thousand people, and is charmingly built on the rising banks of a branch of the Mississippi; it has churches of many kinds—Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, and Roman Catholic—and is well supplied with schools, newspapers, and mills and shops in abundance. Galena will not go backward. Railroad trains rush in daily, bearing their loads of freight and passengers, and her levee is busy in receiving and

discharging cargoes from steamboats that ply up and down the Mississippi.

Time was when the flat-boat was the only means by which travelers could reach New Orleans—a slow but surer means than the early Western steamboat. It once happened that an impatient passenger, bent upon getting away

WABASHA PRAIRIE AND BLUFF.





PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

from Cincinnati, applied to the captain of a flat, who decidedly refused to take him. The passenger would not be refused, and at last was allowed to bring aboard his "unpretending luggage." He slept on corn sacks, was jolly under the most discouraging aspect of things, helped to sweep the boat out of the eddies, and made himself so useful and agreeable that the gruff reserve of the captain softened. At last, after many trials, they did reach New Orleans, and the single passenger prepared to depart; the captain then shook his hand heartily, and said,

"Good-by, Mister Gill—good-by! I didn't want you aboard at fust a bit—I thought you was a gentleman, and I'd ruther be alone any time than have a long-legged cuss yawpin' round and askin' all kinds o' nonsense; but now I'm glad you com', for, by George, there ain't the least bit of a gentleman about you! Good-by, Mister Gill—good-by!"

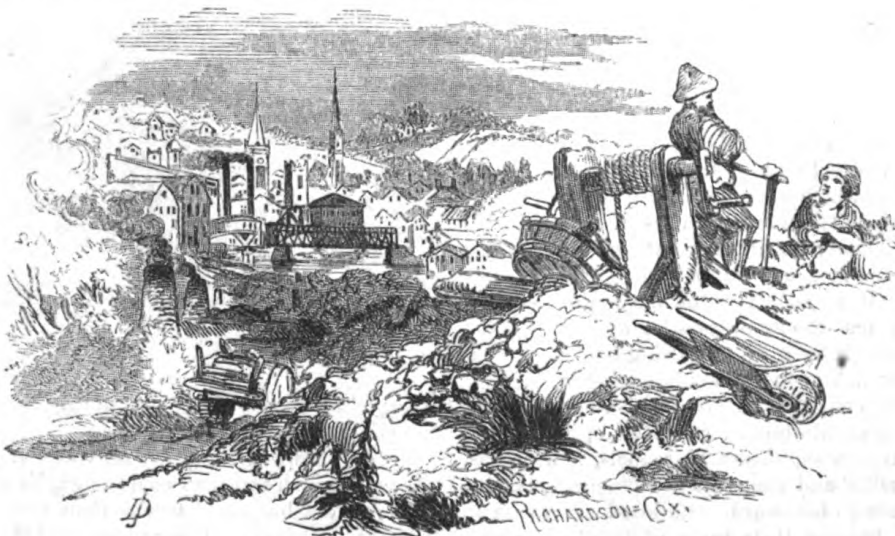
The flat-boatmen are a rough set, and among

them are good hearts and strong hands; but among them also have been some of the most desperate and drunken and brutal men that are ever found in a border country—men who stopped at nothing—to whom conscience and honor were ridiculous. But as society has become fixed that breed has gradually disappeared, and California and Nicaragua have enjoyed the benefits of their social virtues. The standard among them at present is not very high, though if Louis Napoleon and Count Morny are the finest characters of Europe, flat-boatmen need not despair.

It was during the year 1842 that one of them stepped into a broker's office at New Orleans to get some money changed. The broker, finding he was from Illinois, naturally inquired as to the State finances, and said, bluntly,

"Well, are you going to repudiate up there?"

"No, I guess not—I guess *we* shan't repudiate."



THE LEAD REGION—GALENA IN THE DISTANCE



A SOUTHWESTERN SEMINARY.

"Then you'll pay your State debts?"

"Well, I don't know about that."

"Why you must pay if you don't repudiate."

"Well, not exactly; my notion would be to wait till people got pretty well frightened and we could buy up the bonds pretty cheap—say for about 25—and then we might borrow enough to buy up the old uns; and then, you see, if we took a notion to repudiate we might repudiate the new uns, which, you see, wouldn't be so bad—would it, now?"

Luckily this financiering scheme was not adopted by Illinois. She paid her debts, and is now the fourth State in the Union, while Chicago certainly stands before the world a miracle of enterprise and work.

The principal amusement of the flat-boatmen is card-playing, and every man owns a dirty pack, called a "deck." Euchre, old sledge, and poker, are the favorite games, and no man and no boy fears to play for money—commonly small stakes of "fips" or "levys." If cards be really the "Devil's picture-books," then he has a large edition in circulation on the waters of the Mississippi. In former times a perfect acquaintance with this department of "Illustrated Literature" was considered indispensable to a finished education in the Southwest.

We now pass the mouth of the yellow Missouri and approach St. Louis.

The Queen City of the Mississippi Valley claims attention not more from the enterprise and industry of the people, the magnificence of her streets and levees, but from the hope that the city and the State will, ere long, take their place in the front rank of the States of the great Republic.

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A fine limestone bluff rises from the river, upon which St. Louis yearly grows. The spot was selected by Laclede, a French trader, in the year 1763, as the centre from which to carry forward his plans for trade with the Indians; and he then predicted the future of the city in as enthusiastic terms as those which her present inhabitants indulge in.

In February of the year 1764 he set forth with boats and men, and where the old market-place of St. Louis now stands he commenced the future city. Among his pioneers were two young French Creoles from New Orleans, named Auguste and Pierre Chouteau—one of whom, Pierre, lived almost to our day, always respected; their names alone were a passport to the civilities and hospitalities of the savages, who every where had experienced their kindness. At this time (1762) the whole country west of the Mississippi had been secretly transferred by France to Spain; still it was mostly settled by the French.

It was not till the year 1803 that the United States took possession of it, and organized a government under the title of the District of Louisiana—the territory extending from the mouth of the Mississippi. But the position of St. Louis was good, the country rich, and the fur trade valuable; and the city grew, and was incorporated in the year 1809.

The barren bluff is now crowded with houses and magnificent buildings, the wharves are alive with activity; rail-cars and steamers bring to the city, as a distributing centre, the wealth of a vast empire. The population is some one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and who can foretell its possible future?

Travelers will not fail to remember the Western steamers—a great feature of the Western and Southern rivers. If you are at St. Louis, and wish to take passage on one, you approach the levee or landing-place, and find them lying with their noses against the paved bank ranked in a row, with puffing steam, burning fires, rolling smoke, turning wheels, and ringing bells.

Of course you seek for one of the finest boats—one which you “guess” will be likely to go within two days of her advertised time. You mount the stairway and find the cabin on the second deck; and this is the peculiarity of these boats, the ordinary deck being devoted to the machinery and to freight. This cabin is a saloon extending over the whole boat except a small space at the bow, and in some boats is nearly three hundred feet long.

This great hall is sure to be finished with white and gold, and to be, as the newspapers say, “very gorgeous indeed.” Perhaps this “gorgeousness” may be appropriate to steamboats, but when it invades the “sanctity of the domestic hearth” is it not time for the conservative classes to pause?

“Indeed,” said Mrs. Jones, in describing the elegance of Mr. Mulligan’s new Fifth Avenue palace—his happy home—“Indeed, it is *almost* as handsome as a steamboat!”

“But what,” asks the judicious reader, “can Mr. Mulligan do to show the world that he has got so much money?” Far be it from us to interfere with the rights of property; but might not Mr. Mulligan build a real steamboat, and have that for his home, leaving some quiet and comfort in the houses of the people?

To proceed with our floating palace. In the forward part of this mighty hall are the clerk’s office, and the social hall and bar, where one can smoke cigars and spit—the after part being devoted to the fair sex, who, “by courtesy,” are supposed not to smell smoke; in the centre are tables for dining.

When twelve o’clock comes these tables are

stretched, and, with military precision, the work goes rapidly forward. Plates are placed, then forks, then knives, then bread, then pickles, then castors, then cake and candy ornaments, then chairs, and finally meats, and so on. With military promptness the hungry passengers stand in solemn silence behind their chairs; but no man thinks of sitting until the “polite and gentlemanly bar-keeper” bows in the ladies; then the gong sounds, the roof trembles, every man seizes his chair and goes grimly to work; not a sound is heard but the click of knives and the clatter of plates for ten minutes; then each man rises from his place and goes away, silently giving thanks, the work of demolition being for that time ended.

Three or four sets of passengers and crew are thus fed three times a day; and, although one sees too much of it, yet the fare on good boats is excellent and varied. Three times a day the ladies go from the table and sit for a little music or talk, and the men go forward to smoke or play cards.

On both sides of this long hall, or saloon, are state-rooms, each containing two berths. These rooms open into the saloon and out on a gallery, where one can walk or sit.

About two hundred miles below the Missouri, the Ohio pours in its volume of waters. This river, called by the early French settlers, “La Belle Rivière,” brings down the wealth produced from the mountains and mines of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and that which is collected along its course from the hills, valleys, and plains of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. At this point the Mississippi may be said to have collected its strength, ready to pour down through the broad alluvium into the Mexican Gulf; above this have flowed in the St. Peters, Iowa, Des Moines, St. Croix, Wisconsin, Rock, Illinois, the Missouri, and many smaller streams; while below, the Ohio, the St. Francis, White, Arkansas, and Red; the Yazoo, the Hatchee, and Big Black empty in their many waters.



AFTER A FLOOD.

More than thirty thousand miles of large rivers are thus collected into one to make the mighty Mississippi. Above the Missouri the waters are comparatively clear, but the Missouri brings in its contributions of whitish-yellow mud, the Ohio its greenish sediment, while the Arkansas and Red are freighted with that of a darker hue; so that to the unsophisticated eye it seems hardly possible to slake one's burning thirst at such fountains. But custom rules the world, and the dweller on the Mississippi banks turns from pure and limpid springs with unfeigned contempt to the rich waters of his native home.

Travelers in these regions can not fail to have observed that, when men drink with one another, they strike their glasses sharply together as a gage of amity. Some say this practice has descended to us from the Vikings; while others, with a show of truth, assert that it has arisen out of the fact that it is no uncommon thing for this "rich" kind of water—often scooped up from marshes or pools—to contain insects and even incipient frogs, and that the clash of the glass is used as a means of frightening them to the bottom; at which moment the parties hastily drink.

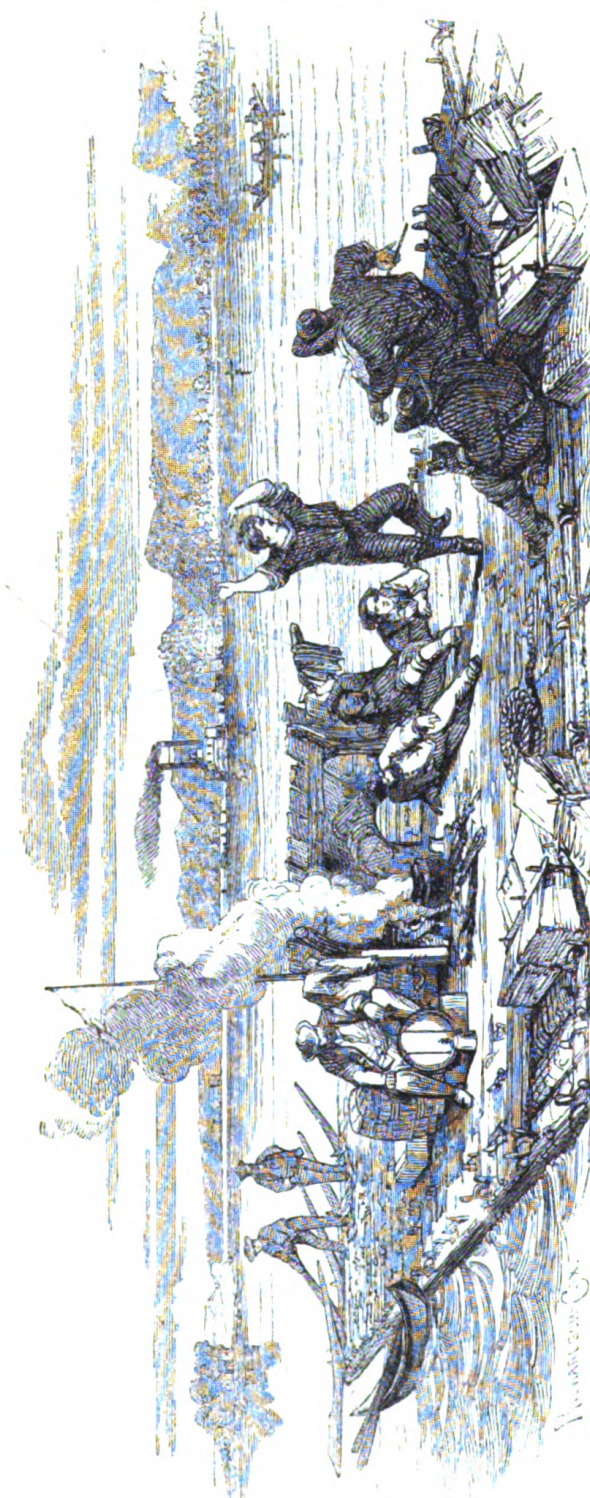
The slight cathartic property of the Western river waters, no doubt, has increased a natural tendency to the consumption of alcoholic infusions, and a very young traveler often finds himself greatly elated at owning a pocket brandy-flask, from which he frequently drinks and feels manly and brave. Such young traveler, ardently seeking for truth in those Western regions, will no doubt find great satisfaction in the following statement which has recently come to our notice:

"Dr. Hiram Cox, chemical inspector of alcoholic liquors in Cincinnati, states, in an address to his fellow-citizens, that during two years he has made two hundred and forty-nine inspections of various kinds of liquors, and has found more than nine-tenths of them imitations, and a great portion of them poisonous concoctions. Of brandy he does not believe there is one gallon of pure in a hundred gallons, the imitations having corn whisky for a basis, and various poisonous acids for the condiments. Of wines not a gallon in a thousand purporting to be sherry, port, sweet Malaga, etc., is pure, but they are made of water, sulphuric acid, alum, Guinea pepper, horse-radish, etc., and many of them without a single drop of alcoholic spirit. Dr. Cox war-

rants there are not ten gallons of genuine port wine in Cincinnati. In his inspections of whisky he has found only from seventeen to twenty per cent. of alcoholic spirit, when it should have forty-five to fifty, and some of it contains sulphuric acid enough in a quart to eat a hole through a man's stomach."

A CREEP ASSE





TIMBER RAFT.

Few large rivers are as wide near their mouths as at some point of their course, and this is true of the Mississippi and Missouri. The Mississippi, at its junction with the Missouri, is a mile and a half in width, while below the Ohio the channel decreases in width and increases in depth; but from this point the river rushes on with increased velocity (at the rate of four miles an hour), and at an average width of about one mile. But the spring floods sometimes raise the river above its ordinary level sixty feet, often forty feet; then the water spreads away over the country for thirty miles in width, producing infinite mischief and misery.

It is to guard against this overflow and destruction that along the lower portion of the river the broad strong bank has been raised, called the "levee." This has been built at great labor and trouble, and needs to be jealously watched; for at all times, and especially at the time of these floods, the mad river undermines and cuts away the clayey banks; and it is not rare for acres to fall into the raging current in a night. Now and then the high waters wear away this artificial levee, when no men or money must be spared to stop the gap, to fill up the "crevasse" as it is called; and the alarm is sent from plantation to plantation to gather all hands to the work, so that crops and lands may be saved. Whenever the water breaks through, the destruction of property is frightful, and fevers are sure to follow.

From the mouth of the Ohio the river loses its picturesque character. Its broad, rapid stream is bordered by level banks covered with woods, which seem endless and monotonous, and one greets a bluff with glad surprise. The broad, boiling river, covered with drifting logs and wood, is only diversified by islands, by rafts, and flat-boats with long sweeps lazily drifting with its current, and by puffing steamers, which, if coming down stream, are piled above their pilot-houses with

No one certainly knows what changes the surface of the earth has undergone, but there is good reason to believe that the broad alluvium (the Valley of the Mississippi) from the mouth of the Ohio to the Mexican Gulf, has been formed from the deposit of the river, as such deposit is still going on at the river's mouths.

carts and wagons, bureaus and bedsteads, and all the manifold articles turned out from the busy workshops of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Pittsburg.

We are now passing through the great Cotton Region, where this rich valley is made to produce this one article, and where the great landholders are dignified with the title of Planters—no



COTTON PLANTATION.

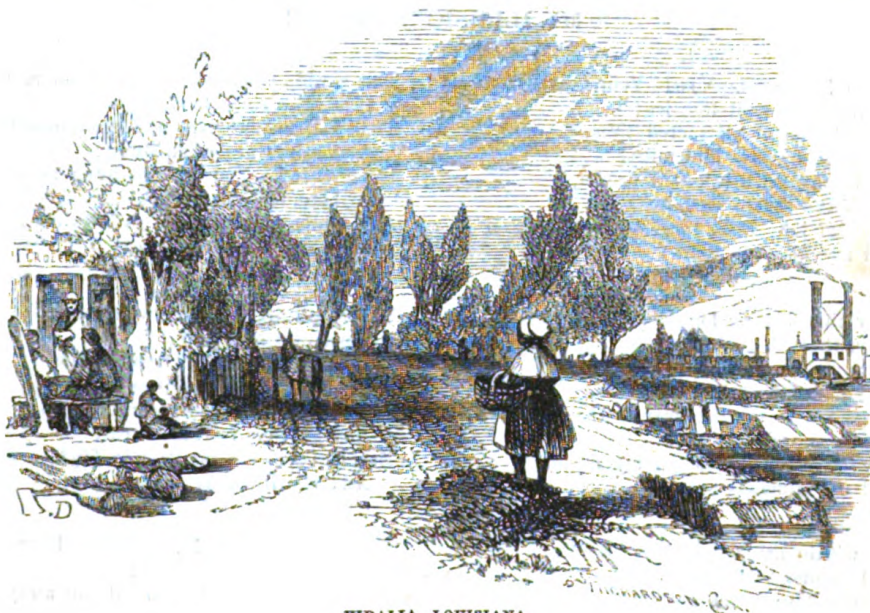
longer Farmers. We are in a different region and among a different race, and a thousand things show it; towns cease to be frequent along the bank, and, except Memphis, we see no large town till we reach Vicksburg, in the State of Mississippi, a distance of eight hundred miles from St. Louis.

Memphis is built on a fine bluff thirty feet above the highest rise of the river, and is a thriving, active place, with ten churches, four daily papers, mills, and factories, and its new navy yard. From this point the cotton of Western Tennessee is shipped.

From Memphis down to New Orleans you see and hear only cotton, or rather cotton and

negroes, and the whole force of the nation is turned into the production of these two articles. Cotton is on the levees, cotton is on the steamers, cotton is in the mouths and bosoms of all the people. It is curious to know that, in the year 1791 (some seventy years ago), only sixty-four bales of cotton were taken to Liverpool from America, which large quantity then excited surprise and suspicion. Now (1850) the produce of the States is some 2,469,093 bales, which, at ten cents a pound, amounts to the enormous sum of \$98,763,720.

The cotton plant (*Gossypium*) seems to be indigenous to Asia, Africa, and America, but so far America has succeeded best in its cultiva-



VIDALIA, LOUISIANA.

tion; she produces the most and best cotton. But its importance to the world, and particularly to the manufacturing interest of England, is so great that the commercial men of Liverpool and Manchester have at last taken the matter in hand, determined to induce capital and energy to produce cotton elsewhere.

That produced in America is divided into long and short staple, or black seed and green seed. The green seed produces the largest crop, is known as upland cotton, and is the great article of commerce. The long staple or black seed flourishes on the islands and shores of Georgia, and is often called Sea-island cotton. Some of this is exceedingly fine and silky, and brings a high price.

The river has ceased to be interesting until we reach the vicinity of New Orleans, where just now we do not intend to go. After this long article, we can only refer to those curious and extremely valuable people the Negroes. At every landing-place picturesque groups or figures arrest the eye, each of whom is a study for painter or philosopher.

One such came aboard our flat-boat to swap cotton for powder. Our captain had some made to sell. The old negro held it in his hand and carefully turned it. He looked up waggishly, and said:

"Sho, Massa—sho now, dis won't do nohow—dis looks as do't had been shot off three, fo' times sarten—dis neber do for old nigger. Waugh, waugh, waugh!"

Peddlers used to sell a kind of powder in New England no doubt similar to this.

"Look here, Mister!" said a store-keeper to one who had left him a half

barrel—"Look here, I don't think I want any more of that powder!"

"Not want it?" inquired the peddler, incredulously.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you. T'other night I went to git some, and I dropped the candle into the barrel, and nigh half on't burned up before I could put it out. You see it's rather dangerous having such powder round."

It was a pure matter of business, and neither laughed.

But we must end here; and as the *Sultana* now comes steaming up the river we will go up too.



MY ILLUSIONS SPARE!

I.

PEACE! skeptics, peace! Your heartless words
Fall on my soul like ice;
Why will men at all sacred things
Nibble and gnaw like mice?
Grant it, my faith is but a dream,
But if the dream be fair,
Why cloud it? Seek some other theme,
And my illusions spare!

II.

I know that I'm no longer young;
Why, then, disturb my past?
Why taunt me with the stale old song
That pleasures never last?
Why preach to me the grave's the end
Of joy as well as care?
My heart says not; so go, my friend,
And my illusions spare!

I feel within me naught but growth,
And yonder wakening sky
Looks down upon the growing earth
With sweet approving eye;

III.

The world, you say, the same old round
Has gone since it was young;
That bad men thrive, and good men fail,
And saints are often hung;
What then? You are not hung as yet,
So hope for better fare,
And while you still the gallows cheat,
Pray my illusions spare!

IV.

You think mankind no wiser now
Than centuries ago;
Perhaps, but must we reason then
That *you* no wiser grow?
If so, then vent your scornful wrath,
And at your fortune swear,
But leave me to my simple faith,
And my illusions spare!

V.

Your curse (you'll learn the truth one day)
Is but inverted prayer;
You damn yourself; well, damn away,
But my illusions spare!



THE THREE SONS.

BY JOHN MOULTRIE.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould;
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
 That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
 I can not say how this may be,—I know his face is fair,
 And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
 I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
 But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
 But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind;
 The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find:
 Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk;
 Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
 But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
 His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex'd
 With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next;
 He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray,
 And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.
 Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
 A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be:

And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout with joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love.
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I can not tell,
For they reckon not by years or months where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I can not tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,—
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery,—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.



BUSINESS made it necessary for me to take passage on the U. S. M. steamer *Illinois* for a trip to the Isthmus of Panama. The vessel was advertised to sail on the 5th at two o'clock. I was *en route* for one. Reaching the pier my progress was barred by a dense collection of carriages from West Street to the gates of the wharf; but a couple of officious porters, at once laying hold of my luggage, led the way onward, depending upon the weight and momentum of the trunks to clear our passage through a clamorous multitude of hackmen, fruit-women, book-peddlers, and hangers-on of every description that were crowding up to the gates. By virtue of the luggage, I was permitted to pass from the crowd without to the crowd within, and by the same token, close in the wake of my porters, I managed to reach the gang-plank, from whence a couple of gentlemanly policemen escorted me to the deck of the steamer.

Passengers, probably to the number of five hundred, were already on board. Friends of passengers (determined to take the very last possible embrace), at least as many more. Threading my way down through the cabin to my state-

room, something very like a sigh came up with the thought that among all the watery eyes and rubicund noses meeting me on every side, not one was more watery or more rubicund for me. Here was a fine opportunity for a philosopher; but *my* philosophy suggesting change or cambric, I returned to the quarter-deck for scenes of more general and less painful interest.

From this point of view such another densely-packed, writhing, surging mass of human beings was rarely seen before. Scores of "runners" stood on the outskirting timbers of the wharf shouting their brazen adieus to many a well-fleeced passenger. Red-eyed "Biddies" struggled up, flushed and flurried with eager efforts to swing a tear-stained handkerchief or fling a farewell orange to departing "Patricks." A stout, gray-haired old gentleman, with a face

like a peony, vigorously flaunted his red bandana, with only an occasional pause to wipe the great beads of sweat that oozed from his venerable forehead, in ineffectual attempts to attract the attention of, mayhap, his "Benjamin" on board, never for an instant withdrawing his helpless and despairing gaze, though repeatedly advanced, retreated, and otherwise interfered with by the swaying crowd. Farther on stood a little group of women and children, from whose fluttering signals and motions of delight it was evident that they had succeeded in establishing their telegraph. In the midst of the crowd an Emerald female, in the convulsive stage of excitement, was pushing along with a young O'Flaherty on one arm and a bundle of bedding in the other, while sundry little O'Flahertys clung trembling to her skirts, some of the by-standers (to their shame be it recorded) making boisterous merriment over the poor creature's tribulation. Behind all these, and yet in full sight, was the more genteel and quieter part of the crowd, occasionally waving a handkerchief or kissing a hand as some friendly recognition took place, and patiently awaiting the departure of the ship.

Her ponderous wheels begin to turn and dash the foam from her sides; still the vessel is bound by immense cables to the wharf; her time is not yet. The shipping-master has work to do. Upon him falls the labor of relieving the ship from her numerous visitors, to wind up or break off the lingering farewells; and now, high above the roaring of the 'scape-pipe, above the rushing of the wheels, his stentorian call is heard—"ALL ASHORE!" Full strong must be the nerves that can resist the stampeding influence of *that* voice: now and then one may be bold enough, but even he is borne along by the retreating multitude, never stopping until he is well placed upon the wharf. Then (as if *that* voice were not enough) a gong gives forth its nerve-splitting tones until not a *friend* remains on board.

The ship still waits; the doors of the wharf-entrance fly open, and down comes a wagon at full speed bearing the last express and mails. They can not mean to drive upon the mass; yet on it comes, not slackening a second's speed. The crowd opens, shrinks into an almost impossible compass, and the car dashes on through the quivering multitude. Then follows a moment of painful stillness, as if to hear some one to cry out the number of killed and wounded. What a miracle, nobody hurt! The express and mails are thrown on board; the Captain, for whom the ship has been especially waiting, comes hurrying down, stopping for a moment to receive from the confidential agent of the Company his last official communication; he rushes up the gangway; in an instant he is on the wheel-house; the lines are loosed; the engineer strikes the bell; the wheels move; and amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, and the resounding huzzas from a thousand throats, the steamship glides slowly out into the stream.

At a signal from the Captain the ponderous engines put their whole force to the work, and with a speed of eleven or twelve knots an hour, we leave the hurrahing multitude on the wharf. In a few moments we find ourselves plowing along past the Battery, Governor's and Bedloe's Islands, occasionally receiving a salute or dipping an ensign as we pass some anchored man-of-war or in-bound steamship, now down the bay.

Every thing looks bright and beautiful as we skirt the villa-dotted shores of Staten Island; but every body is not prepared to appreciate fully the beauties of the passing landscape. Many, overcome by the excitement of leaving-taking, or in anticipation of a certain disagreeable unsettlement that old Neptune usually demands from novitiates, have retired to the cabin. Still it is a lively scene on the deck of the *Illinois*. Many a bright eye, dimmed with tears but a few moments since, is bright as ever now, and the merry laugh ringing out at times gives evidence of the elasticity of the human heart.

As we speed on a little commotion, far aft on the quarter-deck, betokens something unusual in progress. The Purser is collecting his tickets. A line of men, with joined hands, is formed across the deck, who walk slowly forward. Each passenger must pass through this locomotive sieve, leave his passage ticket, and receive a check instead. Above, below, fore and aft, this process is carried on, until every one on board has demonstrated his right to a pas-



PURSER'S WINDOW.

sage, or, in default thereof, has been seized and placed in temporary custody on the "hurricane-deck." Several seedy-looking individuals were found stowed away in the forward part of the ship without the necessary documents. Among them was a buxom-looking female, who acknowledged her intention to steal a passage; but, determined to go to California, and without money, what else could she do? So she stowed herself on board, and now begged for mercy. Appealing in vain to the sympathies of the Purser, she threw herself on the charity of numerous passengers who had crowded around to enjoy the incident. Their bowels of compassion were not moved, however, and the female "stow-away," with a defiant toss of the head, took her place upon the deck apparently determined to make the best of it.

Several poor unfortunates, who had been unwise enough to buy their tickets at spurious offices, found out too late that "*forward cabin*" meant "*steerage*," and, instead of being entitled to the places they had bargained for, were obliged to take up their quarters with the lowest class. This seemed rather hard, and I took an opportunity of suggesting as much to the Purser, who assured me that the only remedy lay in warning passengers against procuring tickets *for any price* except at the regular office—that these tickets were originally bought by "runners," and sold to second hands with specious misrepresentations, for which the Company, after having widely advertised, could not be held responsible. I left him with enlarged ideas of the depravity of human nature.

Hardly had the sifting process been completed when Sandy Hook was abeam. Ahead, and to the eastward perhaps half a mile, bearing down for us with a smacking breeze, was a graceful little craft, having painted upon her mainsail, in huge characters, "No. 18." It was the pilot's boat. The last link which holds the "outward bound" was now to be severed. Gallantly she dashed on until almost ahead, when she swung up into the wind's eye, and, with sails fluttering, like a bird impatient for flight, she awaited our approach. As we came near our engines were stopped, a little boat put out from "No. 18," and came alongside. Stow-aways were hustled down the gangway, and rather unceremoniously transferred to the boat. A waiter, bearing a bottle or two of *eau de vie* and a sirloin, stepped cautiously down, and deposited the pilot's perquisite in the skiff. The pilot and the shipping-master, laden with last letters and positively last words, stepped down—off they went with their load of disconsolate "dead-heads."

Again the engines moved, and, as a faint "Good-by" was heard from the rapidly departing pilot-boat, I realized that we were fairly upon the "broad blue sea."

It would be difficult to find a more unsettled set of mortals than the passengers of a crowded ship on the first day out. Everybody is looking for a place which he can't find, and for

something he can't get; waiters are plied with mysterious questions, and sent on impracticable errands. Everybody wants and nobody gets, until Everybody, tired and sleepy, takes out his chart, and, with the assistance of a few waiters, navigates into his six-feet-by-three, and forgets his cares.

By six o'clock on the following morning, at the clanging of a gong, I awakened, and making a hasty toilet, ascended to the deck. The fresh, clear morning air, as I inhaled it, was like a delicious invigorating draught. We were out of sight of land, and the "blue below" was so placid and serene that each shroud and sail was mirrored distinctly upon the glassy surface of the water as we sped along. The business of the voyage had commenced; for the gong that awakened me was the signal for the first breakfast. About a hundred were *feeding*—yes, *feeding* is the word. I looked down into the dining-saloon upon such a scene of confusion as never met my eye before. Each individual seemed to have gone into the business entirely on his or her own account—seemingly under the impression that this was the only opportunity to replenish they would have during the voyage. Many desperate-looking persons were standing by, ready to pounce upon any seat that should by accident become vacant. It was a matter of personal activity and "brass" that secured the seats.

This confusion and attendant discomfort was soon to be remedied. A notice upon the mainmast gave information that table-tickets would be dispensed at ten o'clock. At ten precisely the little window of the purser's office was thrown open to an eager crowd, arranged in post-office order, and reaching back as far as the quarter-deck. Each one, in turn, received a check, bearing the number of table and seat thus secured over all other claimants. Now the formalities are all accomplished, and there is nothing more but to eat, sleep, and be borne along.

At twelve o'clock the gong strikes for "children's dinner"—children about a hundred. Mammas and nurses hover around the tables; an occasional squall springs up to diversify the clatter of the forks and dishes; affectionate nurse bears down with the "main spanker" set, and all's right again.

At one o'clock comes the first table of the regular dinner, at two off goes the gong again, and at three comes the dinner of the first-class passengers—decidedly in contrast, however, with the performances of the morning; for every one, now, has his own rightful place beside his friend or acquaintance, if he has had the foresight to request it of the purser when his check was procured. Each class of passengers is placed together at the tables, so that, their habits being probably much the same, few are annoyed or offended by *mal-apropos* neighbors. The dinners pass off pleasantly; though many a vacant seat proclaims the triumphs of Neptune, and many an abrupt departure gives token of his influence.



PANDEMONIUM.

The frequently-repeated sounding of the gong excited a curiosity in my mind to know how and where the food was prepared for such a mighty host; so I made an exploratory survey, and found a little place, about amidships, not fifteen feet square, ycleped "the galley." ("Pandemonium," a clerical friend at my elbow facetiously, and not inaptly, termed it; "for," said he, "don't you see the *pan-demons* flourishing around?") This galley was a snug machine, composed of cooks, ovens, and ranges—each cook fitting like a cog into his place, turning dishes in a certain stage over to another, who put his mark upon it, he passing it on to another, and so on—the ovens and ranges coming in at their proper places, and all working with an alacrity and exactness that was wonderful. Perfect system and habit produced here, within the compass of an ordinary pantry, the wherewithal to satisfy, three times a day, the craving appetites of five hundred people; and as great a variety of food was prepared as would be found at any first-class hotel.

It might be supposed that, where five or six

hundred people were congregated together within the limits of a few hundred feet, distinctions of *caste* would be obliterated in a great degree; but I soon found that such was far from being the case. Scarcely had the first twenty-four hours passed by before it became evident that neither the close contact in which all parties were thrown, the mutual interest of a common destination, nor the democratic influence of homelessness, could mingle the water and oil of social distinction. Almost by instinct the separation seemed to take place. On one side of the quarter-deck the awning-sheltered parties of aristocrats, luxuriating in private easy-chairs,

or lolling on the rail, discussing the discomforts and annoyances of the voyage, or amusing themselves with criticisms on the commonalty gathered on the other side of the deck. These, in defiance of custom or the sneering notice of the aristocrats, were lying in each other's arms on the seats, or prone upon the deck, while side-long glances and hissing whispers gave assurance that the attention of the opposite party was reciprocated. Troops of uneasy individuals, whom the ship's movements had failed to unsettle, promenaded up and down through the entire domain, alternately pausing at either end to watch the ponderous cylinders as they oscillated to and fro, or straining their eyes along the creamy wake of the vessel, that extended far back until lost in the distant changing waters.

At about five o'clock I discovered, far ahead, a rippling line extended athwart our course which shone like burnished silver. Here, separated from the surrounding waters by a sharp and unmistakable outline, was the northern edge of the Gulf Stream. I passed to the forward deck for a better view of this singular river, and saw a sailor casting overboard a little canvas bucket with a long hand-line attached. As it was drawn on board I observed a thermometer rapidly plunged therein. This process was repeated every four or five minutes, in order to ascertain the precise moment when the vessel entered the Stream; for there exists, on its northern edge, a difference of temperature between the waters of the Gulf and the surrounding ocean of some twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and often within a distance of as many yards. At this time the meeting of the waters was so palpable to the eye that no actual need existed for testing the temperature; but it formed a part of the routine of the ship, and could not be neglected.

By the evening of this the second day, affairs had assumed a quiet that was refreshing. Somewhat accustomed now to their diminutive accommodation, and made to realize that mutual sacrifice and forbearance was necessary to any degree of comfort—our multitude, finding out the extent of their prospective comforts and discomforts, had in most cases arrived at a peaceful and contented frame of mind. The saloon was lighted up, and card-parties were formed. The social "whist" or the merry "old maid" might be seen going on at one table, while the quieter chess and draughts were being enjoyed in other parts of the saloon.

Little groups were gathered here and there, discussing that mighty bugbear of all southron voyagers, "Cape Hatteras;" for during the night we shall probably pass that renowned point of land which has been for so many years looked upon as the nest of storms and "gusty gales." Even an old sailor ditty hath it respectfully noticed:

"If the Bermudas let you pass,
Then look out for Cape Hatt'ras."

But it is not always stormy off Cape Hatteras;

genial sunshine and placid waters are sometimes even there—so we will hope that our voyage is in a favored time.

Ten o'clock comes; the state-room lights are extinguished. Poor unfortunates, who have been heedless of the premonitory warning, must needs disrobe by the solitary lamp that burns throughout the night in the saloon.

Now naught is heard save the watchman making his half-hourly round, and the smothered rushing of the waters as we cleave our onward way. Yet there are vigilant eyes and busy hands that neither stay nor sleep. The engineer, who guides the immense steam monster on whom our lives depend, is watchful, tireless; grim, sooty-faced firemen are ever and anon plunging their long iron rakes into the glowing bowels of the furnace, and heaping fresh supplies upon the fiercely-burning anthracite. The restless cylinders, responding to the impulse, sway to and fro, seemingly conscious of the strength that drives the mighty wheels. Above, standing on the verge of each wheel-house, a sentinel peers anxiously forward into the night, ready on the instant to give warning of danger ahead. In the pilot-house two helmsmen turn the guiding wheel under their ready hands, obedient to the trembling little needle that points our course. We are surely well cared for.

I slept, but the imprint of waking thoughts did not vanish in my slumber. We were passing "the Cape;" the storm howled fiercely around our stout vessel; hoarse, stern voices, and the heavy tramp of sailors overhead, gave token of the gale. The ship just then gave a sudden and tremendous lurch, as if bound for the regions below, when I awakened to find myself upright in the berth, with both hands firmly clenched on a brace of life-preservers that ornamented the roof of my dormitory. The lurch was no dream.



THE CAPTAIN.

I hurriedly threw on my clothes and rushed above to ascertain the worst, and found the

dawn breaking upon a sky as clear as a beryl, and the sailors washing down the decks. It proved, however, a fortunate alarm for me, as I thereby made the acquaintance of our captain (a commander in the navy), who was standing aft, consulting his compass. A tall, heavily-bearded, strong-framed man, of courteous manner and speech, he seemed a pleasant combination of the hardy sailor and the polite gentleman. On inquiring the cause of the heavy sea that was running while there existed such a perfect calm in the atmosphere, he replied that "it gave evidence of a severe gale which had been blowing from the southeast; and as several casks and bits of timber had been reported by the 'look-out,' he was apprehensive that some disaster might have occurred." Scarcely was this remark uttered when the look-out cried,

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" shouted the captain, in a stentorian tone.

"Three points on the starboard bow!—a dismayed schooner, showing signals of distress!" answered the mate, who was scrutinizing the

craft through his telescope from the hurricane-deck.

"Keep away for her" responded the captain.

The ship's head was turned, and we bore down for the wreck. In a few moments more we were able to see distinctly a schooner of about two hundred tons' burden, apparently waterlogged; her bowsprit broken, but still hanging to the wreck; her bulwarks gone; her foremast carried away—nothing left but the mainmast, upon which a storm-sail was spread, and her flag hoisted *union down*.

Huddled together upon the poop-deck were six human beings in attitudes of anxious suspense, swinging their handkerchiefs and hats as they leaned forward awaiting our approach. When within about a hundred yards the captain hailed her, and was answered by a hoarse, excited voice,

"The *Eliza Ann*, of Tremont, Maine, laden with lumber, waterlogged. Will you take us off?"

"Ay, ay!" promptly replied the captain. A boat was at once lowered, manned by the second mate and a couple of sailors, who pulled off to the wreck.



THE WRECK.



HATTERAS TRIUMPHANT.

These poor fellows were indeed in a pitiable plight. Except the small elevated space on which they stood, every portion of the vessel's deck was submerged by each passing wave. A buoyant lading alone kept her upon the surface. Now the rescue is certain, for the shipwrecked mariners have dropped, singly and cautiously, into the life-boat which was sent for their deliverance. One bore a compass, one a chronometer, and the last a faithful dog—all that could be saved from the wreck of the *Eliza Ann*.

As the oarsmen bent their backs to the return an anxious multitude on the deck of the steamer sent up a shout that made the welkin ring. One hardy-looking seaman, who had borne himself with courage and fortitude through all, when he reached the deck of our vessel, could restrain the revulsion of feeling no longer—nature found relief in an uncontrollable flood of tears. For four days and nights they had been at the mercy of the elements, with neither rest nor food. The captain's right arm was broken in several places by the falling of the foremast. The crew had sustained but little injury, but their haggard features and weather-beaten costume gave painful evidence of the mental sufferings they had undergone. We were scarcely upon our onward course before the skipper's broken arm was in process of setting by the surgeon of the ship, and every necessary comfort had been administered to the rescued seamen.

The turbulent condition of the waters this morning has not been without its effect on some of my fellow-passengers. Quite a serio-comic little incident occurred just after breakfast. Among the minor regulations of the ship is one

which requires that all nuisances, in the shape of parrots and monkeys, shall be excluded from the privileges of the cabin, and consigned to the tender care of the porter. A ponderous Frenchwoman (weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds) missed her "Polly," and had been informed of its probable whereabouts, when, regardless of the by no means gentle motion of the vessel, or her own unwieldy proportions, she determined upon ocular demonstration of its existence. The ascent of the cabin stairs was accomplished, and I met her just as she was issuing from the gangway-door; her firmly-set jaw, and her glaring, little black eyes, as they gleamed from their oleaginous setting, showed plainly that the steam was up. An unexpected movement of the vessel gave an eccentric impetus to her locomotion, and after one or two flour-bag pirouettes she brought up, by a miracle almost, in a large arm-chair opposite the rail. Every one pitied the poor thing, but what could be done? The end was not yet, for the fire of her eye still burned with unwavering determination. One more effort; she stood erect; she drew up her skirts for a fresh start! yet—The next I saw of her was a palpitating mass lying upon the seat under the rail, and a pair of ponderous limbs waving acknowledgment of the rights of Cape Hatteras.

Having steered a course due south from Sandy Hook, we entered the Gulf Stream at the point where it trends to the northeast, and crossing diagonally, emerged from it this morning at about eleven o'clock. On its southern edge the line of demarkation is not so distinct as upon its northern boundary; but here other indications besides the difference in temperature de-

note its location. In looking over the side of the vessel I discovered, floating upon the surface of the water, large masses of sea-weed, full of pale yellow berries, that glistened in the sunshine. This "*Gulf-weed*," as it is technically termed, is so constantly present at the outer edge of the Stream, that it is depended upon as a reliable guide to the mariner.

Quantities of these *algæ* were thrown up by the wheels, and lodged upon the guards; I ventured down and secured a bunch. It was a mass of coral-covered branches, throwing out graceful sprays which bore delicate, translucent leaves, lanceolate, serrated, and of a pale reddish-yellow color, bearing berries of a lighter hue, spherical and hollow, which acted like so many little air-bladders, giving buoyancy to the mass. Large numbers of fish gather around these weeds, to prey upon the minute varieties of crustacea with which they are covered.

A school of porpoises made its appearance this morning. The sailors call them "puffing-pigs," and, certainly, with their long, sharp noses and occasional "blow," they bear, at least, a suggestive resemblance to our grunting denizen of the



GULF WEED.

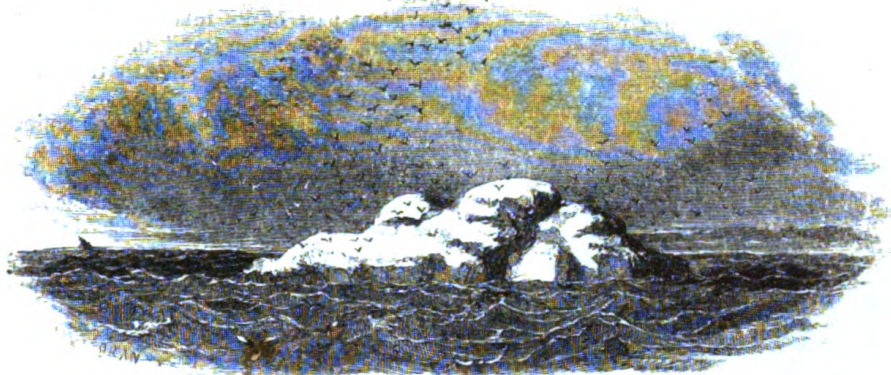


SCHOOL OF PORPOISES.

land. For half an hour hundreds of these nautical porkers gamboled about the vessel, darting from side to side and leaping out from the brine one after the other by threes and fours, like so many sheep clearing a wall. All at once, as if by a concerted signal, simultaneously turning their noses downward, they shot into the depths of the ocean, and we saw them no more.

Nothing further worthy of note occurred until the fifth morning of our voyage, when we were thrilled by the exciting cry of "Land ho!" Who is there whose eyes have not rested save on the changeless blue of the sky and ocean for days, that can not remember how they brightened and his heart throbbed quicker at that welcome sound? It may prove but a storm-worn rock with not a blade of grass to invite the passing sea-bird, but it is "*terra firma*," and the wave-tossed traveler gives it welcome.

The "White Rocks" of Watling's Island were jutting above our southern horizon, myriads of sea-fowl hovered over the lime-covered ledges; a bright green belt of water stretching



THE WHITE ROCKS.

back to the southwest discovered the reef which connects these rocks with the low sandy shore of Watling. Coasting along within a couple of miles of its western edge, we saw, on the elevated land about midway of the island, a little cluster of frame-houses and a flag-staff, while twenty or thirty fisher's huts peeped out from an adjacent grove. This little islet, surrounded with reefs and sunken rocks, has long been dreaded by mariners as the most dangerous of the Bahama group. Fifteen miles in length and six in width, it has scarcely half a dozen



CHURCH SERVICE AT SEA.

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SOUTHERN END OF WATLING'S ISLAND.

square miles of soil, for a salt lagoon occupies the great part of its inland surface. A few wreckers, salt-makers, and turtlers, make up its population, who drive a petty trade with the Island of Nassau.

Watling's Island is one of the nominal dependencies of England, but might as well belong to the Great Mogul as far as any benefit of revenue is concerned. Passing the southern end, the Hinchinbroke Rocks reared their black heads to our view, and in a few minutes more Watling was hid by the rising outline of the ocean.

It may be worth a passing thought to know that our track is almost the same which Columbus traversed on his earliest voyage, and that the first land discovered by him is only forty miles distant. It was here, perhaps, that he wrestled with his skeptical crew, and gained the few hours that landed him on the ever-memorable San Salvador.

We are coasting along under the lee of Castle and Crooked Islands, whose salt ponds and turtle fisheries alone make them habitable. It is evening. The air has lost its fervent heat, and the waters, serene and placid, glow like silver in the moonlight. Our decks swarm with passengers enjoying the perfumed breath of the land and the radiant night. Home-born memories come to us almost every where—but more than ever on a Saturday night at sea. "Home, sweet home," quavered from many a pensive heart, while "Old Hundred," and "Mear," and "Chelmsford," with their quaint harmonies, told of the quiet Sabbath-keeping firesides many of our voyagers had left. Late in the night we were able to see that world-renowned constellation, the "Southern Cross." Just above the horizon four bright stars formed the glittering emblem, once hailed with superstitious joy by the early Spaniards, on their search for *El Dorado*.

The Sabbath was calm and beautiful. No sonorous bells gave notice of the worship with which it was proposed to celebrate this holy time. A little placard upon the mainmast announced that an Episcopal service would be held on the quarter-deck, at eleven o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. B——, of Jamaica.

The capstan, canopied by the national flag of our Union, formed the lectern; benches, chairs, and sky-lights the pews. Every sect, from the Jew to the Mormon, had its representatives in the little assemblage gathered on the quarter-deck. A couple of "Sisters of Mercy" were unwittingly hemmed in by the congregation, and as they sat hooded with their sombre veils, each holding an hour-glass and a rosary, and devoutly absorbed in their rituals, the novelty of the scene was complete. Nothing can be more impressive than our solemn church service at sea. In such a time the feeling of utter dependence on that Providence whose feeblest breath might launch our frail bark into oblivion can scarcely fail to have its lodgment in the most thoughtless mind; and when that comprehensive prayer of the Litany, "*May it please Thee to preserve*



CAPE MAYSI; THE EASTERN END OF CUBA.

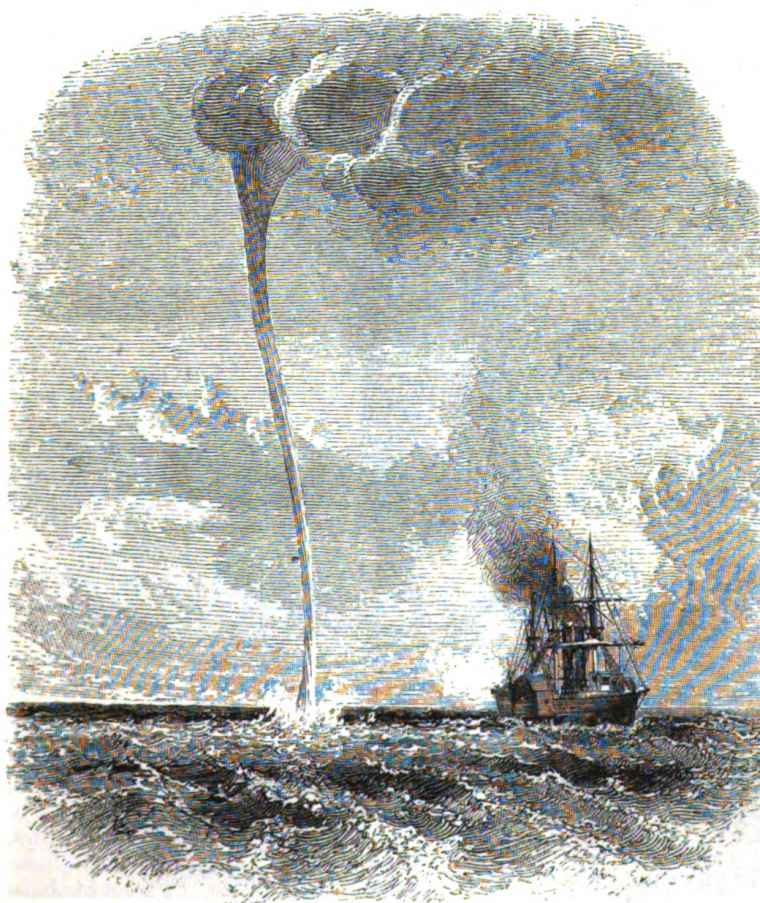
all who travel by land or by water," was read, many, unaccustomed to religious observance, might have been heard, joining in the heartfelt response.

Just as the services were ended the eastern end of the "Ever-faithful Island" was visible.

With its ragged, coral-edged shore, covered by a dense growth of cactus, aloe, and stunted palm, its rock-ribbed terraces broad and green, stretching back into the cloud-capped mountains, it was a picturesque and beautiful sight.

On the other hand, struggling up through the fleecy cumuli, the faint but lofty outline of San Domingo was just discernible.

Toward evening a mass of murky clouds came sweeping along the sky from the southwest. Every eye was turned toward them with anxious foreboding. Suddenly, within the distance of a mile, an angry tongue of vapor darted down until it reached midway between the clouds and sea, while a furious surging of the waters began directly underneath, from whose troubled surface arose a dense and swiftly circling mist that shot rapidly upward until it joined the vaporous tongue above. It seemed a gigantic column whose pediment was on the sea and whose capital upheld the sky. It was a *water-spout*—the whirlwind of the ocean. Within its misty shroud thousands of tons of water



WATER-SPOUT.

were being carried up to heaven in the spiral folds of nature's stupendous engine. Now the huge column, driven by the wind, is bearing down upon our course, threatening instant destruction to all within its path. Nothing can avert the danger but such a sudden and violent concussion of the air as will break this vicious circle of the winds. Our cannon is loaded—nearer the peril approaches—nearer—the gun booms over the water; the column wavers; it falls asunder: the water-spout is broken, and we are safe.

At this point in our voyage it became necessary to make a little detour to the westward in order to touch at Kingston, Jamaica, for coals.

On Monday morning, at daybreak, the white-washed light-house of Point Morant hove in sight, and a little advancing speck made its appearance on the intervening waters. It was the native pilot in his "dug-out." In less than ten minutes he had scrambled on board and perched himself upon the top of the pilot-house. Altogether he was a decided character. His face shone like polished ebony; a huge set of "ivories" gleamed from behind the red half-pound of lips that kept constantly working in efforts to sustain the awful dignity of his position; a chip

hat, minus the third of its brim, sat jauntily upon his head, a well-ventilated ticking shirt and an antique remnant of striped breeches, held up by a single thong of raw hide, and a pair of well-worn sandals of the same delicate material, completed the *tout ensemble* of our distinguished guest. As he stood pointing out our course with the long spy-glass which he had appropriated as a badge of his office, he was in his glory.

Steaming along, close in-shore, we were enabled to get a full view of the rich cane-fields, coffee estates, and banana groves that stretch out from the lofty "Blue Mountain range" to the sea-side. Little villas dotted the landscape here and there, distinguished by clumps of palm or cocoa trees. The mountains, about five miles from the beach, were singularly picturesque, some peaks attaining a height of seven or eight thousand feet.

Four hours brought us to Port Royal, the English West India naval station and the entry port of Kingston. This was a great and wealthy city in the olden time—"a city that trafficked in violence." It was the gathering point from whence the Buccaneers sallied out upon their marauding expeditions, and to which they re-



JAMAICA PILOT.



COAL-CARRIERS.

turned, gluttoned with ill-gotten gain, to revel in every debauchery until it was consumed. Like Sodom of old, "its inhabitants were wicked and sinners exceedingly," and so continued until the seventh day of June in the year 1692, when, "about mid-day, a mysterious roar was heard in the distant mountains. The wharves, ponderous with spoils, sank instantaneously, and the waters stood five fathoms deep where, a moment before, the crowded streets had displayed the glittering treasures of Mexico and Peru. The harbor appeared in motion as if agitated by a storm, although no air was stirring; the mighty billows rose and fell with such unaccountable violence that many ships broke from their cables and were forced over the tops of the sunken houses. . . . Of the whole town, perhaps the richest spot in the world, no more was left than about two hundred houses." Over three thousand of the inhabitants were swallowed up by this terrible catastrophe. Now a fort on the low, sandy shore, and a few indifferent dwellings, overhung by drooping cocoa palms, alone mark the spot where that ill-starred city stood.

A government store-ship and a few small craft lay near, with their anchors resting on the sunken streets, and as we rounded Port Royal Point our vessel floated over the ruins of an ancient fortress. The formalities of Quarantine accomplished, we shaped our course eastward for the City of Kingston, distant from Port Royal about five miles. The harbor of Kingston, formed by a low and narrow palisade which separates it from the sea, is seven and a half miles in length and about a mile in breadth, with a fine anchorage-ground almost entirely landlocked. The city lies, stretched along its southern border, on a gradual slope which extends back to the foot-hills of the Linguanea

Mountains, eight or ten miles distant. From the harbor its appearance is quite novel and pleasing to a northern eye. There were long ranges of low gable-roofed tenements—weather-stained and dilapidated, with their latticed verandas overhanging the high brick sidewalks, while masses of brilliant flowers and graceful foliage pressed over the spike-topped walls of the intervening gardens. The stately date-palm or cocoa grove shooting up here and there, shed a picturesque and tropical air over the whole.

Nearing our wharf, the streets—long, straight, and narrow—were opened to the view, filled with motley groups of Jamaicans: negroes, male and female, mulattoes, quadroons, in fact every shade from coal-black to the lightest possible "tinge of the tar brush," dressed out in gaudy bandana handkerchiefs and the bright colors of which the negro is so fond, many bearing on their heads wicker baskets filled with pineapples, oranges, mangoes, and bananas—platters of cakes, eggs, and sweetmeats—all chattering, jabbering, gesticulating, and hurrahing their delight at our arrival and hastening down to the wharf. Bongoes and dug-outs, loaded with every variety of tropical fruit, were plying about the steamer, while dozens of nude, lusty little blackamoors sported about in the water with their eager cries of "Massa, one dime!" diving after small bits of coin occasionally thrown to them by our excited and novelty-loving passengers.

The ship was soon moored alongside a high scaffolded wharf over which coals were to be conveyed into her depleted bunkers. Sixty tons consumed each day since our departure from New York made a large additional supply necessary. Immense piles of anthracite lay heaped upon the dock; but I could discover no



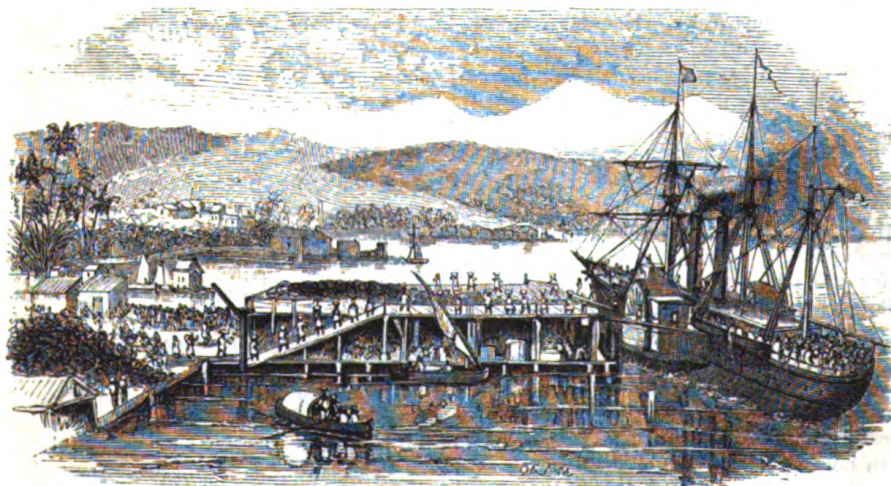
HEAD-WORK.

derricks, none of the huge iron buckets generally used for moving it, not even a wheel-barrow—a stack of heavy tubs, holding about a bushel each, was the only visible means for supplying our vessel. Several long planks were laid from the steamer, fore and aft the wheel-house, to the scaffolding. The little “coal-shoot” gratings along the deck were removed, and all was in readiness to receive the promised supply.

Just then a curious combination of discordant sounds (that may be well likened to a convention of parrots presided over by a flock of

screeching macaws) seemed to issue from behind the dock-yard. While I was wondering the gates flew open and a dense mass of negroes poured through the entrance, dancing, chattering, screaming, and shouting in a very ecstasy of delight; with parti-colored handkerchiefs bound about their heads, limpsey calico dresses hanging off their shoulders; a girdle about their hips which supported the slack of their gowns, and displayed some hundred pairs of shiny black legs, they rushed helter-skelter along the wharf, and each seizing a tub filed off to the neighboring coal-heap. A dozen stalwart negroes, shovel in hand, soon heaped them with the glistening carbon, when as many more standing ready lifted these ponderous tubs upon the heads of the females, who, breaking out into a genuine Congo chant, marched up the clefted staging, along the platform and deck, until, opposite the open mouths of the coal-shoots, they dumped their burdens down to the bunkers below. Quickly replacing the tubs, they danced and marched around, through the forward gangway, and down again to the coal-heap, while the air was vocal with their characteristic improvisations. About three hundred made up the endless chain that each second sent a bushel of coals clattering down the iron shoots into the hold of our vessel. A busier, merrier, noisier, raggeder three hundred could hardly be found any where.

Nothing can give a better idea of the low estate to which these people have fallen than a coaling scene—while the females are bearing the heat and burden of the day, their lazy and dissolute husbands and brothers lie sunning themselves on the wharf, occasionally worrying a dime from the passer-by, until night, when they can lay their hands on the hard-earned half dollar with which these poor creatures are paid. One feature in the appearance of the women attracted my particular attention; it was their erect and often stately carriage, produced by the habit of supporting burdens upon their heads from early childhood. The fact is suggestive; for, if the girls of more favored homes were



COALING AT JAMAICA.

habituated to a daily exercise in this sort of *head-work*, there would perhaps be fewer of the high shoulders, crooked backs, and puny lungs so frequently met with in these degenerate days.

An hour devoted to the coaling operations gave me enough of its novelty, noise, and dust; and, as most of our passengers had already sought refuge in the antiquated but quiet and airy boarding-houses that abound in Kingston, I thought it wise to "follow suite." Attempting to leave by the after-gangway, a constant stream of coal-carriers so blocked the entrance that I was forced to file into the sooty procession and promenade the entire circuit of the vessel, making my exit with it at the forward staging, and was turned out tolerably well jostled upon the wharf.

Here crowds of beggars and fruit-peddlers beset me with a pertinacious effrontery beyond description. "Massa, gi' me two dime!" was the principal burden of their modest demands; but they even reached over to borrow a couple of oranges in which I had just invested a five-pence. Succeeding, however, by the aid of a good stick in clearing a track to the gate, I there met our Captain, who kindly invited me to accompany him on a visit to the venerable Colonel Harrison, United States Consul at Jamaica.

Accepting with pleasure, we soon reached the consular residence through a beautiful grove of fig-trees, whose broad leaves overshadowed our path. Its purple fruit, bursting with ripeness, hung within reach, while wide-leaved banana-trees and waving cocoa palms towered up in other parts of the garden. All this, the Captain told me, had been laid out and cultured under the immediate supervision of the Consul's estimable lady.

As we stepped over the polished floors of the veranda we were met by the Consul himself. Greeting the Captain with great cordiality, he extended his slightly trembling hand to me, saying, "My countrymen are always welcome." His appearance was imposing—of a medium height, erect and dignified bearing, with hair and long flowing beard as white as snow. I have seldom seen a more noble and venerable-looking man; and his gracious lady, to whom we were presented, reminded me of pictures of the courtly dames of the "Old Dominion" in Washington's time.

During the conversation which followed the Captain alluded to the days of the Revolution, when the Colonel was an officer in the American navy—having received his warrant from Washington himself. I shall never forget the pleasure with which I listened while "the old man fought his battles o'er again."

Among the many entertaining reminiscences which the aged veteran recalled, I managed to gather a few data in his own personal history. His hair had been frosted by the winters of ninety years, more than seventy of which had been spent in the service of his country; for



COLONEL HARRISON.

many years a midshipman and lieutenant in our navy, he resigned only to be sent on a secret-service mission to Europe, where his abilities and devoted patriotism made his services more valuable; and, finally, for more than forty years American Consul-General to the British West Indies, and resident Consul at Jamaica.

His intellect was still unclouded, although a trembling intonation of voice, and a slight unsteadiness of hand and gait, gave proof that time, dealing never so gently, had begun to unstring his vigorous frame. After more than an hour of pleasant and instructive converse we reluctantly bade the aged patriarch farewell, and receiving his paternal blessing, departed. And I now look back upon that interview with our venerable Consul as one of the most pleasing incidents of my life.

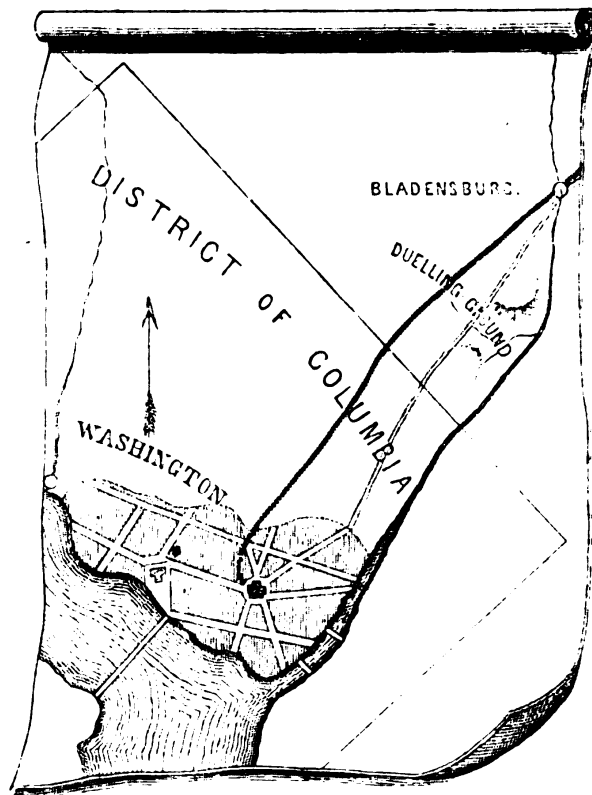
THE BLADENSBURG DUELING GROUND.

ON the old stage route leading from Washington to Baltimore, a short half mile beyond the boundary of the District of Columbia, and within a mile of Bladensburg, a few years ago the traveler might have observed on the right hand side of the road—just where he crossed a little bridge—a small patch of low, unreclaimed land, thickly overgrown with trees and tangled vines. There may have been ten or fifteen acres of it. It was one of those neglected corners where every thing had so long been permitted to have its own way, that even a bold cultivation might well pause before it in despair. A rank vegetation had overspread the place in savage exuberance, apparently defying all human efforts to penetrate it. Great groups of alders radiated their stems in every direction. Willows innumerable clustered along the margin of the brook. Occasional sycamores displayed their unmitigated ugliness with impunity, while here and there the dark cone of a

cedar crowded its way upward into the sunlight, rejoicing in its thrift, and looking down upon the emaciated corn-fields in its vicinity with an expression of undisguised contempt. A heavy growth of brambles wound themselves in impenetrable masses underneath; while overhead, the long vines clambered from tree to tree in wild and vigorous luxuriance, and seemed to revel in the enjoyment of weaving their fantastic draperies undisturbed. Altogether, it was as forsaken a looking spot, and one as little likely to be sought by man, for any purpose whatever, as would probably be encountered in a summer day's journey.

Apart from its wildness, however, there was nothing about the place to attract the attention of the traveler; and unless it had been specially pointed out to him by some one acquainted with its history, he would, in all likelihood, have passed it wholly unobserved. But yet that dark-looking jungle, apparently so void of interest, is a locality known all over America. It is the celebrated **BLADENSBURG DUELLING GROUND**.

And it was precisely such a spot as would naturally have been selected for the purposes of the duel. It was just outside the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia; it was easy of approach from the City of Washington, and convenient for escape from the authorities of Maryland; it was hemmed in on three sides by hills, which seemed to stand like sentinels to guard the privacy of the place; while on the fourth, by which the road ran, it was effectually screened from observation by the thick foliage of the trees, and the matted roof of overhanging vines; so that in every respect it seemed peculiarly adapted for the objects to which it had been dedicated. A small brook crossed the



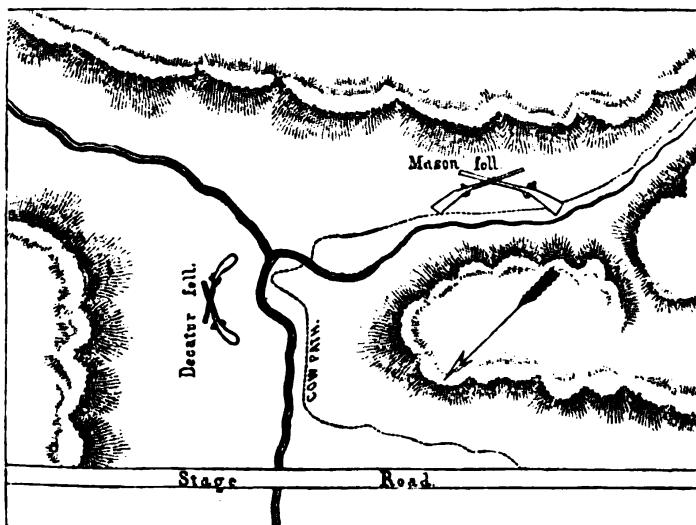
MAP OF THE DISTRICT.

turnpike, and wound its way among the alders toward the Potomac. Along the banks of this stream the cattle, by dint of much patient engineering, had trampled a path into the thicket in search of shade or water.

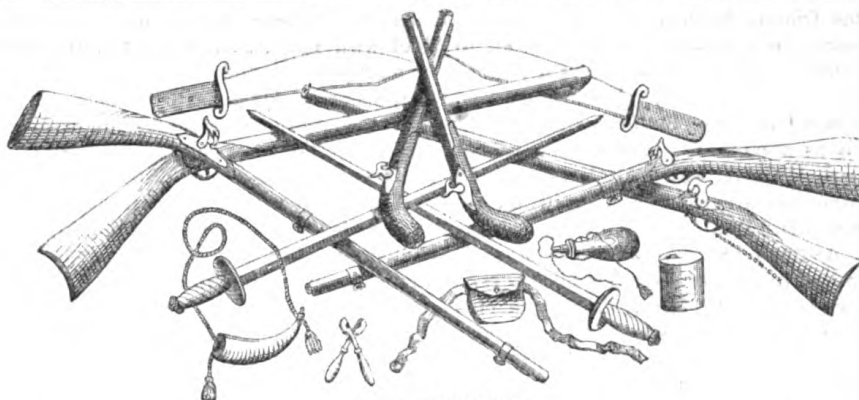
This narrow cow-path was the "field of honor." Here, in the dim twilight of this wilderness of brambles, not fifty yards from the road, the impetuous spirits from Washington City and the States adjacent brought their controversies for adjustment. It was an appeal final from the rhetoric of words to the logic of arms. It was

the court of last resort, in which knotty points of etiquette, abstruse social problems, and questions of veracity, propriety, and right were expounded by the convincing power of gunpowder.

The process of ratiocination was exceedingly luminous, and so simple as to be adapted to the commonest capacity. It was based on the theory of some supposed connection between saltpetre and a change of opinion. It assumed that an argument made by a rhetorician might be unintelligible or inconclusive, but that a syllogism propelled by powder, if proper-



MAP OF THE GROUND.



ELEMENTS OF LOGIC.

ly aimed, could hardly fail to carry conviction to the dullest intellect. It believed that the intricate bearings of a subject could be best investigated at ten paces; and that propositions, difficult, and apparently irreconcilable, by a piece of hollow hardware, held parallel to the observer's line of vision, could be rendered perfectly simple and harmonious. Hence the pistol was esteemed the most effective of moral agents; though new views of duty were sometimes revealed through the rifle, and obstinate ideas exploded from the muzzle of the musket. Principals with their friends, seconds with their instruments of death, and surgeons with their instruments of relief, were generally the sole witnesses of these desperate proceedings. The ground was measured, the choice decided, the antagonists placed, the word given, and then, by an administration of justice somewhat peculiar, if the Honor which had demanded redress for a grievous wrong limped away with the loss of its leg, or if the Reputation which had sought to vindicate itself from unmerited aspersion received a ball through its heart, the "satisfaction" was deemed most ample and complete.

The ground usually chosen for the combat was that portion of the path which ran along the west margin of the brook, at right angles to the road. It is estimated that upward of twenty duels have been fought in this particular spot. Other portions of the field, and even other fields in the same neighborhood, were sometimes selected, where the parties wished more effectually to baffle pursuit, and secure for their meeting still greater privacy. But the path above described was emphatically the dueling ground. It was the spot which has given to Bladensburg so much uncoveted notoriety. It was the magniloquent "elsewhere" that casts so formidable a shadow in the wordy controversies of these latter days.

What peculiar virtues there were in this particular cow-path, that it should have been accorded such high pre-eminence over all other places, and that it should have been selected by duelists even from the remoter States of the Union, it would be a difficult task to determine. The blood of the gallant Decatur undoubtedly gave a melancholy celebrity to the

soil, and on that account it may have been esteemed the most fitting field for a contemplated conflict. With some it may have been supposed that an affair would be attended with greater *éclat* when conducted so near to the great dignitaries of the National Government, and under the very eyes of the law-makers of the land. Another reason may have been its convenient proximity to Washington City—a locality, from the very nature of the heterogeneous society and the conflicting interests concentrating there, unusually fruitful in scenes of personal difficulty. Certain it is that this neighborhood became the resort of dueling parties soon after the removal of the seat of government to its present location. As early as 1814 it is recorded that Edward Hopkins, of Maryland, an ensign of infantry, was slain in a duel in this vicinity. Since then, it is said to have been the scene of over fifty hostile meetings. Many of the difficulties were amicably arranged on the arrival of the parties in the field. Others were adjusted after a bloodless exchange of shots. In some the conflict was continued until one or both the parties were wounded; and in not a few, death has resulted from the first fire.

MASON AND M'CARTY.

One of the most desperate of those melancholy encounters which have made this place so memorable was that of the 6th of February, 1819, between General Armistead T. Mason, previously a Senator in Congress, from Virginia, and Colonel John M. M'Carty, a citizen of the same State. The difficulty between them had existed for some time. It originated in that most prolific source of personal enmity, politics. The parties were second cousins; but notwithstanding this, their quarrel appears to have been prosecuted with an animosity as unsparing as their relationship was intimate. Several months previous to the final meeting, a violent altercation had taken place between them at the polls at Leesburg, in consequence of Mason's having questioned M'Carty's right to vote. M'Carty at once challenged Mason, but in his challenge he prescribed the terms and conditions of the duel. This dictation of terms Mason would not submit to; and consequently, by the ad-

vice of his friends, he declined the challenge. At the same time, however, he sent word to M'Carty that he was ready to accept a regular challenge, in a proper form. M'Carty paid no attention to the message, but forthwith published Mason as a coward. Mason then sent a challenge to M'Carty, which M'Carty declined on the ground of alleged cowardice in Mason, as shown by his refusal to fight in the first instance. At this juncture a number of Mason's friends united in a letter, begging him to take no further notice of M'Carty. Although Mason was burning under a sense of the wrongs he had received, he yielded to their entreaties, and the affair was, to all appearances, at an end.

Some months afterward, however, while riding to Richmond in the stage, with a gentleman of high military and political standing [General Jackson], he was told that he ought to challenge M'Carty again. This he decided to do as soon as he reached Richmond. It was in vain that his friends now endeavored to dissuade him. He would not listen to their appeals. In the language of the card subsequently published by them, "he had resolved on challenging Mr. M'Carty, in opposition to all the advice which they gave, and all the efforts which they made to dissuade him." To free himself from the embarrassments and restraints imposed by the laws of Virginia in regard to dueling, or influenced, perhaps, by a determination not to violate her statutes while holding her commission, he resigned his commission as General of Militia, made his will, and addressed M'Carty an invitation to the field. In this note, which, better than any description, portrays the spirit in which the controversy was conducted, he says: "I have resigned my commission for the special and sole purpose of fighting you; and I am now free to accept or send a challenge and to fight a duel. The public mind has become tranquil, and all suspicion of the further prosecution of our quarrel having subsided, we can now terminate it without being arrested by the civil authority, and without exciting alarm among our friends. . . . I am extremely anxious to terminate at once and forever this quarrel. My friends—and—are fully authorized to act for me in every particular. Upon receiving from you a pledge to fight, they are authorized and instructed at once to give the challenge for me, and to make immediately every necessary arrangement for the duel, on any terms you may prescribe."

This note, which fully betrays Mason's inflexibility of purpose, and which, it is stated, was never read by M'Carty, was written before any interview had taken place between General Mason and his seconds, and was inclosed to them in a letter containing positive instructions for their government. He writes them: "You will present the inclosed communication to Mr. John M'Carty, and tell him at once that you are authorized by me to challenge him, in the event of his pledging himself to fight. If he will give the pledge, then I desire that you will

instantly challenge him in my name to fight a duel with me. . . . Agree to any terms that he may propose, and to any distance—to three feet, his pretended favorite distance—or to three inches, should his impetuous and rash courage prefer it. To any species of fire-arms—pistols, muskets, or rifles—agree at once."

Acting under these instructions, Mason's seconds called on M'Carty, as the bearers of his challenge. M'Carty again refused to receive any communication from Mason, for the same reason as before. A violent personal altercation then took place between M'Carty and one of Mason's seconds, the latter insisting strongly that the challenge should be received and accepted, and the former obstinately declining to receive it. The quarrel became so violent that the parties were near fighting. At last, Mason's seconds having threatened to post M'Carty as a coward unless he accepted the challenge, M'Carty agreed to fight. It would appear from this, that though Mason's friends in general, and even one of his seconds, strove to prevent the duel, it was forced upon M'Carty by the other.

If the spirit which animated Mason in this unfortunate controversy was headlong and uncompromising, that which impelled M'Carty was apparently none the less so. It is said he would consent to no meeting that afforded any possibility for the escape of either. Reckless of his own life, he determined that if he fell his antagonist should fall with him. He therefore would only consent to meet Mason on such terms as must, in all probability, result in the destruction of both.

With this object in view in accepting the challenge, his first proposal is said to have been that he and Mason should leap together from the dome of the capitol. This was declined as wholly unsanctioned by the Code. He next proposed "to fight on a barrel of powder," "which was objected to," say the seconds, "as not according with established usages, as being without example, and as calculated to establish a dangerous precedent." He next proposed to fight with dirks, in a hand-to-hand encounter. This was also declined for a like reason. His final proposition was to fight *with muskets, charged with buck-shot, at ten feet distance*. These terms were hardly less calculated to insure a fatal result to both than those which had been previously objected to; but, desperate as they were, since they were clearly within Mason's letter of instructions, and perhaps were not considered "as calculated to establish a dangerous precedent," they were finally, with some modifications, accepted. The distance, it was agreed, should be twelve feet, instead of ten, and a single ball was substituted for buck-shot.

In extenuation of the unusual terms of combat proposed by M'Carty, it is said that he was exceedingly averse to fighting his cousin, and desired to escape the acceptance of the challenge, if he could possibly do so without in-

curing the imputation of cowardice; and that he could see no other way of escape than by naming such terms as Mason's friends were not likely to agree to. Mason appears to have been aware of his desire to avoid a conflict; for in his correspondence he seems to have apprehended some difficulty in extracting from him a pledge to fight. This pledge, it seems, was given; but even the desperate terms finally proposed did not have the designed effect of causing them to be rejected.

On Friday evening, the 5th of February, the parties drove out to Bladensburg, accompanied by their friends, that they might be convenient to the ground on the following morning. The intervening time was spent in completing their preparations. One man remembers that his father, a blacksmith, was called up at midnight to repair one of the muskets. He suspected the purpose for which the weapon was to be used, and sturdily refused to mend it. His scruples, however, were finally quieted, and he was induced to exercise his craft upon it by being told that it was to be used in a shooting-match that was to take place the following day. And so it was; but the worthy blacksmith little knew the stake that was to be shot for.

On Saturday morning, the 6th of February, 1819, at eight o'clock, the parties met. The contemplated meeting, it is said, was generally known at Bladensburg, and many of the citizens accompanied or followed them to the ground to witness the encounter. It was snowing violently at the time.

The ground selected for the combat was not the usual path near the road, but another and similar path just around the point of the hill on the right, about two hundred yards from the bridge. Mason had on, at the time, a large overcoat with long skirts; M'Carty, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, presented himself stripped to his shirt, and with his sleeves rolled up, that he might have the free use of his arms. All the preliminaries having been arranged, the parties were placed—M'Carty facing up the brook, and Mason down—and then, at the word, with the muzzles of their muskets almost in contact, both fired. Mason fell dead, his life literally blown out of him. M'Carty was severely wounded, his antagonist's ball entering his left wrist, and tearing its way through the muscles of his arm toward his shoulder. That both were not killed seems little less than a miracle.

Mason's musket is said to have caught in the skirt of his long overcoat, as he was in the act of raising it to his shoulder; and to this accident, as it unsettled his aim, it is thought M'Carty was indebted for his life.

Mason never spoke from the time he took his place upon the ground. He lay nearly as he fell. On his person were found letters to his relatives and friends in regard to the disposition of his body in case of his death. Three distinct wounds were discovered in his left side,

besides one in his left elbow. This circumstance at first gave rise to a suspicion of foul play on the part of M'Carty; but by a post-mortem examination it was ascertained that the ball had struck the elbow-bone, and had been split into three parts, each of which had entered the body. These parts were weighed, and were found to correspond nearly with the weight of the ball that had been agreed upon.

The seconds of General Mason conclude their account, published at the time, by saying "that the affair, although fatally, was honorably terminated," and that the deportment of the friends of Mr. M'Carty, "throughout the whole business, was perfectly correct."

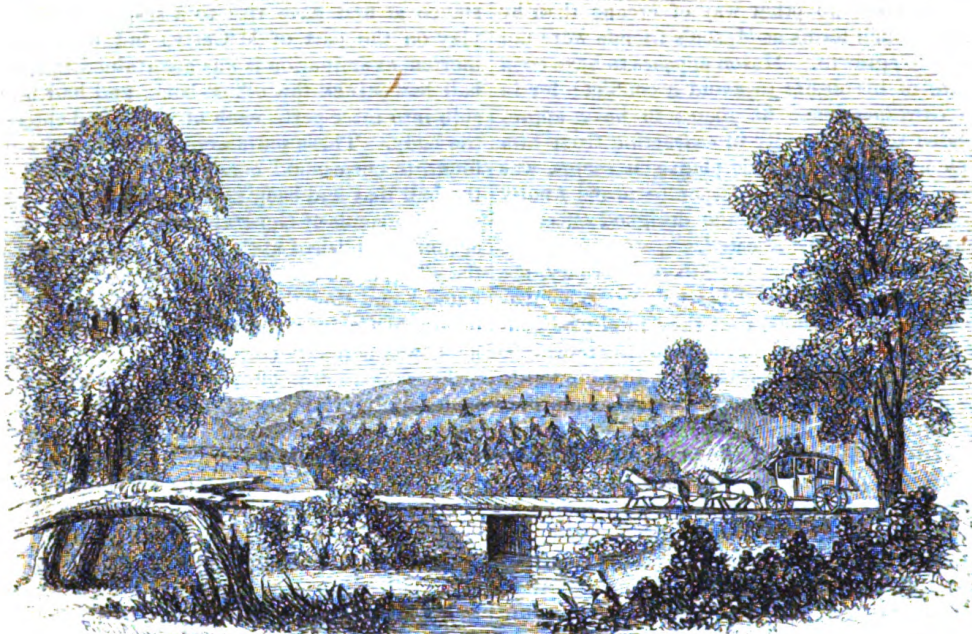
For several days afterward the spot exhibited melancholy evidences of this terrible conflict. The ground was dark with gore, and the bushes, for some distance around, were bespattered with blood, and hung with shreds of clothing and fragments of flesh, blown from the body of the slain by the force of the explosion.

M'Carty recovered from the wound in his arm, but never from the more fatal wound inflicted upon his mind by this unnatural encounter. He had escaped death, but he could not escape the recollection of that fearful field. If his after-life can be taken as furnishing any indication of his feelings, bitterly did he repent that he had been induced to swerve from his original determination not to engage in this contest. We have been told, by those who knew him, that from that hour he was changed, and that the laws against dueling are provided with no penalties so terrible as those he suffered to the end of his existence.

BARRON AND DECATUR.

The next fatal affair upon this ground was that which took place on the 22d of March, 1820, between James Barron and Stephen Decatur, both post-captains in the American Navy. It was the most melancholy of all, only because the parties were the more widely known. If there had been no other combat to signalize the spot, this alone would have made it forever memorable. Decatur was in the vigor of his manhood, and in the zenith of his fame. The brilliant heroism he had displayed on several trying occasions had fully tested the mettle of the man, and made him the glory of the navy and the pride of the nation. When, therefore, the intelligence gradually spread that Decatur had fallen, a gloom overshadowed the land, and a nation was bowed in sorrow over his grave.

The causes which led to this fatal encounter had been accumulating for a series of years. In 1807, Commodore Barron, then in command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, left the port of Norfolk with his vessel so unprepared for defense that, on meeting the British ship *Leopard*, he was compelled to lie to, submit his vessel to search, and allow several of his seamen, claimed as British deserters, to be taken from his decks, without firing a gun. This affair aroused great indignation throughout the country, and was



VIEW OF THE DUELING GROUND NEAR BLADENSBURG.

one of the causes of the last war with Great Britain. A Court of Inquiry, which was convened to investigate the conduct of Barron on this occasion, deemed that the facts were sufficiently grave to entitle them to the consideration of a court-martial. A court-martial was subsequently held, and the result was, that Commodore Barron was suspended from the service. Commodore Decatur was a member of both the Court of Inquiry and the Court-martial.

This was one cause of Barron's enmity; for he considered that Decatur, having formed and expressed an opinion from hearing the evidence before the Court of Inquiry, could not sit on the Court-martial with a mind unbiassed, and therefore he ought not in honor to have sat as one of his judges at all.

Another cause was this: Commodore Barron, shortly after his suspension, went abroad and resided in Europe for several years. During his absence the war of 1812 broke out, in which the officers of the American Navy had frequent opportunities for meeting the vessels of Great Britain on the element which they had hitherto claimed as peculiarly their own, and the result was that they had fought their vessels into the respect of the world, and covered themselves with glory. After the war was over and peace declared, Commodore Barron applied for restoration to his rank. This, Commodore Decatur opposed. He insisted that he "ought not to be received again into the naval service; that there was not employment enough for all the officers who had faithfully discharged their duty to their country in the hour of trial; and that it would be doing an act of injustice to employ him to the exclusion of any one of them." In endeavoring to prevent his readmission, he

conceived he "was performing a duty he owed to the service, and that he was contributing to the preservation of its respectability."

Such were the relations of the parties up to June, 1819. At that time Commodore Decatur was residing in Washington City, and Commodore Barron at Hampton, near Norfolk, in Virginia—he having returned to this country in the latter part of 1818. Decatur still continued to oppose the readmission of Barron to the Navy, and in doing so, no doubt, expressed his opinions freely and unreservedly. "Some individual, ingenious in fomenting quarrels for others," says Mackenzie, "contrived to make these opinions the occasion of a personal difficulty" between them. At any rate, the remarks of Decatur were so reported to Barron as to draw from him the following letter, which was the first of a series of long communications between them, marked with great asperity on both sides, and finally resulting in the memorable meeting of the 22d of March following:

"HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, June 12, 1819.

"SIR,—I have been informed in Norfolk that you have said that you could insult me with impunity, or words to that effect. If you have said so, you will, no doubt, avow it, and I shall expect to hear from you."

To this Decatur replied, "Whatever I may have thought or said in the very frequent and free conversations I have had respecting you and your conduct [underscored in the original], I feel a thorough conviction that I never could have been guilty of so much egotism as to say that 'I could insult you' (or any other man) 'with impunity.'"

Barron apparently accepted this as a general disavowal, for in replying he says, "Your declaration, if I understand it correctly, relieves

my mind from the apprehension that you had so degraded my character as I had been induced to allege." But Decatur was not disposed to have his reply construed as a general disavowal. He therefore writes, "I request you to understand distinctly that I meant no more than to disclaim the *specific* and *particular* expression to which your inquiry was directed." "As to the motives of several gentlemen, they are a matter of perfect indifference to me, as are also your motives in making such an inquiry."

This note was dated June 29. Four months now elapsed, and the affair appeared to be at an end. But during this period Decatur had sent the correspondence to Norfolk, where it had been read by Barron's friends and commented upon. This caused a renewal of the communications between the parties. Barron, under date of October 23, speaks of the "rancor" exhibited by Decatur toward him; of the "cruel and unmerited sentence" passed upon him by the court of which he had been a member; and of the hopes he had entertained, after an exile of nearly seven years, that Decatur would have now suffered him to enjoy the solace that his lacerated feelings required. He complains that Decatur was endeavoring to ruin his reputation; was ungenerously traducing his character; and that he sought to use their previous correspondence to his injury, by sending it to Norfolk to be shown to some of his particular friends, with a view of alienating from him their attachment. He adds, "I am also informed that you have tauntingly and boastfully observed that you would cheerfully meet me in the field, and hoped I would yet act like a man." He characterizes such conduct toward one situated as he is, and oppressed as he has been, chiefly through Decatur's means, as unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. He considers Decatur as having given the challenge, which he accepts. "I flatter myself," says he, "from your known personal courage, that you would disdain any unfair advantage which your superiority in the use of the pistol, and the natural defect in my vision, increased by age, would give you."

Decatur replies in a letter of great length. He had not sent the correspondence to Norfolk, he says, until three months after its conclusion. If it had alienated his friends from him, such effect was to be attributed to the correspondence itself. The papers spoke for themselves; he had sent them without written comment.

In vindication of his course in sitting as a member of the court-martial he says, "I was present at the Court of Inquiry upon you, and heard the evidence then adduced for and against you; thence I drew an opinion altogether unfavorable to you; and when I was called upon by the Secretary of the Navy to act as a member of the court-martial ordered for your trial, I begged to be excused the duty on the ground of my having formed such an opinion. The honorable Secretary was pleased to insist on my serving. Still anxious to be relieved from

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this service, I did, prior to taking my seat as a member of the Court, communicate to your able advocate, General Taylor, the opinion I had formed and my correspondence with the Navy Department upon the subject, in order to afford you an opportunity, should you deem it expedient, to protest against my being a member, on the ground of my not only having formed, but expressed an opinion unfavorable to you. You did not protest against my being a member. Duty constrained me, however unpleasant it was, to take my seat as a member. I did so, and discharged the duty imposed on me. You, I find, are incapable of estimating the motives which guided my conduct in this transaction."

He declares that there has never been any personal difference between them; but that he has entertained, and still does entertain the opinion, that his conduct as an officer, since the affair of the *Chesapeake*, has been such as ought forever to bar his readmission into the service. He then gives the facts on which he grounds this opinion: that Barron had stated to the British Consul at Pernambuco, that if the *Chesapeake* had been prepared for action he would not have resisted the attack of the *Leopard*, as he knew there were deserters on board his ship; that the President of the United States knew there were deserters on board, and of the intention of the British to take them; and that the President caused him to go out in a defenseless state, for the express purpose of having his ship attacked and disgraced, and thus attaining his favorite object of involving the United States in a war with Great Britain. Decatur's informant added, "I am now convinced that Barron is a traitor; for I can call by no other name a man who would talk in this way to an Englishman."

Decatur then pointedly suggests that, as the affair of the *Chesapeake* excited the indignant feelings of the nation and was one of the causes that produced the war, it behooved Barron to take an active part in that war, for his own sake, patriotism out of the question. But that, instead of being in the foremost ranks on an occasion which so emphatically demanded his best exertions, he remained abroad, without manifesting any disposition to return home, although various opportunities were daily occurring, and though urged by his friends to do so.

With regard to Barron's considering himself as challenged, Decatur says, "I never invited you to the field, nor have I expressed a hope that you would call me out." "I stated..... that if you made the call I would meet you; but that, on all scores, I should be much better pleased to have nothing to do with you. I do not think that fighting duels, under any circumstances, can raise the reputation of any man, and have long since discovered that it is not even an unerring criterion of personal courage. I should regret the necessity of fighting with any man; but in my opinion, the man who makes

arms his profession is not at liberty to decline.

an invitation from any person who is not so far degraded as to be beneath his notice. Having incautiously said I would meet you, I will not consider this to be your case, although many think so; and if I had not pledged myself, I might reconsider the case."....."As to my skill in the use of the pistol, it exists more in your imagination than in reality. For the last twenty years I have had but little practice, and the disparity of our ages, to which you have been pleased to refer, is, I believe, not more than five or six years."

"From your manner of proceeding it appears to me that you have come to the determination to fight some one, and that you have selected me for that purpose; and I must take leave to observe, that your object would have been better attained had you made this decision during our late war, when your fighting might have benefited your country as well as yourself."

To this long letter Barron replies that a much more laconic answer would have suited his purpose, which was, to obtain at his hands honorable redress for the accumulated insults which he in particular, of all his enemies, had attempted to heap upon him, in every shape in which they could be offered. With regard to the underscored remarks in the June correspondence, his silence, he says, arose not from a misapprehension of them, nor from a disposition tamely to submit to them, but from a painful and tedious indisposition. He had not said that the forwarding of the June correspondence to Norfolk had alienated his friends from him, but that it had been sent there with *that* view. In speaking of the court-martial he meant to cast no reflection upon any of the members of it, saving himself. He merely intended to point out to him, what he was incapable of perceiving, the indelicacy of his conduct. How such conduct could be reconciled with the principles of common honor and justice was to him inexplicable. "No consideration, no power or authority on earth, could or ought to have forced any liberal, high-minded man to sit in a case which he had prejudged." He pronounces the report that he had said, "If the *Chesapeake* had been prepared for action he would not have resisted the attack of the *Leopard*," a falsehood—a malicious, ridiculous, absurd, and improbable falsehood—which no man would credit who did not wish to make the public believe him an idiot.

With regard to his absence from the country during the war, he says that Decatur, in searching the Navy Department for charges against him, might have found there his letter applying for service, as soon as an opportunity offered, after his suspension expired. "And one letter, above all, *you* should not have passed over unnoticed; that which you received from my hand, of May, 1803, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, which was one of the principal causes of your obtaining the first command that you were ever honored with." There were no such opportunities for returning home as he is charged with neglecting; no, not one within

his reach; and some considerable time after the news of the war reached Denmark it was not believed it would continue six months. But if he had received the slightest intimation from the Department that he should have been employed on his return, he should have considered no sacrifice too great to obtain so desirable an object. "A gun-boat under my own orders would not have been refused." But his letter of application for service had not even been honored with an answer, and what hope had he for employment? He speaks of the half pay allowed him since his return, and even of that, not one cent was received by him. "The Government was so good as to pay the amount to my unfortunate female family, whose kindest entertainment you have frequently enjoyed."

In speaking of Decatur's efforts to bar his readmission into the service, he says he has a *motive*, not to be concealed from the world. Respecting the challenge he says, "It is true you have never given me a direct, formal, and written invitation to meet you in the field, such as one gentleman of honor *ought* to send to another. But if your own admissions, that you would meet me if I wished it, do not amount to a challenge, then I can not comprehend the object or import of such declarations." "I consider you as having thrown down the gauntlet, and I have no hesitation in accepting it. This, however, is a point which it will not be for me or you to decide; nor do I view it as of any other importance than as respects the privilege allowed to the challenged party in relation to the choice of weapons, distance, etc.; about which I feel not more fastidious.....than you do. Nor do I claim any advantage whatever which I have no right to insist upon. Could I stoop so low as to solicit any, I know you too well to believe you would have any inclination to concede them. All I demand is, to be placed on equal grounds with you."

"On the subject of dueling I perfectly coincide with the opinions you have expressed. I consider it as a barbarous practice, which ought to be exploded from civilized society. But, Sir, there may be cases of such extraordinary and aggravated insult and injury received by an individual, as to render an appeal to arms on his part absolutely necessary. Mine I conceive to be a case of that description, and I feel myself constrained by every tie that binds me to society, by all that can make life desirable to me, to resort to this mode of obtaining that redress due to me at your hands as the only alternative which now seems to present itself for the preservation of my honor."

Decatur responds that he has not challenged nor does he intend to challenge him. "I do not consider it essential to my reputation that I should notice any thing which may come from you, the more particularly when you declare your sole object in wishing to draw the challenge from me is, that you may avail yourself of the advantages which rest with the challenged. It is evident that you think, or your

friends for you, that a fight will help you; but, in fighting, you wish to incur the least possible risk. Now, Sir, not believing that a fight of this nature will raise me at all in public estimation, but may even have a contrary effect, I do not feel at all disposed to remove the difficulties that lie in our way. If we fight, it must be of your seeking, and you must take all the risk and all the inconvenience which usually attend the challenger in such cases."

"You deny having made the communication to the British Consul at Pernambuco." "The man capable of making such a communication would not hesitate in denying it; and until you can bring forward some testimony other than your own you ought not to expect that the testimony of those gentlemen will be discredited."

With regard to Barron's expressed desire to return and engage in the war he writes, "You can not believe that reporting yourself to the Department at the distance of four thousand miles, when the same conveyance which brought your letter would have brought yourself, will be received as evincing sufficient zeal to join the arms of your country." "You deny that the opportunities of returning were frequent. The custom-house entries at Baltimore and New York alone, from the single port of Bordeaux, will show nearly a hundred arrivals; and it is well known that it required only a few days to perform the journey from Copenhagen to Bordeaux." "Your charge of my wishing to obtain your rank will apply to all who are your juniors with as much force as to myself. You have never interfered with me in the service, and, at the risk of being esteemed by you a little vain, I must say I do not think you ever will. Were I disposed to kill out of my way, as you have been pleased to insinuate, those who interfere with my advancement, there are others, my superiors, whom I consider fairly barring my pretensions; and it would serve such purpose better to begin with them. You say you were the means of obtaining me the first command I ever had in the service. I deny it. I feel that I owe my standing in the service to my own exertions only." "You have been pleased to allude to my having received the hospitality of your family. The only time I recollect being at your house was on my arrival from the Mediterranean in the *Congress*, fourteen years past. You came on board and dined with me, and invited the Tunisian Ambassador and myself to spend the evening with you at Hampton. I accepted your invitation. Your having now reminded me of it tends very much toward removing the weight of obligation I might otherwise have felt on this score."

Decatur concludes by saying, "I have now to inform you that I shall pay no further attention to any communication you may make to me, other than a direct call to the field."

To this Barron replies, January 16, 1820, "Whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper,

you are at liberty to view this as a call. The whole tenor of your conduct to me justifies this course of proceeding on my part."

On the 24th Decatur accepts the call, and refers Barron to his friend Commodore Bainbridge as authorized to make all necessary arrangements. Barron replies, February 6, that Decatur's communication found him confined to his bed with a bilious fever, and it was eight days after its arrival before he had been able to read it, and that as soon as he was in a situation to write, Decatur should hear from him to the point.

Barron probably wrote a final note, but it is not published. This then closed the correspondence.

And what a picture does it present! Here were two men of the highest grade in our navy, each of unquestioned courage, each expressing himself strongly against the practice of dueling, and each occupying a position so elevated that it might have enabled them safely to disregard the influences that control the actions of other men; and yet, on an occasion so fitted for presenting to the world a commanding and beneficent example, both stifling the convictions of their better judgment, and yielding to the requirements of a vitiated public sentiment. But the challenge having been given and accepted, nothing now remained but to arrange the terms and time of meeting. The contest was likely to prove an unequal one. Decatur was esteemed to have no superior in the use of the pistol. His skill and precision were the theme of common remark. Besides this, he had been a duelist almost from his boyhood, and was well versed in all the practices and technicalities of the code. It is related of him that, when a young lieutenant, having been treated with great discourtesy at Philadelphia by an officer of an India ship, he challenged him, by the advice of his father. Before going to the field, Decatur declared his intention not to inflict a mortal injury on his antagonist, but to wound him in the hip. He did so, escaping himself unhurt. He had been engaged in other difficulties, and always with success.

On the other hand, Barron labored under one great disadvantage. He was near-sighted. In a conflict where so much depends on a quick and accurate aim, he was thoroughly conscious how much the chances were against him in consequence of this deficiency, to say nothing of his own want of experience and Decatur's acknowledged superiority as a marksman. This circumstance will account for the persistent endeavors exhibited by Barron in his correspondence to draw the challenge from Decatur, that he might secure "the privilege allowed to the challenged party in relation to the choice of weapons, distance," etc. If he could succeed in doing this, he hoped to be able to name such terms as would, in some degree, remedy his own deficiencies, and place him as nearly as possible on an equal footing with his more skillful antagonist. But this could not be done. He

plainly saw that if he expected to meet Decatur at all, he himself must give the challenge and take the risks. In wording his invitation, therefore, he expressly stipulates for such terms, in effect, as he would have had the right to name had the invitation come from Decatur; terms by which no advantage would result to Decatur from his nearness of vision and want of experience. For, he says, "Whenever you will consent to meet me on fair and equal grounds, that is, such as two honorable men may consider just and proper, you are at liberty to view this as a call."

The great difficulty, therefore, was to make such arrangements for the meeting as under the circumstances would be considered "fair and equal." From the fact that nearly seven weeks intervened between the date of the last note and the day named for the duel, it is inferred that there was much negotiation between the seconds before every thing was shaped to the satisfaction of each. The arrangements, however, were at length concluded. The time fixed was the 22d of March; the place, the ground near Bladensburg; the weapons, pistols, and the distance eight paces. It was also provided that each party, after being placed, should raise his pistol, and take a deliberate aim at the other before the word to fire was given. This, it was considered, was due to Barron on account of his defective vision, and was deemed to be placing them as nearly on an equality as possible.

Of the spirit and intentions with which they went into the contest little is known. It is said of Decatur, that, when he received the challenge, he turned to Commodore Rodgers, after reading it, and remarked that nothing could induce him to take the life of Barron. He subsequently stated to Mr. Wirt, who was in his confidence, that he did not wish to meet Barron, and that "the duel was forced upon him." On the morning of the duel, "while at breakfast," remarks Mr. Hambleton, "he was quite cheerful, and did not appear to have any desire to take the life of his antagonist; indeed, he declared that he should be very sorry to do so."

The parties met on the 22d of March, 1820, in the same field upon which Mason had fallen thirteen months before. The ground selected, however, was different. It was an open space in the thicket, much nearer the road, between the brook and the point of the hill on the left. Commodore Decatur was attended by Captain William Bainbridge as his second, and Commodore Barron by Captain Jesse O. Elliott. Several other gentlemen were also present, among whom were Captains Rodgers and Porter, Dr. Washington, and Mr. Hambleton.

After the principals had been placed in their respective positions, each with pistol in hand, and ready for the contest which was to result so disastrously to Decatur, and to spread such sorrow over the land, Barron addressed Decatur, and observed; "Sir, I hope, on meeting in another world, we shall be better friends than in this." Decatur responded; "I have never been

your enemy, Sir." Nothing more was said, but each now waited the word.

While standing thus, only eight paces distant, each covered by the pistol of the other, the word was pronounced. Both fired, and fired so nearly at the same instant, that there seemed to be but one report.

Both fell. Decatur was apparently shot dead, and Barron, to all appearances, mortally wounded. But Decatur revived after a while, and was supported a short distance, when he sank down again near his antagonist.

Then it was, as they lay on the ground weltering in blood, with their heads not ten feet apart, that a conversation took place between them, of which it is to be regretted that only fragments have been preserved. The interview was inexpressibly affecting, reminding one, says an eye-witness, "of the closing scene of a tragedy—Hamlet and Laertes. Barron proposed that they should make friends before they met in heaven, for he supposed they would both die immediately. Decatur said he had never been his enemy; that he freely forgave him his death, though he could not forgive those who had stimulated him to seek his life. One report says that Barron exclaimed, 'Would to God you had said thus much yesterday!' Their last interview was a friendly one, and they parted in peace. Decatur knew he was to die, and his only sorrow was that he had not died in the service of his country.

As Decatur was being placed in the carriage, Barron said to him, "Every thing has been conducted in the most honorable manner, and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

Decatur was conveyed to Washington, where he expired just before eleven o'clock on the same night, at his residence, near Lafayette Square. His house is still standing. It is the same that was occupied by Mr. Livingston while Secretary of State in the administration of President Jackson, and subsequently by Mr. Van Buren, while Vice-President of the United States.

Barron was also borne to Washington, where he was confined by his wound until the 10th of April, when, being able to travel, he left for his home at Hampton, in Virginia.

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced by the death of Decatur. Some idea may be formed of the general sentiment of the community at the time, from the following obituary, which appeared in the *National Intelligencer* the morning after his decease:

"*Postscript.*—Eleven o'clock, Wednesday night, March 22.

"A HERO HAS FALLEN! Commodore STEPHEN DECATUR, one of the first officers of our navy—the pride of his country—the gallant and noble-hearted gentleman—IS NO MORE.

"He expired a few moments ago, of the mortal wound received in the duel yesterday.

"Of the origin of the feud which led to this disastrous result, we know but what rumor tells. The event, we are sure, will fill the country with grief.

"Mourn, Columbia! for one of thy brightest stars is set—a son 'without fear and without reproach'—in the

freshness of his fame—in the prime of his usefulness—has descended to the tomb."

He was buried the following Friday, at 4 P.M. "Since the foundations of the city were laid," says the *Intelligencer* of the day following, "perhaps no such assemblage of citizens and strangers, on such an occasion, has been seen. His remains were attended to the vault at Kalorama, in which they were deposited, by a great part of the male population of the city and adjacent country, by nearly all the officers of Government, Members of Congress, and Representatives of foreign governments resident here. Due military honors were rendered on the occasion, and minute-guns were fired from the Navy Yard during the procession and funeral services. Every incident evinced the deep sensation which prevailed, and the volleys of musketry which announced the consignment of the hero's remains to the tomb, sounded as the knell of departed chivalry."

But the old dueling ground is dismantled now, and its distinguishing features have passed away. The vines have been dislodged, the sheltering trees have been rooted up, the field itself subjected to the plow, and nothing now remains to indicate its former uses but the sad traditions and melancholy memories that will forever cluster around it.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

[Written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Never too late to Mend," "Christie Johnstone," etc.

CAP 9.

THIS feat kept my two drunkards in better order, and revived my own dormant ambition. I used now to visit her by myself, steel in hand, to feed her etc., and scrape acquaintance with her by every means—steel in hand. One day I was feeding her, when suddenly I thought a house had fallen on me. I felt myself crashing against the door, and there I was lying upon it in the passage with all the breath driven clean out of my body. Pippin came and lifted me up and carried me into the air. I thought I should have died before breath could get into my lungs again. She had done this with a push from the thick end of her proboscis. After a while I came to. I had no sooner recovered my breath than I ran into the stable, and came back with a pitchfork. Pippin saw my intention and implored me for Heaven's sake not to. I would not listen to him: he flung his arms round me. I threatened to turn the steel on him if he did not let me go.

"Hark!" said he, and sure enough there she was snorting and getting up her rage. I know all about that said I. My death warrant is drawn up, and if I don't strike it will be signed: this is how she has felt her way with all of them

before she has killed them. "I have but one chance of life," said I, "and I won't throw it away without a struggle." I opened the door and with a mind full of misgivings I walked quickly up to her. I did not hesitate, or raise the question which of us two was to suffer, I knew that would not do. I sprang upon her like a tiger, and drove the pitchfork into her trunk. She gave a yell of dismay and turned a little from me: I drove the fork into her ear.

Then came out her real character.

She wheeled round, ran her head into a corner, stuck out her great buttocks and trembled all over like a leaf. I stabbed her with all my force for half an hour till the blood poured out of every square foot of her huge body, and, during the operation, she would have crept into a nut-shell if she could. I filled her as full of holes as a cloved orange.

The blood that trickled out of her saved mine: and, for the first time I walked out of her shambles—her master.

One year and six months after we had landed at New York to conquer another Hemisphere, we turned tail and sailed for England again. We had a prosperous voyage with the exception of one accident. George Hinde from incessant brandy had delirium tremens, and one night, in a fit of it, he had just sense enough to see that he was hardly to be trusted with the care of himself. "John," said he to me, "tie me to this mast hand and foot." I demurred: but he begged me for Heaven's sake, so I bound him hand and foot as per order. This done, some one called me down below, and whilst I was there it seems George got very uncomfortable and began to hallo and complain. Up comes the Captain, sees a man lashed to the mast—"What game is this?" says he. "It is that little blackguard John" says Hinde—"he caught me sleeping against the mast and took a mean advantage: do loose me Captain." The Captain made sure it was a sea jest and loosed him with his own hands. "Thank you, Captain, says George, you are a good fellow. God bless you all!" and with these words he ran aft and jumped into the sea. A Yankee sailor made a grab at him and just touched his coat, but it was too late to save him and we were going before the wind 10 knots an hour. Thus George Hinde fell by brandy; his kindred spirit old Tom seemed ready to follow without the help of water salt or fresh. This man's face was now an uniform color—white, with a scarce perceptible bluish yellowish tinge. He was a moving corpse.

Drink forever! it makes men thieves, murderers, asses, and paupers; but what about that so long as it sends them to an early grave with "Beast" for their friends to write over their tombstones, unless they have a mind to tell lies in a church-yard; and that is such a common trick.

We arrived at the mouth of the Thames.

Some boats boarded us with fresh provisions and delicacies; among the rest one I had not

tasted for many a day, it is called Soft Tommy at sea, and on land, bread! The merchant stood on tip-toe, and handed a loaf toward me, and I leaned over the bulwarks and stretched down to him with a shilling in my hand. But as ill luck would have it, the shilling slipped from my fingers and fell. If it had been some men's it would have fallen into the boat, others' into the sea slap; but it was mine, so it fell on the boat's very rim and then danced to its own music into the water: I looked after it in silence; a young lady, with whom I had made some little acquaintance during the voyage, happened to be at my elbow, and she laughed most merrily as the shilling went down. I remember being astonished that she laughed. The man still held out the bread: but I shook my head. "I must go without now," said I; the young lady was quite surprised, "Why it is worth a guinea," cried she. "Yes miss," said I sheepishly, "but we can't always have what we like you see. I ought to have held my shilling tighter."

"Your shilling," cries she. "Oh!" and she dashed her hand into her pocket and took out her purse, and I could see her beautiful white fingers tremble with eagerness as they dived among the coin. She soon bought the loaf, and, as she handed it me, I happened to look in her face and her cheek was red and her eyes quite brimming with tears—her quick woman's heart had told her the truth, that it was a well dressed and tolerably well behaved man's last shilling, and he returning after years of travel to his native land.

I am sure until the young lady felt for me, I thought nothing of it; I had been at my last shilling more than once. But when I saw she thought it hard, I began to think it was hard, and I remember the water came into my own eyes. Heaven bless her, and may she never want a shilling in her pocket, nor a kind heart near her to show her the world is not all made of stone. We had no money to pay our passage, and we found Mr. Yates somewhat embarrassed, we had cost him a thousand or two and no return. So whilst he wrote to Mons. Huguet, that came to pass in England which we had always just contrived to stave off abroad.

The Elephant was pawned!

And now I became of use to the Proprietors. I arranged with the mortgagees and they made spout a show place. I used to exhibit her and her tricks, and with the proceeds I fed her and Elliot and myself.

We had been three weeks in pledge when one fine morning as I was showing off seated on the elephant's back, I heard a French exclamation of surprise and joy. I looked down and there was M. Huguet. I came down to him, and he whose quick eye saw a way through me out of drunken Elliot gave a loose to his feelings and embraced me *a la Francaise*.

"Which made the common people very much to admire," as the song has it: also a polite howl of derision greeted our continental affection.

M. Huguet put his hand in his pocket and we got out of limbo, and were let loose upon suffering humanity once more.

They talk as if English gold did every thing—but it was French gold bought us off, I know that: for I saw it come out of his pocket.

As soon as we were redeemed, we took an engagement at Astley's and during this engagement Cadaverous Tom, finding we could master her, used to attend less and less to her, and more and more to brandy. A certain baker who brought her loaves every morning for breakfast, used to ask me to let him feed her himself. He admired her, and took this way of making her fond of him—one day I had left these two friends and their loaves together for a minute, when I heard a fearful cry. I knew the sound too well by this time and as I ran back I had the sense to hallo at her; this saved the man's life: at the sound of my voice she dropped him from a height of about 12 feet, and he rolled away like a ball of worsted. I dashed in, up with the pitchfork and into her like lightning, and while the blood was squirting out of her from a hundred little prong holes the poor baker limped away.

Any Gentleman or Lady who wishes to know how a man feels when seized by an elephant preparatory to being trod on can consult this person: he is a respectable tradesman; his name is Johns; he lives near Astley's Theatre or used to, and for obvious reasons can tell you this one anecdote out of many such better than I can; that is if he has not forgotten it, and *I dare say he hasn't*—ask him!

After Astley's, Drury Lane engaged us to play second to the Lions of Mysore: rather a down come; but we went. In this Theatre we behaved wonderfully. Notwithstanding the number of people continually buzzing about us, we kept our temper, and did not smash a single one of these human gnats so trying to our little female irritability and feeble nerves. The only thing we did wrong was, we broke through a granite mountain and fell down on to the plains, and hurt our knee, and broke one super—only one.

The Lions of Mysore went a starring to Liverpool and we accompanied them. Whilst we were there the Cholera broke out in England, and M. Huguet summoned us hastily to France. We brushed our hats, put on our gloves and walked at one stretch from Liverpool to Dover. There we embarked for Boulogne—D'jek, Cadaverous Tom, Wolf skin lamb Pippin, and myself. I was now in Huguet's service at 50 francs a week as coadjutor and successor of Cadaverous Tom, whose demise was hourly expected even by us who were hardened by use to his appearance, which was that of the Ghost of delirium tremens. We arrived off Boulogne pier: but there we were boarded by men in uniforms and mustaches, and questions put about the cholera, which disease the civic authorities of Boulogne were determined to keep on the other side of the channel. The Captain's answer proving satisfactory we were allowed to run into the port.

In landing any where, D'jek and her attendants had always to wait till the other passengers had got clear, and we did so on this occasion. At length our turn came: but we had no sooner crossed the gang way and touched French ground, than a movement took place on the quay, and a lot of bayonets bristled in our faces and *halte là* was the word. We begged an explanation; in answer, an officer glared with eyes like saucers and pointed with his finger at Elliot. The truth flashed on us. The Frenchmen were afraid of Cholera coming over from England, and here was a man who looked plague, cholera, or death himself in person. We remonstrated through an interpreter, but Tom's face was not to be refuted by words. Some were for sending us back home to so diseased a country as this article must have come out of; but milder measures prevailed. They set apart for our use a little corner of the Quay and there they roped us in and sentineled us. And so for four days, in the polished kingdom of France, we dwelt in a hut ruder far than any on the banks of the Ohio. Drink forever! At last as Tom Coffin got neither a worse nor a better color, they listened to reason, and let us loose upon the nation at large, and away we tramped for Paris. Times were changed with us in one respect, we no longer marched to certain Victory: our long ill-success in America had lessened our arrogance, and we crept along toward Paris. But luckily for us we had now a presiding head, and a good one. The soul of business is puffing; and no man puffed better than our chief, Huguet. Half-way between Boulogne and Paris we were met by a Cavalier carrying our instructions, how we were to enter Paris, and, arrived at S. Denis, instead of going straight on we skirted the Town and made our formal entry by the Bois de Boulogne and the Arch of Triumph. Huguet had come to terms with Franconi, and, to give D'jek's engagement more public importance, Franconi's whole troop were ordered out to meet us and escort us in. They paraded up and down the Champs Elysees first to excite attention and inquiry, and, when the public were fairly agog, our cavalcade formed outside the barrier, and came glittering and prancing through the arch. An Elephant has her ups and her downs, like the rest. D'jek, the despised of Kentucky and Virginia, burst on Paris, the centre of a shining throng. Franconi's bright Amazons and exquisite Cavaliers rode to and fro our line carrying sham messages with earnest faces: D'jek was bedecked with ribbons and seemed to tread more majestically and our own hearts beat higher, as, amidst grace and beauty and pomp, sun shining—hats waving—feathers bending—mob cheering—trumpets crowing—and flints striking fire, we strode proudly into the great City, the capital of pleasure.

CAP 10.

THESE were bright days to me. I was set over Old Tom—fancy that: and my salary doubled his: I had fifty francs a week, and cleared as

much more by showing her privately in her stable.

Money melts in London; it evaporates in Paris. Pippin was a great favorite both with men and women behind the Scenes at Franconi's: he introduced me to charming companions of both sexes; gayety reigned, and tin and morals "made themselves air, into which they vanished"—Shakspeare.

Toward the close of her engagement D'jek made one of her mistakes; she up with the rightful heir and broke his ribs against the side scenes.

We nearly had to stop her performances; we could not mend our rightful heir by next night, and substitutes did not pour in. "I wont go on with her," "I wont play with her," was a cry that even the humblest and neediest began to raise. I am happy to say that she was not under my superintendence when this rightful heir came to grief.

And now the Cholera came to Paris, and Theatricals of all sorts declined, for there was a real tragedy playing in every street. The deaths were very numerous and awfully sudden; people were struck down in the streets as if by lightning: gloom and terror hung over all. When this terrible disease is better known it will be found to be of the nature of strong poison and its cure, if any, will be strychnine, bella donna, or likelier still some quick and deadly mineral poison that kills the healthy with cramps and discoloration.

In its rapid form Cholera is not to be told from quick poison, and hence sprung up among the lower order in Paris a notion that wholesale poisoning was on foot.

Pippin and I were standing at the door of a wine shop waiting for our change; his wild appearance attracted first one then another: little knots of people collected and eyed us: then they began to talk and murmur and cast suspicious glances. "Come away" said Pippin rather hastily. We walked off—they walked after us increasing like a snow ball, and they murmured louder and louder. I asked Pippin what the fools were gabbling about; he told me, they suspected us of being the poisoners; at this I turned round and being five feet four, and English, was for instantly punching some of their heads; but the athletic pacific Italian would not hear of it, much less co-operate: and now they surrounded us just at the corner of one of the bridges, lashing themselves into a fury, and looking first at us and then at the river below. Pippin was as white as death, and I thought it was all up myself, when by good luck a troop of mounted Gens d'armes issued from the Palace. Pippin hailed them, they came up and after hearing both sides took us under their protection and off we marched between two files of cavalry, followed by the curses of a superficial populace. Extremes dont do. Pippin was the color of ink. Elliot of paper: both their mugs fell under suspicion and nearly brought us to grief.

Franconi closed, and D'jek Huguet and Co. started on a provincial tour. They associated

themselves on this occasion with Michelet, who had some small wild animals, such as lions and tigers and leopards.

Our first move was to Versailles. Here we built a show place and exhibited D'jek, not as an Actress but as a private Elephant in which capacity she did the usual Elephant business, besides a trick or two that most of them have not brains enough for; whereof anon.

For Michelet was the predecessor of Van Amburgh and Carter, and did every thing they do a dozen years before they were ever heard of; used to go into the Lions' den, pull them about, and put his head down their throats, and their paws round his neck etc. etc.

I observed this man and learned something from him: Besides that general quickness and decision which is necessary with wild animals, I noticed that he was always on the look out for mischief and always punished it before it came. Another point, he always attacked the offending part and so met the evil in front; for instance, if one of his darlings curled a lip and showed a tooth, he hit him over the mouth that moment and nowhere else: if one elongated a claw he hit him over the foot like lightning. He read the whole crew, as I had learned to read D'jek, and conquered their malice by means of that marvelous cowardice which they all show if they can see no signs of it in you.

There are no two ways with wild beasts. If there is a single white spot in your heart—leave them: for your life will be in danger every moment. If you can despise them, and keep the rod always in sight, they are your humble servants, nobody more so.

Our Exhibition, successful at first, began to flag; so then the fertile brain of M. Huguet had to work. He proposed to his partner to provide a tiger, and he would furnish a Bull, and "we will have a joint stock fight like the King of Oude." Michelet had his misgivings, but Huguet overruled him. That ingenious gentleman then printed bills advertising for a certain day "a fight between a real Bengal tiger, and a ferocious Bull that had just gored a man to death." This done, he sent me round the villages to find and hire a bull—"mind you get a mild one, or I shall have to pay for a hole in the tiger's leather." I found one which the owner consented to risk for so much money down, and the damage he should sustain from Tiger to be valued independently by two farmers after the battle.

The morning of the fight Pippin and I went for our Bull, and took him out of the yard toward Versailles; but when we had gone about two hundred yards, he became uneasy, looked round, sniffed about, and finally turned round spite of all our efforts, and paced home again. We remonstrated with the Proprietor—"Oh," said he, "I forgot—he won't start without the wench!" So the wench in question was sent for—(his companion upon amatory excursions). She went with us and launched us toward Versailles. This done, she returned home, and we marched on; but before we had gone a furlong,

Taurus showed symptoms of uneasiness; these increased, and at last he turned round and walked tranquilly home. We hung upon him, thrashed him and bullied him all to no purpose. His countenance was placid, but his soul resolved, and—he walked home slowly, but inevitably. So then there was nothing for it but to let him have the wench all the way to the Tiger, and she would not go to Versailles till she had put on some terrific finery—short waist, coal scuttle bonnet etc., more time lost with that—and, when we did arrive in the Arena, the spectators were tired of waiting. The Bull stood in the middle confused and stupid. The Tiger was in his cage in a corner: we gave him time to observe his prey and then—we opened the door of his cage.

A shiver ran through the audience; they were all seated in boxes looking down on the Area.

A moment more and the furious animal would spring upon his victim and his fangs and claws sink deep into its neck etc. etc.—vide Books of Travels.

One moment succeeded to another and nothing occurred. The ferocious animal lay quiet in his cage, and showed no sign. So then we poked the ferocious animal—he snarled, but would not venture out. When this had lasted a long time the spectators began to doubt his ferocity, and to hiss him. So I got a red hot iron and nagged him behind. He gave a yell of dismay and went into the arena like a shot. The poor wretch, naturally timorous, was in a paroxysm of fear. He took no notice of the bull, all he thought of was escape from the horrors that surrounded him, winged by terror he gave a tremendous spring and landed his fore paws in the Boxes. There he stuck and looked at the Spectators glaring. They rushed out yelling. He dug his hind claws into the wood work and by slow and painful degrees clambered into the boxes. When he got in the young and active were gone home, and he ran down the stairs among the old people that could not get clear so quick as the rest. He was so frightened at the people that he skulked and hid himself in a corn-field and the people were so frightened at him that they ran home and locked their street doors. So one coward made many.

They thought the poor wretch had attacked them, and the journal the next day maintained this view of the transaction, and the town to this day believes it. We netted our striped coward with four shutters and kicked him into his cage.

The Bull went home with "the wench," and to this day his thick skull has never comprehended what the deuce he went to Versailles for.

Thus did we compete with the King of Oude.

We marched southward through Orleans Tours etc. to Bordeaux, and were pretty well received in all these places, except at one small place whose name I forget. Here they hissed her out of the Town at sight. It turned out she had been there before and pulverized a brush-maker, a popular man among them.

Soon after Bordeaux we quarreled with the

lions; they, in their infernal conceit thought themselves more attractive than D'jek, it is vice versa and by a long chalk—said D'jek and Co. The parties growled a bit, then parted to meet no more in this world.

From Bordeaux we returned by another route to Paris, for we were only starring it in the interval of our engagement as an Actress with Franconi. We started one morning from * * * with light hearts, our faces being turned toward the gay City. Elliot Pippin and I. Elliot and I walked by the side of the Elephant, Pippin some forty yards in the rear. He never trusted himself nearer to her on a march.

We were plodding along in this order, when, all in a moment, without reason or warning of any sort, she spun round between us on one heel, like a thing turning on a pivot, and strode back like lightning at Pippin. He screamed and ran, but before he could take a dozen steps, she was upon him, and struck him down with her trunk, and trampled upon him. She then wheeled round and trudged back as if she had merely stopped to brush off a fly, or pick up a stone. After the first moment of stupefaction both Elliot and I had run after her with all the speed we had—but so rapid was her movement and so instantaneous the work of death, that we only met her on her return from her victim. I will not shock the reader by describing the state in which we found our poor comrade; but he was crushed to death: he never spoke, and I believe, and trust he never felt any thing for the few minutes the breath lingered in his body. We kneeled down and raised him and spoke to him but he could not hear us. When D'jek got her will of one of us, all our hope used to be to see the man die; and so it was with poor dear Pippin: mangled, and life impossible, we kneeled down and prayed to God for his death, and by Heaven's mercy, I think in about four minutes from the time he got his death blow, his spirit passed away, and our well beloved comrade and friend was nothing now but a lump of clay on our hands.

We were some miles from any town or village, and did not know what to do, and how to take him to a resting-place: at last we were obliged to tie the body across the proboscis, and cover it as well as we could, and so we made his murderess carry him to the little Town of La Palice; yes, La Palice. Here we stopped, and a sort of Inquest was held and M. Huguet attended and told the old story; said the man had been cruel to her, and she had put up with it as long as she could—Verdict: "Served him right," and so we lied over our poor friend's murdered body, and buried him with many sighs in the little Churchyard of La Palice, and then trudged on sad and down cast toward the gay capital.

CAP 11.

I THINK a lesson is to be learned from this sad story. Too much fear is not prudence. Had poor Pippin walked with Elliot and me alongside the Elephant she dared not have attacked

him. But through fear he kept forty yards in the rear, and she saw a chance to get him by himself; and from my knowledge of her I have little doubt she had meditated this attempt for months before she carried it out. Poor Pippin!

We arrived in Paris to play with Franconi. Now it happened to be inconvenient to Franconi to fulfill his engagement. He accordingly declined us. M. Huguet was angry and threatened legal proceedings. Franconi answered "Where is Pippin?" Huguet shut up. Then Franconi followed suit: if hard pressed, he threatened to declare in open court that it was out of humanity alone he declined to fulfill his engagement. This stopped M. Huguet's mouth altogether. He took a place on the Boulevard, and we showed her and her tricks at three prices, and did a rattling business. Before we had been a fortnight in Paris, old Tom Elliot died at the Hospital Dubois, and I became her Vizier at a salary of one hundred francs per week.

Having now the sole responsibility I watched her as you would a powder magazine lighted by gas. I let nobody but M. Huguet go near her in my absence. This gentleman continued to keep her sweet on him with lumps of sugar, and to act as her showman when she exhibited publicly.

One day we had a message from the Tuileries, and we got the place extra clean, and the King's children paid her a visit—a lot of little chaps—I did not know their names, but I suppose it was Prince Joinville, Aumale, and cetera. All I know is, that while these little Louis Phillippes were coaxing her, and feeding her, and cutting about her and sliding down her—and I was telling them she was a duck, the perspiration was running down my back one moment and cold shivers the next, and I thanked Heaven devoutly when the young gents went back to their papa and mamma and no bones broken. The young gentlemen reported her affability and my lies to the King, and he engaged her to perform gratis in the Champs Elysees during the three days fête. 1500 francs for this.

But Huguet was penny wise and pound foolish to agree: for it took her gloss off. Showed her gratis to half the city.

Among D'jek's visitors came one day a pretty young lady, a nursery governess to some nobleman's children, whose name I forget, but he was English. The children were highly amused with D'jek and quite loth to go. The young lady who had a smattering of English as I had of French put several questions to me. I answered them more polite than usual on account of her being pretty, and I used a privilege I had—and gave her an order for free admission some other day: she came with only one child, which luckily was one of those deeply meditative ones that occur but rarely, and only bring out a word every half hour; so mademoiselle and I had a chat, which I found so agreeable that I rather neglected the general public for her. I made it my business to learn where she aired the children every day, and, one vacant morning,

dressed in the top of the fashion, I stood before her in the Garden of the Tuileries; she gave a half start and a blush and seemed very much struck with astonishment at this rencontre: she was a little less astonished next week when the same thing happened, but still she thought these coincidences remarkable and said so. In short I paid my addresses to Mademoiselle * * *. She was a charming brunette from Geneva, greatly my superior in Education and station. I was perfectly conscious of this, and instantly made this calculation "all the better for me if I can win her." But the reader knows my character by this time and must have observed how large a portion of it, effrontery forms. I wrote to her every day—sometimes in the French language, no, not in the French language, but in French words: she sometimes answered in English words; she was very pretty and very interesting, and I fancied her. When a man is in love, he can hardly see difficulties. I pressed her to marry me, and I believed she would consent. When I came to this point the young lady's gayety declined, and when I was painting her pictures of our conjugal happiness, she used to sigh instead of brightening at the picture: at last I pressed her so hard that she consented to write to Geneva, and ask her parents' consent to our union: when the letter went I was in towering spirits; I was now at the zenith of my prosperity the risks I had run with D'jek were rewarded by a heavy salary, and the post of honor near her, and now that I was a little weary of roaming the world alone with an elephant, Fate had thrown in my way a charming companion who would cheer the weary road—Dreams!

The old people at Geneva saw my position with another eye. "He is a servant liable to lose his place at any moment, by any one of a hundred accidents, and his profession is a discreditable one. Why he is a showman!"

They told her all this in language so plain that she would never show me the letter—I was for defying their advice and authority, but she would not hear of it. I was forced to temporize. "In a month's time" said I to myself "her scruples will melt away." But in less than a fortnight the order came for us to march into Flanders. I communicated this cruel order to my sweet-heart; she turned pale and made no secret of her attachment to me and of the pain she felt at parting. Every evening before we left Paris I saw her, and implored her to trust herself to me and leave Paris as my wife: She used to smile at my pictures of wedded happiness, and cry the next minute because she dared not give herself and me that happiness, but with all this she was firm, and would not fly in her parents' face.

At last came a sad and bitter hour.

Hat in hand as the saying is, I made a last desperate endeavor to persuade her to be mine, and not to let this parting take place at all. She was much agitated, but firm; and the more I said, the firmer she became. So at last I grew

frantic and reproached her. I called her a cold-hearted coquette, and we parted in anger and despair.

Away into the wide world again, not, as I used to start on these Pilgrimages, with a stout heart and iron nerves, but cold and weary and worn out before the journey had begun. As we left Paris behind us, I had but one feeling, that the best of life was at an end for me. My limbs took me along like machinery, but my heart was a lump of ice inside me, and I would have thanked any man for knocking me on the head and ending the monotonous farce of my existence: ay, gentlefolks, even a poor mechanic can feel like this when the desire of his heart is balked for ever.

Trudge! Trudge! Trudge! for ever and ever.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! for ever and ever.

A man gets faint and weary of it at last, and there comes a time when he pines for a hearthstone—and a voice he can believe, a part at least of what it says, and a Sunday of some sort now and then, and my time was come to long for these things and for a pretty and honest face about me to stand for the one bit of peace, and the one bit of truth in my vagabond, charlatan life.

I lost my appetite, and sleep, and was very nearly losing heart altogether. My clothes hung about me like bags—I got so thin. It was my infernal occupation that cured me after all. D'jek gave me no time even for despair: the moment I became her sole guardian I had sworn on my knees she should never kill another man: judge whether I had to look sharp after her to keep the biped from perjury and the quadruped from murder. I slept with her—rose early—fed her—walked twenty miles with her, or exhibited her all day, sometimes did both and at night rolled into the straw beside her, too deadly tired to feel all my unhappiness; and so after a while time and toil blunted my sense of disappointment, and I trudged and tramped and praised D'jek's moral qualities in the old routine; only now and then when I saw the country lads in France or Belgium going to church dressed in their best with their sweet-hearts, and I in prison in the stable, with my four legged hussy waiting perhaps till dark to steal out and march to some fresh town, I used to feel as heavy as lead and as bitter as worm-wood, and wish we were all dead together by way of a change.

A man needs a stout heart to go through the world at all: but most of all he needs it for a roving life; don't you believe any other no matter who tells you. With this brief notice of my feelings I pass over two months travel. I spare the reader much though I dare say he can't believe it.

Sir, the very names of the places I have visited would fill an old-fashioned map of Europe.

Talk of Ulysses and his travels, he never saw the tenth part of what I have gone through.

It is a matter of figures. I have walked with

D'jek farther than round the world during the nine years I trudged beside her: it is only 24,000 miles round the world. We found ourselves after a year's pilgrimage at Doncheray near Sedan.

Here an incident occurred that made another change. Mons. Huguet was showing her to the public in his Marechal of France manner which was great as was also his toilette. He sent me for something connected with the performance, a pistol I think. I had hardly ten steps to go, but during the time I was out of her sight—I heard a man cry out and the elephant snort. I ran back halloing as I came. As I ran in I found the elephant feeling for something in the straw with her foot, and the people rushing out of the doors in dismay—the moment she saw me she affected innocence but trembled from head to foot. I drew out from the straw a thing you would have taken for a scare crow, or a bundle of rags. It was my master M. Huguet—his glossy hat battered, his glossy coat stained and torn and his arm broken in two places: a moment more and her foot would have been on him and his soul crushed out of his body.

The people were surprised when they saw the furious snorting monster creep into a corner to escape a little fellow 5 feet 4—who got to the old weapon, pitchfork, and drove it into every part of her but her head. She hid that in the corner the moment she saw blood in my eye.

We got poor M. Huguet to bed and a doctor from the Hospital to him, and a sorrowful time he had of it, and so after standing good for twelve years lump sugar fell to the ground. Pitchfork stood firm.

At night more than a hundred people came to see whether I was really so hardy as to sleep with this ferocious animal. To show them my sense of her I lay down between her legs. On this she lifted her fore feet singly, and with the utmost care and delicacy drew them back over my body.

As soon as M. Huguet's arm was set, and doing well, he followed us—(we had got into France by this time) and came in along with the public to admire us, and, to learn how the Elephant stood affected toward him now, he cried out in his most ingratiating way, in sugared tones I suppose I ought to say, "D'jek, my boy, D'jek." At the sound D'jek raised a roar of the most infernal rage, and Huguet who knew her real character well enough though he pretended not to, comprehended that her heart was now set upon his extinction malgré 12 years of lump sugar.

He sent for me, and with many expressions of friendship offered me the invaluable animal for thirty thousand francs. I declined her without thanks. "Then I shall have the pleasure of killing her to morrow," said the Frenchman, "and what will become of your salary mon pauvre garçon."

In short, he had me in a fix and used his power. I bought her of him for 20,000 francs, to be paid by installments. I gave him the first

installment, a five franc piece, and walked out of the wine shop her sole proprietor.

The sense of property is pleasant even when we have not paid for the article.

That night I formed my plans: there was no time to lose because I had only a thousand francs in the world, and she ate a 1000 francs a week, or nearly. I determined to try Germany, a poor country, but one which being quite inland could not have become callous to an Elephant, perhaps had never seen one. I shall never forget the fine clear morning I started on my own account. The sun was just rising, the birds were tuning, and all manner of sweet smells came from the fields and hedges. D'jek seemed to step out more majestically than when she was another man's—my heart beat high. Eight years ago I had started the meanest of her slaves. I had worked, slowly, painfully, but steadily up—and now I was actually her lord and master, and half the world before me with the sun shining on it.

The first town I showed her at as mine was Verdun;—and the next day I wrote to Mademoiselle * * * at Paris to tell her of the change in my fortunes. This was the only letter I had sent, for we parted bad friends—I received a kinder answer than the abrupt tone of my letter deserved. She congratulated me, and thanked me for remembering that whatever good fortune befell me, must give her particular pleasure, and in the postscript she told me she was just about to leave Paris and return to her parents in Switzerland.

D'jek crossed into Prussia, tramped that country and penetrated into the heart of Germany. As I had hoped, she descended on this nation with all the charm of novelty, and used to clear the copper out of a whole village. I remember early in this trip being at a Country Inn. I saw rustics male and female dressed in their Sunday clothes, coming over the hills from every side to one point. I thought there must be a fair or something. I asked the landlord what they were all coming for, he said—"Why you to be sure"—they never saw such a thing in their lives and never will again.

In fact at one or two small places we were stopped by the authorities who had heard that we carried more specie out of little Towns than the circulating medium would bear.

In short my first coup was successful. After six months—Germany, Bavaria, Prussia etc.—I returned to the Rhine at Strasbourg with eight thousand francs; during all this time she never hurt a soul—I watched her so fearfully close—so being debarred from murder she tried arson.

At a place in Bavaria her shed was suddenly observed to be in flames and we saved her with difficulty.

The cause never transpired until now; but I saw directly how it had been done: I had unwarily left my coat in her way. The pockets were emptied of all their contents amongst which was a lucifer box fragments of which I found amongst the straw. She had played with this

in her trunk—hammering it backward and forward against her knee—dropping the lighted matches into the straw when they stung her, and very nearly roasted her own beef—the mischievous uneasy devil.

My readers will not travel with an elephant, but business of some sort will fall to the lot of them soon or late—and as Charlatanry is the very soul of modern business it may not be amiss to show how the humble artisan worked his Elephant.

We never allowed ourselves to drop casually upon any place like a shower of rain.

A man in bright livery green and gold mounted on a showy horse used to ride into the Town or village and go round to all the Inns making loud inquiries about their means of accommodation for the Elephant and her train. Four hours after him, the people being now a little agog, another green and gold man came in on a trained horse and inquired for No. 1: as soon as he had found him the two rode together round the Town—No. 2 blowing a trumpet and proclaiming the elephant; the nations she had instructed in the wonders of nature, the Kings she had amused, her grandeur, her intelligence—and above all her dovelike disposition.

This was allowed to ferment for some hours, and when expectation was at its height the rest of the cavalcade used to heave in sight, D'jek bringing up the rear. Arrived, I used to shut her in out of sight, and send all my men and horses round parading, trumpeting and pasting bills, so that at last the people were quite ripe for her, and then we went to work, and thus the humble Artisan and his Elephant cut a greater dash than Lions and Tigers and mountebanks in general—and drew more money.

Here is one of my programmes, only I must remark that I picked up my French, where I picked up the sincerity it embodies, in the circuses, coulisses, and cabarets of French towns, so that I can patter French as fast as you like; but of course I know no more about it than a pig, not to really know it.

Par Permission de M. Le Maire.

Le Grand
Éléphant

du Roi
De Siam.

Du Cirque Olympique Franconi.

Mlle. D'jek.

Elephant colossal, de 11 pieds du hauteur et
du poids de 9000 liv., est le plus grand
Elephant que l'on ait vu en Europe.

M. H. B. Lott, naturaliste, pourvoyeur des ménageries de diverses cours d'Europe, actionnaire de Cirque Olympique et propriétaire de ce magnifique éléphant, qu'il a dressé au point de le présenter au public dans une pièce théâtrale qui fut créée pour Mlle. D'jek, il y a trois ans et demi, et qui a eu un si grand succès, sous le nom de l'Éléphant du roi de Siam.

Le propriétaire, dans son voyage autour du monde, eut

occasion d'acheter cet énorme quadrupède, qui le prit en affection, et qui, depuis onze ans qu'il le possède ne s'est jamais démenti, se plaît à écouter son maître et exécute avec ponctualité tout ce qu'il lui indique de faire.

Mlle. D'jek qui est dans toute la force de sa taille, a maintenant 125 ans; elle a 11 pieds de hauteur—et pèse 9000 livres.

Sa consommation dans les vingt quatre heures excède 200 livres, 40 livres de pain pour son déjeuner; à midi, du son et de l'avoine; le soir, des pommes de terre ou du riscuit: et la nuit, du foin et de la paille.

C'est le même éléphant qui a combattu la lionne de M. Martin. Cette lionne en furie, qu'une imprudence fit sortir de sa cage, s'élance sur M. H. B. Lott, qui se trouvait auprès de son éléphant; voyant le danger il se réfugia derrière une des jambes de ce bon animal, qui relève sa trompe pour le protéger. La lionne allait saisir M. H. B. Lott; l'éléphant la voit, rabat sa trompe, l'enveloppe, l'étouffe, la jette au loin, et l'aurait écrasée, si son maître ne lui eût dit de ne pas continuer.

Elle a ensuite allongé sa trompe, frappé du pied, criant et témoignant par là la satisfaction, qu'elle éprouvait d'avoir sauvé son ami d'une mort certaine, comme on l'a pu voir dans les journaux en février 1832.

Dans les cours des seances, on lui fera faire tout ses grands exercices, qui sont dignes d'admiration dont le grand nombre ne permet pas d'en donner d'analyse dans cette affiche, et qu'il faut voir pour l'en faire une idée juste.

Prix D'Entree: Premières —; Secondes —; Les militaires et enfants, moitié.

I don't think but what my countrymen will understand every word of the above, but as there are great numbers of Frenchmen in the world who will read this, I think it would look unkind not to translate it into English for their benefit.

By Permission of the Worshipful the Mayor
the great

Elephant

of the King of Siam

from Franconi's Olympic Circus.

Mademoiselle D'jek

Colossal Elephant, 11 feet high, and weighs
9000 lbs. The largest Elephant
ever seen in Europe.

Mr. H. B. Lott, naturalist, who supplies the menageries of the various Courts of Europe, share holder in the Olympic Circus, and Proprietor of this magnificent Elephant, which he has trained to such a height that he will present her to the public in a Dramatic piece which was written for her three years and a half ago and had a great success under the title of the Elephant of the King of Siam.

The proprietor, in his voyage round the globe, was fortunate enough to purchase this enormous quadruped, which became attached to him, and has been eleven years in his possession, during which time she has never once forgotten herself, and executes with obedient zeal whatever he bids her.

Madlle. D'jek has now arrived at her full growth, being 125 years of age—she is eleven feet high and weighs 9000 lbs. Her daily consumption exceeds 200 lbs.—she takes 40 lbs. of bread for her breakfast; at noon barley and oats—in the evening potatoes or rice cooked—and at night hay and straw.

This is the same Elephant that fought with Mr. Martin's lioness. The lioness, whom carelessness of her attendants allowed to escape from her cage dashed furiously at Mr. H. B. Lott; fortunately he was near his elephant, and seeing the danger took refuge behind one of the legs of that valuable animal; she raised her trunk in her master's defence. The lioness made to seize him but the Elephant lowered her trunk, seized the lioness, choked her, flung her to a distance and would have crushed her to death,

if Mr. Lott had not commanded her to desist. After that she extended her trunk, stamped with her foot, trumpeting and showing her satisfaction at having saved her friend from certain death; full accounts of which incident are to be seen in the journals of February 1832.

In the course of the exhibition she will go through all her exercises, which are wonderful and so numerous, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Bill: they must be seen to form any just idea of them.

Prices: First Places —; Second —; Soldiers and children half-price.

D'jek and I used to make our bow to our audiences in the following fashion. I came on with her and said "Otez mon chapeau pour salver"—then she used to take off my hat, wave it gracefully and replace it on my head—she then proceeded to pick up twenty five-franc pieces one after another and keep them piled in the extremity of her trunk. She also fired pistols and swept her den with a broom in a most painstaking and ludicrous way.

But perhaps her best business in a real critic's eye was drinking a bottle of wine. The reader will better estimate this feat if he will fancy himself an Elephant and lay down the book now and ask himself how he would do it, and read the following afterward.

The bottle (cork drawn) stood before her. She placed the finger and thumb of her proboscis on the mouth, made a vacuum by suction, and then suddenly inverting the bottle, she received the contents in her trunk; the difficulty now was to hold the bottle, which she would not have broken for a thousand pounds—(my lady thought less of killing ten men than breaking a saucer) and yet not let the liquor run from her flesh pipe—she rapidly shifted her hold to the centre of the bottle and worked it by means of the wrinkles in her proboscis to the bend of it. Then she gripped it, and at the same time curled round her trunk into a sloping position and let the wine run down her throat. This done she resumed the first position of her trunk, and worked the bottle back toward her finger, suddenly snapped hold of it by the neck and handed it gracefully to me.

With this exception it was not her public tricks that astonished me most. The principle of all those tricks is one. An animal is taught to lay hold of things at command, and to shift them from one place to another. You vary the thing to be laid hold of but the act is the same. In her drama which was so effective on the Stage D'jek did nothing out of the way. She merely went through certain mechanical acts at a word of command from her keeper who was unseen or unnoticed—i. e. he was either at the wing in his fustian jacket, or on the Stage with her in gim-crack and gold as one of a lot of slaves or courtiers or what not. Between ourselves, a single trick I have several times caught her doing on her own account proved more for her intelligence than all these. She used to put her eye to a key-hole.

Ay: that she would, and so watch for hours to see what devil's trick she could do with impunity. She would see me out of the way and then go to work. Where there was no key-

hole I have seen her pick the knot out of a deal board and squint through the little hole she had thus made.

A Dog comes next to an Elephant. But he is not up to looking through a key-hole or a crack. He can think of nothing better than snuffing under the door, and making the dust fly. At one place, being under a granary she worked a hole in the ceiling no bigger than a thimble and sucked down sacks full of grain before she was found out. Talk of the "half reasoning elephant," she seldom met a man that could match her in reasoning—to a bad end. Her weak points were her cruelty and her cowardice, and by this latter Tom Elliot and I governed her with a rod of iron—vulgarly called a pitchfork. If a mouse pottered about the floor in her stable D'jek used to tremble all over, and whine with terror till the little monster was gone. A ton shaken by an ounce!

I have seen her start back in dismay from a small feather floating in the air. If her heart had been as stout as her will to do mischief was strong, mankind must have risen to put her down. Almost all you have ever heard about the full grown Elephant's character is a pack of lies: they are your servants by fear, or they are your masters. Two years ago an Elephant killed his keeper at Liverpool or Manchester I forget which. Out came the Times: he had pronged him six weeks before—how well I knew the old lie: it seldom varies a syllable. That man died not because he had pronged the animal but because he hadn't, or not enough. They gave this Elephant an ounce of Prussic acid and an ounce of arsenic, neither of these sedatives, producing any effect, they fired a cannon-ball through her neck.

Spare the pitchfork spoil the elephant.

There is another animal people misconstrue just as bad—

The Hyena!

Terrible fierce animal, the Hyena, says Buffon & Co., and the world echoes the chant.

Fierce—are they? you get a score of them together in a yard, and you shall see me walk into the whole lot with nothing but a switch, and them, try to get between the brick and the mortar with funk—that is how fierce they are. And they are not only cowardly but well-meaning and affectionate into the bargain is the fierce Hyena of Buffon & Co; but indeed wild animals are sadly misunderstood, and those that have the best character deserve it less than those that have the worst.

From Strasbourg I determined to go into Switzerland, above all to Geneva—I could not not help it; in due course of time and travel I arrived near Geneva, and I sent forward my green and gold avant couriers. But alas they returned with the doleful news that Elephants were not admitted into that ancient city. The last elephant that had been there had done mischief, and, at the request of its proprietor Madlle. Gamier a young lady whose conscience smote her, for she had had another Elephant that

killed one or two people in Venice, was publicly executed in the fortress.

Fortunately (as I then thought) I had provided myself with testimonials from the mayor and governors of some score of Towns, through which we had passed. I produced these, and made friends in the Town particularly with a Dr. Mayo. At last we were admitted, D'jek was proved a dove by such overpowering testimony. I had now paid M. Huguet six thousand francs and found myself possessed of five thousand more. Business was very good in Geneva. D'jek very popular. Her intelligence and amiability became a by-word. I had one bitter disappointment though. Mademoiselle * * * never came to see us, and I was too sulky and too busy to hunt for her. Besides I said to myself "All the world can find me, and if she cared a button for me she would come to light." I tried to turn it off with the old song—

Now get ye gone ye scornful Dame
If you are proud I'll be the same
I make no doubt that I shall find
As pretty a girl unto my mind.

Behold me now at the climax of prosperity; dressed like a gentleman, driving a pair of horses, proprietor of a whole cavalcade and of an elephant—and after clearing all expenses paid, making at the rate of £600 per annum.

There was a certain clergyman of the place used to visit us about every day and bring her cakes and things to eat, till he got quite fond of her and believed that she returned his affection. I used to beg him not to get so close to her, on this his answer was, "Why, you say she is harmless as a chicken"—so then I had no more to say. Well one unlucky day I turned my back for a moment, before I could get back there were the old sounds—a snort of rage and a cry of terror, and there was the poor minister in her trunk. At sight of me she dropped him, but two of his ribs were broken and he was quite insensible, and the people rushed out in terror. We raised the clergyman and carried him home, and in half an hour a mob was before the door, and stones as big as your fists thrown in at the windows—this however was stopped by the authorities. But the next day my lady was arrested and walked off to the fortress and there confined. I remonstrated—expostulated—in vain. I had now to feed her and no return from her—ruin stared me in the face. I went to law with the authorities. Law is slow: and D'jek was eating all the time. Ruin looked nearer still. The law ate my green and gold servants and my horses, and still D'jek remained in Quod. Then I refused to feed her any longer, and her expense fell upon the Town. Her appetite and their poverty soon brought matters to a climax. They held a sort of municipal tribunal, and tried her for an attempt at homicide. I got counsel to defend her, for I distrusted my own temper and French.

I can't remember half the fine things he said, but there was one piece of common sense I do remember: he said "the animal, I believe, is

unconscious of her great strength and has committed a fatal error rather than a crime; still if you think she is liable to make such errors let her die rather than kill men. But how do you reconcile to your conscience to punish her proprietor, to rob him of his subsistence? *He* has committed no crime: *he* has been guilty of no want of caution. If therefore you take upon yourselves to punish the brute, be honest! buy her of the man first, and then assert your sublime office—destroy an animal that has offended morality. But a city should be above robbing or wronging an individual." When he sat down I thought my homicide was safe; for I knew Geneva could not afford to buy an Elephant, except out of a Noah's ark.

But up gets an orator on the other side and attacked me, accused me of false representations, of calling a devil a duck. We have certain information from France said he—"that this Elephant has been always wounding and killing men up and down Europe this twenty years. Mons. Loett knew this by universal report and by being an eye-witness of more than one man's destruction." Here there was a sensation I can tell you. "He has therefore forfeited all claims to consideration." Then he thundered out "Let no man claim to be wiser than Holy Writ: there we are told that a lie is a crime of the very deepest dye, and here we see how for years falsehood has been murder." Then, I mind, he took just the opposite line to my defender. Says he—"If I hesitate for a moment, it is not for the man's sake, but for the brute's: but I do not hesitate at all. I could wish so majestic a creature might be spared for our instruction"—says he, "that so wonderful a specimen of the Creator's skill might still walk the earth: but reason and justice and humanity say 'no.' There is an animal far smaller yet ten times more important, for he has a soul; and this, the king of all the animals, is not safe while she lives; therefore she ought to die: weaker far than her in his individual strength, he is a thousand times stronger than her by combination and science—therefore she will die."

When this infernal chatter-box wound up, my heart sunk into my shoes: he was a prig but an eloquent one, and he walked into D'jek and me till we were not worth half an hour's purchase.

For all that, the Council did not come to a decision on the spot, and I believe that if D'jek had but been content to kill the laity as heretofore, we should have scraped through with a fine: but the fool must go and tear black cloth, and dig her own grave.

Two days after the trial, out came the sentence—Death!

With that modesty and good feeling which belongs to most foreign Governments they directed me to execute their sentence.

My answer came in English—"I will see you d—d and double d—d first, and then I wont."

Meantime Huguet was persecuting poor heart sick me for the remainder of her purchase money, and what with the delay, the expenses, and the anxiety, I was so down and so at the end of my wits and my patience, that her sentence fell on me like a blow on a chap that is benumbed, produced less effect on me at the time than it does when I think of it now.

Well, curse them, one fine morning they ran a cannon up to the gate—loaded it—and bade me call the Elephant, and bring her into a favorable position for being shot. I refused point blank in English as before. They threatened me for my contumacy. I answered they might shoot me if they liked, but I would not be the one to destroy my own livelihood.

So they had to watch their opportunity.

It was not long of coming.

She began to walk about, and presently the poor fool marched right up to the cannon's mouth and squinted down it. Then she turned and at last she crossed right before it. The gunner took the opportunity, applied his lin-stock, and fired. There was a great tongue of flame, and a cloud of smoke, and through the smoke something as big as a house was seen to go down—the very earth trembled at the shock.

The earth cleared in a moment and there lay D'jek. She never moved; the round shot went clean through her body and struck the opposite wall with great force. It was wonderful and sad to see so huge a creature robbed of her days in a moment by a spark. There she lay—poor D'jek!

In one moment I forgot all her faults. She was an old companion of mine, in many a wet day and dreary night. She was reputation to me and a clear six hundred a year—and then she was so clever—we shall never see her like again—and there she lay. I mourned over her right or wrong, and have never been the same man since that shot was fired.

This butchery done, I was informed by the municipal authorities that the carcass was considered upon the whole to be my property. The next moment I had two hundred applications for elephant steaks from the pinch gut natives, who I believe knew gravy by tradition and romances that had come all the way from Paris. Knives and scales went to work and with the tears running down my cheeks I sold her beef at three sous per lb. for about £40 sterling—this done all my occupation was gone. Geneva was no place for me: and as the worthy Huguet, whose life I had saved, threatened to arrest me, I determined to go back to England and handicraft. Two days after D'jek's death I was hanging sorrowfully over the bridge when some one drew near to me and said in a low voice, "Mons. Loett." I had no need to look up. I knew the voice, it was my lost sweetheart—she spoke, very kindly, blushed, and welcomed me to her native country. She did more, she told me she lived five miles from Geneva and invited me to visit her mother: she took occasion to let me know that her father was

dead. "My mother refuses me nothing"—she added, with another blush. This was all like a dream to me. The next day I visited her and her mother, and was cordially received; in short it was made clear to me that my misfortune had endeared me to this gem of a girl, instead of repelling her. An uncle too had died and left her three hundred pounds, and this made her bolder still and she did not conceal her regard for me. She told me she had seen me once in Geneva driving two showy horses in a carriage, and looking like a nobleman, and so had hesitated to claim the acquaintance: but hearing the elephant's execution and guessing that I could no longer be in the high road to fortune she had obeyed her heart and been the first to remind me I had once esteemed her.

In short—a Pearl!

I made her a very bad return for so much goodness. I went and married her. We then compounded with Huguet for three thousand francs, and sailed for England to begin the world again.

The moment I got to London I made for the Seven Dials to see my friend Paley. On the way I met a mutual acquaintance, told him where I was going red hot.

He hung his head.

A chill came over me. If you had stuck a knife in me I couldn't have bled. I gasped out some sort of inquiry.

"Why you know he was not a young man," says he, looking down.

That was enough for such an unlucky one as me. I began to cry directly. "Dont ye take on," says he—"old man died happy—come home with me—my wife will tell you more about it than I can." I was loth to go, but he persuaded me. His wife told me the old gentleman spoke of me to the last, and had my letters read out, and boasted of my success.

"Didn't I tell you he would rise?" he used to say, and then it seems he made much of some little presents I had sent him from Paris, and them such trifles compared with what I owed him—"Doesn't forget old friends now he is at the top of the tree"—and then burst out praising me, by all accounts. So then it was a little bit of comfort, to think he had died while I was prosperous and that my disappointment had never reached his warm and feeling heart.

A workman has little time to grieve outwardly: he must dry his eyes quickly let his heart be ever so sad, or he'll look queer when Saturday Night comes. You cant make a workman-like joint with the tear in your eye—one half of the joiners cant do it with their glasses on. And I was a workman once more. I had to end as I had begun.

I returned to the Violin trade, and by very keen attention to its mysteries I made progress, and having a foreign connection I imported and sold to English dealers, as well as made varnished and doctored violins. But soon the trade through foreign competition declined to a desperate condition. I did not despair, but

to eke out I set my wife up in a China and Curiosity shop in Wardour St., and worked at my own craft in their back parlor. I had no sooner done this than the tarnation Novelists all made it their business to sneer at Wardour Street, till now nobody will buy in that Street; so since I began this tale we have closed the shop—it only wasted their time—they are much better out walking and getting fresh air at least for their trouble. I attend sales and never lose a chance of turning a penny: at home I make and mend and doctor fiddles—I carve wood—I clean pictures and gild frames—I cut out fruit and flowers in leather—I teach Ladies and Gentlemen to gild at so much per lesson, and by these, and a score more of little petty arts, contrive to keep the pot boiling.

I am, as I have been all my life, sober, watchful, enterprising, energetic, and unlucky!

In early life I played for a great stake—Affluence!

I think I may say I displayed in the service of D'jek some of those qualities by which, unless Books are false, men have won campaigns and battles and amassed fortunes and reputations—result in my case—a cannon-shot fired in a dirty little village calling itself a city, in a country that Yorkshire could eat up and spit out again (after all the great Kingdoms and Repubs. had admired her and forgiven her her one defect)—a tongue of fire—a puff of smoke, and the perils, labor courage and intelligence of 9 years blown away like dust to the four winds of Heaven.

I am now playing for a smaller stake; but I am now as heretofore playing my very best. I am directing all my experience of various business, all my sobriety, activity, energy and zeal, all my cunning of eye and hand to one object—

Not to die in the workhouse.

Ladies and Gents the workman has said his say, and I hope the company have been amused.

PROGRESS OF WOMANHOOD.

THE progress of the age is a very familiar topic. We are glad that it is. The state of the weather, neighborhood gossip, and other small items, have ruled the common tongue long enough, and, really, the everyday world deserves to be congratulated that it is no more compelled to be the intellectual slave of the merest trifles. Progress is a tangible thing. Every washer-woman knows that her homely art has improved; and if she is not acquainted with her chemical friends, Liebig, Johnston, and Moffat, she understands perfectly that some considerate geniuses have manufactured better soaps than she formerly used. Even the little school-children comprehend how they master the multiplication-table, by the aid of machinery, in quicker time than their parents did. Progress is quite palpable to every body; and as it is one of those very talkable matters that lie midway between simple chat and grave discourse, what can hinder it from being a popular complacency of the first order?

But progress, where it is most real and satis-

factory, does not always demonstrate itself with the same degree of clearness. In some things it strikes the eye at once. Modern houses instantly assert their superiority over the log-fixtures of our grandfathers, and railroads are voted better than stage-coaches, without an argument. But it is not so in every matter. The growth of a mulberry and an oak are very different as to time, and the sunshine perfects the harvest with much more haste than the forest. Social movements, involving a great principle, are seldom hurried to completion, while changes that are mere questions of taste, expediency, convenience, begin and end in a day. It is well that this is the case. If the brain matured as fast as the stomach, we should have an uncomfortable number of prodigies. Nature is very kind in her restraints. Mushrooms and gourds grow apace, but the sweet-juiced fruits work slowly in their hidden laboratory, and thereby reward us for waiting. It is all right. Nature never blunders. Her methods are perfect, and whenever we appreciate her properly we are always satisfied.

One of the wonders of the age is the progress of our women. To be sure it is, in the main, a quiet sort of wonder; but on that account none the less wonderful. Women and their movements rarely take public attention by storm. Any mischievous boy, threatened with a whipping, can run faster than his mother. She is no 2.40 in results. Violent elements are no part of her nature. She deals in no earthquakes and tornadoes. A dashing, noisy, turbulent woman is a rarity, and a community of them is a sheer impossibility. If every mountain were a Vesuvius, we should change quarters and emigrate to another planet. And because of this proviso of quietness in womanly life, we only apprehend at sundry intervals what is really doing among them. Men advertise all they do. They roar out their events at the cannon's mouth, and their epochs stand forth as huge summits above the landscape. Women have a gliding gracefulness that befits them. Like the governor in the steam-engine, they equalize the motions of society; and thus, while performing a good office for the world, attain their own ends without much strife or collision. The surprising feature of the day is the calm, noiseless, imperceptible manner in which women have advanced to a commanding social and intellectual position. There has been nothing worthy of the name of a battle about it. True, there has been some talk—but air-guns are poor projectiles. And then, we have had clamorous Woman's Rights Conventions, speeches, revolutions; but these have been the side-eddies of the stream—not the stream itself.

How has it happened? Just as most things happen—because there was a necessity for it. Womanly character, power, influence, are facts in the economy of Providence—just as much so as light, heat, gravitation, in nature—and as facts must, sooner or later, take their place among the accredited matters of common sense,

a womanly demonstration had to come. There was no escape from it. Religion in her home, religion in her heart, educated, honored, loved, if she had any soul within her, it was a destiny that it should appear and make itself felt. But in the philosophy of development there are outward laws as well as inward; and hence we must look to society for some of the reasons of this change in the position of woman. In the present century men have advanced in intelligence, refinement, taste; the institutions of government are more just and liberal; humanity is a stronger sentiment; public opinion covers a broader ground, and is more authoritative; and Christianity is more generally recognized as the standard of thought and action. Man is much less of an out-door animal. Home is more a part of himself. If he work at business, if he travel abroad, if he explore the Amazon or the North Pole, if he hunt like Cumming in Africa or turn hero-tourist like Bayard Taylor, it is still as a gentleman on leave of absence from the fireside and the family. The domestic idea is far more prominent in his sentiments—and life, in some shape or other, is tributary to it. Now, all this necessitates a pleasant and agreeable companionship. Women are desirable to men as men improve, and just in proportion as they call themselves away from outward objects as material engrossments and yield to the law of a milder, more generous, sympathetic manhood, in that proportion women are more appreciated and sought. This rule operates with a two-fold benefit. For women not only conform themselves, with the spontaneousness of instinct, to the social demand, but the presence of a genial, kindly atmosphere cultivates all their excellence. Flowers are not more ready to respond to spring, sunshine, and soft airs, than they to yield to the love and tenderness of home. With them, talent, wisdom, genius follow the awakenings of the heart. They are rarely intellectual for intellect's sake, but the growth of strength in the mind is a transfer of satisfaction and joy from the feelings. A woman's affections, in a fully developed state, have more vigor and intenseness than their legitimate objects can exhaust. There is always a surplus of power in that portion of her being, and, needed in no other direction, it naturally seeks her intellectual faculties, and infuses into them the overabounding life.

Whether the philosophy of statisticians and political economists recognize it or not, the truth is indisputable that the new position of woman is one of the leading facts of the age. It is emphatically prominent among the indices of civilization, pointing to the future with no uncertain hand, and indicating a state of things that must vitally affect the entire organization of society. Perhaps a thorough and general readjustment of the social elements may be required. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, viz., society, with this freshly-awakened power in full, unrestricted operation, can never be what it has been, nor remain what it now is.

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Henceforth a new line of movement is among the things decreed. The old landmarks that determined the circumstantial relations of the sexes are gone forever, and hereafter metes and bounds more consistent with truth and equity must be established. We say circumstantial relations, for in their primary and essential laws the sexes must always continue to exhibit their distinct characteristics. By no art, by no reform or revolution, can man cease to be man or woman to be woman, intellectually, morally, socially; but outside of these fixed peculiarities, which absolute nature will hold intact, there is a vast, indefinite, unappropriated region, which is to be portioned out according to a new system of distribution. We can hardly say with propriety that the whole frame-work of modern industry is afloat, but to deny that it is unsettled were palpable folly. Labor occupies hitherto unknown fields. California and Australia have affected the condition of the world far more than the discovery of the Western Hemisphere affected Europe. Within twenty years labor has been more rapidly diversified, has called forth more intelligence and skill, has been more productive, and has tasked in a wider compass the distributing agencies of commerce, than in any hundred years previous. No longer true that "man wants but little here below," we have found the other line, "nor wants that little long," guilty of a similar falsehood, for our necessities, commencing with old-fashioned air, food, water, and lodgings, have widened their scope from a very petty province into an immense empire; and as to the question of time, it is only a tradition that days are composed of hours, and hours of minutes. There has been a general right-about-face, so that now years constitute months, and months make weeks. An hour in 1857 is practically a day of 1800. Modern wants, drawing men into remote places; expensive pleasures, taxing time and fortitude; multiplied avenues for daring enterprises and swift achievements; these have drained the crowded occupations in which the masculine sex were wont to labor, and left vacancies for women to fill. Apart from that, women have competed successfully with men in some of their own callings, and at the bar of public opinion have had judgment in their favor. All this goes to show that the productive spirit of the age, especially in its bearings on the comfort and welfare of society, has more demanded of it than men can meet. It is, in the language of political economy, a question of consumption. Nor is it only to the bulk of production that this fact applies, but also to the kind—a matter of quality as well as quantity. Women are now needed for many sorts of work that they perform better than men. American experiments in the common school system of education have very clearly shown that, in primary instruction, they are much more effective than our sex. And even in certain walks of literature it is undeniable that they surpass us. Strangely enough, the publishers of our largest and best magazines

say that their main supply is from the pens of the ladies. Thanks for that! Womanly brains ought to bear a commercial premium in literature. Five dollars for a newspaper column or a magazine page, ten per cent. on the sales of a volume, are significant somethings.

How the sexes are marking off their respective territories in literature! No doubt we shall soon have the equivalent of a government survey, and a regular division of occupable land. It ought to be done forthwith. But we are too fast. We forget that circumstances, the new monarchs of the age, are already doing effectually. There is a sort of half-formed theory in our head, that the lighter graces of literature belong of right to women just as social accomplishments belong to them. Our notion is, that in the good time coming men will bid adieu to fiction and its kindred tastes, resigning in behalf of the women. To our mind this appears to be the natural order of things. Women, assuming that they have talent and proper culture, ought to be, *a priori*, far better writers of fiction than men, for the simple reason that they have keener perceptions, stronger instincts, intenser feelings, and are much more potently affected by the operation of social influences. This tendency of the female mind to occupy the domain of light literature is obviously increasing. On the other hand, the manly mind has its appropriate sphere enlarging. The literature of travel, of domestic and foreign criticism, of profound research, to say nothing of science and the higher arts, forms the mass of those productions which emanate from our sex. For two departments of writing women are pre-eminently fitted, viz., the literature of love and the literature of practical religion. In the progress of womanhood, about which we are writing, the step is in this direction. And a good, strong, muscular step it is—not with embroidered slippers or fashionable gaiters, but with a vigorous nerve that promises a long continuance.

Displacement, then, seems to be the order of the day in the question pending between the sexes. "*Get out of the way*" is the new Yankee Doodle for the marching host. Dry-goods clerks may make up their reckoning. Indoor employments suitable to women, but now held by feminine men, must change hands. Inventions begin to help them. Sewing-machines are the first fruits of a friendly harvest for them. If you do not hear of woman's rights in halls of legislation, you shall see them in patent-offices. Every where, in every direction, men are silently forwarding the real progress of womanhood. Our schools of design are introducing them by scores to the successful pursuit of art, and at the present time many of the patterns for wall papers and dress goods are furnished by young women. The true Woman's Rights movement is going steadily on without parade or bluster, and its work is in sure process of accomplishment. Such women as Charlotte Brontë, Florence Nightingale, Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, are effecting the great object. We need

not be uneasy about failure. Modern civilization needs all the genius, energy, skill, that men and women can possibly exercise. No one can jostle another in this enlarging world of the nineteenth century, and society is in league with Providence to fulfill the wise and holy law, that no talent shall any longer be folded in a napkin and buried in the earth.

WESTMORELAND.

IN winter, when the snow lies deep on the country around, a desolate expanse of white broken here and there by gray masses of granite which the bleak winds have swept bare, Westmoreland wears a dreary aspect. The hills look higher and steeper than in summer, the ravines as if their lowest depths were inaccessible.—From our stand-point not a foot of level surface is, in any direction, visible; northward, Hemlock Ridge wards off many a cutting blast; just beyond the road which passes in front of us, the descent becomes more abrupt, and down there somewhere, quite out of sight, winds a valley veined with ice. As we look across on the opposite slope rising to rocky peaks, a solitary dwelling here and there, its column of smoke showing murky against the white background, rather increases than lessens the gloominess of the view. And one can not divest himself of the apprehension that the lonely sleigh, or the wood-sled over there where the parallel rows of stone wall indicate the road, will shortly make an involuntary descent with more rapidity than safety. Indeed, such a catastrophe has sometimes occurred, when a sudden lowering of temperature has ensued upon a thaw, and every thing wears a treacherous coating of ice.

In certain states of the atmosphere, however, and particularly at the close of the shortest days, this dead white investiture becomes transfused with indescribable beauty. A rosy, quivering light glides over the hill-sides and hovers above the valleys; the sun floats farther and farther away into the sea of purple haze, burning stars break suddenly through the deepening gloom, a meteor shoots across it like a silver arrow, and the still, keen, sparkling winter night is around you.

If the winter aspect of the region is sometimes repulsive enough, it is far worse in the transition period between winter and spring. Now, the declivities are a chaos of mud and rock; the streams, every one loosed from their fetters, join their voices to the thunderous breaking up of the Connecticut; dark, swift water floods the valleys, bearing along in its turbulent course great fragments of ice which clash, breaking, against each other; bridges are frequently swept from their insecure perches, the soil is washed away from the roads, leaving formidable gullies, and all travel is compulsory and hazardous.

Then follows a busy time on the highways. These are speedily restored to a state of comparative security. The sun rises nearer and nearer to the highest point of Pine Mountain, the fields assume a manifest greenness in place

of the neutral dead grass tint; the brooks give over wrangling, and sing low songs, "beechen buds begin to swell," silvery catkins dot the willows; brighter green points the hemlocks and fringes the pines; nodding wake-robins unfold in the woods; little white violets, their petals veined with blue, the only fragrant species, I believe, native to the vicinity, delicate spring-beauties; lovely, frail stellarias, which can not grow without something to lean upon; pink May-flow-ers, whose odor is of the very sweetest; wild lilies of the valley; long wreaths of ground-pine and club-moss; and the shining foliage of the partridge-berry cover the earth with a gay, fragrant mosaic. Glad troops of children are out in the fields and woods, and their merry calls and shouts of laughter blend well with the singing of birds. They gather the flowers; and what they prize even more, the young chickerberry leaves, whose pleasant aromatic flavor is in its daintiest perfection when, minute and red-tinted, they first emerge from the mossy mould.

The agricultural population of the township regard it as a hard place. Compared with the lavish productiveness of Western prairie lands, the face of a Westmoreland farm is, doubtless, sufficiently forbidding. A few years since, in a public conveyance in southeast Vermont, I chanced to meet a young man of sixteen or thereabout, just coming from Illinois to pay a first visit to his ancestral acres. The graceless youth made extremely merry over what he was pleased to designate the picked bones of the soil, and presently, as the hills grew higher and the rocks more abundant, went off into a series of seemingly uncontrollable cachinnations at the absurdity of attempting to coax a living out of such uncompromising materials. His demonstrations, to say the least, were highly unbecoming, and, at length, on the discovery that he had the fun all to himself, his forced witticisms and ridiculous laughter subsided. There is certainly a high degree of beauty in that profuse fertility which unlocks its treasures at the "open sesame" of the fortunate possessor; but for me, New England born and bred, I would fain live and die within sight of the rock-ribbed, rivulet-veined hills of New Hampshire.

Westmoreland is the home of some valued friends of mine, and I have been accustomed occasionally to spend there weeks, and in one instance months, at a time. Three years ago I came hither commissioned to secure a transient abiding-place for two Southern friends, mother and daughter, who desired, as they said, to go right into the heart of the North—an achievement which such as they find little difficulty in accomplishing.

Cousin Kate, Dr. George's wife, would willingly have received them into her own little domicile, but there was really not room enough; and besides—if the truth must out—one needs to know her a little to feel quite at home under her roof. For with her multitudinous excellent qualities, Kate has one fault; she is a fanatical housekeeper, a perfect devotee to works which

seem to such as myself as only of useless super-erogation. Moreover her forms, though of the best and daintiest, are like stucco-work, and may not be changed. I remember that once in my young folly I thought indirectly to influence her a little by detailing what seemed to me a piece of egregious particularity on the part of Mrs. Charles Watkins, namely, the latter lady's mode of procedure in the daily purification of her stair-case. Firstly, the steps were to be vigorously swept with a certain kind of broom; secondly, they were to be carefully brushed with a certain kind of brush; thirdly and lastly, a pair of bellows was in requisition, whose current, skillfully directed, might dislodge any invisible particles of dust which haply lurked in crannies inaccessible to broom-splint and bristle. Here Kate roundly asserted that she had experimented with the bellows to her entire satisfaction; that for her part she was convinced to a demonstration that minute portions of the dust dislodged by the current might, nay actually *did*, fall back again into the chinks. No; far better than bellows was a little wing, a dove's wing or a young chicken's, tapering down to a slender point. In the course of that very morning she called me away from Froissart, and triumphantly challenged me to find a dust speck on her stairs. I could not gainsay her, and prudently admitted that no method of accomplishing the work in question could be more effective than her own. As I was returning to my book she called after me that I might consider myself as having received a lesson. I did.

Now Dr. George, Kate's husband, though one of the best-hearted of his species, and though justly accounted singularly wise and skillful in his calling, has neither naturally nor by acquisition a tithe of his wife's rectangularity. This, of course, in the first years of their married life, involved Kate in a perpetual martyrdom of worry. The Doctor thought light of deranging sofas and chairs when there was question of an easy position; he littered the little parlor all over with books, pamphlets, and newspapers; moreover, he had a weakness for the natural sciences; especially he was infected with a love of botany, and so, of course, unsightly weeds were strewed from one end of the house to the other. Kate remonstrated, but her preachments were as the idle wind, and she had come to regard herself as a sorely afflicted woman, all because of the Doctor's ways, when he was suddenly taken down with an acute disorder which bade fair to end his days and ways together. Kate's good nursing saved him; and thereafter, whatever was the reason, she suffered him unchecked to go his own gait. Whereby great peace of mind accrued to both parties; Dr. George conscientiously making his analyses and smoking his cigars in the office, and Kate rectifying his little household derelictions with a quiet tact very pretty to see.

To obtain comfortable and pleasant quarters for my friends proved to be not quite so facile an undertaking as I had anticipated. Ordinarily my

mission would have been easily enough accomplished; for country people here will frequently open their doors to strangers, out of pure willingness to accept a little variety in their monotonous life. But in this instance it happened that Cousin Kate and I spent two whole afternoons in exploring expeditions without a fraction of success.

However, at the last house where we called, and where we introduced our errand cannily, because of the possibility that the compensation in question might be rather more acceptable than elsewhere, it was asked, "Only that it is so far off from the village, why would not Mrs. Breck's do?" And that evening, after tea, while Kate was washing the china, which it is not lawful for any other than herself to do, she said she should not wonder if Mrs. Breck would be quite willing to take my friends; she did not mind trouble, and she was a thorough housekeeper; and that was quite a point, for one did not like to be poisoned. It was true it was a good way off, but then probably the ladies would like to drive about a good deal. They could hire a horse of some neighbor, and Mrs. Breck had a boy who could take care of him. They could learn to drive for themselves; any body could drive a steady horse. As to a carriage, the Doctor had two rockaways besides his sulky; he could spare one of them just as well as not. And as to room, the house was large enough for twenty.

While we were talking about it the Doctor came in, and he thought the plan a good one. He said he had a patient half a mile beyond the Breck house, and he would take me with him the next morning, and leave me to see Mrs. Breck while he made a visit to his patient—an arrangement which we carried into effect in the morning.

On our way the Doctor told me something of Mrs. Breck's history. Twelve years ago she had come to Westmoreland, a bride; finer looking people than herself and her husband one should seldom see. They came to take possession of a habitation built expressly for them by Commodore Breck, the husband's uncle. The Commodore's claim to his title consisted in the fact that he had been a good many years a sea-captain, and in a certain authoritative manner, the result of long habits of command. William Breck, the nephew, an orphan from an early age and the bequest of a dying brother, had been in childhood his uncle's pet and darling; in youth and manhood his pride, and the anticipated comfort of his old age.

Why they had chosen to make their home in this quiet country town the Doctor did not know. For several years every thing went happily with them. Young Breck, himself now owner and commander of a vessel, made two successful voyages, and on his return the Commodore, open-handed and imperious, exacted that the whole neighborhood should rejoice with them. The third time it fell out otherwise; the vessel was wrecked and lost, Captain Breck and the crew had been rescued by a British East India

vessel, outward bound; a mutiny occurred on board, in which he became disastrously involved. This is all that was positively known, but there had been surmises, whispered rumors, of a disgraceful death. Letters had come with a foreign postmark whose contents made a changed man of the old uncle; his bluff autocratic ways were all gone, he looked suddenly twenty years older. He seemed to avoid all those whose companionship he had formerly sought, and when accidentally he encountered them, he returned their greetings like a broken-hearted man who would yet fain keep his grief to himself. At length the malady of a mind diseased became to him unendurable; he sought mitigation in change, and went off to sea again. He had been home once or twice but he was away now.

We were approaching the house. Standing well up from the road, and, like most of the better sort of habitations in the vicinity, painted white, it was quite conspicuous. It was large and of two stories, with a veranda extending around the lower one, and across the front of the second a latticed balcony, which terminated at each end in a little chamber. The roof was surmounted by an octagonal cupola, with windows on all sides. A thick wood stretched down the hill on the right, and a group of three or four large chestnut trees grew so near that their boughs hung quite over the house. From the gate the whole building was invisible for a thick juniper hedge which grew just the other side of the stone wall. The way to the front door was all grown over with grass, but a narrow trodden path led to a side entrance, and hither we went. A little garden spread around us, gay with roses, white lilies, larkspur, and golden candlesticks, and fragrant as these and a whole bed of mignonnette and flowering balm could make it. And here, and in the adjoining clover field, a host of bees hard at work seemed trying with the brookfall hard by which should make the louder ado.

Dr. George knocked at the door with his whip-handle. The first and the second summons were alike in vain; the third and more vigorous appeal brought footsteps, the mistress of the mansion herself. Dr. George introduced me and left me with the lady.

I had not quite expected to see such a person. There was a self-possession about her, an unmistakable air of good breeding that would have graced any station. There was a look out of her great brown eyes, a tone in her voice that never exists but where suffering has been; yet was the latter in no degree querulous, but something deeper and stronger than ever comes from mere suffering.

I made known my errand; and while she deliberated, a girl of nine or ten years came into the room and sat down by the open window. The daughter, since that was she, did not resemble the mother. Her hair, just the color of a ripe hazel-nut, was put away from a forehead not high but full, and with blue, branching veins in the temples; her eyes, in hue just like

her hair, were beautiful, but with a dreamy look, as if she were trying to fathom something too hard for her. She had a fair, pure complexion, but without color except when she spoke; then the red came in waves.

Mrs. Breck finally expressed a willingness to accede to my proposals, and asked me to look at some rooms. I found them charming—more than satisfactory, and was well pleased at so favorable a termination of my quest. When we returned to the room which we had left we saw Dr. George waiting for me at the gate, and so I took my leave at once.

My friends were written to directly, and very soon came a reply which preceded by a few hours only their own arrival. Dr. George went with me to meet them at the East Village station, and they were forthwith established in their new home.

It happened that the very train of cars which brought Mrs. Reynale and her daughter contained also a brace of unexpected guests for Cousin Kate; so, though her pleasant little dwelling has always a mysterious power of enlarging itself to accommodate one more, I determined immediately to join the Reynales at Mrs. Breck's. Kate was at first disposed to resist, but her new visitants being great lovers of quiet, she finally listened to reason.

And thus began a summer which Mrs. Reynale, Grace, and myself with one accord avowed to be among the pleasantest we had ever known. Those magnificent June mornings, when the violet blue sky was unflecked by a cloud, how intensely we enjoyed them! when the green dewy hills shut us in on every side, when not a human sound was heard—nothing but the soft continuous flowing of brooks, the hum of insects, and the gentle tones of the wind through the young leaves, so unlike the rustle of the foliage in its mid-summer maturity; only these and the singing of birds, and the lowing of the cows in the pasture, and the crowing of the cocks as they called to each other from the distant farmyards; all country sounds, that did not destroy, only made noticeable the stillness—just as the needle-work which we kept around, but which we never accomplished, made our idleness more luxurious. And then the thrice pleasant rainy days, when Grace Reynale read aloud to us; for Grace, beyond all other women I have ever heard, save one, excelled in that accomplishment “far above singing.” Gifted with a voice of quite unusual sweetness and power, and with intuitive delicacy of apprehension, it was a rare delight to listen to her. And when we were disposed for silence, in addition to the books with which we had providently furnished ourselves, we found at Mrs. Breck's a large and well-chosen library, besides a really enviable collection of engravings. And the drives too—we did not fail of those; nor did we fail to make room always for Margaret Breck, whose shy, tranquil enjoyment, as well for her own sake as for her mother's, whose happiness seemed to be a reflection of Margaret's, we loved dearly to promote.

The child had lived all her life in a shadow, and, like those plants which have never drunk in the bright color-giving, life-inspiring sunshine, she was drooping. Some persons are so made that they excite in you a compassionate tenderness—a longing to do them kindness—and this quite irrespective of any thing in their outward circumstances. Margaret was one of these. One could not see her without feeling an interest for her, nor know her without loving her; and she was prompt to recognize and return affection. What would become of her? It seemed as if she, more than any other child, needed a father's sheltering love. I did not know what a resolute, undying trust was in her young heart.

It had come to be August; and one evening when Grace Reynale had letters to write, Margaret and myself went out for a walk. We went on in silence for some time, and we had come to a favorite resort, a high rocky bank whence we could see the valley of the Connecticut stretching northward till the distant blue mountain summits, Ascutney conspicuous among them, gave us the only remote horizon line visible in any direction. On the opposite side of the river the shore was comparatively low and level, and the grass and foliage had that intense burnished green which the sunset light sometimes gives it. A little farther up the river grew some superb elms, their wreath-like boughs drooping almost to the water, and reflected perfectly from its dark shining surface. I looked to see if Margaret were enjoying all this beauty. Her eyes were turned toward it, but with their usual preoccupied expression.

“Don't you like it, Margaret?” I said, at length.

“Yes, Miss Graham, I like it,” she answered, quietly. Then, after a little silence, “Don't you think, Miss Graham, that God is nearer to us sometimes than at others? Because every time that I have spoken to him to-day I knew that he listened to me, just as well as I know that you are hearing me now. I know that he does always listen, but I do not always feel it so plainly. You know about my father, Miss Graham?”

I knew that he went to sea, and that his vessel was lost, and he never came back.

“The vessel was lost, but he was not lost,” said she, eagerly. “Miss Graham, I may tell you; I think my father will come back—I am sure—I *know* he will come home again. I pray for it every hour when I am awake. You see I do not tell my mother now. Once I did tell her, but she grew so pale and said, ‘No hope, Margaret,’ and cried so that I never again dared try to comfort her so. I know it, though. This is what Christ said: ‘If ye shall ask any thing in my name I will do it;’ and so I always say, ‘In Christ's name I ask *his* Father that my father may come back to us.’ If he were dead then I should pray, Let us go to him; but he is not dead.”

Poor child! and she was cherishing this wild

hope. My tears fell on the little hand that clasped mine.

"Are you crying, Miss Graham? Do you think it is impossible?" said she.

"All things are possible with God, dear Margaret. Say, 'Thy will be done!'"

"Yes; but you will see. I remember so well the day he went away—I was a child then." Here I smiled, though my eyes were full of tears. She smiled too. "I mean I was a *little* child; and I would not let go his neck; and he kissed me and told me to pray for him every day. He said he would come back again. Oh, I know he will!"

She shook with excitement. I began to tell her some passages of my own childhood, and she listened and grew calm, and we went home.

The moon was just over the top of the chestnut-trees when we entered the yard; a light shone from Grace's window, and Margaret's mother and Mrs. Reynale sat in the veranda. Margaret and I joined them. The moonlight lay white on the hills around, and the foliage of the trees looked mottled with silver, while their shadows lay underneath in great black flakes. From a long range of clouds just visible beyond the western summits flashes of heat-lightning kept leaping out. Here and there a light shone from the distant windows of the few scattered houses within sight. We could hear the fall of the brook, and the chirping of crickets, and now and then a whip-poor-will's note. The rest of us I remember talked, but Margaret sat on the lower step, her cheek leaning on her hand, and on her face, turned up to the moonlight, the same wistful, dreaming look so often noted. Now I knew what it meant. Would it wear her out, this hope deferred, or would she at last give it up? or, finally, was it possible that this, her implicit trust, was no childish fancy?

We were several miles from the post-office, and usually we went there daily. Mrs. Reynale had taken care to provide a supply of newspapers which we read with heightened zest for the contrast between our own quiet life and that which they indicated. One morning Margaret and myself were the messengers. For several days preceding the rain had kept us at home, and now we found a harvest, and among the rest a letter for Mrs. Breck.

"It is from our uncle," said Margaret. "The post-mark is Boston. Then he will be here soon—perhaps to-night."

We had intended to be absent all the morning, but now we set our faces homeward at once. And it was well that we did so; for one of Mrs. Reynale's letters brought intelligence which made it necessary for Grace and herself to set off for New York that very afternoon. So it was a busy day; for Mrs. Breck would be hospitable to the last, and the Commodore's room was to be made ready. There had hardly been time for me to think of myself. Now, however, when Mrs. Reynale and Grace were gone, I said I would go away to Cousin Kate's.

But Margaret entreated me to stay, and, I suppose because Margaret so much wished it, Mrs. Breck seconded her, and so it was settled.

It was a sultry, cloudy evening; the leaves of the chestnut-trees rustled; a wind was springing up.

"We shall have a thunder-shower," said Margaret. "It has looked and felt just like it all day. It always rains when a robin sings as he did just now. Sit still, mother; let me light the lamp." She did so, and placed it on the table. At that moment footsteps were heard on the veranda; they came nearer—toward the door of the room where we were. Margaret turned to look; I did not, for my eyes were arrested by an inexplicable expression on her mother's face—a blending of wonder, fear, hope, in such intensity as I never saw elsewhere, while her raised hand moved convulsively. I heard her say, "O God, William! my husband! you—you in a living form!" Margaret uttered a great cry—I knew not whether of fear or gladness—stood a moment with outstretched arms, and then fell heavily to the floor. Some one raised her, and said, in a voice broken with weeping, "My little Margaret! my little Margaret!" Well for the mother that necessity exacted self-control. For a moment I believe her reason wavered.

I had no right there; I came softly away to my room. A storm had come: till long past midnight the thunder sounded—now in heavy peals that shook the hills, and now in far-off echoes; the lightning flamed ceaselessly, and the rain rattled sharply against the window. I looked out and listened. The clock in the hall struck the small hours before I slept. When I awoke the storm was over. No trace of it remained except an intenser blue in the sky and brighter green on the hills. Was not this like the clear future which awaited Margaret and her mother after their season of darkness?

So I was thinking when Mrs. Breck knocked at my door. Her daughter, she said, was ill, and kept asking for me. I went to her, but she did not know me; she still kept asking for Miss Graham.

"I can talk with her about my father," said she; "but, poor mother! it grieves her so, I dare not even tell her that I believe he will come—but he will! For Christ's sake, O Father of Christ! Well, he will come—but when? What if he should be too late?—if he should find us dead and buried—dead and buried! It is lonesome in the new grave-yard, but they say all the graves must be made there now!"

Dr. George had come. "Eleanor," said he, "you are the only one in the house fit to nurse this little girl. We will save her if we can."

It was a hard struggle between youth and death. And it seemed as if the life of father and mother—yes, and of the old uncle too, for he also had come—hung upon that of the child. For weeks she lay in alternate delirium and stupor. It was fall before we dared avow the

hope that she would recover. One day she awoke from a long sleep and recognized me. "Miss Graham," said she, "father came home last night. Don't you remember you cried with me when you knew how I grieved about him; can't you smile with me now when I am so glad?"

Indeed I could not, though I tried. Dr. George came in at that moment, and most opportunely. He had heard what she said. "Yes, Margaret," said he, "your father is here, and he wants to come in and see you. Now you are sick, and you are my patient, and must do precisely as I tell you. If you will be very silent you shall see him. Is it agreed?"

What a look of eager delight came over her pale little face when Captain Breck entered the room! He too had had his lesson, but the strong man was weaker than the little child. "Good-morning, darling!"—he managed to say that in a tone of much assumed calmness, and then he broke down completely. Margaret was the only one in the room who did not cry. Her mother stood by the bedside, her pale face all drenched with happy tears; the Commodore's bluff visage looked in at the door, the bluntness in a fair way to be all dissolved out of it. Dr. George, too—but now he avers strenuously that he had a dreadful cold at that time. Kate says he had nothing at all of the kind; that he *did* cry she doubts not, because he is just as kind-hearted as any woman that ever lived.

Apparently the excitement did Margaret rather good than harm. While the autumnal hues were brightest on the Westmoreland hills the Brecks all flitted southward. When they returned in the spring Margaret was well. I believe her sweet face will always retain that expression, not of sadness, but the shadow of sadness, which softens without dimming its young brightness.

I do not know that the family themselves were ever aware of the shadow that had briefly rested on Captain Breck's fair fame. When prosperity returns people are shy of mentioning such things, particularly if they prove, as in this case, wholly unfounded.

THE CAPTAIN BECALMED. 2

THIS country boasts an institution of which it is justly proud. But many a man enters it with bitterness of soul, cursing the fate that opened the hospitable doors for him.

When Captain Eagle sailed into that harbor it was not as one returns home from long and weary journeyings, to rest till called out on that voyage which is the last and final.

Blind, penniless—for he had spent the savings of a not penurious life in seeking to retain his failing, and then to recover, his lost sight—he came to this asylum from his voyages round the world. He had the hard and seemingly indestructible pride of a man who accepts and acts upon the world's estimate of things. Without making himself contemptible, or notorious for cruelty or injustice, he came hardly short of tyranny in his exercise of authority. He had es-

timated success more highly than was needful—he had lived by law. To turn from such a manner of life, and all involved in what has been suggested, to another range, and accept its conditions, abide by its laws—to find satisfaction in resignation—was not to be expected of the man. He had no philosophy that made him equal to his destiny. He fell beneath it—a general degraded to the ranks. Was he to be preached into patience? Was it to be expected that any gratefulness would rise within him to receive with proper meekness what was now vouchsafed?

What to him was this fine building, with its great apartments, roomy passages, noble chapel, pleasant dining-hall, pretty gardens, fine grounds, magnificent prospects, respectful attendance, much companionship? Ah me! was not all this comfort a kind expression of a most bitter truth—that life will prove to some men failure—ruinous in the ending? Did it not take into special consideration disappointment, disaster, the blasting fury of the storm of fate?

Old, blind, dependent, he had come here. He had nothing to live for; yet death seemed far away.

He came hither with angry pride—defiant. Having failed in his attempt to deliver himself from ruin, he anticipated no deliverance. He could not rely on others; he had always relied on himself. He had been his own helper in many an evil strait and scene of disaster; but now he was helpless—his hands were tied—his will was crippled—his expectation perished—his heart broken.

He was approaching his sixtieth year when his blindness was confirmed and became irremediable. He was still strong in every part of him; neither bodily nor mental vigor had in the least abated. With his eyesight he might have been of service ten or fifteen years longer; and from service he would never have voluntarily retired, for he loved alone the sea. He had lived upon 'it from boyhood; on shipboard he had married his wife—from the ship-side she was buried.

His son was born at sea; in the midst of sea-life experiences he grew from infancy to boyhood—from boyhood passed to youth. The boy had his mother's nature, and added to it a will that equaled his father's; and the two were not one—nature had but joined them together. "One near one is too far." They were constantly in direct antagonism; and when he was twelve years old, and the vessel touched at a foreign port, the boy went ashore, and his father never saw him again.

Captain Eagle had reigned in solitude, with no one near his throne, since then. How much he felt his loss was never known—if he was ever troubled concerning his past connection with the life of the boy none knew—if ever anxiety in regard to the future of the lad broke his rest, and haunted him in storm or calm, by night or day, no creature was the wiser. The Captain was the Captain—an officer respected,

trusted, faithful, capable, and powerful at sea and on shore. He was nothing more to any soul that breathed.

While a doubt or a hope remained that his eyesight might be restored, Captain Eagle endured the restraint required of him. But it was a pitiable case when he was set free in the daylight, and left to go whither he would, and must stand still or grope his way. No more lordly pacing of the gallant ship for him. No more sailing into port with precious cargo. No more sailing out, the governor of men's fortunes.

He sailed into this harbor because he had nowhere else to go. So he was here to grope his way through passages and halls, and about his own apartment. Coming into contact here with others, he at once quietly placed himself in opposition to them, and stood alone. He asked no questions—held no conversations. Fate had cut the cord that bound him to other men—now let the wind take him where it would. In silence and in darkness he thus drifted on.

His companions in the house amused themselves in divers ways. They read the news—they talked endlessly—told yarns incredible—and thus gave exercise to their imagination and their vanity. They made rope-ladders—they smoked—they took to basket-weaving, sail-making, ship-building on a minute scale; and they strolled about, and did eat and sleep, and enjoy the rest they had earned by years of toil and exposure. Could they do nothing with this intolerant iceberg which the wind had blown into this haven?

There was hardly a man that cared to come into frequent contact with it; and yet there was hardly a man but felt proud of the Captain's past, and its power overshadowed his present helplessness, so that they saw not, as he saw, its humiliation. They let him alone when they saw that this was his pleasure. He was in authority there, had he but known it, or cared for such knowledge. There was in reality no abatement of the grand manner of the man. It was natural enough to him, by the power of life-long habit made so. To it, as to a "refuge of lies," Captain Eagle betook himself when first overwhelmed by the conflict between his pride and a sense of his dire humiliation.

This pride would never bend before the presence of perpetually-recurring need. He was helpless; but he was not brutal in selfishness. He became moodily quiescent in the reception of favor, but never, in feeling or in expression, grateful. He did not repine—he never made lamentation—sighs were never heard escaping him. He was strong, not feeble. He would bear what he must—and yet contempt on patience! He asked no pity—scorn for the weakness that loved it!

He asked no pity. What if he must receive it as a voluntary offering? Weir, the keeper of the grounds, had a little daughter—her name was Mary. She was the only child of the neighborhood; and having no companions

of her kind, she took to flowers, and animals, and roving by herself, and never knew the meaning of loneliness, nor was ever at a loss for joy.

She had often seen this solitary man pacing the gravel walk; and one day, instead of flying past him with a mere backward glance of wonder, she went slowly after him, and followed him so long, observing him narrowly all the while, that at last her wonder gave her courage, and stepping quickly till she came close to him, she asked,

"Why don't you speak to me? Are you blind?"

"Be off!" was the answer, spoken in a tone so loud and so quick that the child did start back and look a little surprised, but she was not afraid. He may have thought she was gone by her silence, but she stood in the grass looking at him when he paused in the walk and looked around him, and she said to herself, "Yes, he is—he's blind!"

"Are you gone?" asked the Captain, for he had heard no scampering of feet and was suspicious.

"No, Sir," was the answer.

"Where are you, then?"

"Off here, Sir, in the grass. Can't you see me, truly?"

The Captain did not answer. The very boldness of the child's speech astonished him, and did not madden him, as any body that knew him might have prophesied. He was not averse to the singular speech. The fresh young voice was almost an unknown sound to his ear. He knew nothing of children—nothing of girls—and the impertinence of this child's address had not, strange to say, been the first thing he thought of.

When she had made the above answer, Mary tripped lightly from the grass, and stole noiselessly up the walk, and laid a peach in the old man's palm.

"Guess what it is," said she, as if she had found a playfellow, and blindness furnished an occasion for sport.

Captain Eagle's fingers did not close upon the peach, and it dropped from his hand to the ground. She stooped to pick it up, and his outstretched hand touched upon the young head, covered with curling hair. He caught at that.

"Now, what are you?" asked he, holding her fast.

"I'm Mary," answered the child, laughing. But the old man did not laugh—he would sooner have sworn at her. But she thought this was play.

"Who's Mary?" he asked again.

"Mr. Weir's little girl. Don't you know, he takes care of the grounds? We live over there in the cottage, by the gate where people come in to see the place."

"Stand up straight. Is that as high as you are?"

"I'm seven years old, and nearly eight."

"Run off!"

"Oh, but won't you take the peach?"

"No, thank you."

"If you should come down to the garden with me, you might help yourself."

"Go play with the children."

"The children!" she laughed. "I'd rather take a walk. There ain't any children," she added, more seriously. It was beyond her to deceive any one for more than a moment.

"Run and take your walk, then," said the Captain.

"Do I trouble you?"

"Yes."

When he said that the child went off and left him. But she did not go far—only to the grass of the lawn again. There she sat down, and she watched the blind man as he walked to and fro. So watching, many thoughts arose to keep her company. Her bright face grew serious—they staid so long, and compelled such grave deductions. He could not see the peach. . . . If he had gone down with her to the garden he could not have seen the flowers. . . . He could not see her where she sat. . . . She shut her eyes, but she opened them instantly, trembling—she feared to understand the horror of his fate. But again the blue eyes closed, and the child arose from the grass and walked about; blank darkness! the water and the sky lost, gone, nothing; houses and grounds, people, drowned in the darkness! The thought suffocated her. She opened her eyes with a groan; there he was still walking. She wanted to go up to him again, but now she was afraid—thick walls of darkness seemed to separate them—he had spoken sharply to her and surprised her before, but now that she understood it, or believed that she did, she was afraid.

At last she began to cross the lawn again, and to advance toward him. On the edge of the gravel walk she paused, and stood there many minutes. At last she said, when he came quite near—speaking timidly, in a sweet, low, child voice,

"I haven't gone away. I'm here. I don't want to trouble you, but oh! I've been shutting my eyes, and it must be night with you all the time. How tired you must be! If you'd let me tell you about every thing, and speak kind to me, I'd wait on you forever. I run a good many errands, and I'm getting to be useful, they say. Let me be useful to you."

Now Captain Eagle had never in his life heard a voice speak words like these. He had never heard such gentleness, such pity, such entreaty expressed. He did not understand it, but he was curious and patient.

"I don't need any thing," said he—and he said it mildly. "You had better run away."

So he walked on and passed into the house, while Mary stood deliberating about the advice.

But a kind of friendship between the Captain and the little girl dated from this day. It is not difficult to ask service of childhood; there was a manner of speech which the blind man

could bring himself to use without misgiving, without difficulty, when he addressed her. He was patient with the child, and let her have her way in trifling matters. There was an unrealness about her, to his mind, which made her tolerable. He knew nothing of such life as hers; he did not half believe in it; it was scarcely as much to him as some distrusted but lovely fairy tale to Mary.

Her pleasures were entirely distinct from all he had ever known, or thought about, & witnessed.

It did not gall him when he heard her say the day was pleasant. He could endure that she should attempt to make him see with her eyes. He even tried to do it. He let her lead him down the flowery path she loved, but did the sun that shone there warm him?—*could* he see those flowers?

He had utterly refused to dwell upon the past for the amusement of his fellow-men. But when they walked upon the pier, and heard the waves break against it, or listened to the rising wind, sometimes memory would speak in spite of him, and Captain Eagle became a hero in the eyes of little Mary Weir. He inspired her with awe and with love. She was gentle and believing, willing, obedient; and he received her service as he might have received the unconscious service of a spirit. He was no tyrant here. But he dropped his command because he was weary of the struggle between pride and helplessness—and the life he now lived was essentially one of unbelief and indifference.

In time he was even ready to call himself fortunate in that he was entirely delivered from the power of delusions which impelled others to labors where they should in the end so surely meet with trials, disappointments, disgust, weariness, anguish, failure.

Every thing was nothing—nothing every thing; this became the creed by which he found himself at length willing to live and to endure. What had he to do with pride then? But did he drop his pride? It was long since it had made exacting demonstration of itself; but it was the very life of the philosophy which, after much reflection, to which the phenomena of this child-life—with its sweet hopes and beautiful enthusiasm—compelled him, he had finally adopted. He seemed now, therefore, to move outside the circle wherein rolled a world of delusion, where men walked in a vain shadow, disquieting themselves in vain.

There might be torpor in such philosophy, but there surely was not peace. It was such quiet as might at any moment be rent by the thunders of the firmament—the smallest voice of Him who sits above the circle of the heavens.

Sight, occupation, human life, reduced by him to unrealness and made irrelevant, the phenomenal child-life, with which he amused himself, being to him equally nothing in reference to the consciousness which fancied itself content to remain a latent power, waiting whatever development should be possible, without

fear, without hope, without anxiety—it was this manner of life which Captain Eagle was living. Yes—quite rid of the world now!

All this, happily not half understood when it found the broadest utterance and manifestation, did not prevent Mary Weir in the frequent exercise of thoughtful service in behalf of the old Captain, whose hair was growing whiter every day, while hers was growing richer in abundance and in beauty. It did not prevent her, one December, in the preparation of a Christmas and birth-day gift for Captain Eagle.

On the twenty-fourth of December a young man, seventeen years old perhaps, stepped from the ferry-boat which touched at the pier, and walked—not very rapidly—along the road, on which a flake of snow had not yet fallen; smooth, and even dusty, it stretched out before him in the sunlight of a December that was mild as May.

When he came to the gate—the great gate that opened into the grounds—he saw, standing at the cottage window, a young girl with a bright roll of netting in her hands. She was making haste with the scarf which she intended for Captain Eagle's Christmas-gift.

The youth rapped at the door, and of Mary Weir inquired whether Captain Eagle was any where about.

"Oh yes," was the answer; "do you want to see him?" and she smiled in anticipation of his reply. If this handsome lad had come to visit the poor old Captain it was surely on some pleasant errand, and there were very few now that came asking for him.

"Yes, I should like to see him," replied the youth.

"I can find him for you;" and she laid down her work, put on her shawl and hood, and was ready to start at once. But now the lad seemed to be in no such hurry, though when he came in his manner was that of a person who has not a moment to lose.

"You know him then?" asked the stranger.

"Oh yes, I know him—better than any body about here, I think. I hope you have got something pleasant to say to him. To-morrow is his birth-day."

"Christmas-day?"

"Yes. I am making this for him!" and she unrolled her gay work, which she herself seemed greatly to admire. "He is blind, you know."

"Yes," replied the youth, gravely.

"You asked if he were here; you were not certain," remarked Mary, who was as curious as she had a right to be in any thing that remained unexplained concerning Captain Eagle. Many a day of grief and trouble had his troubles cost her, and her wonder whether any good thing was indeed reserved for him was not idle.

"I never was here before," said the lad. "What a beautiful place it is!"

"You may say that! But it is from the top of the house you get the view; though from his windows it is beautiful!"

"If he is blind, it seems to me you are making a gay present for him. Do you think that he can feel how bright that is?" Here the youth took the soft woolen scarf in his hand and held it out to view. It was all to gain time. He could not have answered a single natural question concerning that scarf an hour afterward.

"Yes—no—I can't say about that; but it will show that he has a friend who loves him."

"And that is you. Is he so kind?"

The girl looked at him a moment without answering. She was truthful; she could not say what Captain Eagle was without a deal of explanation.

"He is a great man," replied she; "he has taught me a great deal. And it is so dreadful to be blind! Will you come now while I find him, or shall I bring him here?"

"I will go with you." And now the youth rose from the seat where he had thrown himself and followed Mary Weir.

"There he is now, walking!" cried Mary, as they went up the walk toward the house. The Captain was strolling along the path near the building, where the sun was shining warmly. He was alone. He never walked with any one but Mary. When she saw him she quickened her steps; the lad did not lag behind.

A sudden gloom oppressed him visibly when he looked at the old, lonely man; an instantaneous and grieving conviction of the veteran's desolation and ruin fell upon him. He would fain have retreated, it seemed, had retreat been possible. But when his guide said,

"Captain Eagle!" and the old man stopped instantly, and turned his head toward her, another change as sudden passed over the lad, and he stood there no longer uncertain but resolute. It seemed as if the impotence of this white-haired old lion had made him conscious of his own potency. He was ready to live and triumph, because he saw before him one ready to die, a ruin.

"Captain Eagle, here is a young gentleman come to see you, and I brought him."

A sound that did not express gratitude or pleasure for that act broke from the old man, but he asked:

"What is his name, Molly?"

The lad hesitated a moment.

"Joseph Francis," said he, with a stout, determined voice. "I came to pay my respects to a famous Captain, because I am going to sea and mean to be a captain myself some day!"

"A famous Captain! Then I will not detain you. That man is not here, Sir."

"I came to find Captain Eagle, who once sailed the *Albatross*," said this Joseph Francis. The Captain made no reply to this, and the lad looked at his guide. Her face was very bright. She seemed to say, by the quick nod she gave him, that he was right—here was the Captain who had sailed the *Albatross*. But neither did she speak; and because there seemed to be some doubt as to what sort of audience this was going to prove, he pushed on bravely in his speech. It

was not the *prospect* of defeat or discouragement that could vanquish him.

"I have heard many a story of that brave Captain," said he; "and I called him great because he was so courageous, and knew all that any man can know of a business he kept to for more than forty years; and he succeeded in it."

"You talk about success," said the old man, bitterly. "Captain Eagle knew as much of it in some directions, maybe, as man ever did; but—he was a perfect failure!"

"When he was a young man he was brave, and suffered for it. I read it in a book how he mutinied at sea, because his captain was a drunkard and a fool; and how he was thrown in chains into a foreign prison, and how he came by his liberty again. I could not forget that story. It made me a sailor. So, Sir, I have worked for ten years, and earned my bread, and schooled myself, and I graduated at a school—not a mean one. Now I am going to sea; and the ship I sail in is a new one, but she has a splendid name, Sir, you'll say—the *Albatross*—and we sail the day after to-morrow. So I thought, when I heard that Captain Eagle was yet alive, I would come and ask him if there was any thing he would advise a young man who is about to begin in the same career he followed so long and nobly."

Mary Weir stood by listening to these words, with such looks of admiration and gestures of approval as would not have been ill on a stage, and were not bad for nature.

"How old are you, Francis Joseph?" asked the Captain, when, greatly agitated, the lad ceased speaking.

"Seventeen years old, Sir," was the prompt reply.

"So young?"

"But no chicken, as I have told you, Sir. I have been through enough, if you will believe me."

"Does any thing you now *have* pay you for what you have been through to get it?"

"Oh yes; even to stand here and feel I have earned the right to ask the counsel of such a man as you—for I have no father—I have none to advise me."

"Your real joy springs from enthusiasm," said the old man, in a way that was certainly calculated to dampen ardor. It did not seem to impress the young man.

"Yes," he said, "I expect a great deal."

"I did the same. See what I got."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary Weir. There was no mistaking the grieved, reproachful spirit of that single exclamation.

"The rich experience of forty honorable years!" cried the lad quickly, emboldened by such signal of an ally.

"What's that?" said the old man, sharply.

"What does it all come to? Young man, if you have a friend in the world stick to him, and drop every thing else. What's authority, honor? Keep yourself from being a beggar; don't become helpless—that's all I can say. I say it.

I was like you once. You see what came of it all. Be warned!"

"I have a friend," said Joseph Francis. "I wish to make him more my friend. I want to earn his respect and love. But he and I must be far apart any way, and I may as well be on the sea as on the land. And I love the sea! I might have gone long ago on my first voyage, but I waited till I should be more fit for the honor; and now I know I am more fit, and I wish you could encourage me a little."

"You are bent on it. Don't be a fool! What I say makes no difference. You would go or stay to suit yourself, not me. Go, then. But don't make a fool of yourself if you can help it." So the old man turned away, and the lad, without attempting to speak again, stood sadly watching him; and between the two stood Mary Weir, looking from one to the other, undecided, grieved, troubled. At last it seemed as if she would follow the old man and entreat him; but when he came to the door of the house, instead of turning to retrace his steps he went in and did not return.

"He need not have left me. I was going in a moment—for I must go with the boat," said the youth, turning to Mary Weir, when they heard the door close behind him. "But you must tell me about him. Has he his right mind? Is he very unhappy?"

"He don't expect any thing," was the sad answer. "He has told me that so very often."

"But he must," said Francis Joseph.

"I was very sorry to hear him speak that way to you."

"It is nothing. I am glad he did, though it grieved me. I wanted to know. Oh what a weary life for him! He thinks he has seen the end; but he hasn't. It shall not be so."

"He has not a friend in the world," sighed little Mary.

"He has me! he has you! Yesterday I thought I had no friend. But I have him. He is the one I meant. But he didn't understand. If I worked for myself I might fail. But I'll work for him, and then—can I? Perhaps you don't see into such selfishness as that. But is he fond of you? Can you manage him? Answer quick—I think I hear the boat."

"He used to like to have me around more than he does now, I think; but if he likes any body at all, I think it is me."

"You are going to give him a Christmas present to-morrow—and that's his birth-day," said the youth, quickly.

"Yes."

"I can't say it now; wait till to-morrow—there is the boat. Good-by!"

An hour after, while the sun was yet shining on the pleasant walk, Mary Weir had drawn the Captain out from the moody silence of his solitude, and it had been strange if the girl could have found any thing to talk of except the visitor who had come, and gone, and left them with so many new thoughts, and the quickened blood surprise had agitated and heated.

"What sort of chap is he, Molly?" asked the Captain, when, after waiting a reasonable time for this question to come of itself, Mary suggested it.

"He is a young man that is going to sail a ship in the quickest time that can be. What is the quickest time, Captain Eagle?"

"I sailed a ship when I was twenty years old. How does he look?"

"Tall and strong."

"Eyes?"

"Black."

"Honest? Steady?"

"So."

"Hair?"

"Black, too."

"Looks like a beggar, does he? He has been terribly poor."

"He don't look like a beggar. He is well dressed. He looks proud and able. But oh! you made him sad. But you didn't change his mind. He says you are his friend. He hadn't one yesterday. And he is going to work for you now."

"Why didn't you tell him that to-morrow I am sixty-five years old? One foot in the grave," growled the Captain.

"Nonsense. You will have to live to see what becomes of him, any way. Certainly!" said Mary Weir, gayly; but at the same time she was looking most anxiously into the face of the old man. She was wondering whether she had now firm hold of an argument in favor of life—if she had she would never let it go again.

"One thing happens to all. Every old man is a prophet if he is not a fool," said Captain Eagle; and he believed what he said.

But he let Mary lead him where she would that afternoon; and so they walked together to the dock, and heard the gentle dash of sunny waves, that were like summer ripples against the pier.

"Wouldn't you like to go over to the *Albatross*?" she asked, timidly, while they stood there together. For she thought it might be that to-day he would suffer himself to be persuaded, though all persuasion heretofore had been in vain; he had never consented to sail out from this harbor, no matter what the occasion, or from whom the invitation came.

"No," he answered, and she did not take the answer up; she took another track.

"The sun strikes the water, and looks like a great column of brass. Maybe like a pillar put up in honor of some hero. You have seen such, Sir. That young man sees just as bright a one built up to the Captain." After this flight of fancy Mary hurried on, as if fearful that, with an opportunity, the old man would express his displeasure.

"The woods look purple, and blue, and brown," she said, after her usual manner of describing every aspect of nature which she herself perceived. "The sky is as bright as June. It is wonderful for December. The evergreens are beautiful—so dark and stately."

He heard her—or did not. He gave no sign. A sign she did not ask or want. She hoped he heard her, and that when he was alone he would be able to recall the glory of the day, made visible, at least dimly so, by her words.

By-and-by he said, "I was three months in a dungeon. But I hoped then. I knew I should be set at liberty again. I suppose even if I could have looked forward to this I would have taken my chances with the liberty which must expose me to such a fate. Do you not see what blank foolishness it is all round?"

"No, Sir."

"It is the way they all begin, and the way they all end—if they expect any thing. But what could I say? I might as well order a volcano to stop as bid that young man be wise. He has got to work. But why should he expect? Let him take what he gets from day to day, and not beguile himself. Come, we will go back."

The next day, at noon, the young man landed again at the pier, and found his way again by the same path to the grounds, where he hoped he should find Captain Eagle. Mary Weir was looking for him; and when she saw that he was coming she went out to meet him. Under his arm Joseph Francis carried a bundle; in his palm was another gift, and he came in haste.

When he met the little maiden he addressed her hurriedly—

"I have only a moment to stay. I want first to make sure that you will remember him and me." He opened his palm. A gold ring lay there before her eyes. "I want you to take this," said he; "then I shall be certain that you will never forsake the old man—till I come back."

The girl was by no means eager to take the pledge.

"As long as I live," said she, "how could I forget him? I loved him before you came."

"Then you must take the ring," said he, authoritatively—as one who was going to be a captain, as he said. So she took the ring, and put it in her pocket.

"I have brought a present for the Captain," said the young man, next. "This is his birthday, you said. Did you give him the scarf?"

"Yes. I tied it on him myself."

"Was he pleased?"

"Pleased? Yes; I hope he was. He thanked me. But nothing gives him much pleasure, I am afraid. But he asked me about you when you were gone."

"He did! if ever he asks any thing about me again—"

"I know he will."

"You tell him—"

"What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him that I said he ought to live a while, if only for one thing—to see if he is not mistaken in his conclusion. He has had some terrible hard knocks. How awful for a man like him to be blind! One of the proudest cap-

tains that ever walked a ship! You tell him that I go away just as sure that the good God will guide and help me as you are that—that—" he looked at Mary—he looked sharply, as if he would discern the spirit of the girl anew—"that the flowers will blossom when their time comes," said he, blushing.

"I will tell him that. But if you have a present for him—"

"I am going to leave it with you. You must tell him that I had to go back to the ship this afternoon. He will understand. I wish I could think of something to say to him besides—but there's no time to say it. Here, you see this is a map for the use of blind people. Here is the Mediterranean Sea. Tell him we sail for Constantinople. He will know all about the voyage. We are going for three years. I shall come to ask about him when we return. There. Give me your hand. Good-by!"

"Oh! is that all? Are you going? Won't you see him—can't you? Good-by, then. I'll take the map. I'll tell him all. Good-by. I'll keep the ring."

All that afternoon Mary Weir sat by Captain Eagle's side, and he explained the map to her, and the ship's probable progress. He told her of the foreign ports the lad would visit, and it made the old man's blood run faster than he chose as he thus turned the leaves of the map and groped his way around the world.

When Mary undertook to repeat the young man's conversation a deal besides was required of her. Captain Eagle's curiosity was fairly aroused. One would have supposed, to hear him, that there might, after all, be something desirable in honor, and that gratitude, in return for heroic example, was possible.

He wished inwardly that he had seen the lad again. He wished that, if what he had said *was* truth, it had been unspoken. Left to his own reflections even, he could hardly have escaped regret that he should have hastened to cloud a prospect which fortune would cloud soon enough. The lad had struggled so manfully, beginning in poverty and obscurity, and was working upward with such resolution—he understood very well how it was (understood *it* better than the peaceful, happy childhood of the young girl with whose life he had suffered himself to be surrounded—desert island in the midst of bright and tranquil waters)—it must be that the lad was living, striving, hoping, in obedience to some law of nature—what was he that he should try to oppose it? to weaken the hand's effort, or the faith's aspiring? Thankless task! Evil labor!

Yes—even had he been left alone to himself, the Captain must sooner or later have come to this conclusion in reference to Joseph Francis. He had accepted a narrow and dreadful philosophy, and deemed it vast and sufficient; but the sound of a resolute voice, the expression of valorous hope, the departure of brave ambition, stirred his soul as a trumpet wakes the spirit of a warrior. Let it be that he had failed

—this young man charged him to endure until *he* had proved himself and life—and he would fain live and see the problem tried anew.

Rare lessons in Geography had Mary during that new year! and following the course of Joseph over the face of the waters, calculating his experiences, was it likely that either old man or young maiden would forget him?

Attached to the chain she made for it the girl wore the ring, and kept her promise. She was faithful in watching over the blind old man.

It came to the old man's knowledge, in the course of time, that her father wished to send the girl away to school, and the most generous impulse he had ever known flared up within him, and would fain impel him to the greatest sacrifice he ever volunteered; for Mary was become to him as a daughter, and to live without her seemed next to impossible.

But when, one day, he broke the subject to her—told her that he knew her father's wish, and her resistance, he was not quite prepared for the answer she made him.

"You teach me more than I should learn at school. Besides, I promised him that I would never leave you; and I shall not go away."

After this the Captain became her teacher in earnest; and the keeper said no more about the boarding-school.

So five years passed away and Mary Weir was seventeen, and Captain Eagle seventy. And what were they doing all this while? Growing actually older, as other people do.

The old man's hair could not bleach to a finer whiteness, but his face changed somewhat; a multitude of wrinkles took the place of the proud show of unblemished manly vigor. He did not walk about as loftily as once. The habit of groping had told upon him. He had become a blind man in form and aspect; five years ago that could hardly have been said of him. His countenance was not now that of a person who has no hope or expectation. It wore habitually the expression of one who waits in hope, assured that what he anticipates shall be.

He talked less of the lad who had come and gone, and left him a watcher on the shore. But he thought not less of him. He talked less of him, but more and more of another lad with whom his manhood had to do. And now in these days, for the first time in many years, human ear heard the father speaking of the son. It was Mary who received from him the vision of the brave and beautiful, but fiery-hearted lad. The name once uttered, the recollection once confessed, that was not the last of it—it was not the least. Now and then would come admission, audible utterance—brief, abrupt—of the argument he carried on with his own soul. He *might* have been harsh—perhaps he *was* unreasonable; yes, he did remember, while the boy's mother lived it required no more than her gentle authority to hold the lad in check. Mary Weir listened to these fragmentary confessions without ever making comment; half afraid, she heard them, reverently she kept the sayings in

her heart. Sometimes, as if not quite certain in her own mind that the Captain had not forgotten that she was with him, the witness thus to his secret thought which found such audible voice, she would in some manner remind him of her presence; but such movement or word was never followed on his part by any confusion or vexation, such as might have been expected of him had he unwittingly betrayed himself.

Do you think that the mildness of patience, the grave conviction, almost prophetic, with which he waited, as brother for brother, or as father for son, expressed merely the old man fallen into dotage? I say rather that his indications were those peculiar to the man who is convinced that he has groped long enough in his own hard paths—to the proud man humbled—to the leader who is willing to be led—to the unbelieving who has come to trust with hope in all things grateful, noble, brave; who is entering the kingdom of heaven as a child. He might have died a lion, like a wild beast—old men do sometimes. The sinner a hundred years old will not look at Nature with a young girl's loving eyes, or at life with a young man's daring heart; and with such eyes and heart Captain Eagle contemplated God's great manifestation in sense and in time, on his seventieth birth-day.

That young voyager sailing afar, giving no sign or token so many years, digging gold in California, or Australia, maybe, or dead in the ocean's depths, or shipwrecked on some unknown shore, who knew?—that young sailor was still strong to sustain the ideal of manhood with which he had furnished each of these waiting lives.

For the old blind Captain's sake Mary Weir forsook her youthful lovers and the life of youth. For the trust and the love of youth the Captain threw away his vile philosophy. It was a tiny stream that rent the heart of granite. And Christ himself led Mary.

Five years more went by ere a ship of a thousand sailed into harbor, and set free its voyagers.

Ten years had made of the manly youth a man of large and strange experience.

He had not been wasting time in gold-digging. Fortune as an end was never his ambition. He had not been shipwrecked. He had been hard at work, and the toil had told upon him as the toil of ten years will. His hands were the hands of a laborer. His face was the face of a thinking man, who, born to command, has won his way through the difficulties which protected his right from him till he was fit to receive it. And now came Joseph Francis, the master of himself, and the master of his ship, with his promises redeemed.

But he had come with trembling. Ten years are many added to the sixty of a blind man who shall see service no more—ten years are many added to the life of a young girl whose heart and brain are open.

It was summer, and the season in its glory, when he came. The whole island was a garden, beautiful as ever was shone on by the sun or ruffled by the wind. And within this island-garden was another where an old blind man was walking, leaning on a lady's arm, and both carried bunches of flowers freshly gathered, and the blind man saw the morning's loveliness, and had it not in his heart to dispute one of its declarations.

Strangers often visited this garden. It was a pleasant place, and all who came were welcome. Many might wander there at will and find the solitude they sought, for the paths were many and long. The arbors, too, were numerous; one might sit in the shade of any all day long, without fear of disturbance or question.

To this garden Joseph Francis came. He had been told at the cottage that the Captain was out walking, and, seeking him in one place and another, the young man at length came hither, and found them—for he sought two, not one.

For a while he was content to wander about the garden, he was now in no haste; the boat might go and come, he was no man's servant. But as he walked from point to point, taking in large views and small—all of beauty—of water and of wood, or of little flower-bed, the eyes of the young man never lost sight for longer than an instant of the old man and the lady; at length he proposed to himself that he would approach them; doing this, he took his hat off, for he wished to be recognized.

Thus approaching, he suddenly found himself brought to a stand-still by the waving of a hand; and a ring suspended from a chain seemed to flash in the light before his eyes, but the movement was so sudden, so instant, he could not have decided whether eye or fancy had beheld it.

But this was certain, that the lady had recognized him, and also that it was at her wish that he stood there silent.

So she was to control this interview! Would he have it so? As he looked at the two before him, Joseph Francis seemed to perceive her right, as certainly as his silence did acquiesce in her pleasure.

Under pretense of gathering a rose, Mary Weir had also halted in the walk.

"I wish," said she to the old man, with a voice not even to his quick ear changed from the tone of its previous speaking, "I wish that on such a day as this he would come back."

She did not need to name the name of him they looked for, to the old man. This point was not lost on the listener. "It would seem more in the spirit of the whole, Captain. It would look more like a triumph, too! Such a splendid summer day."

"Has a glance told her every thing?" thought the young man. "That was venturesome to speak of triumph." For the heart of the man might be the heart of a hero, but he did not at

this moment feel like a conqueror—if conquest admits pride.

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "Well, *won't* he come? Shall we never even hear a word about him, Mary? Ten years and over. Ten years. . . . Mary, time is long."

"But time brings every thing to pass, you know," she answered, cheerfully.

"You're young," was his comment. He had said it to her now for the ten thousandth time.

"Well, if I am young I will expect him. Every ship that arrives, I will look."

"So will I. Two good-natured fools we are." The old Captain laughed at himself and at her. "I'm as foolish as you are for that, Molly. Every year his voice has sounded more honest to me. Just as if I had been getting my hearing by degrees, and the voice kept sounding. I should know that voice any where."

"Oh, should you, Captain, really?"

The old man started at the question. He heard more than doubt and wonder in its tone.

"Has he come?" he asked, quickly. "Has he come, Molly?"

"Yes!"

"When, then? Have you seen him?—Where?"

"Yes; I am sure I saw him here in this garden a moment ago, if I am alive."

"Did he see us, Molly? Would he know us? Ten years! Come, we will go about and find him. If he came here, it was to see us." These last words were spoken with decision, and the Captain was for setting out at once in the search. The eyes of Mary Weir were on him. She needed none to tell her how much was this moment at stake. Instantly, but calmly, she answered,

"I think that he is coming this way, Captain Eagle;" and she looked at the young man two yards off, and gravely smiled.

"Then let us stand still, and see if he will know us."

The young man waited an instant longer, then he stepped forward.

"He is near," whispered Mary.

"I hear him. Wait! Will he go by?"

"No—he sees us—he recognizes—"

"Madam."

"It is he!" shouted the Captain. "Joseph Francis, I have been waiting for you."

"For me, Sir? I am Captain Eagle," said the young man, and a trifle of surprise was in his voice; he smiled when he spoke, and drew himself up. There was no one but Mary to see that. She saw it, and more.

"Molly, Molly, it is the voice!" cried the old man, bewildered.

"And it's the man," affirmed Mary, stoutly.

"Am I dead, then? Has he stolen my name? Where did he get it?"

"I am Captain Eagle, and I sail the *Albatross*. Where did I get my name? In a direct line of succession from you, Captain, the father of my father, and there lies the *Albatross*,

with your cabin fitted up, ready for the next voyage, Sir, less than a month from now. And, madam—"

The young man's strong voice faltered. He turned to Mary—was about to address her—but whatever may have been in mind or on lip to say, was pushed aside by the imploring of an old, feeble voice, which in joy was scarcely less grievous to hear than it had been in sorrow. He groped with his hand, it was grasped by two.

"Come, my father, let us sit down; I'm dying to tell you all. I'll give you your Joseph back, and another man to boot. Only don't think we're two men. We are one, and you and I must live for each other."

"I've lived for you ten years," answered the old man. It was the sole fact of which he spoke with pride to-day.

Mary Weir led the way into an arbor, where that tale was to be told. And as Desdemona listened, so did she.

As the young man had foretold, in much less than a month's time the *Albatross* was sailing with the old man on its deck—the old Captain by the side of the young master, and there also was "madam."

A PAPER OF ALL SORTS.

FIFTY years ago there lived in Munich an artist and author, one Aloys Senefelder. Having stated his profession and his country, it is needless to add that he was poor. Publishers would not publish for him, amateurs would not buy his pictures; so Aloys found that Art, though a delightful mistress, was a bad housekeeper, and accordingly betook himself to the feet of Invention. He experimented in engraving, and fabricated an ink which was capable of resisting the action of those acids used by engravers when they etched on copper. He devoted himself to experimenting with this ink on copper plates, hoping that he had discovered a means of facilitating the art of engraving. To buy copper plates, however, requires a purseful of other metals, and after many trials Aloys found that he had neither copper in plate or coin remaining. In this dilemma he cast about for some other medium on which he could pursue his experiments at a less cost, and bethought himself of a certain species of stone called Kilheim stone, which was capable of being highly polished, and was none the worse for failures, as it could be polished over again. On these stones, cheaply obtained, he drew and etched, and dreamed each day of that splendid fortune which all of us behold gleaming dimly in the Future. One day, when he was without a kreutzer to rattle against the solitary one that lay in the bottom of his pocket, a literary job was proposed to him, for which a slight remuneration was offered. Some humble friend, innocent of the art of writing, proposed that Aloys should draw up a washing-bill. History does not give us the name of this liberal employer, but we are justified in presuming that the person in question was his laun-

dress, and that Aloys worked out in this way a month's clean linen. Having no paper by him, poor fellow! he roughly wrote the items in his cherished ink upon one of his Kilheim stones. The idea then seized him of taking an impression of the document from the stone on paper. He tried and succeeded. Thus it was that the art of lithography was invented—an art intimately connected with the comic literature of the present day. Indirectly we are indebted to a laundress and a poor author for the *Charivari* and *La Caricature*.

Lithography associates itself, in its connection with comic literature, with the twin art of engraving on wood. Modern comic writing is so blended with illustration that it is difficult to speak of one without touching upon the other. Who can mention comic literature without recalling Leech, Gavarni, Richard Doyle, and George Cruikshank? Who that has seen the artist walk hand in hand with the author through the pages of the Paris *Charivari*, and the London *Punch*, will cavil at me for introducing both to your notice?

As engraving on wood plays so important a part in the illustration of my subject, I will relate an episode in the early history of that art which I look on as one of the most charming stories that one can rummage out in that old lumber-room called "the Middle Ages."

In the reign of Pope Honorius the Fourth, the Count de Cunio clandestinely married a noble young lady of Verona. It was a love-match, and her parents, on its discovery, dissolved the marriage and uncassocked the priest. Such things were easily done then; for the popes, though terribly infallible in matters of doctrine, were mortal in their pockets; and methinks I see the grand Veronese parents slipping many gold angels into the hand of the venerable Pope Honorius. The fair young bride fled with her husband to the house of an aunt near Ravenna, where she was delivered of twins; children destined to be afterward famous and pitied. The young Count Cunio was soon after this forced by his father to espouse another lady; but out of affection for his son this excellent old man, who bribed the Pope, attended carefully to the education of the twins. Curiously enough the young Count's second wife took a deep interest in the welfare of these unhappy children, and loved the little Isabella Cunio as if she had been her own daughter. Neither was the boy, Alexander Alberic, less cherished; the brilliant talents that he possessed in common with his sister were carefully cultivated, and in amiability and learning the twins made rapid progress. At the age of thirteen Isabella was a perfect prodigy. She understood Latin, composed verses, was acquainted with geometry and music, played on several instruments, and painted with considerable taste and elegance. Her brother was universally acknowledged to be one of the most elegant youths in all Italy. These children were the delight of their parents; but it must have been a strange link that bound

the repudiated wife and her children in a common chain with the intruding Countess. At fourteen, Alexander Alberic Cunio was well skilled in horsemanship and the use of arms, and made his first campaign under the eye of his father in the wars of the Italian troubles. In this maiden essay he had command of a brigade of twenty-five gentlemen, with whom he attacked and defeated two hundred of the enemy. His valor having urged him too far, he found himself surrounded by a retreating party of the enemy, who sought to make him prisoner. But this daring youth, with the bravery of his years, fought his way through them with no other injury than a slight wound in the arm. His father, who was riding to his rescue, encountered him with the enemy's flag wrapped bandage-wise round his wounded limb. The old Count was so delighted at the boy's courage that he resolved to reward him with knighthood, and accordingly bestowed the *accolade* on the spot which he had reddened with his blood. The youth, overcome with joy at receiving so distinguished an honor, did not forget his deserted mother in the hour of his triumph, but demanded permission from his father to visit that noble lady at Ravenna, and lay at her feet that which mothers prize so dearly, a son's glory.

A little time after this, those dear twins who seemed to have loved one another with a pure affection delightful to read about, began to employ their time in designing together a series of pictures entitled "the Deeds of Alexander." To these drawings they have affixed a little legend themselves, which is so charmingly quaint that I can not refrain from quoting it. It goes on to say that these pictures represent

"The chivalrous deeds, in figures, of the great and magnanimous Macedonian King, the courageous and valiant Alexander; dedicated, presented, and humbly offered to the Most Holy Father Pope Honorius the Fourth, the glory and stay of the Church, and to our illustrious and generous father and mother, by us, Alexander Alberic Cunio, knight, and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister; first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief with a *little knife*, on blocks of wood, joined and smoothed by this learned and beloved sister; continued and finished together at Ravenna, after eight pictures, of our designing, painted six times the size here represented; cut, explained in verse, and thus marked on paper to multiply the number, and to enable us to present them as a token of friendship and affection to our relations and friends. This was done and finished, the age of each being only sixteen years complete."

Papillon gives a detailed account of these pictures so naïvely described by the artists. There was Alexander mounted on Bucephalus; The Passage of the Granicus; Alexander cutting the Gordian Knot; Alexander in the Tent of Darius; Alexander presenting Campaspe to Apelles; The Battle of Arbela; Porus a Prisoner before Alexander. The last is rendered curious from the fact that Le Brun, in his famous picture of the same subject, either accidentally or knowingly copied the design of the Cunios. The eighth and last of the series is The Triumph of Alexander on entering Babylon. Papillon says that these designs are some-

times graceful. Be this as it may, who will not feel a sympathy and interest in this dear brother and sister "imagining, designing, and executing" the pictures with their "little knife?"

After completing these designs, for which Pope Honorius gave them much commendation, Alexander Cunio tore himself again from his dear sister, and sought the wars, in company with a young noble named Pandulpho, who loved and was beloved by the sweet Isabella. This was the young warrior-artist's last campaign. He died on an enemy's sword, close to Pandulpho, who was dangerously wounded in defending him. The death of this dear brother, who was not yet nineteen, so affected Isabella that she pined away and died of sorrow. The tragedy does not cease. Pandulpho's grief for the loss of his beloved brought him to the grave. The wretched mother, overwhelmed by the loss of two such children, followed them to heaven; and the Count and his wife sickened almost to death. All that remained to tell of the twins of Ravenna was a copy of their prints, bound in the Gothic style—now missing, but supposed still to exist in the gloomy library of the Vatican at Rome. Their historian saw the work, and says that the worms had entered and pierced it in many places. Their memory, however, is beyond the reach of mould or worm.

Sleep, sweet twins! I bow my head reverently to your unknown graves. I can not see the rude wood-cut at the head of a street ballad without thinking of ye; and I rejoice that it was ye, young and beautiful, who gave us a graceful art, rather than it should come of some dingy monk or greasy mechanic. Sleep, sweet twins! Your shadows walk through time. Here, in this teeming, busy New World, let us stop and draw aside, and doff our hats to youth and valor, genius and virtue, as they go by!

This graceful arabesque of love and romance hangs over the threshold of Art, ushering us through many a dark corridor of Time on to the bright chamber of the nineteenth century. It is the illuminated page with which the history-book of art opens.

It is not within the limits of this paper to trace the development of comic literature or comic illustration. We have to deal with both in their manhood, and need not search in archives for the registers of their birth or baptism. A distinguished acquaintance of mine, one Mr. Arthur Pendennis, himself a comic writer of eminence, has painted for you, in his own inimitable style, the humorists of the last century; and I esteem it a fortunate circumstance that my subject does not lead me upon his track. I should share the fate of those who follow in the wake of a great army, and find nothing to feed on.

I do not know whether I shall be able to gratify those persons who are never satisfied with facts until they know their source. They correspond to a certain class in society who will not make your acquaintance until they learn who your father was. Those individuals I shall no doubt startle when I say that modern comic

literature has no father, and never had. It was not born; it appeared. It was, perhaps, picked up in the streets, and still retains a certain air of its vagabond origin. It is odd and loose in its habits. Like the *Gamin de Paris*, it retains, even in its finest attire, the roll and swagger of its earlier days. It has no connection whatever with the healthy but somewhat clumsy humor of Fielding and Smollett. It is brilliant, erratic, reckless, and, so to speak, dissipated. It respects neither things nor men, and dashes its democratic fist in the faces of nobles and courtiers. I fancy that I can trace in the features of this strange literature an affinity, if not a connection, with that modern mystery, the Bohemian. To the French, who in aptitude for nomenclature surpass all other nations, we owe the word Bohemian, as applied to those nomadic tribes who cultivate literature and debts, and, heedless of the necessities of life, fondly pursue the luxuries. In Paris and London, the two great capitals of Bohemianism, the habits of the tribe are as nearly similar as the essential differences in the characters of the French and English will allow. The French Bohemian is one of the gayest fellows imaginable. He comes up from the provinces to Paris to study medicine, become a famous doctor, and re-establish the fading fortunes of his family. He quits the little ancestral village with promises of industry solemnly pledged to his prudent father, his sanguine mother, his admiring sisters. Visions of ceaseless toil usurp his brain. Avenues of midnight lamps burn before his excited fancy. He will take cheap lodgings, work twelve hours a day, walk the hospitals until he wears his legs out up to the knees; in short, there never was such a model of patient, unceasing industry as our typical Adolphe resolves on becoming. Adolphe arrives in Paris; hires his garret in the Quartier Latin; delivers his letters of introduction; and goes bravely to work. He is astonished, however, to find that his fellow-students are not as industriously inclined as himself. They shirk their lectures, they frequent casinos, they smoke, and play billiards, and as to walking the hospitals, they would as soon make a pilgrimage to Mecca. Adolphe is soon seduced. His letters home become less frequent, and such ones as he does write have invariably pecuniary postscripts. The number of unforeseen expenses incidental to the medical profession are alarming. The old father wonders why medical lectures require to be paid for three times over, and the poor mother puzzles her unsophisticated brain with the endeavor to discover why her boy requires a lay figure which shall cost three hundred francs. Poor bamboozled country hearts! the lecture moneys went to give a supper to Adolphe's friends, and the lay figure paid for an equestrian expedition to Versailles, where there were grisettes instead of professors, and the science of lansquenets was discussed over Chambertin and Clos Vougeot! And so the game goes on. At home, in the little country house, the poor fa-

ther groans and finances, and sends his boy continual moneys. The loving mother, never losing hope or faith in that splendid young fellow who left them with a country smile upon his pure lips, sells her little jewels and her old family laces, and dispatches clandestine remittances to the young scamp in Paris. Even the dear sisters, to whom this naughty Adolphe is a prince so beautiful that nothing is too good for him—even they make up a slender purse, and glut the young monster of the metropolis with their little savings. O pure hearts, dwelling by the green banks of the Dordogne, it is well for you that there is no telegraph in nature to whisper to you the doings of him whom you love! It is a blessed thing that the ribald songs that shake his chamber of nights can not tremble through those silent linden-trees beneath which you lie thinking of him! Could you see his frantic company, flushed with wine, mad with folly, heedless of every thing on earth but that one hour of fierce, concentrated bacchanal pleasure—could you hear his jokes upon the loving ones whose sacred gifts he squanders, and whose affection he blasphemes—how the green leaves would wither by the bank! how the blue skies would blacken! how the calm Dordogne would change its pleasant murmuring into eternal wailing for the prodigal! You can not see him—you can not hear him. Leagues lie between you; and the Bohemian runs his mad career unchecked.

I do not mean to be understood as saying that all Bohemians ruin and laugh at their parents. I think the French Bohemian is more volatile and careless than his English brother; and farther on I shall, perhaps, have occasion to mention a specimen of the latter, who nobly indicated the honor and feeling of his tribe.

It is out of this singular class that modern comic literature has arisen, and you can trace in it the wildness and reckless character of its source. It is none the less powerful in its effects for this tameless swing which it retains. Modern caricature, literary and artistic, is, properly speaking, born of Paris. All of us know what style of social art reigned about fifty years ago. Who is that does not remember those traditional albums, the produce of elegant grandmothers in their youth; where wonderful landscapes in mezzotint adorned the vellum pages, and impossible flowers, with terrific butterflies perching on them, gratified the *dilettanti* of drawing-rooms? I reflect with terror on that awful art denominated Poonah-painting, in which ladies stumped, with big brushes and dry colors, through transparent sheets cut into certain patterns; and after producing, by those means, the most astounding views of castles by moonlight, and flowers unknown to Linnæus, fondly believed that they were artists. Nor were the prints in the shop windows much better. Clumsy political caricatures, in which there was only one species of satire, and that consisted generally in making public characters play the parts of the animals in *Æsop's* fables.

Thus the politician looking for office was always the fox regarding the bunch of grapes; and kings were reminded of their tyranny by the apologue of King Stork and the frog-pond. The French Revolution came, however, and caricature sprang, like Minerva, fully armed, from the brain of the goddess of Liberty. People no sooner were allowed to think for themselves than they commenced thinking in the most audacious manner, and Paris shortly became a new Rome, where every citizen fancied himself a Pasquin.

In the reign of Louis Philippe there lived in Paris one M. Phillipon, an artist and wit. Either through love or with an eye to business he married the sister of a M. Aubert, who was a publisher of prints. Those two men soon gathered round them a body of artists and wits, and the result was a clever weekly paper, started in 1831, and entitled *La Caricature*. This paper very soon surrendered its existence in the arms of a new speculation entitled *Le Charivari*, which was published daily, and which satirized in the most frightful manner the old Citizen King, his meannesses, his hypocrisy, and his commercial speculations. A Punic war now commenced between the King on one side and the artists on the other. Louis Philippe having sworn to protect the liberties of the subject, soon discovered that such freedom was incompatible with the comfort of his throne, and that the French people were most irreverently inclined in regard to their monarch. Down he came, accordingly, with all the munitions of legal war, to attack the bristling little fortress, whence the artists of the *Charivari* launched their keen javelins. The fortress was manfully defended. The King would one day discharge a whole arsenal of law-processes, writs, confiscations, etc., against Captain Phillipon and his band of sharpshooters. The next day the enemy would reply with a torrent of lithographic missiles, which rattled about the ears of the old monarch until he scarce knew what to do. All the while the gay Parisians watched this combat between law and license, wit and majesty, holding their sides and laughing heartily, as Parisians always do, whether the entertainment be a comedy or a revolution. One day, when the cannonade of fines, and prosecutions, and caricatures, and satires was at its height, Paris suddenly awoke and found its walls decorated with a novel species of fruit. Every alley, every closed shop-window, every bit of blank brick and mortar in the metropolis was adorned with the drawing, in chalk, of an enormous Burgundy Pear. Every one, I presume, is familiar with the shape of that funny old head which King Louis Philippe bore on his shoulders when he reigned in France. Every one must have seen pictures of that irregular oval face, broad at the bottom and narrowing toward the top, where the pyramid terminated in a most preposterous toupée. Well, this pear chalked on the walls of Paris was so cunningly contrived, that, by the aid of a few artful strokes here and there, it bore the most aston-

ishing resemblance to the King. In five hours the Poire d'Orleans was famous, and his Majesty was frantic. Who dare have done this but M. Phillipon and his abominable conspirators? Out comes furious royalty with a prosecution against this poor Phillipon. Phillipon is arrested, imprisoned, tried. Unhappy King! you little dreamed that the persecution of the subject proves too often to be his triumph. Phillipon, when called on for his defense, took a sheet of paper and pencil, and sketched thereon a large Burgundy Pear crowned with a few careless leaves. He handed the drawing to the judges, and asked them if that was not the representative of an ordinary well-grown pear. Justice could do nothing but assent to the correctness of this innocent pastoral picture. Phillipon then drew on another sheet a second pear precisely similar to the first, with one or two hasty strokes dashed in the centre; this effort of art he handed to the judges, who could scarcely smother their laughter at the resemblance which it bore to the King. "Messieurs," said Phillipon, "behold my defense! Am I to blame if Providence has chosen that his most Christian Majesty should resemble a Burgundy Pear?" What could Justice do but grin underneath her ermine robes, and acquit this clever rascal Phillipon? Of course, madcap Paris laughed louder than ever, and his Christian Majesty no doubt regretted that the seed of the Burgundy Pear had ever been exported from the Garden of Eden. I wonder whether, years afterward, when John Smith ran away from the Tuileries with his old umbrella under his arm, like a coward as he was—I wonder whether it struck him that, as things turned out, the rascal Phillipon and his literary brigands had the best of the battle after all.

King Louis Philippe being worsted in legal combats with his audacious enemy, fell back on royal prerogative, and passed the famous September laws, by which the press was restricted, a censorship established, and the first spark lit that set in motion the tremendous volcano that, in 1848, swept him from his throne. One would think now that Phillipon's occupation was gone, and that the *Charivari* would die of inanition. No more pears ripened on the walls of Paris, it is true; the King, as a king, disappeared from its lithographic gallery—only, however, to reappear there, like a favorite actor, with distinguished success. Some years previous to those events, a melodrama named *L'Auberge des Adrets* had been produced in Paris, acted, and forgotten. One day an actor, whose wonderful talent has since given him a world-wide reputation, M. Frederic le Maitre, thought that he could do something with the chief character in this drama—who was named Robert Macaire—acted it, lifted it to the sublimest heights of swindling, and set all Paris frantic with delight and admiration. Every one knows the drama and its hero, so it is needless for me to describe either. Here was a chance for poor Phillipon. The King had gagged the press, and lo! in steps

Robert Macaire with his red breeches, his splendid impudence, and his wonderful snuff-box, to free the prisoner. An artist named Daumier, who was linked with Phillipon in his guerrilla warfare, seized upon the splendid Robert in the height of his popularity, and impressed him into the service of the *Charivari*, to fight against the King. Sometimes he appeared in that paper, but generally he made his bow to the public from a lithographic album expressly devoted to his history. Accordingly out comes a picture, in which all Paris recognizes with delight Robert Macaire's red breeches, tremendous cravat, and immortal snuff-box. Alas! for sacred royalty! The crimson integuments contain no less a person than the King himself. There he stands, with his immense swagger, and sly, watchful eyes, looking the very incarnation of a cold, remorseless swindler. Before him stands his favorite and friend, the stolid Bertrand, gazing at the magnificent rogue with a grin of profound delight. Robert has evidently been rehearsing some splendid swindle to his companion, who exclaims, with a smile of inconceivable drollery, "*Ah! vieux blagueur, va!*" This sentence is perfectly untranslatable, but it expressed the Parisian opinion of the King so perfectly through the mouth of Bertrand, that all Lutetia was convulsed, though I promise you there were black looks and muttered profanities in the private chambers of the Tuileries. From this moment Robert Macaire, in print, became quite as much an institution in Paris as he did on the stage of the Porte St. Martin. He went at every thing in the ring. He was the representative of all shams and humbugs; he convulsed the Parisians by his versatility and wonderful acuteness in detecting the weakness of human nature. No public man is safe from this audacious mimic. Editor, author, king, and priest must all proclaim him as learned as themselves in the different specialities of humbug. He is the Admirable Crichton of social hypocrisies. About this time M. Emile de Girardin appeared on the stage of Parisian life. He set up a cheap newspaper in the pay of the Government. This was criminal in the eyes of all the other papers, including the *Charivari*, because they cost more, and Emile bade fair to seduce their subscribers. The Republican Party set up the gifted Armand Carrel as their champion against the interloper; but Girardin was a man of courage, although a humbug, and he shot Armand through the heart in a duel. Many years afterward he marched at the head of a popular procession to the grave of his antagonist, and wept, and pronounced a lovely panegyric on the character of the deceased. It was a theatrical reparation, and suited the French; but it seems to me that the eloquent Emile made the display much more to impress the living than to gratify the dead. I sincerely hope that when I am in my coffin my enemy will not come and publicly patronize my ashes. Such a man as Girardin, with his cheap paper, his speculations—for he is a great amateur in bubbles, this M. Emile—such a man could

not escape the notice of so keen an observer as Robert Macaire. Accordingly we find Robert becoming a journalist with all possible speed; and behold him in his editorial sanctum, armed with his usual splendid audacity, and confronting a melancholy shareholder in the paper *La Blague, journal quotidienne*, which the speculator has just started. He discourses magnificently on the prospects of the journal. "Our profits," he says, "arise from a new combination. The journal costs 20 francs the year; we sell it at 23½. One million of subscribers makes a profit of three million and a half of francs. There are my figures. Contradict me in figures, or I will bring an action for libel." Let us hope that Robert convinced this incredulous shareholder. Presently we find Robert, tired of journalism, marching majestically along the Bourse. He proposes to his friend Bertrand a notable scheme for raising the wind. "I adore commerce," he says; "and if you agree, we will start a bank. Capital five hundred millions; the highest rates of interest guaranteed. We will break the banks, the bankers, the bankers— the whole world!" "But," says the timid and usually stupid Bertrand, "there are the *gens d'armes*!" "Fool!" shrieks the astute Robert, in a rage, "who would dare to arrest a millionaire?"

Is this France in which this scene occurs? Is that splendid swindler who speaks of Gallic birth? Is that the Paris Bourse that fills the background of the picture? The scheme seems so familiar to me that I no longer tread on French ground. I hear the din of Broadway. The mercantile babble of Wall Street fills my ears. Methinks I hear some smart and extravagant broker speaking to his confidential friend. Money is security in France, saith M. Robert. Alas! money is security here also! Where are the *gens d'armes* for the bold speculator in New York who plunders year after year until concealment becomes no longer possible, and then runs off to Europe with a nice little pocket-book for his private expenses? Where here are the prisons that will not crumble before the enchanted touch of the rich criminal's golden wand?

When Macaire has exhausted the resources of the Bourse he becomes in turn lawyer, physician, head of a matrimonial office, fashionable beggar. He starts a patent incombustible blacking association. He builds a promising life insurance company with equal facility. As a lawyer he visits Bertrand in prison, where that worthy has been taken on account of some petty theft. "Send me one hundred crowns," he says to Bertrand, "and I will obtain your acquittal." Poor Bertrand declares his poverty. "Send me ten—five—one. No? Then lend me your boots, and I will plead extenuating circumstances." Could not this scene have occurred in the Tombs of New York? Napoleon said of the Russians that if you skinned one you would find a Cossack beneath. Strip Robert of that Paris coat, that French accent, that Gallic air, and I fear exceedingly that the re-

sult would be a Tombs lawyer. Very soon we find this indomitable Robert proposing to Bertrand to start a new religion. "Time is fleeting," he says to his stolid friend with a hypocritical snivel, "but fools never die. Let us occupy ourselves with eternity." So he turns fashionable preacher: points his white hand to heaven from the pulpit, and makes an excellent profit on eternity.

The *Charivari* is now owned by a company. Messieurs Louis Huart, Clement Caraguel, and Taxile Delord, edit and write therein. Mounier, Cham, who is an outcast son of M. de Noë, ex-peer of France, and has assumed a *nom de plume* appropriate to his condition, Staal, Bertal, Daumier, and some others, are the artists. But the *Charivari* is no longer what it once was. The Parisian press is captive and in chains. Politics, the real food on which a satirical paper should exist, are forbidden fruit. The poor *Charivari* has to content itself with social caricatures, and lately the opportunity which the Eastern war has given it of ridiculing the Russians enabled it to keep body and soul together.

Standing upon this soil my blood boils in my veins when I turn my eyes toward Paris and behold the condition of the French Press. What sacrilege is there committed daily against the divinity of Thought! What astounding tyranny marches among men, clad in the decent garments of the Law! France is tranquil; but it is the tranquillity of terror. The Press is complaisant, but it is the submission of a slave! I see the captive and her keeper. She crouches tremblingly in a corner, forcing herself to smile and to seem happy, while the despot sits in cruel calmness, watching her every motion. Dares she to mutter at her fate; dares she to disobey the word of command that bids her loyally rejoice and cry "Long live Napoleon!" with her quivering lips—the whip is raised, the cold eye flashes, the terrible blow falls, and the poor howling creature is lashed into silence and submission. It is no longer a pleasant thing to be an editor in France. It is like living in a fine house where the servants that wait on you are bailiffs in disguise. If you have not gone to prison, it is not less certain that the prison has come to you.

It is pleasant to turn from this picture of horrid tyranny to the contrast afforded by the liberty of the London *Punch*. This paper is an offspring of the *Charivari*, and acknowledges its parentage upon its title-page. It was started by a knot of wits who used to assemble at the Wrekin Tavern in Broad Court, behind the Drury Lane Theatre. These men originally composed a club called the Rationals, of which Douglas Jerrold was president, and of which the insignia of membership was a fool's cap worn while in conclave. This convivial assemblage eventually changed into a somewhat similar institution called the Owls. This new association possessed a tame owl that used to march along the convivial board with much majesty, and gave an air of dignity to a scene that I fear was otherwise

bacchanalian. Here were Leman Rede, and Mark Lemon, Douglass Jerrold, little Keely the actor, John Brougham the Irish comedian, the two Mayhews, Laman Blanchard, and many other literary men of London. Here it was, the story runs, that the idea of a comic paper similar to the Paris *Charivari* was first started, and the Pen and Palette suggested as a name. This title, as may easily be imagined, was not satisfactory; and it is related that one evening at the club, Jerrold remarking that Leman Rede and Mark Lemon were both present, said, "Here are two lemons, there is whisky and hot water and sugar on the table, why not call the paper *Punch*?" The idea was too good not to be instantly adopted, and in a few weeks the first number of the London *Punch* was issued. The young periodical suffered for a while from all the diseases incidental to the childhood of newspapers. Its funds were low. Its parents were quarreling. Its circulation was not what it should be. Several literary doctors, experienced in the treatment of such cases, predicted a speedy dissolution. At the moment, however, when the patient was believed to be in *articulo mortis*, up came Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the publishers, with the true panacea for dying periodicals—money. They purchased the concern, installed Mark Lemon as editor-in-chief, advertised and put in requisition all the resources of the trade; when lo! the expiring *Punch* arose from his bed—laughed again his terrible jeering laugh with all his old strength, and issued forth to the world with a restored constitution. Since that time the greatest names in England have been written in Mr. *Punch's* check-book. Jerrold, Thackeray, Dickens, Albert Smith, the two Broughs, the three Mayhews, Thomas Hood, James Hannay, John Sterling, with a host of men whose names have never gone farther. Every one now knows that the famous fat contributor was the sly Michael Angelo Titmarsh that said such bitter things in *Frazer's Magazine*, and traveled from Cornhill to Cairo, he being in turn closely related to one Mr. Arthur Pendennis, the wonderful historian of the New-comers. People know that the physiologies of London life that appeared in *Punch's* pages were written by Albert Smith, who now ascends Mont Blanc three times a week to crowded London audiences, and that Mrs. Caudle and the Story of a Feather came from Jerrold's diamond-tipped pen. If any comic periodical deserves its success it is *Punch*. There is not a weak, unmanly spot in the entire of its body politic. Its scorn is true English scorn. "Fair play, and no quarter!" cries Mr. *Punch*, as he squares at his enemy. What blows the little punchy fellow does give when he has a mind to do it! What tremendous left-handers; what countering; with what amazing pluck he stands up to his work! Nothing gives him more immense pleasure than to bully a nobleman, unless, indeed, it is to refresh himself with a dig at Prince Albert or poor old Colonel Sibthorp. For a long time he found great amusement in hitting Lord Brougham on

that enormous historical nose with which every one is familiar. For two years *Punch's* pages were nasal with that wonderful proboscis. He joked upon it, he sang about it, he caricatured it, he tweaked it with a venomous good-will splendid to behold. I have no doubt but that learned nobleman wished heartily many a time that, like the prince in the fairy tale, he could find some kind elf who had a spell for the reduction of overgrown noses. In *Punch's* Letters to his Son, in the Snob Papers, in the Story of a Feather, and in Mrs. Caudle's immortal Lectures we find some of the finest social satire that has ever been written. It is at once vigorous and keen. It has the weighty swing of the broadsword with the delicate point of the rapier. It spares no one. Prince, queen, courtier, senator, all bleed, and yield to this remorseless and doughty weapon. Gallant little knight—honest, jovial Mr. *Punch*, I honor you; you and your band of chevaliers, who sit at that Round Table called the World, ever ready with your enchanted swords. Fly far away, ye elves of Malice, and Meanness, and Hypocrisy! fly, and never again show your faces on the green soil of England! Here is a new King Arthur with the talisman of truth, who will lay ye low if ye dare to face the sun; here is a band of dauntless hearts against whom no false enchantments will prevail!

Of the many imitations that sprang up in the wake of *Punch*, unquestionably the most formidable was the *Puppet Show*. This periodical gathered around it some of the brightest wits and readiest pencils in the metropolis. Gavarni drew for it; so did Frank Bellew, since known in this country in the pages of this Magazine and elsewhere, whose imaginative power and sense of humor are not surpassed, perhaps, by any living caricaturist. Poor North, the Republican philosopher, who hoped so much when he sought this country, and who came to so melancholy an end after he had tried it; Hannay, the author of "Singleton Fontenoy;" Edwards, the literary Jack of all Trades, equally ready with a comedy or a catechism. The Broughs; Sidney Blanchard, the son of unhappy Laman; and William Jerrold, the heir of the house of "Caudle." All these men illuminated the *Puppet Show*; drew up the curtain weekly, and pulled the strings *con amore*. It was brilliant for a time that ill-fated periodical, but it was the hectic splendor of decay. The seeds of death were ripening within, and to the great regret of a large body of young Bohemians, who lived out of it, it expired tranquilly after many weeks of protracted suffering. It was in connection with this paper that I first beheld a specimen of a London Bohemian, so pure and perfect in his way that I can not refrain from introducing him to your notice. The London Bohemian differs from his Parisian brother in being more substantially poor. He is either honest, or the same facilities for debt do not exist in the English capital. The Paris Bohemian has a thousand devious, and, I grieve to say, often unmentionable, shifts by which he contrives to

exist. The Londoner also runs in debt where he can; shuns certain streets, where exasperated shop-keepers lie in wait for him at their doors, but somehow does not contrive to keep up appearances as well as the Parisian. I have a private theory of my own on this subject. I have observed through life that those persons without means who did not work always lived the best. Now the London Bohemian works sometimes; the Parisian never: hence the former's pecuniary inferiority.

My Bohemian was a wonderful fellow. I should like, with your permission, to call him Tom; first, because the name is short; secondly, because that fine old stupid institution, the British Drama, has from my earliest years taught me to look upon all young fellows named Tom as careless, clever, penniless scape-graces. Tom, then, in many ways, was a source of endless wonder to me. I solemnly declare that when I knew him he was entirely composed of ink and pins. I once beheld him at his toilet, and I shall never forget that mysterious ceremony as long as I exist. Shall I tell how he artfully manufactured a shirt-bosom out of a pocket-handkerchief, and a collar out of the unwritten portion of a lady's note? Shall I describe the marvelous boots which had no soles, yet which presented a goodly appearance when he walked out in the dusk? Shall I dwell on the wondrous dexterity with which, by aid of a pen and ink, he concealed ravages of time in his coat and hat? Tom affected the twilight, and really, in that soothing and reflecting hour, he presented a certain appearance of careful seediness. I, who knew how he was constructed, was always afraid lest he should come to pieces at some critical moment. Tom had his debts, or, as he called them, his "difficulties." Certain taverns had obstacles for him, and unseen ramparts of unpaid bills barricaded many otherwise agreeable thoroughfares. He subsisted chiefly by comic writing, and might be always found with half a dozen detached jokes, in a sort of rent which he called a waistcoat pocket. He was brilliant and original, but his incorrigible Bohemianism kept him miserably poor; but under that frail coat and tender waistcoat there beat a heart as noble as any that ever throbbed under Milan steel in the days of knightly honor. Tom, while the *Puppet Show* lived, had a salary on that periodical of some three guineas a week. On pay-day, as soon as he received his salary, he would sneak off slyly and disappear for a few hours, after which time he would reappear with a reckless dare-devil air, and only a few shillings in his pocket. If he were questioned by his friends as to what had become of his money, he would hint wildly at taverns and gaming-tables, and use all innuendo possible to lead people to suppose that he had dissipated his substance in some horribly heedless manner. Ah, Tom, amiable hypocrite that you were, we knew you better! We knew that off in some dim and lonely street of that vast city there dwelt a mother and a sister, whose only hold in life was

on the poor Bohemian. We knew whither you went when you stole away from your wild companions. Fancy tracked your steps to that obscure street, up the crazy stairs, into the poverty-stricken room, until it saw your arms wreathed around a beloved neck, and heard a beloved voice blessing the dutiful son. What if after having lightened that obscure home with your presence, and poured your little pittance into the lap that had cradled you in days of yore—what if you came back and swaggered about in borrowed plumes of vice—your innocent disguise was sacred to us all; for we knew that there lay behind it a holy mystery of love, too beautiful and grand to be profaned even by a word!

I would that I could reconcile my own wishes and your time in the present paper. I should like to travel with you over fields that, alas! I have only time to name as I go by. You will miss many great names in my roll-call of humorists. I feel like a juggler who, being given a dozen balls to throw up, discovers that he can manage only five or six. I find my hands full already, and have to cast many a glittering name aside. It would please me much to make a foraging expedition into the lands of German comedy. To stop a while with the *Fliegende Blätter*, that periodical devoted to the elephantine wit peculiar to the Teutonic race; to gossip about the Düsseldorf caricaturists, and have a running dash at the *Kladderadatsch Deutsche*, the *Punch* of Germany. Then there is that supreme wit Heinrich Heine, who, stretched on a bed for twenty years, poured forth, year after year, a stream of the bitterest and clearest humorous writing. I will not speak of Tom Hood; for, with all his fecundity of wit, I can not bear to look upon him as a comic writer, making jokes for a livelihood—he, the manliest genius, the tenderest heart, the most magical poet of modern times! Jerrold, caustic, stern, remorseless, I salute as I go by. Gilbert à Beckett, comic historian of England, and contributor to *Punch*, I may greet another time. "Sam Slick," whose books would be unbearable were it not for the strong thread of common sense running through them; Shilliber, parent of the whimsical, popular, garrulous "Mrs. Partington;" "Mr. Philander Doesticks," whose humor is entirely original, and whose only fault is that he has given us too much of a good thing; Mr. Charles Leland, fantastic, and frequently inimitable; Mr. Donald M'Leod, with several literary et ceteras, must all make way before iron necessity. There are two gentlemen, however, whom I can not pass. Come forth, Mr. Charles Dickens! come forth, Mr. Arthur Pendennis!

I know no finer wit, no more honest gentleman, than Mr. Pendennis. People have accused him of being heartless and a cynic; of being an unbeliever in human goodness, in virtue, in honor. I see the world in his books. If he has painted Becky Sharp in no pleasant colors—if he has not punished that clever female swindler as she deserved—has he not dealt out the justice of this world? In what city in the

Union do we see poetical justice meted to the criminals of good society? Do not rogues prosper and grow fat? Do not heartless girls who have sworn perjured oaths at the altar, go down to their graves reputable matrons? He that paints society as it exists has a gloomy task to fulfill. Skeletons sit at every banquet; bloody secrets lie in coffers, fast locked until Death shall unshoot the bolt. If we only knew what deeds that hand which we grip so heartily in the street had done! If all the plots, and lies, and hypocrisies, which have seamed that dowager's cheek with wrinkles, were to be written legibly on her face; if that blooming mask of roses were torn from the maiden's countenance, and the canker that lies behind revealed; if we lived in Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth, and every one spoke what was uppermost, I think that Mr. Arthur Pendennis would be vindicated, and all the world made unhappy. Fortunately, the novelist or satirist is never able to impress society with a sufficient conviction of its own criminality to make it miserable. It will sow its wild oats, and reform little by little, I feel no doubt; but until then, such monitors as Mr. Arthur Pendennis are sorely needed. If this gentleman paints the vanities of the world until we grow ashamed of belonging to it, does he not, on the other hand, present us with some noble pictures of virtue and honor? The world of fiction is the better, I say, for having such a simple, splendid old fellow as Colonel Newcome born into it. His grand, manly smile pours like sunshine through the murky clouds of Vanity Fair. His honest hand seems to give us a portion of its own strength and earnestness when we grip it. I love his simple, generous heart; his straightforward, blundering intellect, that rides down the light logicians of the world like a heavy dragoon. Then with what artful strokes of satire are other personages painted in that wonderful panorama of English society. Take Mr. Moss for instance. How that young Hebrew art-neophyte is hit off with a single touch. "Clive Newcome came to see me every day when I was ill," says a young comrade to Moss, reproachfully; "and sent me jellies and things; and you never came to ask after a fellow." "My dear boy," says Moss, "I didn't like to come, because I thought it might remind you of that two pound five you owe me." The history of Israel is written in the sentence.

In the strict sense of the word, Mr. Charles Dickens is more of a comic writer than Mr. Pendennis. The latter gentleman is always *en grande tenue*. His boots are varnished, his coat faultless, his neckcloth irreproachable. He satirizes with the calmness of a man of society; he speaks his epigrams with a good accent; he has no affectations, is simple, and well-bred; and in all he says one perceives a latent strength ready to be exerted at a moment's notice; never displayed until it is wanted. So his anger is the anger of a gentleman—terrible, but never vulgar. He strikes with a gloved hand, all the while laughing at his own prowess. Dickens is

less refined and more poetic. I do not know of his having drawn a single lady or gentleman in his books, who acted or spoke like a lady or gentleman, with the one exception of Mr. James Steerforth, who is one of the most delicate, aerial sketches of character in all modern satirical literature. Dickens, who is quite as earnest as Pendennis, makes a greater noise, as it were, over a grievance. In the duello with Humbug into which both these gentlemen have flung themselves, they conduct themselves very differently. Pendennis appears on the ground with his delicate small-sword, salutes, plants his foot firmly, and in a flash he has whipped his weapon through his antagonist's body. He makes no fuss, but goes to work like an experienced *maitre d'armes* as he is. Dickens must have a little of the melodrama in his encounter. He rushes in from the left with a tremendous scuffle, armed with broadsword and many pistols, and other romantic paraphernalia. He flourishes about, and tells his enemy to come on; so that if you did not know that he was very earnest indeed you would believe him to be acting.

It is pleasant to be able to say that those two men are friends; that they do not hate one another, as the great authors did of old; that they do not keep hirelings paid for the purposes of mutual defamation. It seems to me that this friendship brightens their fame. Damon will be remembered for the sake of Pythias. Pythias will not be forgotten as the friend of Damon. It would be, indeed, glorious if our literary annals could show a few more such examples of loyal affection.

It is difficult to measure the extent of the influence of comic literature upon the age. Cervantes and Moliere proved its potency of old; and I think in our present day it has a greater effect than almost any other species of composition. A joke is, in reality, a more formidable weapon than invective; and a sneer in *Punch* reforms an abuse that perhaps the greater portion of the Irish members of Parliament have been subsisting on for years. There is something insinuating in a jocular attack. The public swallows it as the child swallows his medicated jelly. It feels instinctively that there is a bitter pill somewhere, but still it is pleasant to take. The strongest man is not proof against a malicious sally. The giant will always find some David who will tumble him with a well-slung joke. I believe the comic writer, when he means well, to be as powerful as the maker of national ballads. With song and sarcasm one might sway the world!

ROUGE ET NOIR:

A MARCH REMINISCENCE OF DECEMBER.

ALL the stars be thanked, it is once more spring! Not that I have any grudge against winter in a seasonable point of view. I am neither gouty, rheumatic, nor subject to the snuffles. In fact, I am, or was, fond of sleighing; moreover, I delight in the amusements and sociabilities of the time.

I hate to swelter away long summer days in a seven-by-nine box in the third story of a large white barn, courteously styled a hotel; where the salt air sticks in my whiskers, droops my collars, relaxes my shirt-bosom, and moulds my boots; where salt-water irritates the skin and ruins patent leather. I can not and will not go through all this for the sake of eating my dinner to abominable music, and dancing half the night with damp belles; and never getting a decent drive because I don't own a 2.40 horse, and all the fellows who do will take out women.

Nor is it any better to endure the crush of brown linen, blue vails, and traveling-bags that invade every rail-car, and constitute a heavy atmosphere of cologne, sandwiches, peppermint, and patchouli, mixed *ad lib.* with dust, in order that at the end of such travel I may be boxed up in an attic, with a broken pitcher and a three-legged chair, and obliged to divert myself with drinking nauseous water and promenading interminable piazzas.

No: winter for me! at least I used to think so; but now I bless the coming of spring—the renewal of some variety in dress—of some difference in angelic externals—something beside this last winter's universal black and red, which, in my childish days, passed muster as the ordained mourning for the devil. Alas! it raised him with me—but I digress.

It is enough, for purposes of introduction, to say that I am a personable young man, of some property, well educated, and in a respectable business in New York. I do not know that it concerns the public to know what that business is, or whether it is supported by large capital, or if my nose is hooked, or in which pocket I carry my handkerchief, since I am not before a coroner; so I omit these specialties. I board somewhere, and I know some people, and one day last autumn I received an invitation, through the instrumentalities of the gracious Brown, who had me on his list of dancing young men, to a large party in — Street, given by the superb and splendid Mrs. Lollard.

Of course I went, as I was not booked for any thing better; and, once there, I did my duty. I polked with fat girls and thin girls, with low-necked houris and sparkling humanities. I never relaxed from my duty for more than breathing space till supper time; and then, having fed my last partner (a fine stout girl, with feet like snow-shovels, as my own experienced to their cost!) with as much lobster salad, wine jelly, ices, and Champagne as a girl who had worked so hard needed to refresh her, I returned her to her mother and came back for my own feed, when suddenly I was seized in a tight grip, and somebody behind me shouted,

"Halloa, old fellow! how in the world came you here?"

I recognized Charley Gregory's voice, and gave him one of my two appropriated Champagne bottles, after which act of disinterested friendship we had five minutes for a talk; and he, being intimate in the house, offered to pre-

sent me to the oldest daughter, just out. So, being primed for the occasion, I was duly introduced to Mrs. Lollard, Miss Lollard, and Miss Jane Lollard—a cousin; by-the-way, they were both named Jane—confound it!

I don't go in for descriptions of women, for very often you can't point out any extra beauty in the very woman who bewitches you; but Miss Lollard was a positive and realizable belle. She had bright brown hair, bright blue eyes, bright red lips, teeth as white as possible, and a color as regular as rouge; but it was real, for I saw it flush all over her white brows often enough to know that: besides, she had a pretty figure, and was as gay, and arch, and coquettish as she had a right to be; so, of course, I fell in love with her on the spot, and chartered all the white camellia bushes in one green-house for the winter, after she told me this was her favorite flower. Her cousin was a clever-looking woman of thirty, or thereabout—good teeth, good eyes, and good hair—well-dressed, and a spirited polker; but she couldn't hold a candle to the other, of course.

I danced the German with Miss Lollard till full three o'clock, made more complimentary speeches than I ought to have wasted on one woman, and went home to my boarding-house dizzy with delight because she invited me to call. I got down to the office pretty late next day; found, of course, an unusual press of business, because I wasn't there to do it; smoked six cigars to cool off my head; and got away about nine, fagged out.

It was one of Rachel's nights, and I knew there was a party in the Avenue; so, between the two, I gave up the Lollards for that evening; dropped in at Niblo's—fell asleep in my seat—had my pocket picked; went home and to bed. Next day Charley Gregory came in, and, after a smoke, we agreed to stroll down Broadway and see the women, who were all out, the day being clear and cold. Good gracious, how they looked! a stream of red and black, varied only by black and red! Black cloaks, black dresses, even black furs, picked out with red flowers, red scarfs, and here and there a red and black plaid dress; and all the pretty ones, who could afford to be covered up, shrouded in those provoking, mystifying, tormenting, bewitching black vails, under which the wearer sees every body and is seen by nobody. Bah! of all selfish, unbearable, deluding institutions, black lace vails with sprigs all over them are the worst—don't I know it? Hang them all!

We were just in front of the Saint Nicholas when the crowd thinned a little, and there came toward us another shape of the red and black—a black hat with rich feathers just tipped with fiery scarlet, a black velvet cloak of specially stylish cut, sable furs, a black dress of that thick, shiny, crinkled stuff that women wear lately, and a black veil, through which shone scarlet flowers, glittering eyes, and teeth flashing, as the lady smiled in returning Charley's bow, like fresh rows of corn kernels.

Such a walk too as she had!—light as a fairy and straight as a queen; little feet, by the way she stepped; and no sort of trouble about carrying her hands, she didn't remember them—but I saw the tiny fists in *black* gloves. Oh!

"Who's that?" said I to Charley as we passed Genin's.

"That? Why Jane Lollard to be sure; "didn't you know her?"

I said something rather strenuous I suppose, for Charley said it wasn't worth swearing about. If I chose to call there that evening I could explain, and women must expect to be cut if they went about in such con-demned things as those vails, which would hide a man's own grandmother if he didn't know her gait. So I cooled down, and Charley went up town, and I to the office; but that evening I went to Mrs. Lollard's, and found the two Miss Lollards up for company.

If the pretty one was pretty in her sleeveless and neckless party frock, she was divine in a home dress: it was partly black to be sure, some kind of a black velvet dress-coat, but the lace and corals set it off. I declare I didn't know what ailed me for a minute. I was dizzy, but she was very polite; and talked to me about operas, and polking, and fast horses, till just as we were discussing horses in came a Mr. Jermyn, a handsome fellow I must own, handsome as the Czar Nicholas, and something in his style, only more human-looking.

Miss Lollard shook hands with him, and in the tiniest, bird-like fit of laughter introduced him to me.

"Isn't it funny?" said she. "Mr. Parker and I were just talking about horses."

"Is it possible Miss Lollard ranks me among horses?" replied Mr. Jermyn, showing his teeth with a bland smile.

"Dear me, how funny you are!" tittered she. "I was only thinking of your love of a trotter, Mr. Jermyn. Such a perfectly sweet little horse!" turning to me with a charming burst of enthusiasm.

"A-ah! yaas!" murmured Mr. Jermyn. "I'll sell that hawse, I believe, and get a pair!"

"Oh, don't!" entreated Miss Lollard; "it's such a love!"

"It's a great bawr," drawled Mr. Jermyn. And now began an uproar of tongues on this subject between the two and Charley Gregory, who, I forgot to say, was with me; during which I turned round and made myself agreeable to Miss Jane, the cousin.

By-and-by Mr. Jermyn rose, took a position, turned out his toes, dropped his head, and dis-jointed his arms, knocked his hat against his left leg, and took leave.

Miss Lollard became more bewitching, and accepted my escort to the Opera the next night; and then Charley and I went through the dis-locating process, and were off.

Wasn't I blessed? I wonder how many pairs of gloves I tried on to get the best fit. What a stanning tie and hat I got at Genin's, and such

a lovely waistcoat! I was got up regardless of expense. So was not Miss Lollard. Some of those fashionistic imps that haunt women put it into her head that it wasn't good style to be full-rigged at the Opera, so she was fairly done up in the veritable black and red, vail and all! So was Miss Jane, who was on Charley Gregory's hands, and truth to tell, I didn't know which was which when I went into the drawing-room. I should have made some confounded blunder but that Miss Lollard spoke to me first. True, they spoke alike, and chewed the same words, but still there was a difference—there was! I'll hold to it yet, that I was deliberately sold when—no heading off though, yet!

We drove off, got to the Academy in good time, had brought any amount of candies, and such a jolly evening as we had!

Miss Lollard took off her vail and looked about with those splendid eyes of hers, as bright and round as door-knobs, till half the fellows within eye-shot were staring at her.

The music was stupid, of course—some of that Beethoven stuff they bore one with there; but we had plenty of conversation in our box, so we were not troubled with the orchestra.

One grim-bearded old fellow, fool enough to prefer the music to Miss Lollard's voice, did hiss, it is true; and he was a resolute-looking chap too; but I got on my feet to go and kick him, when she put her hand on my arm, and said, in the sweetest way,

"Don't, please! I hate a scene!"

You could have knocked me down with a feather, I vow—my head reeled; but just then up stalked Jermyn, and began to drawl out some stuff or other about his horse. Confound his horse! it always was stampeding where it wasn't wanted at all.

Going home, we talked about winter weather, and snow; how pleasant it was to sleigh; she had enjoyed it so much last winter on the Harlem road, behind Mr. Jermyn's trotter. I believe I swore, though I turned it into a sneeze before she heard it. I went into the house with her for a moment, then off for home, and lay half the night groaning to myself about that horse, when suddenly it came into my head to buy it. What a confounded fool I was not to have thought of that before! He said he wanted to sell it, but she turned my head.

I sprang out on the floor, I was so pleased when I did lay hold of the notion; but it was a cold night, a clock struck three somewhere, and I crept back again rather sheepishly.

In the morning I commissioned Charley Gregory to buy that horse; I rather wanted the money, too, to pay a note, but I let that go; the note wasn't due till January. I could scrape up an accommodation before that time, and the horse I must and would have.

Charley bought the creature at a high figure, and I kept him at a stable up town. I never had owned a horse before, and it never occurred to me what they ate and how much; sixteen quarts of oats a day, besides hay and shorts!

whatever that is—short grass, very likely. The animal would have been a poor investment for any other profit than Miss Lollard!

Then there was another difficulty. I am not much of a horseman; I wasn't used to driving; but it never would do to drive with a lady till I was sure of my hand. Good gracious! what a training I did go through; what a beast it was! The very first time I undertook the animal it would go on two legs, and the more I pulled the reins to pull him down the straighter up he stood; till at last the leather cut my hands so I had to let go from mere pain, and the obstinate animal actually came down, and set off at 2.40 pace up the Avenue; the stable-keeper, whom I took along, slapping his knee and exclaiming,

"Hooray! that's the thing, Sir!" in a way rather exciting to the horse, I think. I came back alive though, and after some time I did get the hang of the thing.

By this time I had made myself quite at home at the Lollards'. I met that Jermyn fellow there continually; often he was there before me, and he was forever going to parties with them, for he knew lots of people I didn't; swells up town; Avenue people; and some of the literaries; great bores they are, too, but it seemed to be worth his while to know them—for the sake of talk I suppose.

The plague of his being perpetually at the Lollards' was that I could never get a chance to ask Miss Lollard to drive with me. I did not care to let Jermyn know I had bought his trotter, though I believe now he knew it all the time.

At last it got to be nearly New-Year—a heavy snow made good sleighing. I had bought such a slap-up turn-out for the trotter! such strings of bells, white wolf-skins, and a shell of a sleigh.

"The tipsiest little craft that ever skimmed a drift," as the carriage-builder said. Rather doubtful praise I thought; but it was just the model of one Miss Lollard had admired the week before, so I put my doubts in my pocket.

I wasn't used to sleighing either. I'd have liked to drive myself before trying to take a lady out; but as luck would have it, the very day my sleigh came home to the stable I met Miss Lollard in the street with no cousin, and no Mr. Jermyn, and in spite of the black veil I knew her at once, and joined her promenade.

I asked her to drive with me that afternoon, and received a gracious assent, though she had rather a hoarse cold; so I promised to call for her at the hour she chose, and on learning from me after further conversation, that I had bought Jermyn's trotter, she was charmed extremely, and expressed the prettiest pleasure in such a sweet little drawl.

Was I uplifted or not? Good gracious! why did I record that day an invoice of sleighs and white wolf-skins from J. Lollard, instead of fifty-four copper-bottomed kettles from Peter Smith? Luckily for me old Smug, my partner, did not see that before I did!

Three o'clock came. I was got up in rather the right style myself. A sort of muff on end for a cap, fur coat, and gloves; really, if it hadn't been for red cheeks and a confounded sheepish, "good-boy" expression, as Charley Gregory called it, I should have looked quite like a Zouave, or Cossack, or Bashi-bazouk, or whatever-you-call-it; on the whole, Russian.

I took the hostler along to hold the horse, while I went in for Miss Lollard, and I let him drive up there, just to get the beast going, while I tried to limber my gloves, they were so stiff.

My eyes, how that horse stepped off! you'd have thought he was dancing on hot plates, but we got along pretty well.

"That 'ere cutter's a little tiltish, Sir," said the hostler, as I got out. "You'll have to set pretty quiet!"

"Aw, ya-as!" said I, as much like Mr. Jermyn as I possibly could, and dignifiedly mounted the steps to Mrs. Lollard's door.

"Miss Lollard!" inquired I. The nigger had a bad cough, for a minute I couldn't get any answer; something queer was going on in that house, for I heard an immense sniggling going on behind the parlor door. Just then a child passed and looked up.

"Hullo, Mister Santa Claus!" shouted the little vagabond. I was just swearing at him when Miss Lollard came tripping to the door, done up in that abominable black veil! I put her in, tucked her up, inwardly raging because I couldn't see her pretty face, gathered up the reins, and we were off. Of course the horse's two front legs were up in the air immediately, as she said just like the unicorn on a needle-paper, but I let him down, and we went at a pretty slapping pace through the Avenue.

It's ugly driving a sleigh, though; goes so easy; slews round corners such an odd way; and that horse would not keep in the middle of the road unless I held the reins just so. Half a dozen times I turned to talk to Miss Lollard, and the beast swerved out of the track, and tilted up one runner to that extent that if I hadn't had the presence of mind to pull one rein we should have been upset; and sometimes he started fair for the other side of the street if I pulled a bit too hard. Thunder! didn't I wish myself out of the scrape?

Besides, the little boys on the sidewalk chaffed my rig so continually. I was afraid Miss Lollard heard them. I was bound to get out of the city, so I touched my horse smartly on the flank. I had been told he was shy of the whip; but how could I know one cut would set him off? And off he went, more like a streak of lightning than ever I saw a horse go before, right out on the Harlem road. Houses, signs, posts, trees, fences, bridges, barns flew, flew, flew; now to the right, now to the left. Horses behind and before took up the race; "b'hoys" shouted and swore; women laughed; Miss Lollard screamed and flung both her arms round my neck. It wasn't any matter, for my gloves were so stiff

I could not do much with the reins when he pulled; and I was rather glad she was too much scared to find out that I was; for, by Jove! I was!

"Hooray! it's pace that kills!" yelled a loafer in a box sled, turning as we passed; and as he turned my trotter swerved from the track, knocked the off runner on the fellow's confounded wooden machine, tilted us out on to a heap of bricks, kicked himself free from the sleigh, and ran—out to Williams Bridge, and then across country I suppose, for I never saw the animal again, I thank my stars!

There we lay till the necessary crowd was gathered. Somebody picked me up. The first words I heard were—

"Well! that feller's got a brick in his hat now, if he ha'n't never afore!" chorused by a shout of laughter, and rejoined to by an old Irish woman—

"Shure he's an innosint-lookin' bye! he's lost the sofy-pilly aff his head, poor crature! I'm thinkin his mother'll be wondherin whare he is!"

I rubbed my eyes with my left hand and looked about; move I could not—my leg was broken. Right opposite me sat an object—good gracious! what was it? A female shape fainted away; its open lips utterly toothless; its hair principally lying in its lap; its cheeks pink in spots, in spots gray; bonnet, veil, plumes, velvet, one wreck of dirty snow and brick dust. I looked at its feet; there were the identical Polish boots it wore when we left — Street, and under one foot peeped out the twisted plate and crushed enamel of that beautiful set of teeth. She opened her eyes while I gazed—the d——! they were black! I had got hold of the cousin! I had asked her to drive; I had been half making love to her; and she wasn't killed by the final smash! I wanted to shy a brickbat at her, but I refrained.

"It never rains but it pours!" says the proverb. While we sat there staring at each other a superb sleigh, with a pair of black horses that ought to have cost a mint of money, drove up—stopped. It was Jermyn and the Miss Lollard. How divine she looked! I tried to move—to hide—to crouch down under any thing; I twisted my broken leg and fainted dead away with pain. In the mean time they picked up the pieces of the cousin and drove off.

I came to sense in the fourth story of a Harlem tavern, where I lay for three months. Just as I could move about my room I took up a paper and read the marriage of George V. Jermyn to Jane Lollard.

Never mind! I never saw the cousin again. As for my note, which came due in January, it's not best to tell what happened about that. Any way I'm off for Oregon to-morrow, for I saw by the last advices that "Black and white are expected to be the rage for summer costumes!"

I renounce the devil and all his works in Broadway! Good-by, Charley!

EVERY WIFE HER OWN TORMENTOR.

IN THREE EASY LESSONS.

LESSON I.

THERE are certain methods of augmenting domestic discomfort with fatal facility; and as it is possible that one young woman in ten thousand is ignorant of the ways and means, I need make no apology, I think, for making an iteration for *her* sake.

In the first place, my very ignorant young friend, when your husband takes up the newspaper in the morning, instead of your hand, as may possibly happen, turn your face resolutely to the wall, bite your finger-nails, or scratch on the window-pane just sufficiently to attract attention. When your unnatural husband looks up and inquires what is the matter, as may possibly happen on the first trial, scratch or bite, as the case may be, more pertinaciously. If he puts down the paper, and comes to you—and such behavior, it has been computed, manifests itself about once in a century—writhe yourself out of his arms; and when his inquiry as to what is the matter is repeated—which you may safely calculate upon—say "*Nothing!*" and however often the repetition occur, don't for your life relax a muscle, or make any other reply. Pouting is a most successful method of opening the eyes of the husband to the sweetness of your temper, of asserting your dignity, and the impossibility of condescending from it, and also of eliciting the admiration due to it.

When breakfast is ready pretend you don't hear the bell, and not till you have been reminded of it four or five times must you show any disposition to rise from the humble footstool on which you are contemplating the wall paper, or the pattern of the carpet in the darkest corner of the room. When you are persuaded that the patience of your monster of a husband has been stretched to its utmost limit, push him angrily from you if he offers to assist you, brush roughly past him, and indicate, by looks as well as acts, that you will see him in purgatory before you accept any of his assistance—until, indeed, he has asked your pardon, and, furthermore, paid for it, by the presentation of a silk gown, a diamond ring, a bracelet, or some other equally valuable article by which pardons for like offenses are purchasable.

When you are seated at the breakfast-table begin to write on your plate with the handle of your fork, in such way as shall indicate that never in the course of your natural life do you expect to have any other use for a fork. If it occurs to you to make the letters you shape spell your maiden name, it will be a source of extreme gratification to yourself, and not the slightest annoyance to any other individual.

When your coffee is being prepared give directions, in a voice so low that nobody can understand you, to have it "*very weak*"—thereby indicating to your husband that your delicate nerves have undergone a horrible shock.

If your landlady, or other person, make in-

qu岸ry as to your condition, answer, dejectedly, that you have a headache—which, from the sanction of common consent, means every thing and nothing in particular. The headache leaves the presumption open that your heart is ossifying, your lungs decomposing, or your entire humanity cancerous.

No wife should omit to get the definition of headache perfectly.

When you husband offers you beef-steak, omelet, or other appetizing relish, give him to understand that he is heaping insult upon injury. At the same time your intercourse with him, so far as words go, must be excessively polite. You must say "Thank you, Sir," so ingeniously as to make it seem as if you said, "The deuce take you!" It can be done, as might be shown by ten thousand examples. Sip your coffee with your tea-spoon, as if you *would* swallow a little if you possibly could; and take up a crumb or two of dry toast—it will show forth so eloquently your disposition to appear better in health than you are; to make light of your sufferings.

If this procedure fail to elicit any tenderer demonstration, when the meal is about midway of its progression—a fact easily determined, if you are at a boarding-house, by the emptiness of the gravy platter, which usually occurs at this period—rise demurely, put your hand to your forehead, and stagger out of the room.

If your husband follow you, call him "My dear"—say he is very kind—you don't want him to trouble himself on your account—you are not worth minding, etc., etc., etc.—all of which phrases, and sundry others, will present themselves to any well-educated female mind. The time intervening between the breakfast and business hours use with a wise reference to making your husband miserable. I would suggest, as favorite and effectual means, dashing yourself on the sofa, and burying your face in the cushion; pacing to and fro across your chamber with rapid and irregular steps, and a most persevering and obstinate continuity of silence. When your husband takes up his hat affect not to see it—it may bring him to speech. When he rattles the door-key, as he probably will, to win one parting glance, don't look toward him, but sway yourself back and forward in your rocking-chair, and not till he finally says "Good-morning!" must you bring to bear upon him the condemnation of your reproachful eyes. As you hear his retreating footsteps you will naturally listen very eagerly in expectation of his return, but he will not come back. You will then make a little hysterical scream, in the hope of arresting his attention, but he will not hear you. When, under like circumstances, did such appeal ever reach the "dull, cold ear" of any husband? When you are fully persuaded, as you will be shortly after this, that your *acting* has failed to make any impression upon him, and that he has seen quite through your unreasonable affectations and expectations, and will treat

you accordingly, you will have arrived at about as comfortable a state of torment as can reasonably be anticipated in the earlier phases of conjugal felicity; and you can pass the day profitably, which you will thus have made as long as three days usually are, in further qualifying yourself to become your own tormentor.

LESSON II.

SULLENNESS and pouting, however efficacious—and their efficacy can not be positively relied upon—must have alternations of fretfulness, petulance, and scolding!

For the introduction of these *alternatives* into treatment no definite rules can be laid down. If, however, the wife have an ordinary degree of discernment and tact no difficulty will present itself. An outline of conduct may be indicated notwithstanding.

A very happy method of heightening domestic felicity has been found to be a frequent reference to the wider liberties and dearer pleasures of girlish days. Entreat your young-lady friends, as often as you can find opportunity in the presence of your husband, never to marry so long as they live; intimate, with mysterious and terrible vagueness, that all the old inventions of torture are dwarfed in comparison with the ordeals of married life. Say, if you had had some kind friend to warn you how grateful you would be—if you could but have your days of freedom back again—and shake your head and sigh. This is all calculated to awaken uneasy emotions in the bosom of your husband, which will presently communicate themselves to yourself. When asked if you go here or there, do thus or so, answer, regretfully, that you *used* to, and indicate that you are not *permitted* to do any thing, or go to any place, since you have put on marriage bonds. If your husband asks you to sing or read to him, as in the days gone by, answer that you have nothing to read; say outright, you don't want to sing; yawn, and indicate in all ways that reading and singing to him are old stories. If he manifests a disposition to converse, talk of what you used to have in your own father's house, and make frequent mention of the privations you never expected to have to suffer. No matter what the humility of your former state, or what the elevation and affluence of your present one, there may be elicited unfavorable contrasts, if you but bend your energies to the searching of them out.

Abstain rigidly from the use of any of those little courtesies by which the regard of your husband was first won; neglect, to slovenliness, if you will, those personal renovations and adornments which the eyes of your girlhood delighted in: slippers down at the heel; stockings soiled, and wrinkled about the ankle; hair uncombed; and morning dress with tassels, ribbons, and laces flying, have been found to be effectual methods of alienating regard. To insure complete success, the morning dress must be worn all day; at dinner, an old shawl or cloak may be thrown over it with good effect. Whatever your husband's order of beauty, depreciate

it by talking admiringly of persons of an entirely different style—especially of old sweet-hearts—and to these you may refer very often, intimating that you have had a thousand, any of whom you might have married, and with any of whom, it is reasonable to suppose, you might have been infinitely happier than you are.

When you find your purse empty don't say any thing about it, that being one of those things that husbands are expected to know without any earthly intimation. Refuse all his invitations to go out without regret or apology; continue to wear the old morning-dress into the evening, and, after this sulkiness has been persevered in for three or four months, select some Sunday morning when your husband is preparing for church in a quiet and congenial frame of mind, smother your eyes in a towel and sit down to the enjoyment of a *good cry*! After a little experience no difficulty will be found in the getting up of one of these pleasant little family episodes. Crowd into your memory all the slights, disappointments, and vexations of your whole life, and keep clearly in view the effect to be wrought upon your husband, for, "when he thinks, good, cunning man, his harvest is a-ripening—come like a frost!" In other words, when he presents himself, with hat and gloves in hand, ready for the morning service, and inquires if you are not going, reply briefly in the negative; if he questions you further, "make yourself into thin air," and do not, in any way, give him the least satisfaction. Say you are not ill—say the day is favorable—say you like the clergyman, and in fact have the greatest desire to go to church, but that you *can't*, and upon that *can't* rest, without why or wherefore.

The great enemy has no stronger hold upon domestic infelicity than the purse-strings afford, and this every young wife should be taught in an early lesson.

If forced to begin this crying experiment without an adequate supply of tears, you will probably be at no loss before it is done with, as few husbands can suffer this infliction without saying and looking such things as are illy calculated to engender smiles.

On the whole, my young learner, whether your husband goes to church alone, leaving you to the comfort of your darkened room and towel, or whether he throws himself on the sofa, covers his face with the newspaper, and sleeps to the tune of your sobbing, I think I may promise you a day singularly unprofitable and free from satisfaction; indeed, it will not be your fault if your experiment is not found to have completely shut out any and every prospect of domestic sunshine for as many days and weeks in the future as you can readily number.

"Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb;
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him,"

must have been written of some poor soul whose better-half understood the art of self-torment.

LESSON III.

WHEN you have succeeded, my young learner, in divesting home of all attractions—of making it a place to which your husband comes from habit and the necessities of food and sleep—not because "that single spot is all the world to him," you will have arrived at that point of perfection in your art which requires little further teaching. A few hints, however, may be thrown out. I have seen wives made singularly and excruciatingly miserable by meddling with affairs which were none of their business.

Not till your sense of propriety and self-respect have gone utterly can you venture upon the forcible extraction of secrets in your husband's keeping. The most approved methods of making an onslaught are by accusation, teasing, and suspicious insinuation. By these processes you will be likely to gain sufficient vantage-ground upon which to stand and prop yourself up with your *right* to know whatever your husband has ever thought, said, or done. If you can justify yourself, so much the better, but if you can't, why never mind—trifles never stand in the way of the self-tormentor's constableness.

Having established a conviction of your right to know whatever you desire to know, proceed something on this wise. Or, having failed of the aforesaid conviction, set up a pretense, and take by main force every citadel of privacy you can batter into. In order to make some show of justification, select an evening when by chance, accident, or business detention, your husband returns home a little later than usual, and no matter whether it be five, ten, or twenty minutes later, use them for "nursing your wrath, and keeping it warm," and when he presents himself, let your sharp, biting words crackle like thorns under a pot, until he shall think the house is coming down about his ears.

You may effectively open the attack in the use of the subjoined formula:

"So it has come to this, has it! pretty well, I think, when you find pleasure every where except at home. I'd like to know what kept you out to-night—pretty time of night, ain't it, to come home—I should think you'd be ashamed to show your head. Supper's all cold, and I don't care—you don't deserve any supper—how do you suppose I can know the minute you will come into the house, and have things nice and hot, when you vary four or five hours in your time of coming in! I expect you will be staying out all night next! You don't come now because you care for me! Oh no, I'm nobody! I can sit here all day and all night alone, and with all my troubles, and what do you care? Why, you don't care a straw—you would rather talk to any woman than your wife, so you would, and if I was dead and out of your way you would be finding another soon enough! Well, all I ask of you is just to wait till I am cold—that's all—not for my sake, but out of regard to my gray-headed old father!"

Here may fall an interlude of weeping—noisily, if possible. If this fails to drive the man

from the house—an event scarcely to be anticipated—there is yet another wire to be pulled (provided the facts warrant it), with tremendous effect—fall back upon the *baby*! If you have reason to believe your husband has made an engagement for the evening, in order to make him as uncomfortable as possible—show him, in fact, what a monster he is—send to the apothecary's, and make a tremendous flourish of tea-spoons; push aside the easy-chair to make room along the hearth for tea-cups, blankets, etc.; fold the child in your arms with showy demonstrations of tenderness, and call it your own poor little darling that has nobody else in the world to care for it; and assure it that, however destitute of natural affection others may be, there is one martyr in the world ready to suffer at the stake in its defense. If your husband offers to rock the cradle or relieve you in any other way, don't accept his services, but intimate, at the same time, that for the sake of decency he had better remain within call, in case your poor abused and suffering baby should die! Should your husband, however, put on his slippers and take up the evening paper, you must take a different tack; in short, make the house so hot about his ears that he will be forced to seek a cooler atmosphere, and when this is done, and the baby well asleep, instead of interesting yourself in a book, or with your sewing, as you might do reasonably and quietly, light the night-lamp and institute a regular search of vest pockets, boxes, trunks, and secret drawers, and if you don't discover some old love-letters, keepsakes, scraps of sentimental poetry, or other matter of a private character calculated to awaken unsatisfactory emotions, it will certainly not have been your fault, for you will then have done whatever can be done to aggravate self-torment. Do not deceive yourself in the hope of finding alleviation in sympathy—it has been tried a great many times, and no instance of success that I have ever heard of. Nevertheless, if you would like to add mortification to your other discomforts, you may bundle up your baby, silver spoons, and other valuables, and go home to your mother!

Having concluded this third lesson, you will have discovered—if there is any common sense in you—that marriage is, for better or for worse, between yourself and your husband only, and that no third party can do you any good.

You will learn to lessen exaction, to cultivate forbearance, and in all things to enjoy the *less*, by not expecting the *more*—for perfection is not in man or woman either; and to dwell on the bright, rather than the dark side of human nature, is the true philosophy of life.

MY WIFE AND I.

"OH dear, I wish I were rich!"

This remark was extracted from my wife (as an obstinate molar might be extracted by a dentist) by the contemplation of a large opening in the toe of little Persy's stocking, which she had been trying in vain to devise some

mode of closing, without destroying the symmetry of the garment, while a pile of similar articles, of various sizes and patterns, lay at her elbow, as much in need of mending as an old rake's habits. There they lay, seven pairs of little stockings, while their seven daily occupants were snugly snoozing in bed, forgetful of the many weary stitches their little feet had caused; and all around, on tables and chairs, was scattered a promiscuous assortment of juvenile aprons and dresses, jackets and breeches, each one bearing its owner's mark, in the shape of rips and rents.

"I wish I were rich!" repeated my wife.

There was a strength and heartiness in the tone and manner which left no doubt of her sincerity, and in an instant my mind went back some twenty years, to the time when we *had been* rich—rich in our young love, rich in our mutual dependence, and rich in the bright hopes which not only gilded but fairly plated the future all over with twenty-carat plate at least—as together we looked down the long vista of coming years, fair flowers of joy around our feet, ripe fruits of happiness over our heads, the richest of all riches, contentment, in our hearts, and flour at only five dollars a barrel.

Almost twenty years ago those soft hazel eyes that now beam with tender, matronly love, first told the story of that love which those rosy lips (their bloom has not yet faded) confirmed; and that fair, round face, that has grown fairer and rounder year by year, first lay upon my breast in maiden trustfulness.

We did not fall in love, nor walk into it, nor glide into it, but we took to it by instinct as ducks take to water, and we were married, with about as definite an idea of the modes and means of meeting our current expenses as a raw Irishman has of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or a charcoal peddler of honesty.

There must be a special Providence which watches over fools and young married people.

In point of worldly possessions we commenced with nothing, and have had it ever since; for, what with the increased expense of living, and our success in adding to the census returns, each year finds us as far from the possession of a respectable competency as its predecessor. Financially we have scrambled along in a helter-skelter way, tumbling into little puddles of debt from time to time, with now and then a long interval of exemption, to be followed by a new tumble and a new scramble for safety. Until now, on this cold Saturday night in January, my wife and I sit cozily by our cheerful fire, she with a load of unmended and to-be-mended stockings on her mind, and I, ostensibly reading, trying to solve the great problem of the relation between supply and demand; at least, so far as to make my own weekly supplies cover the weekly demands of wife, children, the grocer, and the landlord. And so I sit, buried in thought, now brightened by remembrances of early happiness, and now darkened by shades of unpaid January bills, which load my desk,

making the demand for the great staple, money, far exceed the supply, thereby, according to our best political economists, enhancing its value.

Meantime my wife, still laboring under the weight of the stockings, says, for the third time, with increased fervor and a slight degree of asperity, as though demanding a reply,

"Oh dear! dear! I wish I were rich."

"Riches, my love, take to themselves wings and fly away," I replied, with the air of one who had seen myriads of tender young dollars put on their pin feathers, become fully fledged, and soar away to unknown regions like a flock of wild geese, leaving not even the smell of money behind.

"Well, if they do, they must go to roost somewhere, and I don't see why some of them can't settle here as well as elsewhere," said my wife, as she commenced on a fresh stocking; and then added, with a slight dash of acidity, "There's no danger of *our* riches flying away!"

"No, my dear, the wealth of loving hearts, of unstained consciences, and contented dispositions is a permanent investment, and not at all prone to aerial flights. These are your only true riches. With these, you are richer than *Croesus*; without them, poor indeed."

"That's all very well, but that kind of property don't constitute a legal tender. You can't pay the grocer with consciences and dispositions, however pure and contented. They don't go half as far as promises, for I've known you to make those last a year. But speaking of the grocer reminds me that I thought I saw the bottom of the flour barrel this morning."

Now I knew in an instant that there wasn't flour enough in that barrel to make a homeopathic biscuit, for I had had a hint of its condition the day before, in the shape of an inquiry from my wife, "What is flour worth now?"—expressed in a tone intended to indicate that she had no more interest in the matter than she had in the number of statute miles between the earth and the moon.

It is a pleasant little fiction of hers, that a delicate hint, in relation to the consumptive state of that important ingredient in domestic economy, falls more lightly upon the ear of the moneyless than the plain and simple, though appalling statement, "The flour barrel is empty;" and she will resort to all manner of expedients for bringing the case to my mind rather than state it in plain English. In fact, I have sometimes thought of teaching her to say it in Spanish, and thus remove a little of its harshness, but as she had no aptness for any tongue, except her own, I have abandoned the idea.

The purchase of a barrel of flour is an event in our household economy not to be treated lightly. It requires preparation and consideration. In the first place, a certain sum of money is to be provided to meet the emergency, for whatever latitude the grocer may allow in minor matters, when you talk to him of flour you must produce the *quid pro quo*, or there is no trade.

The next point to be decided is the selection of the "brand." This leads to a friendly interchange of views between the heads of the home department, which always results in my being commissioned to purchase the highest priced article in the market, and a caution to avoid all attempts at false economy by investing in a cheaper quality. In my younger days, I once made a purchase of a barrel of second quality (as the grocer called it), to see if my wife would know the difference; and I believe I have had the biscuit that were made from it thrown at me ever since.

You should see my wife when she assists at the opening of the new barrel, and its snowy treasures are disclosed to her gratified gaze. Smiles dimple her rosy cheeks, and pleasure sparkles in her eyes. How tenderly she lifts each dipperful from its receptacle, examines it with the eye of a judge, and pronounces its quality with the air of an expert! And what a glow of housewifely satisfaction mantles her fair face, when the first baking confirms her judgment! And then as, day by day, she descends deeper and deeper into its recesses, each dipperful, snowy though it be, leaves a shade upon her brow, until at last the flour and the smiles and dimples disappear together.

As I sit reading of an evening, I can hear that wooden dipper thumping at the staves or gently scraping the bottom of the barrel as it descends in search of the wherewithal for the bread of the coming day, and I know that my wife is intimating by these means the necessity of a fresh supply as plainly as though she told me in so many words, for she knows that I can hear every thump. And by-and-by she comes in looking as demure as a kitten, and none but the initiated would ever dream that she had an empty flour barrel on her mind. But the next day brings a fresh barrel, fresh smiles and dimples, and a renewed depletion of the already attenuated purse. The smiles and dimples are always cheap at the price, even if the flour is not.

As I meditated on this momentous subject, I could see by the knitting of her brow and the increased vigor with which she applied herself to her weekly task, that my wife's financial aspiration was still working in her mind, and knowing by long experience that confined thoughts, like explosive gases, must have vent, and fearing that some more violent remark might be shot at me, like a pellet from a gun, I replied:

"True, my dear, I know that the grocer will only be satisfied with gold or its equivalent, which he is much better calculated to appreciate than purity of intention and loftiness of soul, and fortunately for him, it is much more plentiful in the market though scarce enough with us. But for all that we have untold treasures, if we did but know it."

"They must be *untold*, for I never heard of them before. If you have such an abundance, I wish you'd spare me enough to buy that black silk dress you promised me so long ago."

It is not to be inferred from this remark that my wife is prone to extravagance in her tastes or habits. She is usually content with plain and modest attire. She has never hidden herself in the recesses of a whalebone pyramid, nor submitted to the modern species of female coo-erage; for, as she playfully remarks, "Any body can see that I am a tub without my being hooped." (She weighs two hundred and one pounds avoirdupois.) No unpaid milliner's bills haunt her waking hours (nor mine). No needy dress-makers rise up in judgment against her. Her bonnet is much too large for our youngest daughter, aged eight years, and really seems designed for use as well as ornament; and from my long acquaintance with her, I am satisfied that she has something in her head worth protecting, unlike those ladies who patronize curtailed bonnets with more ribbon than crown, and more curtain than comfort.

She fully agrees with me when I lecture our young female friends on the extravagance of the age, although she contends that the men are as much to be blamed for it as the women. Of course I never assent to this proposition; and that leads to a friendly argument, from which, in my own opinion, I always gain the advantage—though I must confess that I am occasionally overborne by a torrent of words, especially when some friendly neighbor espouses my wife's side of the question. In such cases I beat a hasty retreat, and watch my opportunity for a new attack upon the position of the enemy under more favorable auspices.

My wife detests flounces (she is too stout to wear them), has no hankering after "moire antique," and only knows of "Honiton" by having seen it mentioned in our daily paper. To be sure she doesn't believe all the criticisms upon the fashions which she sees in that paper, and she even goes so far as to say that she has no idea that the editor himself believes them. I think she is hardly just to the editor—a very clever fellow by-the-way, who never meddles with any thing but politics, except Church matters, ladies' dresses, and fish—and who never gets into trouble as long as he sticks to the politics and fish.

But to return to the black silk dress. Some years ago (I don't care to remember how many), under the influence of an excess of affection and a delusion in regard to my financial prospects, I had made a rash promise to purchase such an article for her especial use and adornment; but had coupled the promise with the important proviso, "some time." We had previously canvassed the relative merits of calicoes, cashmeres, silks and satins, and had decided that one good silk dress was worth half a dozen of any of the others, not only for its present purpose but as being more available in its later stages for the decoration of the young scions of our house, and a sly hint was thrown out that a spare "breadth" out of the skirt might be very useful in refacing any coat of mine that might happen to stand in need of that operation. The

"some time" before alluded to, has not yet arrived, and from present appearances it is as far off as when the promise was made. Still, it lingers in my wife's memory, and she occasionally brings it to mind among, I fear, many other unfulfilled promises.

"In regard to the dress, you may depend upon having it 'some time,' but the treasures of which I was speaking are not exactly available for that purpose at present," I replied; "but I can easily convince you that we are possessed of them. Are there not seven rosy-cheeked cherubs (at least you call them so when they are not in mischief) now sleeping in happy unconsciousness of money and its attendant evils, each one of them worth his weight in gold? I've heard you say so many a time. Now at a moderate estimate they will average fifty pounds apiece. Even California gold is worth two hundred dollars a pound. So we have three hundred and fifty pounds of cherubs at two hundred dollars a pound, which, according to simple multiplication, makes seventy thousand dollars' worth of those little heavenly bodies alone."

"Nonsense, Persy"—

"Oh! but it isn't nonsense. There it is, figured out according to your own estimate, and a very pretty little sum it makes to begin the world with. Now, my dear, what is my love worth!"

This was a poser. My wife looked up in a haze of blank astonishment as her mind grasped the idea, and I trembled for fear she might say "nothing," and thus overturn the whole groundwork of my theory. But as soon as she had swallowed the idea and mentally digested it, she replied,

"Why don't you ask me what the air is worth? for I could dispense with one as well as the other."

I thanked my wife for the compliment, and congratulated myself that she had drawn no worse comparison between my love and the air; and continued,

"Well, then, what do you consider the air worth?"

"I sha'n't answer any such foolish question; for, if you go on with your calculations, you'll make us out millionaires."

"That's what I intend to do; and I think I am safe in putting down the love at a hundred thousand. Then, there is my honor, which is worth at least as much as the love—"

"I've no doubt of it," interrupted my wife—

"For you wouldn't value the one without the other. So there you have the sum total of three items alone—cherubs, seventy thousand; love, a hundred thousand; and honor as much more, making the snug sum of more than a quarter of a million of dollars, to say nothing of other items that might be mentioned, and which would perhaps double the amount, besides cash on hand amounting to one dollar and seventeen cents."

I paused here for my wife to appreciate the full force of my reasoning (she is a little slow

at figures), and when she had had time to turn the whole subject in her mind, I asked,

"What have you to say to that?"

"All I have to say to that," replied my wife, "is, that I wouldn't advise you to set up a carriage on the strength of your property. And if I thought we were worth a quarter of that sum, I wouldn't mend such a looking stocking as this." Saying which, she held up the stocking of our eldest girl, minus the heel and two-thirds of the toe, with a large rent near the top of the leg.

"And then look at that, and that, and that," she continued, as she successively presented for my inspection the various articles which constitute the juvenile wardrobe; and I must confess that, seen through that medium, my imposing array of figures seemed scarcely large enough to fill one of the smallest rents among the multitude. Still I fondly hoped that my calculations had had a tendency to raise my wife's spirits, and I was unwilling that she should sink back into that slough of darning-needles and yarn. So I continued the subject.

"Clothes, my dear, especially in the case of children, are a mere matter of form, a blind adherence to the customs of society. If it cost more to wear shreds and patches than whole garments—if rents and rips could be rendered fashionable, all the world would be out at elbows. But though society turns up its nose at last year's fashions—though love looks askance at a seedy lover, and even the Church puts its ban on the threadbare coat, you and I can jog on our way regardless of frowns and favors, conscious of that hidden treasure which gilds and brightens our earthly existence.

"And then, again, compare our condition with that of our first parents, when they had 'notice to quit' from the Great Landlord, and first commenced housekeeping on their own account. Their wardrobe was extremely limited, and I've no doubt Eve would have been very thankful for a ninepenny calico, and Adam would not have scorned good satinnet, even though the cut of the garments had been a few months old. For however rural a fig-leaf suit might appear, it is not exactly adapted for general use, especially with the thermometer at zero. And I don't think that a lady of your weight in the community would appear to advantage in that primitive style of dress."

"Perseverance!" exclaimed my wife, as she colored with indignation at the idea, and laid down the last of the stockings, preparatory to seeking her nightly rest.

She never calls me "Perseverance" except when she is astonished or indignant; and I knew by the tone of her voice that it would be useless to pursue the subject at present. So, winding up my argument and the little wooden clock that graces our mantle, I addressed myself to slumber, while that murmured aspiration floated on the midnight air from my wife's half-opened lips—

"Oh dear! I wish I were rich!"

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THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFITLESS QUEST.

AT every step which Harry Warrington took toward Pennsylvania, the reports of the British disaster were magnified and confirmed. Those two famous regiments which had fought in the Scottish and Continental wars, had fled from an enemy almost unseen, and their boasted discipline and valor had not enabled them to face a band of savages and a few French infantry. The unfortunate commander of the expedition had shown the utmost bravery and resolution. Four times his horse had been shot under him. Twice he had been wounded, and the last time of the mortal hurt which ended his life three days after the battle. More than one of Harry's informants described the action to the poor lad—the passage of the river, the long line of advance through the wilderness, the firing in front, the vain struggle of the men to advance, and the artillery to clear the way of the enemy; then the ambushed fire from behind every bush and tree, and the murderous fusillade, by which at least half of the expeditionary force had been shot down.

But not all the General's suite were killed, Harry heard. One of his aids-de-camp, a Virginian gentleman, was ill of fever and exhaustion at Dunbar's camp. One of them—but which?

To the camp Harry hurried, and reached it at length. It was George Washington Harry found stretched in a tent there, and not his brother. A sharper pain than that of the fever Mr. Washington declared he felt, when he saw Harry Warrington, and could give him no news of George.

Mr. Washington did not dare to tell Harry all. For three days after the fight, his duty had been to be near the General. On the fatal 9th of July he had seen George go to the front with orders from the chief, to whose side he never returned. After Braddock himself died, the aid-de-camp had found means to retrace his course to the field. The corpses which remained there were stripped and horribly mutilated. One body he buried which he thought to be George Warrington's. His own illness was increased, perhaps occasioned, by the anguish which he underwent in his search for the unhappy young volunteer.

"Ah, George! If you had loved him you would have found him dead or alive," Harry cried out. Nothing would satisfy him but that he, too, should go to the ground and examine it. With money he procured a guide or two. He forded the river at the place where the army had passed over: he went from one end to the other of the dreadful field. It was no longer haunted by Indians now. The birds of prey were feeding on the mangled festering carcasses. Save in his own grandfather, lying



very calm, with a sweet smile on his lip, Harry had never yet seen the face of Death. The horrible spectacle of mutilation caused him to turn away with shudder and loathing. What news could the vacant woods, or those festering corpses lying under the trees, give the lad of his lost brother? He was for going, unarmed and with a white flag, to the French fort, whither, after their victory, the enemy had returned; but his guides refused to advance with him. The French might possibly respect them, but the Indians would not. "Keep your hair for your lady-mother, my young gentleman," said the guide. "'Tis enough that she loses one son in this campaign."

When Harry returned to the English encampment at Dunbar's it was his turn to be down with the fever. Delirium set in upon him, and he lay some time in the tent and on the bed from which his friend had just risen convalescent. For some days he did not know who watched him; and poor Dempster, who had tended him in more than one of these maladies, thought the widow must lose both her children; but the fever was so far subdued that the boy was enabled to rally somewhat, and get to horseback. Mr. Washington and Dempster both escorted him home. It was with a heavy heart, no doubt, that all three beheld once more the gates of Castlewood.

A servant in advance had been sent to announce their coming. First came Mrs. Mountain and her little daughter, welcoming Harry with many tears and embraces, but she scarce gave a nod of recognition to Mr. Washington; and the little girl caused the young officer to start, and turn deadly pale, by coming up to him

with her hands behind her, and asking, "Why have you not brought George back too?" Harry did not hear. The sobs and caresses of his good friend and nurse luckily kept him from listening to little Fanny.

Dempster was graciously received by the two ladies. "Whatever could be done, we know you would do, Mr. Dempster," says Mrs. Mountain, giving him her hand. "Make a courtesy to Mr. Dempster, Fanny, and remember, child, to be grateful to all who have been friendly to our benefactors. Will it please you to take any refreshment before you ride, Colonel Washington?"

Mr. Washington had had a sufficient ride already, and counted as certainly upon the hospitality of Castlewood as he would upon the shelter of his own house.

"The time to feed my horse, and a glass of water for myself, and I will trouble Castlewood

hospitality no farther," Mr. Washington said.

"Sure, George, you have your room here, and my mother is above stairs getting it ready!" cries Harry. "That poor horse of yours stumbled with you, and can't go farther this evening."

"Hush! Your mother won't see him, child," whispered Mrs. Mountain.

"Not see George? Why, he is like a son of the house," cries Harry.

"She had best not see him. I don't meddle any more in family matters, child; but when the Colonel's servant rode in, and said you were coming, Madam Esmond left this room, my dear, where she was sitting reading Drelincourt, and said she felt she could not see Mr. Washington. Will you go to her?" Harry took his friend's arm, and excusing himself to the Colonel, to whom he said he would return in a few minutes, he left the parlor in which they had assembled, and went to the upper rooms, where Madam Esmond was.

He was hastening across the corridor, and, with an averted head, passing by one especial door, which he did not like to look at, for it was that of his brother's room; but as he came to it, Madam Esmond issued from it, and folded him to her heart, and led him in. A settee was by the bed, and a book of psalms lay on the coverlet. All the rest of the room was exactly as George had left it.

"My poor child! How thin thou art grown—how haggard you look! Never mind. A mother's care will make thee well again. 'Twas nobly done to go and brave sickness and danger in search of your brother. Had others been as faithful, he might be here now. Never mind,

my Harry; our hero will come back to us—I know he is not dead. One so good, and so brave, and so gentle, and so clever as he was, I know is not lost to us altogether." (Perhaps Harry thought within himself that his mother had not always been accustomed so to speak of her eldest son.) "Dry up thy tears, my dear! He will come back to us, I know he will come." And when Harry pressed her to give a reason for her belief, she said she had seen her father two nights running in a dream, and he had told her that her boy was a prisoner among the Indians.

Madam Esmond's grief had not prostrated her as Harry's had when first it fell upon him; it had rather stirred and animated her: her eyes were eager, her countenance angry and revengeful. The lad wondered almost at the condition in which he found his mother.

But when he besought her to go down stairs and give a hand of welcome to George Washington, who had accompanied him, the lady's excitement painfully increased. She said she should shudder at touching his hand. She declared Mr. Washington had taken her son from her; she could not sleep under the same roof with him.

"He gave me his bed when I was ill, mother; and if our George is alive, how has George Washington a hand in his death? Ah! please God it be only as you say," cried Harry, in bewilderment.

"If your brother returns, as return he will, it will not be through Mr. Washington's help," said Madam Esmond. "He neither defended George on the field, nor would he bring him out of it."

"But he tended me most kindly in my fever," interposed Harry. "He was yet ill when he gave up his bed to me, and was thinking only of his friend, when any other man would have thought of himself."

"A friend! A pretty friend!" sneers the lady. "Of all his Excellency's aids-de-camp, my gentleman is the only one who comes back unwounded. The brave and noble fall, but he, to be sure, is unhurt. I confide my boy to him, the pride of my life, whom he will defend with his, forsooth! And he leaves my George in the forest, and brings me back himself! Oh, a pretty welcome I must give him!"

"No gentleman," cried Harry, warmly, "was ever refused shelter under my grandfather's roof."

"Oh no—no gentleman!" exclaims the little widow; "let us go down, if you like, son, and pay our respects to this one. Will you please to give me your arm?" and taking an arm which was very little able to give her support, she walked down the broad stairs, and into the apartment where the Colonel sat.

She made him a ceremonious courtesy, and extended one of the little hands, which she allowed for a moment to rest in his. "I wish that our meeting had been happier, Colonel Washington," she said.

"You do not grieve more than I do that it is otherwise, Madam," said the Colonel.

"I might have wished that the meeting had been spared, that I might not have kept you from friends whom you are naturally anxious to see—that my boy's indisposition had not detained you. Home and his good nurse Mountain, and his mother and our good Doctor Dempster will soon restore him. 'Twas scarce necessary, Colonel, that you, who have so many affairs on your hands, military and domestic, should turn doctor too."

"Harry was ill and weak, and I thought it was my duty to ride by him," faltered the Colonel.

"You yourself, Sir, have gone through the *fatigues* and *dangers* of the campaign in the most wonderful manner," said the widow, courtesying again, and looking at him with her impenetrable black eyes.

"I wish to Heaven, Madam, some one else had come back in my place!"

"Nay, Sir, you have ties which must render your life more than ever valuable and dear to you, and duties to which, I know, you must be anxious to betake yourself. In our present deplorable state of doubt and distress, Castlewood can be a welcome place to no stranger, much less to you; and so I know, Sir, you will be for leaving us ere long. And you will pardon me if the state of my own spirits obliges me, for the most part, to keep my chamber. But my friends here will bear you company as long as you favor us, while I nurse my poor Harry up stairs. Mountain! you will have the cedar room on the ground-floor ready for Mr. Washington, and any thing in the house is at his command. Farewell, Sir. Will you be pleased to present my compliments to your mother, who will be thankful to have her son safe and sound out of the war—as also to my young friend Martha Custis, to whom and to whose children I wish every happiness. Come, my son!" and with these words, and another freezing courtesy, the pale little woman retreated, looking steadily at the Colonel, who stood dumb on the floor.

Strong as Madam Esmond's belief appeared to be respecting her son's safety, the house of Castlewood naturally remained sad and gloomy. She might forbid mourning for herself and family; but her heart was in black, whatever face the resolute little lady persisted in wearing before the world. To look for her son was hoping against hope. No authentic account of his death had indeed arrived, and no one appeared who had seen him fall; but hundreds more had been so stricken on that fatal day, with no eyes to behold their last pangs, save those of the lurking enemy and the comrades dying by their side. A fortnight after the defeat, when Harry was absent on his quest, George's servant, Sady, reappeared, wounded and maimed, at Castlewood. But he could give no coherent account of the battle, only of his flight from the centre, where he was with the baggage. He had no news of

his master since the morning of the action. For many days Sady lurked in the negro quarters away from the sight of Madam Esmond, whose anger he did not dare to face. That lady's few neighbors spoke of her as laboring under a delusion. So strong was it that there were times when Harry and the other members of the little Castlewood family were almost brought to share in it. It seemed nothing strange to her, that her father, out of another world, should promise her her son's life. In this world or the next that family sure must be of consequence, she thought. Nothing had ever yet happened to her sons—no accident, no fever, no important illness—but she had a prevision of it. She could enumerate half a dozen instances, which, indeed, her household was obliged more or less to confirm, how, when any thing had happened to the boys at ever so great a distance, she had known of their mishap and its consequences. No, George was not dead; George was a prisoner among the Indians; George would come back and rule over Castlewood; as sure, as sure as his Majesty would send a great force from home to recover the tarnished glory of the British arms, and to drive the French out of the Americas.

As for Mr. Washington, she would never with her own good-will behold him again. He had promised to protect George with his life. Why was her son gone and the Colonel alive? How dared he to face her after that promise, and appear before a mother without her son? She trusted she knew her duty. She bore ill-will to no one; but as an Esmond, she had a sense of honor, and Mr. Washington had forfeited hers in letting her son out of his sight. He had to obey superior orders (some one perhaps objected)? Pshaw! a promise was a promise. He had promised to guard George's life with his own, and where was her boy? And was not the Colonel (a pretty *Colonel*, indeed!) sound and safe? Do not tell me that his coat and hat had shots through them! (This was her answer to another humble plea in Mr. Washington's behalf.) Can't I go into the study this instant and fire two shots with my papa's pistols through this paduasoy skirt—and should I be killed? She laughed at the notion of death resulting from any such operation; nor was her laugh very pleasant to hear. The satire of people who have little natural humor is seldom good sport for by-standers. I think dull men's *facetie* are mostly cruel.

So, if Harry wanted to meet his friend, he had to do so in secret, at court-houses, taverns, or various places of resort; or in their little towns, where the provincial gentry assembled. No man of spirit, she vowed, could meet Mr. Washington after his base desertion of her family. She was exceedingly excited when she heard that the Colonel and her son absolutely had met. What a *heart* must Harry have to give his hand to one whom she considered as little better than George's murderer! For shame to say so! For shame upon you, un-

grateful boy, forgetting the dearest, noblest, most perfect of brothers, for that tall, gawky, fox-hunting Colonel, with his horrid oaths! How can he be George's murderer, when I say my boy is not dead? He is not dead, because my instinct never deceived me: because, as sure as I see his picture now before me—only 'tis not near so noble or so good as he used to look—so surely two nights running did my papa appear to me in my dreams. You doubt about that, very likely? 'Tis because you never loved any body sufficiently, my poor Harry; else you might have leave to see them in dreams, as has been vouchsafed to some."

"I think I loved George, mother," cried Harry. "I have often prayed that I might dream about him, and I don't."

"How you can talk, Sir, of loving George, and then go and meet your Mr. Washington at horse-races, I can't understand! Can you, Mountain?"

"We can't understand many things in our neighbors' characters. I can understand that our boy is unhappy, and that he does not get strength, and that he is doing no good here, in Castlewood, or moping at the taverns and court-houses with horse-coupers and idle company," grumbled Mountain, in reply to her patroness; and, in truth, independent was right.

There was not only grief in the Castlewood House, but there was disunion. "I can not tell how it came," said Harry, as he brought the story to an end, which we have narrated in the last two numbers, and which he confided to his new-found English relative, Madame de Bernstein; "but since that fatal day of July, last year, and my return home, my mother never has been the same woman. She seemed to love none of us as she used. She was forever praising George, and yet she did not seem as if she liked him much when he was with us. She hath plunged, more deeply than ever, into her books of devotion, out of which she only manages to extract grief and sadness, as I think. Such a gloom has fallen over our wretched Virginian House of Castlewood, that we all grew ill, and pale as ghosts who inhabited it. Mountain told me, madam, that, for nights, my mother would not close her eyes. I have had her at my bedside, looking so ghastly, that I have started from my own sleep, fancying a ghost before me. By one means or other she has wrought herself into a state of excitement which, if not delirium, is akin to it. I was again and again struck down by the fever, and all the Jesuits' bark in America could not cure me. We have a tobacco-house and some land about the new town of Richmond, in our province, and went thither, as Williamsburg is no wholesomer than our own place; and there I mended a little, but still did not get quite well, and the physicians strongly counseled a sea-voyage. My mother, at one time, had thoughts of coming with me, but—(and here the lad blushed and hung his head down)—we did not agree very well, though I know we loved each other very

heartily, and 'twas determined that I should see the world for myself. So I took passage in our ship from the James River, and was landed at Bristol. And 'twas only on the 9th of July, this year, at sea, as had been agreed between me and Madam Esmond, that I put mourning on for my dear brother."

So that little Mistress of the Virginian Castlewood, for whom I am sure we have all the greatest respect, had the knack of rendering the people round about her uncomfortable; quarreled with those she loved best, and exercised over them her wayward jealousies and imperious humors, until they were not sorry to leave her. Here was money enough, friends enough, a good position, and the respect of the world; a house stored with all manner of plenty, and good things, and poor Harry Warrington was glad to leave them all behind him. Happy! Who is happy? What good in a stalled ox for dinner every day, and no content therewith? Is it best to be loved and plagued by those you love, or to have an easy, comfortable indifference at home; to follow your fancies, live there unmolested, and die without causing any painful regrets or tears?

To be sure, when her boy was gone, Madam Esmond forgot all these little tiffs and differences. To hear her speak of both her children, you would fancy they were perfect characters, and had never caused her a moment's worry or annoyance. These gone, Madam fell naturally upon Mrs. Mountain and her little daughter, and worried and annoyed them. But women bear with hard words more easily than men, are more ready to forgive injuries, or, perhaps, to dissemble anger. Let us trust that Madam Esmond's dependents found their life tolerable, that they gave her Ladyship sometimes as good as they got, that if they quarreled in the morning they were reconciled at night, and sate down to a tolerably friendly game at cards and an amicable dish of tea.

But, without the boys, the great house of Castlewood was dreary to the widow. She left an overseer there to manage her estates, and only paid the place an occasional visit. She enlarged and beautified her house in the pretty little city of Richmond, which began to grow in importance daily. She had company there, and card-assemblies, and preachers in plenty; and set up her little throne there, to which the gentlefolks of the province were welcome to come and bow. All her domestic negroes, who loved society as negroes will do, were delighted to exchange the solitude of Castlewood for the gay and merry little town; where, for a time, and while we pursue Harry Warrington's progress in Europe, we leave the good lady.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARRY IN ENGLAND.

WHEN the famous Trojan wanderer narrated his escapes and adventures to Queen Dido, her

Majesty, as we read, took the very greatest interest in the fascinating story-teller who told his perils so eloquently. A history ensued, more pathetic than any of the previous occurrences in the life of Pius Æneas, and the poor princess had reason to rue the day when she listened to that glib and dangerous orator. Harry Warrington had not pious Æneas's power of speech, and his elderly aunt, we may presume, was by no means so soft-hearted as the sentimental Dido; but yet the lad's narrative was touching, as he delivered it with his artless eloquence and cordial voice; and more than once, in the course of his story, Madame Bernstein found herself moved to a softness to which she had very seldom before allowed herself to give way. There were not many fountains in that desert of a life—not many sweet, refreshing resting-places. It had been a long loneliness, for the most part, until this friendly voice came and sounded in her ears, and caused her heart to beat with strange pangs of love and sympathy. She doted on this lad, and on this sense of compassion and regard so new to her. Save once, faintly, in very very early youth, she had felt no tender sentiment for any human being. Such a woman would, no doubt, watch her own sensations very keenly, and must have smiled after the appearance of this boy, to mark how her pulses rose above their ordinary beat. She longed after him. She felt her cheeks flush with happiness when he came near. Her eyes greeted him with welcome, and followed him with fond pleasure. "Ah, if she could have had a son like that, how she would have loved him!" "Wait," says Conscience, the dark scoffer mocking within her, "wait, Beatrix Esmond! You know you will weary of this inclination, as you have of all. You know, when the passing fancy has subsided, that the boy may perish, and you won't have a tear for him; or talk, and you weary of his stories; and that your lot in life is to be lonely—lonely. Well! suppose life be a desert? There are halting-places, and shades, and refreshing waters; let us profit by them for to-day. We know that we must march when to-morrow comes, and tramp on our destiny onward."

She smiled inwardly, while following the lad's narrative, to recognize in his simple tales about his mother traits of family resemblance. Madam Esmond was very jealous? Yes, that Harry owned. She was fond of Colonel Washington? She liked him, but only as a friend, Harry declared. A hundred times he had heard his mother vow that she had no other feeling toward him. He was ashamed to have to own that he himself had been once absurdly jealous of the Colonel. "Well, you will see that my half-sister will never forgive him," said Madam Beatrix. "And you need not be surprised, Sir, at women taking a fancy to men younger than themselves; for don't I dote upon you? and don't all these Castlewood people *crevent* with jealousy?"

However great might be their jealousy of Ma-



dame de Bernstein's new favorite, the family of Castlewood allowed no feeling of ill-will to appear in their language or behavior to their young guest and kinsman. After a couple of days' stay in the ancestral house, Mr. Harry Warrington had become Cousin Harry with young and middle-aged. Especially in Madame Bernstein's presence, the Countess of Castlewood was most gracious to her kinsman, and she took many amiable private opportunities of informing the Baroness how charming the young Huron was, of vaunting the elegance of his manners and appearance, and wondering how, in his distant province, the child should ever have learned to be so polite!

These notes of admiration or interrogation the Baroness took with equal complacency (speaking parenthetically, and, for his own part, the present chronicler can not help putting in a little respectful remark here, and signifying his admiration of the conduct of ladies toward one another, and of the things which they say, which they forbear to say, and which they say behind each other's backs. With what smiles and courtesies they stab each other! with what compliments they hate each other! with what determination of long-suffering they won't be offended! with what innocent dexterity they can drop the drop of poison into the cup of conversation, hand round the goblet, smiling, to the whole family to drink, and make the dear, domestic circle miserable!). I burst out of my parenthesis. I fancy my Baroness and Countess smiling at each other a hundred years ago, and giving each other the hand or the cheek, and calling each other, My dear, My dear creature, My dear Countess, My dear Baroness, My dear

sister—even when they were most ready to fight.

"You wonder, my dear Maria, that the boy should be so polite?" cries Madame de Bernstein. "His mother was bred up by two very perfect gentlefolks. Colonel Esmond had a certain grave courtesousness, and a grand manner, which I do not see among the gentlemen nowadays."

"Eh, my dear, we all of us praise our own time! My grandmamma used to declare there was nothing like Whitehall and Charles the Second."

"My mother saw King James the Second's court for a short while, and though not a court-educated person, as you know—her father was a country clergyman—yet was exquisitely well-bred. The Colonel, her second husband, was a person of great travel and experience, as well as of learning, and had frequented the finest company of Europe. They

could not go into their retreat and leave their good manners behind them, and our boy has had them as his natural inheritance."

"Nay, excuse me, my dear, for thinking you too partial about your mother. She *could* not have been that perfection which your filial fondness imagines. She left off liking her daughter—my dear creature, you have owned that she did—and I can not fancy a complete woman who has a cold heart. No, no, my dear sister-in-law! Manners are very requisite, no doubt, and, for a country parson's daughter, your mamma was very well—I have seen many of the cloth who are very well. Mr. Sampson, our chaplain, is very well. Dr. Young is very well. Mr. Dodd is very well; but they have not the true air—as how should they? I protest, I beg pardon! I forgot my lord bishop, your ladyship's first choice. But, as I said before, to be a complete woman, one must have, what you have, what I may say and bless Heaven for, I think I have—a *good* heart. Without the affections, all the world is vanity, my love! I protest I only live, exist, eat, drink, rest, for my sweet children!—for my wicked Willy, for my self-willed Fanny—dear, naughty loves! (She rapturously kisses a bracelet on each arm which contain the miniature representations of those two young persons.) "Yes, Mimi! yes, Fanchon! you know I do, you dear, dear little things! and if they were to die, or you were to die, your poor mistress would die, too!" Mimi and Fanchon, two quivering Italian greyhounds, jump into their lady's arms, and kiss her hands, but respect her cheeks, which are covered with rouge. "No, my dear! For nothing do I bless Heaven so much (though it puts me to excruciating



A DANCING LESSON.

torture very often) as for having endowed me with sensibility and a feeling heart!"

"You are full of feeling, dear Anna," says the Baroness. "You are celebrated for your sensibility. You must give a little of it to our American nephew—cousin—I scarce know his relationship."

"Nay, I am here but as a guest in Castlewood now. The house is my Lord Castlewood's, not mine, or his Lordship's whenever he shall choose to claim it. What can I do for the young Virginian that has not been done? He is charming. Are we even jealous of him for being so, my dear? and though we see what a fancy the Baroness de Bernstein has taken for him, do your ladyship's nephews and nieces—your *real* nephews and nieces—cry out? My poor children might be mortified; for indeed, in a few

hours, the charming young man has made as much way as *my* poor things have been able to do in all their lives: but are they angry? Willy hath taken him out to ride. This morning was not Maria playing the harpsichord while my Fanny taught him the minuet? 'Twas a charming young group, I assure you, and it brought tears into my eyes to look at the young creatures. Poor lad! we are as fond of him as you are, dear Baroness!"

Now, Madame de Bernstein had happened, through her own ears or her maid's, to overhear what really took place in consequence of this harmless little scene. Lady Castlewood had come into the room where the young people were thus engaged in amusing and instructing themselves, accompanied by her son William, who arrived in his boots from the kennel.

"Bravi, bravi! O charming!" said the Countess, clapping her hands, nodding with one of her best smiles to Harry Warrington, and darting a look at his partner, which my Lady Fanny perfectly understood; and so, perhaps, did my Lady Maria at her harpsichord, for she played with redoubled energy, and nodded her waving curls over the chords.

"Infernal young Choctaw! Is he teaching Fanny the war-dance? and is Fan going to try her tricks upon him now?" asked Mr. William, whose temper was not of the best.

And that was what Lady Castlewood's look said to Fanny. "Are you going to try your tricks upon him now?"

She made Harry a very low courtesy, and he blushed, and they both stopped dancing, somewhat disconcerted. Lady Maria rose from the harpsichord and walked away.

"Nay, go on dancing, young people! Don't let me spoil sport, and let me play for you," said the Countess; and she sat down to the instrument and played.

"I don't know how to dance," says Harry, hanging his head down, with a blush that the Countess's finest carmine could not equal.

"And Fanny was teaching you? Go on teaching him, dearest Fanny!"

"Go on, do!" says William, with a sidelong growl.

"I—I had rather not show off my awkwardness in company," adds Harry, recovering himself. "When I know how to dance a minuet, be sure I will ask my cousin to walk one with me."

"That will be *very* soon, dear Cousin Warrington, I am certain," remarks the Countess, with her most gracious air.

"What game is she hunting now?" thinks Mr. William to himself, who can not penetrate his mother's ways; and that lady, fondly calling her daughter to her elbow, leaves the room.

They are no sooner in the tapestried passage leading away to their own apartment but Lady Castlewood's bland tone entirely changes. "You booby!" she begins to her adored Fanny. "You double idiot! What are you going to do with the Huron? You don't want to marry a creature like that, and be a squaw in a wigwam?"

"Don't, mamma," gasps Lady Fanny. Mamma was pinching her Ladyship's arm black and blue. "I am sure our cousin is very well," Fanny whimpers, "and you said so yourself."

"Very well! Yes, and heir to a swamp, a negro, a log-cabin, and a barrel of tobacco! My Lady Frances Esmond, do you remember what your Ladyship's rank is, and what your name is, and who was your Ladyship's mother, when, at three days' acquaintance, you commence dancing—a pretty dance, indeed—with this brat out of Virginia?"

"Mr. Warrington is our cousin," pleads Lady Fanny.

"A creature come from nobody knows where is not your cousin! How do we know he is

your cousin? He may be a valet who has taken his master's portmanteau, and run away in his post-chaise."

"But Madame de Bernstein says he is our cousin," interposes Fanny; "and he is the image of the Esmonds."

"Madame de Bernstein has her likes and dislikes; takes up people and forgets people; and she chooses to profess a mighty fancy for this young man. Because she likes him to-day, is that any reason why she should like him to-morrow? Before company, and in your aunt's presence, your Ladyship will please to be as civil to him as necessary; but, in private, I forbid you to see him or encourage him."

"I don't care, madam, whether your Ladyship forbids me or not!" cries out Lady Fanny, wrought up to a pitch of revolt.

"Very good, Fanny! Then I speak to my Lord, and we return to Kensington. If I can't bring you to reason, your brother will."

At this juncture the conversation between mother and daughter stopped, or Madame de Bernstein's informer had no farther means of hearing or reporting it.

It was only in after-days that she told Harry Warrington a part of what she knew. At present he but saw that his kinsfolks received him not unkindly. Lady Castlewood was perfectly civil to him; the young ladies pleasant and pleased; my Lord Castlewood, a man of cold and haughty demeanor, was not more reserved toward Harry than to any of the rest of the family; Mr. William was ready to drink with him, to ride with him, to go to races with him, and to play cards with him. When he proposed to go away, they one and all pressed him to stay. Madame de Bernstein did not tell him how it arose that he was the object of such eager hospitality. He did not know what schemes he was serving or disarranging, whose or what anger he was creating. He fancied he was welcome because those around him were his kinsmen, and never thought that those could be his enemies out of whose cup he was drinking, and whose hand he was pressing every night and morning.

CHAPTER XV.

A SUNDAY AT CASTLEWOOD.

THE second day after Harry's arrival at Castlewood was a Sunday. The chapel appertaining to the castle was the village church. A door from the house communicated with a great state pew which the family occupied, and here, after due time, they all took their places in order, while a rather numerous congregation from the village filled the seats below. A few ancient dusty banners hung from the church-roof, and Harry pleased himself in imagining that they had been borne by retainers of his family in the Commonwealth wars, in which, as he knew well, his ancestors had taken a loyal and distinguished part. Within the altar-rails was



the effigy of the Esmond of the time of King James the First, the common forefather of all the group assembled in the family-pew. Madame de Bernstein, in her quality of Bishop's widow, never failed in attendance, and conducted her devotions with a gravity almost as exemplary as that of the ancestor yonder, in his square beard and red gown, forever kneeling on his stone hassock before his great marble desk and book, under his emblazoned shield of arms. The clergyman, a tall, high-colored, handsome young man, read the service in a lively, agreeable voice, giving almost a dramatic point to the chapters of Scripture which he read. The music was good—one of the young ladies of the family touching the organ—and would have been better but for an interruption and something like a burst of laughter from the servants' pew, which was occasioned by Mr. Warrington's lacquey Gumbo, who, knowing the air given out for the psalm, began to sing it in a voice so exceedingly loud and sweet that the whole congregation turned toward the African warbler; the parson himself put his handkerchief to his mouth, and the liveried gentlemen from London were astonished out of all propriety. Pleased, perhaps, with the sensation which he had created, Mr. Gumbo continued his performances until it became almost a solo, and the voice of the clerk himself was silenced. For the truth is, that though Gumbo held on to the book, along with pretty Molly, the porter's daughter, who had been the first to welcome the strangers to Castlewood, he sang and recited by ear, and not by note, and could not read a syllable of the verses in the book before him.

This choral performance over, a brief sermon in due course followed, which, indeed, Harry thought a deal too short. In a lively, familiar, striking discourse, the clergyman described a scene of which he had been witness the previous week—the execution of a horse-

stealer after Assizes. He described the man and his previous good character, his family, the love they bore one another, and his agony at parting from them. He depicted the execution in a manner startling, terrible, and picturesque. He did not introduce into his sermon the Scripture phraseology, such as Harry had been accustomed to hear it from those somewhat Calvinistic preachers whom his mother loved to frequent, but rather spoke as one man of the world to other sinful people, who might be likely to profit by good advice. The unhappy man, just gone, had begun as a farmer of good prospects; he had taken to drinking, card-playing, horse-racing, cock-fighting, the vices of the age; against which the young clergyman was generously indignant. Then he had got to poaching, and to horse-stealing, for which he suffered. The divine rapidly drew striking and fearful pictures of these rustic crimes. He startled his hearers by showing that the Eye of the Law was watching the poacher at midnight, and setting traps to catch the criminal. He galloped the stolen horse over highway and common, and from one county into another, but showed Retribution ever galloping after, seizing the malefactor in the country fair, carrying him before the justice, and never unlocking his manacles till he dropped them at the gallows'-foot. Heaven be pitiful to the sinner! The clergyman acted the scene. He whispered in the criminal's ear at the cart. He dropped his handkerchief on the clerk's head. Harry started back as that handkerchief dropped. The clergyman had been talking for more than twenty minutes. Harry could have heard him for an hour more, and thought he had not been five minutes in the pulpit. The gentlefolks in the great pew were very much enlivened by the discourse. Once or twice Harry, who could see the pew where the house-servants sate, remarked these very attentive; and especially Gumbo, his own man, in an attitude of intense consternation. But the smock-frocks did not seem to heed, and clamped out of church quite unconcerned. Gaffer Brown and Gammer Jones took the matter as it came, and the rosy-checked, red-cloaked village lasses sate under their broad hats entirely unmoved. My Lord, from his pew, nodded slightly to the clergyman in the pulpit, when that divine's head and wig surged up from the cushion.

"Sampson has been strong to-day," said his lordship. "He has assaulted the Philistines in great strength."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" says Harry.

Bet five to four it was his Assize sermon. He has been over to Winton to preach, and to see those dogs.

The organist had played the little congregation out into the sunshine. Only Sir Francis Esmond, temp. Jac. I., still knelt on his marble hassock, before his prayer-book of stone. Mr. Sampson came out of his vestry in his cassock, and nodded to the gentlemen still lingering in the great pew.

"Come up, and tell us about those dogs," cries Mr. William, and the divine nodded a laughing assent.

The gentlemen passed out of the church into the gallery of their house, which connected them with that sacred building. Mr. Sampson made his way through the court, and presently joined them. He was presented by my lord to the Virginian cousin of the family, Mr. Warrington; the chaplain bowed very profoundly, and hoped Mr. Warrington would benefit by the virtuous example of his European kinsmen. Was he related to Sir Miles Warrington, of Norfolk? Sir Miles was Mr. Warrington's father's elder brother. What a pity he had a son! 'Twas a pretty estate, and Mr. Warrington looked as if he would become a baronetcy, and a fine estate in Norfolk.

"Tell me about my uncle," cried Harry Virginian.

"Tell us about those dogs!" said English Will, in a breath.

"Two more jolly dogs, two more drunken dogs, saving your presence, Mr. Warrington, than Sir Miles and his son, I never saw. Sir Miles was a stanch friend and neighbor of Sir Robert's. He can drink down any man in the county, except his son and a few more. The other dogs about which Mr. William is anxious, for Heaven hath made him a prey to dogs and all kinds of birds, like the Greeks in the *Iliad*."

"I know that line in the *Iliad*," says Harry, blushing. "I only know five more, but I know that one." And his head fell. He was thinking, "Ah, my dear brother George knew all the *Iliad* and all the *Odyssey*, and almost every book that was ever written besides!"

"What on earth" (only he mentioned a place under the earth) "are you talking about now?" asked Will of his reverence.

The chaplain reverted to the dogs and their performance. He thought Mr. William's dogs were more than a match for them. From dogs they went off to horses. Mr. William was very eager about the Four-Year-Old Plate at Huntingdon. "Have you brought any news of it, Parson?"

"The odds are five to four on Brilliant against the field," says the Parson, gravely; "but, mind you, Jason is a good horse."

"Whose horse?" asks my lord.

"Duke of Ancaster's. By Cartouche out of Miss Langley," says the divine. "Have you horse-races in Virginia, Mr. Warrington?"

"Haven't we!" cries Harry; "but I long to see a good English race."

"Do you—do you—bet a little?" continues his reverence.

"I have done such a thing," replies Harry, with a smile.

"I'll take Brilliant even against the field, for ponies with you, cousin!" shouts out Mr. William.

"I'll give or take three to one against Jason!" says the clergyman.

"I don't bet on horses I don't know," said

Harry, wondering to hear the chaplain now, and remembering his sermon half an hour before.

"Haden't you better write home and ask your mother?" says Mr. William with a sneer.

"Will, Will!" calls out my lord, "our Cousin Warrington is free to bet, or not, as he likes. Have a care how you venture on either of them, Harry Warrington. Will is an old file, in spite of his smooth face; and as for Parson Sampson, I defy our ghostly enemy to get the better of him."

"Him and all his works, my lord!" said Mr. Sampson, with a bow.

Harry was highly indignant at this allusion to his mother. "I'll tell you what, Cousin Will," he said, "I am in the habit of managing my own affairs in my own way, without asking any lady to arrange them for me. And I'm used to make my own bets upon my own judgment, and don't need any relations to select them for me, thank you. But as I am your guest, and no doubt you want to show me hospitality, I'll take your bet—there. And so Done and Done."

"Done," says Will, looking askance.

"Of course it is the regular odds, that's in the paper which you give me, cousin?"

"Well, no, it *isn't*," growled Will. "The odds are five to four, that's the fact, and you may have 'em, if you like."

"Nay, cousin, a bet is a bet; and I take you, too, Mr. Sampson."

"Three to one against Jason. I lay it. Very good," says Mr. Sampson.

"Is it to be ponies, too, Mr. Chaplain?" asks Harry, with a superb air, as if he had Lombard Street in his pocket.

"No, no. Thirty to ten. It is enough for a poor priest to win."

"Here goes a great slice out of my quarter's hundred," thinks Harry. "Well, I shan't let these Englishmen fancy that I am afraid of them. I didn't begin, but for the honor of Old Virginia I won't go back."

These pecuniary transactions arranged, William Esmond went away scowling toward the stables, where he loved to take his pipe with the grooms; the brisk parson went off to pay his court to the ladies, and partake of the Sunday dinner which would presently be served. Lord Castlewood and Harry remained for a while together. Since the Virginian's arrival my lord had scarcely spoken with him. In his manners he was perfectly friendly, but so silent that he would often sit at the head of his table, and leave it without uttering a word.

"I suppose yonder property of yours is a fine one by this time," said my lord to Harry.

"I reckon it's almost as big as an English county," answered Harry, "and the land's as good, too, for many things." Harry would not have the Old Dominion, nor his share in it, underrated.

"Indeed!" said my lord, with a look of surprise. "When it belonged to my father it did not yield much."

"Pardon me, my lord. You know *how* it belonged to your father," cried the youth, with some spirit. "It was because my grandfather did not choose to claim his right."*

"Of course, of course," says my lord, hastily.

"I mean, cousin, that we of the Virginian house owe you nothing but our own," continued Harry Warrington; "but our own, and the hospitality which you are now showing me."

"You are heartily welcome to both. You were hurt by the betting just now?"

"Well," replied the lad, "I am sort o' hurt. Your welcome, you see, is different to our welcome, and that's the fact. At home we are glad to see a man, hold out a hand to him, and give him of our best. Here you take us in, give us beef and claret enough, to be sure, and don't seem to care when we come, or when we go. That's the remark which I have been making, since I have been in your lordship's house; I can't help telling it out, you see, now 'tis on my mind; and I think I am a little easier now I have said it;" and, with this, the excited young fellow knocked a billiard-ball across the table, and then laughed, and looked at his elder kinsman.

"*A la bonne heure.* We are cold to the stranger within and without our gates. We don't take Mr. Harry Warrington into our arms, and cry when we see our cousin. We don't cry when he goes away—but do we pretend?"

"No, you don't. But you try to get the better of him in a bet," says Harry, indignantly.

"Is there no such practice in Virginia, and don't sporting men there try to overreach one another? What was that story I heard you telling our aunt, of the British officers and Tom Somebody, of Spotsylvania?"

"That's fair!" cries Harry. "That is, it's usual practice, and a stranger must look out. I don't mind the parson; if he wins he may have and welcome. But a relation! To think that my own blood cousin wants money out of me!"

"A Newmarket man would get the better of his father. My brother has been on the turf since he rode over to it from Cambridge. If you play at cards with him—and he will if you will let him—he will beat you if he can."

"Well, I'm ready!" cries Harry. "I'll play any game with him that I know, or I'll jump with him, or I'll ride with him, or I'll row with him, or I'll wrestle with him, or I'll shoot with him—there, now."

The senior was greatly entertained, and held out his hand to the boy. "Any thing, but don't fight with him," said my lord.

"If I do, I'll whip him! hanged if I don't!" cried the lad. But a look of surprise and displeasure on the nobleman's part recalled him to better sentiments. "A hundred pardons, my lord!" he said, blushing very red, and seizing his cousin's hand. "I talked of ill manners,

being angry and hurt just now; but 'tis doubly ill-mannered of me to show my anger, and boast about my prowess to my own host and kinsman. It's not the practice with us Americans to boast—believe me, it's not."

"You are the first I ever met," says my lord, with a smile, "and I take you at your word. And I give you fair warning about the cards, and the betting, that is all, my boy."

"Leave a Virginian alone! We are a match for most men—we are," resumed the boy.

Lord Castlewood did not laugh. His eyebrows only arched for a moment, and his gray eyes turned toward the ground. "So you can bet fifty guineas, and afford to lose them? So much the better for you, cousin. Those great Virginian estates yield a great revenue, do they?"

"More than sufficient for all of us—for ten times as many as we are now," replied Harry. ("What, *he* is pumping me," thought the lad.)

"And your mother makes her son and heir a handsome allowance?"

"As much as ever I choose to draw, my lord!" cried Harry.

"Peste! I wish I had such a mother!" cried my lord. "But I have only the advantage of a stepmother, and she draws me. There is the dinner-bell. Shall we go into the eating-room?" and, taking his young friend's arm, my lord led him to the apartment where that meal was waiting.

Parson Sampson formed the delight of the entertainment, and amused the ladies with a hundred agreeable stories. Besides being chaplain to his lordship, he was a preacher in London, at the new chapel in May Fair, for which my Lady Whittlesea (so well known in the reign of George I.) had left an endowment. He had the choicest stories of all the clubs and co-teries—the very latest news of who had run away with whom—the last bon-mot of Mr. Selwyn—the last wild bet of March and Rockingham. He knew how the old king had quarreled with Madame Walmoden, and the Duke was suspected of having a new love, who was in favor at Carlton House with the Princess of Wales, and who was hung last Monday, and how well he behaved in the cart. My lord's chaplain poured out all this intelligence to the amused ladies and the delighted young provincial, seasoning his conversation with such plain terms and lively jokes as made Harry stare, who was newly arrived from the colonies, and unused to the elegances of London life. The ladies, old and young, laughed quite cheerfully at the lively jokes. Do not be frightened, ye fair readers of the present day! We are not going to outrage your sweet modesties, or call blushes on your maiden cheeks. But 'tis certain that their ladyships at Castlewood never once thought of being shocked, but sate listening to the parson's funny tales until the chapel bell, clinking for afternoon service, summoned his reverence away for half an hour. There was no sermon.

* This matter is discussed in the Author's previous work, the "Memoirs of Colonel Edmond."

He would be back in the drinking of a bottle of Burgundy. Mr. Will called a fresh one, and the chaplain tossed off a glass ere he ran out.

Ere the half hour was over, Mr. Chaplain was back again bawling for another bottle. This discussed, they joined the ladies, and a couple of card-tables were set out, as, indeed, they were for many hours every day, at which the whole of the family party engaged. Madame de Bernstein could beat any one of her kinsfolk at piquet, and there was only Mr. Chaplain in the whole circle who was at all a match for her ladyship.

In this easy manner the Sabbath day passed. The evening was beautiful, and there was talk of adjourning to a cool tankard and a game of whist in a summer-house; but the company voted to sit in-doors, the ladies declaring they thought the aspect of three honors in their hand, and some good court cards, more beautiful than the loveliest scene of nature, and so the sun went behind the elms, and still they were at their cards, and the rooks came home cawing their even song, and they never stirred except to change partners; and the chapel clock tolled hour after hour unheeded, so delightfully were they spent over the pasteboard: and the moon and stars came out; and it was nine o'clock, and the groom of the chambers announced that supper was ready.

While they sate at that meal, the post-boy's twanging horn was heard as he trotted into the village with his letter-bag. My lord's bag was brought in presently from the village, and his letters, which he put aside, and his newspaper, which he read. He smiled as he came to a paragraph, looked at his Virginian cousin, and handed the paper over to his brother Will, who by this time was very comfortable, having had pretty good luck all the evening, and a great deal of liquor.

"Read that, Will," says my lord.

Mr. William took the paper, and, reading the sentence pointed out by his brother, uttered an exclamation which caused all the ladies to cry out.

"Gracious Heavens, William! What has happened?" cries one or the other fond sister.

"Mercy, child, why do you swear so dreadfully?" asks the young man's fond mamma.

"What's the matter?" inquires Madame de Bernstein, who has fallen into a doze after her usual modicum of punch and beer.

"Read it, Parson!" says Mr. William, thrusting the paper over to the chaplain, and looking as fierce as a Turk.

"Bit, by the Lord!" roars the chaplain, dashing down the paper.

"Cousin Harry, you are in luck," said my lord, taking up the sheet, and reading from it. "The Four-Year-Old Plate at Huntingdon was won by Jason, beating Brilliant, Pytho, and Ginger. The odds were five to four on Brilliant against the field, three to one against Jason, seven to two against Pytho, and twenty to one against Ginger."

"I owe you a half year's income of my poor living, Mr. Warrington," groaned the parson. "I will pay when my noble patron settles with me."

"A curse upon the luck!" growls Mr. William; "that comes of betting on a Sunday"—and he sought consolation in another 'great bumper.

"Nay, Cousin Will. It was but in jest," cried Harry. "I can't think of taking my cousin's money."

"Curse me, Sir, do you suppose, if I lose, I can't pay," asks Mr. William; "and that I want to be beholden to any man alive? That is a good joke. Isn't it, Parson?"

"I think I have heard better," said the clergyman; to which William replied, "Hang it, let us have another bowl."

Let us hope the ladies did not wait for this last replenishment of liquor, for it is certain they had had plenty already during the evening.



CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH GUMBO SHOWS SKILL WITH THE OLD ENGLISH WEAPON.

OUR young Virginian having won these sums of money from his cousin and the chaplain, was in duty bound to give them a chance of recovering their money, and I am afraid his mamma and other sound moralists would scarcely approve of his way of life. He played at cards a great deal too much. Besides the daily whist or quadrille with the ladies, which set in soon after dinner at three o'clock, and lasted until supper-time, there occurred games involving the gain or loss of very considerable sums of money, in which all the gentlemen, my lord included, took part. Since their Sunday's conversation, his lordship was more free and confidential with his kinsman than he had previously been, betted with him quite affably, and engaged him at backgammon and piquet. Mr.

William and the pious chaplain liked a little hazard; though his diversion was enjoyed on the sly, and unknown to the ladies of the house, who had exacted repeated promises from Cousin Will, that he would not lead the Virginian into mischief, and that he would himself keep out of it. So Will promised as much as his aunt or his mother chose to demand from him, gave them his word that he would never play, no never, and when the family retired to rest, Mr. Will would walk over with a dice-box and a rum-bottle to Cousin Harry's quarters, where he and Hal and his reverence would sit and play until daylight.

When Harry gave to Lord Castlewood those flourishing descriptions of the maternal estate in America, he had not wished to mislead his kinsman, or to boast, or to tell falsehoods, for the lad was of a very honest and truth-telling nature; but, in his life at home, it must be owned that the young fellow had had acquaintance with all sorts of queer company—horse-jockeys, tavern-loungers, gambling and sporting men, of whom a great number were found in his native colony. A landed aristocracy, with a population of negroes to work their fields, and cultivate their tobacco and corn, had little other way of amusement than in the hunting-field or over the cards and the punch-bowl. The hospitality of the province was unbounded: every man's house was his neighbor's; and the idle gentlefolks rode from one mansion to another, finding in each pretty much the same sport—welcome, and rough plenty. The Virginian squire had often a barefooted valet, and a cobbled saddle, but there was plenty of corn for the horses, and abundance of drink and venison for the master within the tumble-down fences, and behind the cracked windows of the hall. Harry had slept on many a straw mattress, and engaged in endless jolly night-bouts over claret and punch in cracked bowls till morning came, and it was time to follow the hounds. His poor brother was of a much more sober sort, as the lad owned with contrition. So it is that Nature makes folks, and some love books and tea, and some like Burgundy and a gallop across country. Our young fellow's tastes were speedily made visible to his friends in England. None of them were partial to the Puritan discipline; nor did they like Harry the worse for not being the least of a milksop. Manners, you see, were looser a hundred years ago; tongues were vastly more free and easy; names were named and things were done which we should screech now to hear mentioned. Yes, madam, we are not as our ancestors were. Ought we not to thank the Fates that have improved our morals so prodigiously and made us so eminently virtuous?

So, keeping a shrewd keen eye upon people round about him, and fancying, not incorrectly, that his cousins were disposed to pump him, Harry Warrington had thought fit to keep his own counsel regarding his own affairs, and in all games of chance or matters of sport was quite

a match for the three gentlemen into whose company he had fallen. Even in the noble game of billiards he could hold his own after a few days' play with his cousins and their revered pastor. His grandfather loved the game, and had over from Europe one of the very few tables which existed in his Majesty's province of Virginia. Nor though Mr. Will could beat him at the commencement could he get undue odds out of the young gamester. After their first bet, Harry was on his guard with Mr. Will, and Cousin William owned, not without respect, that the American was his match in most things, and his better in many. But though Harry played so well that he could beat the parson, and soon was the equal of Will, who, of course, could beat both the girls, how came it, that in the contests with these, especially with one of them, Mr. Warrington frequently came off second? He was profoundly courteous to every being who wore a petticoat; nor has that traditional politeness yet left his country. All the women of the Castlewood establishment loved the young gentleman. The grim housekeeper was mollified by him: the fat cook greeted him with blowsy smiles; the ladies' maids, whether of the French or the English nation, smirked and giggled in his behalf; the pretty porter's daughter at the lodge always had a kind word in reply to his. Madame de Bernstein took note of all these things, and, though she said nothing, watched carefully the boy's disposition and behavior.

Who can say how old Lady Maria Esmond was? Books of the Peerage were not so many in those days as they are in our blessed times, and I can not tell to a few years, or even a lustre or two. When Will used to say she was five-and-thirty he was abusive, and, besides, was always given to exaggeration. Maria was Will's half sister. She and my lord were children of the late Lord Castlewood's first wife, a German lady, whom, 'tis known, my lord married in the time of Queen Anne's wars. Baron Bernstein, who married Maria's aunt Beatrix, Bishop Tusher's widow, was also a German, a Hanoverian nobleman, and relative of the first Lady Castlewood. If my Lady Maria was born temp. George I., and his Majesty George II. had been thirty years on the throne, how could she be seven-and-twenty, as she told Harry Warrington she was? "I am old, child," she used to say. She used to call Harry child when they were alone. "I am a hundred years old. I am seven-and-twenty. I might be your mother almost." To which Harry would reply, "Your ladyship might be the mother of all the cupids, I am sure. You don't look twenty, on my word you do not!"

Lady Maria looked any age you liked. She was a fair beauty, with a dazzling white and red complexion, an abundance of fair hair which flowed over her shoulders, and beautiful round arms which showed to uncommon advantage when she played at billiards with Cousin Harry. When she had to stretch across the table to make a stroke, that youth caught glimpses of a

little ankle, a little clocked stocking, and a little black satin slipper with a little red heel, which filled him with unutterable rapture, and made him swear that there never was such a foot, ankle, clocked stocking, satin slipper in the world, and yet, oh you foolish Harry! your mother's foot was ever so much more slender, and half an inch shorter, than Lady Maria's. But, somehow, boys do not look at their mamma's slippers and ankles with rapture.

No doubt Lady Maria was very kind to Harry when they were alone. Before her sister, aunt, stepmother, she made light of him, calling him a simpleton, a chit, and who knows what trivial names? Behind his back, and even before his face, she mimicked his accent, which smacked somewhat of his province. Harry blushed and corrected the faulty intonation, under his English monitresses. His aunt pronounced that they would soon make him a pretty fellow.

Lord Castlewood, we have said, became daily more familiar and friendly with his guest and relative. Till the crops were off the ground there was no sporting, except an occasional cock-match at Winchester, and a bull-baiting at Hexton Fair. Harry and Will rode off to many jolly fairs and races round about: the young Virginian was presented to some of the county families—the Henleys of the Grange, the Crawleys of Queen's Crawley, the Redmaynes of Lionsden, and so forth. The neighbors came in their great heavy coaches, and passed two or three days in country fashion. More of them would have come, but for the fear all the Castlewood family had of offending Madame de Bernstein. She did not like country company; the rustical society and conversation annoyed her. "We shall be merrier when my aunt leaves us," the young folks owned. "We have a reason, as you may imagine, for being very civil to her. You know what a favorite she was with our papa? And with reason. She got him his earldom, being very well indeed at Court at that time with the King and Queen. She commands here naturally, perhaps a little too much. We are all afraid of her; even my elder brother stands in awe of her, and my stepmother is much more obedient to her than she ever was to my papa, whom she ruled with a rod of iron. But Castlewood is merrier when our aunt is not here. At least we have much more company. You will come to us in our gay days, Harry, won't you? Of course you will; this is your home, Sir. I was so pleased, oh! so pleased, when my brother said he considered it was your home!"

A soft hand is held out after this pretty speech, a pair of very well-preserved blue eyes look exceedingly friendly. Harry grasps his cousin's hand with ardor. I do not know what privilege of cousinship he would not like to claim, only he is so timid. They call the English selfish and cold. He at first thought his relatives were so; but how mistaken he was! How kind and affectionate they are, especially the Earl, and

dear, dear Maria! How he wishes he could recall that letter which he had written to Mrs. Mountain and his mother, in which he hinted that his welcome had been a cold one! The Earl his cousin was every thing that was kind, had promised to introduce him to London society, and present him at Court, and at White's. He was to consider Castlewood as his English home. He had been most hasty in his judgment regarding his relatives in Hampshire. All this, with many contrite expressions, he wrote in his second dispatch to Virginia. And he added, for it hath been hinted that the young gentleman did not spell at this early time with especial accuracy, "My cousin, the Lady Maria, is a perfect *Angle*."

"*Ille præter omnes angulus ridet*," muttered little Mr. Dempster, at home in Virginia.

"The child can't be falling in love with this angle, as he calls her!" cried out Mountain.

"Pooh, pooh! my niece Maria is forty!" says Madam Esmond. "I perfectly well recollect her when I was at home—a great, gawky, carrotty creature, with a foot like a pair of bellows." Where is truth, forsooth, and who knoweth it? Is Beauty Beautiful, or is it only our eyes that make it so? Does Venus squint? Has she got a splay foot, red hair, and a crooked back? Anoint my eyes, good Fairy Puck, so that I may ever consider the Beloved Object a paragon! Above all, keep on anointing my mistress's dainty peepers with the very strongest ointment, so that my noddle may ever appear lovely to her, and that she may continue to crown my honest ears with fresh roses!

Now, not only was Harry Warrington a favorite with some in the drawing-room, and all the ladies of the servants'-hall, but, like master like man, his valet Gumbo was very much admired and respected by very many of the domestic circle. Gumbo had a hundred accomplishments. He was famous as a fisherman, huntsman, blacksmith. He could dress hair beautifully, and improved himself in the art under my Lord's own Swiss gentleman. He was great at cooking many of his Virginian dishes, and learned many new culinary secrets from my Lord's French man. We have heard how exquisitely and melodiously he sang at church, and he sang not only sacred but secular music, often inventing airs and composing rude words after the habit of his people. He played the fiddle so charmingly that he set all the girls dancing in Castlewood Hall, and was ever welcome to a gratis mug of ale at the Three Castles in the village, if he would but bring his fiddle with him. He was good-natured and loved to play for the village children, so that Mr. Warrington's negro was a universal favorite in all the Castlewood domain.

Now it was not difficult for the servants'-hall folks to perceive that Mr. Gumbo was a liar, which fact was undoubted in spite of all his good qualities. For instance, that day at church, when he pretended to read out of Molly's psalm-

book, he sang quite other words than those which were down in the book, of which he could not decipher a syllable. And he pretended to understand music, whereupon the Swiss valet brought him some, and Master Gumbo turned the page upside down. These instances of long-bow practice daily occurred, and were patent to all the Castlewood household. They knew Gumbo was a liar, perhaps not thinking the worse of him for this weakness; but they did not know how great a liar he was, and believed him much more than they had any reason for doing, and because, I suppose, they liked to believe him.

Whatever might be his feelings of wonder and envy on first viewing the splendor and comforts of Castlewood, Mr. Gumbo kept his sentiments to himself, and examined the place, park, appointments, stables, very coolly. The horses, he said, were very well, what there were of them; but at Castlewood in Virginia they had six times as many, and let me see, fourteen eighteen grooms to look after them. Madam Esmond's carriages were much finer than my lord's—great deal more gold on the panels. As for her gardens, they covered acres, and they grew every kind of flower and fruit under the sun. Pine-apples and peaches? Pine-apples and peaches were so common they were given to pigs in his country. They had twenty forty gardeners, not white gardeners, all black gentlemen, like hisself. In the house were twenty forty gentlemen in livery, besides women-servants—never could remember how many women-servants, dere were so many—tink dere were fifty women-servants—all Madam Esmond's property, and worth ever so many hundred pieces of eight apiece. How much was a piece of eight? Bigger than a guinea, a piece of eight was. Tink Madam Esmond have twenty thirty thousand guineas a year—have whole rooms full of gold and plate. Came to England in one of her ships; have ever so many ships, Gumbo can't count how many ships, and estates, covered all over with tobacco and negroes, and reaching out for a week's journey. Was Master Harry heir to all this property? Of course, now Master George was killed and scalped by the Indians. Gumbo had killed ever so many Indians, and tried to save Master George, but he was Master Harry's boy—and Master Harry was as rich—oh, as rich as ever he like. He wore black now, because Master George was dead; but you should see his chests full of gold clothes, and lace, and jewels, at Bristol. Of course, Master Harry was the richest man in all Virginia, and might have twenty sixty servants; only he liked traveling with one best, and that one, it need scarcely be said, was Gumbo.

This story was not invented at once, but gradually elicited from Mr. Gumbo, who might have uttered some trifling contradictions during the progress of the narrative, but by the time he had told his tale twice or thrice in the servants' hall or the butler's private apartment, he was

pretty perfect and consistent in his part, and knew accurately the number of slaves Madam Esmond kept, and the amount of income which she enjoyed. The truth is, that as four or five negroes are required to do the work of one white man, the domestics in American establishments are much more numerous than in ours; and like the houses of most other Virginian landed proprietors, Madam Esmond's mansion and stables swarmed with servants.

Mr. Gumbo's account of his mistress's wealth and splendor was carried to my lord by his lordship's man, and to Madame de Bernstein and my ladies by their respective waiting-women, and, we may be sure, lost nothing in the telling. A young gentleman in England is not the less liked because he is reputed to be the heir to vast wealth and possessions; when Lady Castlewood came to hear of Harry's prodigious expectations, she repented of her first cool reception of him, and of having pinched her daughter's arm till it was black and blue for having been extended toward the youth in too friendly a manner. Was it too late to have him back into those fair arms? Lady Fanny was welcome to try, and resumed the dancing-lessons. The Countess would play the music with all her heart. But, how provoking! that odious, sentimental Maria would always insist upon being in the room; and as sure as Fanny walked in the gardens or the park, so sure would her sister come trailing after her. As for Madame de Bernstein, she laughed, and was amused at the stories of the prodigious fortune of her Virginian relatives. She knew her half sister's man of business in London, and very likely was aware of the real state of Madam Esmond's money matters; but she did not contradict the rumors which Gumbo and his fellow-servants had set afloat; and was not a little diverted by the effect which these reports had upon the behavior of the Castlewood family toward their young kinsman.

"Hang him! Is he so rich, Molly?" said my lord to his elder sister. "Then good-by to our chances with your aunt. The Baroness will be sure to leave him all her money to spite us, and because he doesn't want it. Nevertheless, the lad is a good lad enough, and it is not his fault being rich, you know."

"He is very simple and modest in his habits for one so wealthy," remarks Maria.

"Rich people often are so," says my lord. "If I were rich I often think I would be the greatest miser, and live in rags and on a crust. Depend on it there is no pleasure so enduring as money-getting. It grows on you, and increases with old age. But because I am as poor as Lazarus, I dress in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day."

Maria went to the book-room and got the "History of Virginia," by R. B. Gent—and read therein what an admirable climate it was, and how all kinds of fruit and corn grew in that province, and what noble rivers were those of Potomac and Rappahanna, abounding in all



GUMBO ASTONISHES THE SERVANTS' HALL.

sorts of fish. And she wondered whether the climate would agree with her, and whether her aunt would like her? And Harry was sure his mother would adore her, so would Mountain. And when he was asked about the number of his mother's servants, he said they certainly had more servants than are seen in England—he did not know how many. But the negroes did not

do near as much work as English servants did: hence the necessity of keeping so great a number. As for some others of Gumbo's details which were brought to him, he laughed and said the boy was wonderful as a romancer, and in telling such stories he supposed was trying to speak out for the honor of the family.

So Harry was modest as well as rich! His

denials only served to confirm his relatives' opinion regarding his splendid expectations. More and more the Countess and the ladies were friendly and affectionate with him. More and more Mr. Will betted with him, and wanted to sell him bargains. Harry's simple dress and equipage only served to confirm his friends' idea of his wealth. To see a young man of his rank and means with but one servant, and without horses or a carriage of his own—what modesty! When he went to London he would cut a better figure? Of course he would. Castlewood would introduce him to the best society in the capital, and he would appear as he ought to appear at St. James's. No man could be more pleasant, wicked, lovely, obsequious, than the worthy chaplain, Mr. Sampson. How proud he would be if he could show his young friend a little of London life!—if he could warn rogues off him, and keep him out of the way of harm! Mr. Sampson was very kind; every body was very kind. Harry liked quite well the respect that was paid to him. As Madam Esmond's son he thought perhaps it was his due; and took for granted that he was the personage which his family imagined him to be. How should he know better, who had never as yet seen any place but his own province, and why should he not respect his own condition when other people respected it so? So all the little knot of people at Castlewood House, and from these the people in Castlewood village, and from thence the people in the whole country, chose to imagine that Mr. Harry Esmond Warrington was the heir of immense wealth, and a gentleman of very great importance, because his negro valet told lies about him in the servants' hall.

Harry's aunt, Madame de Bernstein, after a week or two, began to tire of Castlewood and the inhabitants of that mansion, and the neighbors who came to visit them. This clever woman tired of most things and people sooner or later. So she took to nodding and sleeping over the chaplain's stories, and to doze at her whist and over her dinner, and to be very snappish and sarcastic in her conversation with her Esmond nephews and nieces, hitting out blows at my lord and his brother the jockey, and my ladies widowed and unmarried, who winced under her scornful remarks, and bore them as they best might. The cook, whom she had so praised on first coming, now gave her no satisfaction; the wine was corked, the house was damp, dreary, and full of drafts, the doors would not shut, and the chimneys were smoky. She began to think the Tunbridge waters were very necessary for her, and ordered the doctor, who came to her from the neighboring town of Hexton, to order those waters for her benefit.

"I wish to Heaven she would go!" growled my lord, who was the most independent member of his family. "She may go to Tunbridge,

or she may go to Bath, or she may go to Jericho for me."

"Shall Fanny and I come with you to Tunbridge? dear Baroness!" asked Lady Castlewood of her sister-in-law.

"Not for worlds, my dear! The doctor orders me absolute quiet, and if you came I should have the knocker going all day, and Fanny's lovers would never be out of the house," answered the Baroness, who was quite weary of Lady Castlewood's company.

"I wish I could be of any service to my aunt!" said the sentimental lady, Maria, demurely.

"My good child, what can you do for me? You can not play piquet so well as my maid, and I have heard all your songs till I am perfectly tired of them. One of the gentlemen might go with me; at least, make the journey, and see me safe from highwaymen."

"I'm sure, ma'am, I shall be glad to ride with you," said Mr. Will.

Oh, not you! I don't want you, William," cried the young man's aunt. "Why do not you offer; and where are your American manners, you ungracious Harry Warrington? Don't swear, Will. Harry is much better company than you are, and much better *ton* too, Sir."

"Tong, indeed; confound his tong," growled envious Will to himself.

"I dare say I shall be tired of him, as I am of other folks," continued the Baroness. "I have scarcely seen Harry at all these last days. You shall ride with me to Tunbridge."

At this direct appeal, and to no one's wonder more than that of his aunt, Mr. Harry Warrington blushed and hemmed and ha'd: and at length said, "I have promised my cousin Castlewood to go over to Hexton Petty Sessions with him to-morrow. He thinks I should see how the Courts here are conducted—and—and the partridge shooting will soon begin, and I have promised to be here for that, ma'am." Saying which words, Harry Warrington looked as red as a poppy, while Lady Maria held her meek face downward, and nimbly plied her needle.

"You actually refuse to go with me to Tunbridge Wells?" called out Madame Bernstein, her eyes lightening, and her face flushing up with anger, too.

"Not to ride with you, ma'am; that I will do with all my heart; but to stay there—I have promised. . . ."

"Enough, enough, Sir! I can go alone, and don't want your escort." And the irate old lady rustled out of the room.

The Castlewood family looked at each other with wonder. Will whistled. Lady Castlewood glanced at Fanny, as much as to say, *his* chance is over now. Lady Maria never lifted up her eyes from her tambour-frame.

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THE STATUE IN CLAY.

"MAKE me a statue," said the King,
 "Of marble white as snow;
 It must be pure enough to stand
 Before my throne, at my right hand,
 The niche is waiting, go!"

The sculptor heard the King's command,
 And went upon his way:
 He had no marble, but he went,
 With willing hands, and high intent,
 To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
 But knew not what he wrought:
 He sought the help of heart and brain,
 But could not make the riddle plain,
 It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
 To-morrow it stood still;
 The third day all was well again:
 Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
 He wrought his Master's will.

At last his life-long work was done—
 It was a happy day:
 He took his statue to the King,
 But trembled like a guilty thing,
 Because it was but clay!

"Where is my statue?" asked the King.
 "Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
 "But I commanded marble." "True;
 But lacking that, what could I do
 But mould in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
 Since thou hast done thy best;
 Thy statue shall acceptance win,
 It shall be as it should have been,
 For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed;
 The clay falls off, and lo!
 A marble shape before Him stands,
 The perfect work of heavenly hands,
 An angel pure as snow!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE affairs of Kansas, which have engrossed a large share of public attention during the month over which our Record extends, appear to be approaching a crisis. The vote upon the Constitution, as ordered by the Convention, was taken on the 21st of December; 5143 votes were given for "the Constitution with slavery," and 569 for "the Constitution with no slavery;" the Free State party refusing almost unanimously to vote at all. On the 4th of January the vote upon the Constitution ordered by the Territorial Legislature was taken, with the following result: "Against the Constitution," about 11,000; "Constitution with slavery," 150; "Constitution with no slavery," 24; the pro-slavery party, in this case, refusing to vote. On the same day the State election, under the Lecompton Constitution, was held. The official returns have not been made out, and the political complexion of the Legislature is uncertain; but the Free Soil candidates for State officers claimed a majority. The Convention by which they were nominated had passed a resolution that "in accepting the nominations, the candidates will be considered as pledged, should the Constitution be approved by Congress, to adopt and execute immediate measures for enabling the people, through a new Constitutional Convention, to obtain such a Constitution as the people shall approve." These officers-elect—George W. Smith, *Governor*, W. Y. Roberts, *Lieutenant-Governor*, P. C. Schuyler, *Secretary of State*, A. J. Mead, *Treasurer*, and Joel H. Goodin, *Auditor*, addressed a remonstrance and petition to Congress, asserting that the Constitution under which they were elected was framed by a Convention chosen by a minority of the people, under a law which disfranchised the whole people of one half of the counties, and deprived the great bulk of the citizens of the other counties of the right of suffrage;—that this Convention framed a Constitution repugnant to the wishes and opinions of the people; which was not submitted to a fair vote,

since all who voted were obliged to vote for the Constitution at all events; and that consequently eight-tenths of the citizens refused to vote at all on the 21st of December. They further allege that of the majority of 5574 votes returned as given in favor of "the Constitution with slavery," more than half were obtained in three very sparsely settled precincts, two of which, giving more than 2000 votes, were in the Shawnee reserve, upon lands not legally open for settlement; that not more than 2000 *bona fide* citizens of Kansas cast their votes in favor of the Lecompton Constitution. In view of these circumstances, and of the fact that at the election on the 4th of January the Constitution was rejected by an overwhelming majority, the officers elected under that Constitution pray that "Congress will not admit Kansas into the Union under the said Constitution, and thus force upon an unwilling people an organic law against their expressed will, and in violation of every principle of popular government."—Mr. Stanton, late Secretary and Acting Governor of the Territory, has put forth an address defending the general measures of Governor Walker, and his own act in convening the Territorial Legislature, in consequence of which he was removed by the President.—Governor Wise, of Virginia, in a letter addressed to the Tammany Society of New York, takes ground very decidedly against the validity of the Lecompton Constitution, upon the ground that the Convention which framed it was bound to submit it for adoption or rejection. The alleged submission, he says, was "*ex parte*;" it was all on one side; it was, in gambling phrase, the foul 'Heads I win, and tails you lose.' The Constitution was obliged to be adopted, with the clause or without the clause. The vote was bound to be 'for the Constitution.' It was all *pro* and no *con*; and was no submission to an election at all. . . . So far as slavery is concerned, it made the case worse against that species of property to submit the slavery clause alone to the election of the people. Why discriminate in respect to that 'pe-

culiar institution?' Is it because it is peculiar? If we contend for any thing especially, it is that our property shall not be distinguished or discriminated from other property in legislation. Congress," he says, ought to accept the Constitution, "subject to a fair and legal vote of the people of Kansas, according to a law to be prescribed by the Territorial Legislature; if they adopt it, to admit her into the Union *ipso facto*; and if they reject it, to leave the people of Kansas, in their own way, to organize another Convention and to submit another Constitution to Congress for approval."

The Lecompton Constitution having reached the President, he transmitted it to Congress on the 2d of February, accompanied by an elaborate Message, reviewing the whole subject of the controversy. The President says that a great delusion seems to pervade the public mind in relation to the condition of parties in Kansas. It furnishes no adequate idea of the state of things to represent two violent political parties divided on the question of slavery, as we speak of such parties in the States. The dividing line is between those who are loyal to the Government of the United States, and those who have endeavored to destroy its existence by force and usurpation—between those who sustain, and those who have done all in their power to overthrow the Territorial Government established by Congress, and who would have succeeded but for the presence of the troops of the United States. The revolutionary proceedings in Kansas are detailed at length; and the refusal to vote upon the acceptance of the Constitution, as provided in the Schedule to that document, is ascribed to a determination on the part of the disaffected to sanction no Constitution except that framed at Topeka. Had the whole Lecompton Constitution been submitted to them, they would have voted against it, not upon its own merits, but simply because they had ever resisted the authority of the Government, authorized by Congress, from which it emanated. The President proceeds to argue in favor of the law under which the Constitution was framed; quotes from Governor Walker's Message to show that those who refused to vote for delegates were clearly forewarned of the consequences of suffering the election to go against them by default, and have no right to complain of the result. In submitting the slavery clause to the people, the Convention did all that was required of them by the organic law. This was the only question which occupied the public mind. For his own part, when he instructed Governor Walker, in general terms, in favor of submitting the Constitution to the people, he had no object in view except the all-absorbing question of Slavery. The people of Kansas might, indeed, have required the Convention to submit the entire Constitution to the popular vote; but they had not done so, and the only remedy is that which exists in all similar cases; the people having always the power to change the Constitution or laws at their pleasure. At the election in December, the opponents of Slavery had the power, if they were in the majority, of deciding the question in their own way; but they again suffered the election to pass by default. But, on the 4th of January, a wiser spirit prevailed among these people, and a large majority of them voted, under the Lecompton Constitution, for State officers, Members of the Legislature, and a Member of Congress. The people of Kansas having thus, in their own way, and in accordance with the organic law,

framed a Constitution, and elected officers under it, ask admission into the Union. The President declares himself to be decidedly in favor of this admission, and thus terminating the Kansas question. "By thus localizing the question of Slavery," he says, "and confining it to the people who are immediately concerned, every patriot anxiously expected that this question would be banished from the halls of Congress, where it has always exerted a baneful influence throughout the country." The President then argues that, if the people of Kansas desire the abolition of slavery within the State, there is no mode by which it can be so speedily effected as by its admission into the Union. The people will then be paramount, and can alter the Constitution at pleasure. The Legislature, at its first session, may, if it chooses, provide for a Convention for that purpose. Even could the provision for altering the Constitution in 1864 be construed into a prohibition to make such change previous to that time it would be wholly unavailing. The people can not impose fetters upon their own power which they can not afterward remove. If they could do this, they could tie their own hands for a hundred years as well as for ten. All political power is inherent in the people, and they can alter, reform, or abolish their form of government in such manner as they think proper. The State of New York is now governed by a Constitution framed and established in direct opposition to a mode prescribed by a previous Constitution. The Message concludes by adverting to the evils which will result from a refusal to admit Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton Constitution. "Should the agitation be again revived," he says; "should the people of sister States again be estranged from each other with more than their former bitterness, this will arise from a cause, so far as the interests of Kansas are concerned, more trifling and insignificant than has ever stirred the elements of a great people into commotion. To the people of Kansas the only practical difference between admission and rejection depends simply upon the fact whether they can themselves more speedily change their present Constitution if it does not accord with the will of the majority, or frame a second Constitution to be submitted to Congress hereafter. A small difference of time is not of the least importance when contrasted with the evils which must necessarily result to the whole country from the revival of the slavery agitation. But in proportion to its insignificance, so far as may affect a few thousand inhabitants of Kansas, who have from the beginning resisted the Constitution and the laws, the rejection of the Constitution will be so much the more keenly felt by the people of fourteen States of the Union, where slavery is recognized under the Constitution of the United States." But, adds the President, "the speedy admission of Kansas into the Union will restore peace and quiet to the whole country; the excitement once localized would die away for want of outside aliment. Besides, I shall then be enabled to withdraw the troops from Kansas, and employ them upon a service where they are much needed. Acting upon reliable information I have been obliged in some degree to interfere with the expedition to Utah, in order to keep down the rebellion in Kansas, which has involved very heavy expense to the Government. Kansas once admitted, it is believed there will no longer be occasion there for troops." "The dark and ominous clouds

now impending over the Union," says the President, in conclusion, "I conscientiously believe will be dissipated with honor to every portion of it by the admission of Kansas during the present session of Congress; whereas, if she should be rejected, I greatly fear these clouds will become darker and more ominous than ever yet threatened the Constitution and the Union."—In the Senate, after an animated debate, the Message of the President was referred to the Committee on Territories. An amendment, offered by Mr. Wilson, instructing the Committee to inquire into the number and legality of the votes given in Kansas, was rejected by a majority of 28 to 22. In the House, Mr. Stephens of Georgia moved that the Message be referred to the Committee on Territories; Mr. Harris of Illinois moved an amendment that it be referred to a Select Committee of fifteen, with instructions to inquire into all the facts connected with the formation of the Constitution, and its accordance with the wishes of the people of Kansas. After a session which lasted all the night of Friday the 5th, the House adjourned at 6½ A.M. on Saturday morning, with the understanding that the question should be taken without debate on Monday. The question being called for, Mr. Stephens's resolution was lost, by a vote of 114 to 113, and Mr. Harris's amendment was agreed to by 115 to 111. The question of reference was regarded as a test in both Houses; and the Administration succeeded in the Senate, but was defeated in the House.—During the debate in the House, a personal collision occurred between Mr. Keitt of South Carolina, and Mr. Grow of Pennsylvania, in which a number of other members were involved, while attempting to preserve the peace. Mr. Keitt subsequently apologized to the House, acknowledging that he was the aggressor.

Apart from Kansas and Nicaragua, the most important measures before Congress have been the bills for the Admission of Minnesota into the Union under the Constitution duly framed and transmitted to Congress; and the bill for the increase of the army. Even here, the inevitable Kansas element obtrudes itself. Upon the one hand a determination is manifested to make the admission of Minnesota dependent upon that of Kansas; while upon the other, the increase of the army, rendered necessary by the rebellion in Utah, is opposed upon the ground that it will put additional forces at the disposal of the President, to be employed in Kansas.—The bill for the admission of Minnesota, reported in the Senate by Mr. Douglas from the Committee on Territories, provides that this Territory shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever; and that the State shall be entitled to one Representative in Congress, and such additional representatives as the population may show they are entitled to according to the present ratio of representation, leaving the House to ascertain the number when the full returns of the census shall be received, presuming that the residue of the returns will be received by the time the bill shall become a law. The ascertained population is 136,461, with seven counties and part of another to hear from.

Dispatches and letters from the army in Utah have been received up to the middle of December. The greater portion of the troops had been concentrated in winter quarters at and about Fort Bridger. The march to this place had cost the loss of a large number of animals; but the troops were in

good health and spirits, with supplies sufficient to last until spring, when they would be able to advance upon Salt Lake City.

The President has sent a Message to the Senate in relation to the capture of Walker. He says that in capturing him and his command after they had landed upon the soil of Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding committed a great error; but that it was done with pure motives, and in the sincere conviction that he was promoting the interests and vindicating the honor of his country; that Nicaragua had sustained no injury, and would not complain, and that the invaders had no right to complain in her name. The expedition of Walker, he says, was an invitation to reckless and lawless men to rob, plunder, and murder the unoffending citizens of neighboring States, and deserves the severest penalties inflicted by our laws. This Message, and a resolution offered by Mr. Doolittle to present a medal to Commodore Paulding, elicited warm debates, in which several Democratic Senators took decided ground against the views of the President. Prominent among these were Mr. Brown of Mississippi, Mr. Pugh of Ohio, Mr. Slidell of Louisiana. The Committee on Foreign Relations presented a report upon Central American affairs, concluding with resolutions affirming that no further provisions are necessary to enable the President to cause arrests and seizures to be made upon the high seas for violations of the Neutrality Laws; and declaring that, although the arrest of Walker's men, when beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, was without warrant of law, still, "in view of the circumstances attending it, and its result in taking away from a territory and state in amity with the United States American citizens who were there with hostile intent, it may not call for further censure, than as it might hereafter be drawn into precedent if suffered to pass without remark."

That portion of the troops of Walker, who under the command of Colonel Anderson had ascended the River San Juan, and taken Fort Castillo, surrendered to the United States vessels, and have been brought back to this country. Walker, after being released from the custody of the United States Marshal, addressed a letter to the President, complaining of the treatment he had received, demanding redress, and avowing his determination to persevere at all hazards in his attempt to regain his ascendancy in Nicaragua. He then proceeded to the South, where he has been welcomed with great enthusiasm. At Mobile a public meeting was held, where he made a speech, affirming that while preparing to return to Nicaragua his proposed expedition was virtually sanctioned by the Government of the United States; that a member of the Cabinet, whose name he does not give, advised him as to the best point at which to land, and assured him that American vessels of war would prevent all interference on the part of the British;—that subsequently he was informed by a member of the Cabinet that the President had changed his views in respect to the Nicaragua expedition; but suggested that he should offer his services to the President of Mexico, and bring about a war with Spain, for the purpose of making a descent upon Cuba. He implies that he would not accede to this suggestion, because if Cuba were to fall into the hands of Mexico it would become a Free State; and the South desired the acquisition of that island with its present social condition unimpaired. He denies that he has violated the laws of the United States,

and says that his only crime is that he was born in the South and has endeavored to advance her interests.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The "Plan of Tacubaya," as the movement is denominated by which Comonfort assumed the Dictatorship of Mexico, has not given quiet to that country. It seems to have been forced upon the President by a portion of the army under the command of General Zuloaga. On the 11th of January, three weeks after the adoption of the plan, two different revolutionary movements took place in the capital, one headed by Zuloaga, in opposition to the dictatorship of Comonfort. After a week's fighting in the streets a temporary armistice was agreed upon, in the hope that some adjustment might be made. As each party demanded the surrender of the other, and the exile of its leaders, nothing was effected. Hostilities were resumed, and were continued up to the 19th of January, the date of our latest intelligence from the capital. From every section of the country we have tidings of movements hostile to the Plan of Tacubaya; and anarchy prevails every where. A portion of the malcontents wish to bring back Santa Anna, who appears to be biding his time. Writing from Turbaco, in New Granada, he has put forth an indignant denial of the charge made by General Pillow, that he had been bribed by General Scott.

The dispute between Costa Rica and Nicaragua has been adjusted, by a treaty which settles the boundaries of the two states, and gives to them a kind of joint jurisdiction over the Transit Route across the Isthmus.

EUROPE.

In England the chief topic of public interest has been the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, which was to be celebrated on the 25th of January, two days later than our latest dates. The Prince arrived in England on the 19th to claim his bride. A great array of distinguished visitors, among whom are the King of the Belgians and many Prussian princes, are guests at the British Court.—A patent raising General Havelock to the baronetcy was ordered to be made out on the day subsequent to his death in India. The dignity has been conferred upon his son, and his widow has been declared entitled to all the honors which she would have enjoyed had her husband survived.

An attempt was made on the evening of January 14th to assassinate the Emperor of France. As the imperial carriage was approaching the Opera House three bombs were thrown at it in rapid succession. These exploded, scattering fragments and missiles in every direction. The last bomb burst directly beneath the carriage, shattering the under part and the front. Two of the horses were killed, and the coachman was wounded. Within the carriage were the Emperor, the Empress, and General Roguet, the aid-de-camp in waiting. A fragment of shell passed through the hat of the Emperor, and his face was slightly wounded by a bit of glass from the window. The Empress was also slightly wounded in the same manner. General Roguet was wounded in the back of the head. A superintendent of police, who was standing at the door of the carriage, was dangerously hurt. The street was filled with spectators. Nearly one hundred and fifty persons were wounded, of whom six have died. Just before the first explosion one of the police recognized an Italian refugee, named

Piorri, who had been expelled from France in 1852. He was arrested, and on his person were found a revolver, a dagger, and a bomb. Upon hearing the explosion he exclaimed, "Do what you like with me—I am content—the blow is struck!" Three other Italians, named Orsini, Rudio, and Gomez, were subsequently arrested. Orsini is the man the narrative of whose wonderful escape from prison at Mantua excited much attention some months ago, an abstract of which appeared at the time in this Magazine. He acknowledged that he had thrown one of the shells, and was himself seriously wounded by the explosion. The shells are described as made of cast-iron, pear-shaped, and four or five inches in diameter at the widest part. They were filled with fulminating powder, and provided with percussion-caps so arranged as to cause the shell to explode upon striking any hard substance. After the explosion the Emperor and Empress proceeded to the Opera, where they remained for a longer time than usual. All the Italians had resided for some time in England, where the plot appears to have been concocted. The French journals demand that the privilege of asylum shall no longer be allowed to this class of conspirators.

The Legislative Chambers were opened on the 18th by a speech from the Emperor, in which he presents a flattering account of the state of the country. "The relations of France with foreign powers," he says, "were never on a better footing. Our ancient allies give us the same confidence as usual; and our new allies, by their straightforward and loyal conduct in all great questions, make us almost regret that we were ever their foes. If the policy of France is appreciated as it deserves to be in Europe, it is because we have the common sense only to deal with questions which concern ourselves directly, either as a nation or as a great European power." Liberty, he says, can not exist without obstacles so long as there is a faction which disowns the fundamental bases of the government; and as he did not accept power with a view to ephemeral popularity, but in order one day to deserve the approbation of posterity by founding something lasting in France, he does not hesitate to declare that the present danger does not consist "in the excessive prerogatives of power, but in the absence of repressive laws. Thus the last elections, despite their satisfactory result, offered in many localities a sad spectacle. Hostile parties took advantage of it to create agitation in the country, and some men had the boldness openly to declare themselves the enemies of the national institutions, deceived the electors by false promises, and, having gained their votes, then spurned them with contempt. You will not allow a renewal of such a scandal, and you will compel every elector to take an oath to the Constitution before presenting himself as a candidate. As the quiet of the public mind ought to be the common object of our efforts, you will assist me in finding the means to silence extreme and annoying oppositions. As regards the originators of disturbances and conspiracies, let them understand that their day is gone by. I thank Heaven for the visible protection with which it shielded the Empress and myself, and I deplore that so many victims should be made, when only one life was aimed at. Yet these plots bring their lessons with them. Firstly, they prove the weakness and impotence of the parties who have recourse to assassination and such

desperate means; secondly, that no assassination, even if successful, ever served the cause of those who hired the assassin. Neither those who slew Caesar, nor those who assassinated Henry IV., derived any advantage from their crime. God sometimes allows the just to fall, but He never allows the cause of crime to triumph. These attempts, therefore, neither shake my security in the present nor my faith in the future. If I live, the empire will live with me; and if I should fall, my very death would only tend to strengthen the empire, for the indignation of the people and of the army would be an additional support to the throne of my son."

The President of the Senate, in reply, said that these conspiracies were not hatched in France, from whence the revolutionary spirit had been driven; but from foreign strongholds, erected against Europe, situated in the centre of Europe, hired assassins are sent against the prince who bears on his powerful arm the buckler of European order. Foreign Governments are therefore called upon to take prompt measures against these implacable revolutionists who trample all the laws of hospitality under foot.—The Minister of the Interior recommends the suppression of revolutionary journals in France. "The Government of a great nation," he says, "must not allow itself to be noiselessly undermined by skillful pens, any more than to be attacked by the savage brutalities of conspiracies." In accordance with this recommendation, an Imperial decree was issued, suppressing the two periodicals the *Revue de Paris* and the *Spectateur*, formerly the *Assemblée Nationale*, which were specially pointed out as revolutionary organs.

A bill has been introduced into the Belgian Chambers authorizing the Government to prosecute the accomplices of those who set on foot attempts against the lives of foreign sovereigns. A French commission is also to be permitted to sit in Belgium, to make inquiry concerning the proceedings of political refugees.

Rachel, the great *tragedienne*, died at Cannes on the 8d of January, aged 38 years. Since her visit to this country her health has never allowed her to appear upon the stage. Though unmarried, she left two sons, the father of the eldest of whom is Count Walcwski, himself an illegitimate son of the great Napoleon.—Marshal Radetzky, the veteran commander of the Austrian army in Italy, died January 5, aged 92 years. He had been an officer for more than 70 years; fought through the wars of the French Revolution and the Empire, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Italy in 1831, and held his place during the stormy times of '48, only resigning it last year, when, from the infirmity of age, no longer able to mount his horse.

A terrible earthquake occurred in the kingdom of Naples on the 16th of December, occasioning a fearful loss of life. The official journals gave the names of more than a hundred towns and communes which have suffered severely. At Salerno 2000 dead bodies had been disinterred, and in six other communes the number of dead was more than 2600. The total loss of life is variously estimated at from 15,000 to 40,000, and 250,000 people are said to have been rendered homeless.

The Russian Government has authorized the nobles of certain provinces to prepare a plan for the gradual emancipation of their serfs. M. Lanskoi, the Minister of the Interior, has drawn up certain regulations which must be observed. For

some years the serfs will remain in a transition state, and will be still attached to the soil; the proprietors setting aside lands for their use, and receiving rent for them, payable in labor or otherwise. At the close of this transition period the serfs can purchase these allotments in fee simple; may, upon certain conditions, change their residences; and will be recognized as having a distinct political existence.

THE EAST.

The Indian mutiny has assumed the aspect of a regular war in the kingdom of Oude, the latest acquisition of the British, where the disciplined army of the late King forms a nucleus around which are gathering the fragments of the insurgents defeated and driven from other parts of India. We have already noted the beleaguering, late in June, of a large body of Europeans, including many women and children, in Lucknow, and General Havelock's gallant attempt to relieve them, toward the close of September. At the head of a few thousand men he fought his way through greatly superior numbers of the insurgents, and was just in time to prevent the Residency, where the Europeans were besieged, from being captured. His force not being sufficient to protect the retreat of the women and children to Cawnpore, he remained at the Residency, the garrison of which was strengthened by a portion of his troops, the remainder falling back upon Cawnpore. Lucknow was held by 50,000 insurgents, who pressed the siege of the Residency with great vigor, and the position of the defenders was extremely critical. Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief, having collected a considerable body of troops at Cawnpore, set out on the 9th of November for the relief of Lucknow. The distance between Cawnpore and Lucknow is fifty-three miles, for the first fifty of which the road was tolerably clear, but the last three miles ran through a succession of strong positions, occupied by large bodies of the enemy. These were carried after desperate fighting, in which the insurgents suffered terribly—two thousand dead being carried from one of them—and on the 16th communication was opened with the besieged. It now became necessary to execute the second and more difficult part of the plan of the Commander—the removal of the garrison, including a thousand women and children, through the masses of the enemy. The line of retirement resembled a tortuous lane, affording numerous points for attack. Sir Colin had recourse to stratagem. The enemy still held almost the whole of the city. A vigorous fire was directed upon one of their strong positions, in order to induce them to suppose that a serious attack was designed upon it; and at midnight of the 22d, when a breach had been effected, the English silently decamped in the opposite direction, and succeeded in passing unmolested through the dangerous lane, carrying the garrison and all the valuable stores from the Residency. So completely were the enemy deceived, that they kept up a fire upon the British positions in Lucknow for hours after they had been abandoned. On the third day after leaving Lucknow, General Havelock, the hero of the campaign, died of dysentery, brought on by excessive fatigue and anxiety. General Windham, "the hero of the Redan" at Sebastopol, had been left behind in command at Cawnpore, with orders not to risk an engagement. But hearing that the "Gwalior Contingent," a body of the insurgents, were advancing, he marched out, and defeated a

portion of them, on the 25th. They renewed the attack on the two following days, and defeated Windham, with considerable loss in men, stores, and equipage. Intelligence of this disaster reached Sir Colin Campbell, who set out at once for the scene of action, marched thirty-eight miles in fifteen hours, drove back the victors, and then returned to provide for the safety of the fugitives from Lucknow. This having been secured, he attacked the Gwalior men on the 6th of December, defeated them again, and put them to flight. The fugitives were pursued by General Grant, who, coming up with them as they were attempting to cross the Ganges into Oude, attacked them with

great spirit, and, after half an hour's cannonade, took fifteen guns, a large quantity of ammunition and stores, without losing a single man himself.—New outbreaks of no great importance have occurred in various parts of the country. The main seat of hostilities is, however, in and near Oude; and it would seem that the re-conquest of this kingdom will require larger forces than have as yet been at the disposal of the English commanders.

From China we have intelligence to the 16th of December. The Canton River was declared to be blockaded by the French Naval Commander, and an attack upon Canton was threatened in a short time.

Literary Notices.

European Acquaintance; being Sketches of People in Europe. By J. W. DE FOREST. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The adventures of local residence at several interesting points of European travel, rather than the ordinary experience of a rapid tour, furnish the materials of this gay and almost rollicking volume. It consists entirely of personal narratives, related with great vivacity of spirit, which often finds vent in a not disagreeable flippancy, and with no attempt to burden the reader with any new facts in statistics, ethnology, or any other tedious branch of traveler's lore. At the very commencement of his story the author takes us to the famous water-cure establishment at Graefenberg, where the inexorable Priessnitz still presided over the mysteries of the douche and sitz bath, and patients from all quarters of the globe revealed in the hope of returning health, under the potent virtues of fresh air, coarse diet, and perennial plunges into cold water. The food at that wonderful temple of Hygeia was indeed frightful to think of, even to the least susceptible mind. The choicest dainties of the Graefenberg cuisine were such horrors as veal ten days old, sauer-kraut, and perfectly obdurate dough-balls. The first meal, after the arrival of our traveler, closed with spacious fruit-pies, not much less than two feet in diameter, and as soon as these various indigestibles were well disposed of, the table was again set with the fragments of the mahogany loaves, and pitchers of sweet and sour milk. The hierophant of the chilly shrine, at that time, was in the very prime of his glory. The first impression which he made upon his pensive guest was not unfavorable. He appeared to his enchanted eyes a medium-sized person, with weather-beaten features; a complexion which would have been fair but for deep sunburn; grayish-blue eyes; and thin light-brown hair, streaked with silver, and an expression at once grave, earnest, and reserved. He was chary of his smiles, he spoke little, and wore an air of quiet, simple dignity, which he never laid aside even in the presence of the highest Austrian noble. The first morning was terrific. After a pitiless embalming in the wet sheet, the forlorn invalid was driven out before breakfast, with scarce sufficient apparel for Adam and Eve in Paradise, to do penance in the sunned woods. It was a raw, misty morning, and the dampness of the atmosphere crept like a breath of ice through the scanty apology for raiment. Swathed like deceased Egyptians in broad linen bandages, his companion and himself, they completed their pedestrian punishment, and

after imbibing at the fountain till they felt in the condition of water-logged ships, they returned to a yeoman's breakfast—milk and barley-bread.

The hydropathic misery made them acquainted with strange company. Among those who waited at the healing pool, looking in vain for the angel to descend, were some five hundred persons, all of whom enacted, to the life, the part of slouching, bare-headed, bare-footed fanatics. The regimen at Graefenberg was by no means favorable to good looks. Even those who had some claims to natural beauty grew hideous, what with shabby clothes, neglected beards, cropped hair, and savage mode of life in general. Amidst the prevailing mass of ugliness there were not a few extraordinary specimens. One man was called the owl, from his resemblance to that solemn anchorite of ornithology. He was an old bird of some sixty years, with light-gray hair, light beard, and a light-gray suit of clothes, so that at a distance he seemed to be covered with light-gray feathers. He had no chin to speak of, his mouth had disappeared beneath a light-gray mustache, and his long, curved nose would have passed any where for a beak. Another was a stalwart Hungarian, who showed such unreasonable originality that he got credit for being insane. He carried an enormous yellow cane, one end of which was fashioned into a flute. He was always alone in his walks, like one who dealt with fairies and wood-nymphs, and when he thought that nobody was within hearing he would treat his unearthly friends with a strange elfin melody. A grizzled old Hamburg merchant presented another singular compound. He seemed to be lost in some dim, mysterious chaos of contemplation, and when addressed even on the most trivial subject would assume an air of ludicrous astonishment, looking over his grim spectacles upon the speaker, and at last would utter a few words of grave good-nature. Still another conspicuous hydropath was noted for frequent turns of nervous excitement, in which he behaved in the most eccentric manner, quite frightening the ladies by his remarkable demonstrations, until it at last came to light that he indulged an occasional weakness for strong potatoes. One of these monomaniacs was an athletic grenadier of a Swedish count, who entertained a curious fancy of stealing away into the woods with an axe in his hand, and without a particle of clothing on his huge proportions. It was his idea to take a natural air-bath, stirring his blood at intervals by a few chops at wayside saplings, with the firm belief that such an occasional return to a primitive state of exist-

ence was in the highest degree favorable to the health of body and mind.

In spite of Priessnitz and his wonderful power over patients, the water-cure was not without its audacious rivals at Graefenberg. There were not a few odd establishments in the vicinity, each asserting its claims to the gift of healing. One was a curd-cure, where sick people were fed only on curdled milk, and put to soak in it. There was a straw-cure, in which the invalid was deluged with oceans of straw-tea, and placed naked inside of a straw-bed, till he was goaded, and tormented, and nearly flayed alive by the points and edges of the medicinal fodder. Another eccentric hospital was devoted to a method of treatment called the wine-cure. Here the unlucky victim was doomed to horrible sweatings of eight hours' duration in a heap of dry blankets, while a certain sliding-scale of diet carried him through all the stages of starvation and repletion, commencing with generous meals, and tapering off to a miserable ration of three small biscuits a day; then returning to huge Titanic repasts, until the long-suffering wretch was either killed or cured by the process. To make amends for this mortification of the flesh, a liberal portion of wine was allowed daily, and on Saturdays a Benjamin's portion to each individual. As a matter of course, it would sometimes happen that the vinous reaction was too strong for the emaciated cripples, and it was no rare thing for the doctor and patients to be half-seas over at the same time. Strange as it may seem, this system often effected cures, and drew over various renegades from Graefenberg. Still, the wine-doctor's terrible sweatings and chillings were a severe trial to delicate constitutions, and his practice, "like that of a Kentucky rifleman, was apt to be attended by very sudden deaths."

The discipline of Priessnitz himself, however, was no joke. One needed a large fund of vitality to withstand such practice. Four baths a day in the coldest of water was the minimum. In case of feverish symptoms, one was glad to be let off with fifteen packings between sunrise and bedtime. However violent the illness might be, nobody thought of going to bed, but still rougher exercise than usual was the prescription. An English lady, in order to drive off inflammation of the lungs, was dashed with handfuls of cold water for two hours at a time, and when she was almost frozen into a statue she was taken in hand by a couple of stout bath-women, and made to walk up and down till the circulation was restored. In other cases, however, Priessnitz was cautious even to timidity. He would often perceive reasons for prudence where there was no apparent danger, and his predictions were almost uniformly verified. One portly, florid Italian lady, with every appearance of perfect health, insisted on being allowed the wet sheet, which had been forbidden by Priessnitz, and on his reluctantly consenting, fell into a violent fit of hysterics on the first application of the moist linen. Marvelous cures sometimes happened at Graefenberg. A case is related of a Hungarian girl, who came to the water-cure with one eye totally blinded and the sight of the other failing. She was seen passing back and forth every day, her head swathed with wet bandages, and her steps guided by the arm of an elder sister. After two or three weeks of the treatment she became completely sightless. The inmates of the establishment did not hesitate to murmur at the rashness of Priess-

nitz. He took it calmly, and, serene as a summer's morning, remarked that the visual nerve had been paralyzed by an internal ulcer which would soon break, and give way to a rapid recovery. The good people at Graefenberg were thrown into an ecstasy of surprise at the result, for before ten days had passed the hazardous prophecy was made good; a discharge of matter took place, and both the girl's eyes recovered their vision. The effect of the water-cure on the author, though not miraculous, was decidedly favorable. He had been foraging in apothecaries' shops for years, in hope of finding some "herb of grace," but his success had not been such as to quicken his faith in remedies; he had not, however, waited long at the cold fountains of Graefenberg before the spirit of his dream had gradually changed from sickness to health; he felt a new buoyancy of spirit, a new capacity of exertion; could walk ten miles over the hills in the early morning, with no other stomachic support than water, and return with an appetite to breakfast as if he could not only eat the sour milk on the table, but even the cow that gave it. He at length became disgusted with the climate of Graefenberg, where it rained nearly half the time, "even when it was fair weather;" and with the food, which was "an insult to the palate and an injury to the stomach;" and after searching some time for a less barbarous form of water-cure, finally discovers a congenial locality among the rural population of the southeast of France. This was at Divonne. Here he finds every thing quite rose-colored. The doctor was a handsome, well-proportioned man of thirty-five, full of French vivacity, and with the easy, encouraging manners which belong to that polite nation. The company was delightful, and there was no fanaticism in the medical treatment. Every thing was toned down to the standard of the national suavity. The patients were allowed to retain their humanity—no insane attempts to make them dare the elements—no summer clothing in the dead of winter—no wet-towelings for hatless heads—no ostentatious display of bare feet and ankles—no ferocious zeal to make the patients wholesomely uncomfortable. Our author was so charmed with this mitigated water-cure that he remains on the spot for many months, until, finally, after sundry hydropathic experiments on a smaller scale elsewhere, he emerges into the full-blown life of Paris and Florence.

At this point we take leave of the entertaining tourist, enjoining it upon our readers to follow our example, and skim rapidly over his free-and-easy pages. They will find many works from which they can obtain a headache in less time—many which will more flagrantly tax their powers of reflection—many which will give them a more copious inventory of statistical truths; but they may go further and fare worse, if they are in search of an amusing volume for a leisure hour, than to dip into this good-natured, gossiping record of the hygienic and social experiences of a singularly communicative traveler.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson, by HENRY S. RANDALL, LL.D. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) For the first time, we have in this volume (which forms the commencement of an elaborate biography) a minute account of the private life of the great democratic statesman, whose public career has so occupied the attention of his countrymen as to leave them little familiarity with his personal habits and history. The stale anecdotes which

have passed from mouth to mouth, for several generations, concerning Thomas Jefferson have, for the most part, no foundation in fact; and we are indebted to Mr. Randall for the ability and zeal with which he has wrought up the ample authentic materials submitted to his disposal into a volume full of fresh and attractive information. He has performed his task with evident diligence and undoubted good faith, although he has often been seduced into a prolixity of detail which, in these days of rapid movement, must often try the patience of his readers. On the whole, he must be pronounced a vigorous and graphic writer, though by no means a pattern of accurate or felicitous expression.

Thomas Jefferson was born in an old-fashioned Virginia farm-house, in the vicinity of the picturesque mountains of Albemarle County. His father was a planter in moderate circumstances, a man of Herculean mould and proportions, with physical strength which was the astonishment of his neighbors, and with intellectual endowments and force of character which sealed his title to social supremacy. He was no less wise in counsel than energetic in action. Men sought his advice on all important occasions, relying on the solidity of his judgment as well as on the quickness of his perceptions. His strength of will was equaled only by his spotless probity. He had strong domestic tastes, combined with a love of literature, although his life was devoted to active and stirring pursuits. After the events of a day of border life were passed, he would spend the evening in the perusal of historians, essayists, and even poets. Addison, Swift, Pope, and other worthies of the time of Queen Anne, were his favorite authors; but for Shakspeare he cherished a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. His well-thumbed edition of the great dramatist is still extant.

On the death of his father Jefferson was but fourteen years old; but he had already received from him the rudiments of an excellent physical education. From his example and teachings he had learned to be a bold rider and unerring shot; to ford the swollen mountain streams; and to press over the hills and rocks with tireless foot in the pursuit of the deer and wild turkey. Nor was his mental training neglected. He was constantly kept at school, while in the long winter evenings, before the fire, good books were placed in his hands, he was taught to keep accounts, and to practice the flowing and beautiful penmanship of his father. At the same time lessons of system, punctuality, energy, and perseverance were impressed upon his mind.

At the age of seventeen Jefferson became a member of William and Mary College, and after graduating with honor, commenced the study of law in Williamsburg. He became of age in 1764, was admitted to the bar in 1767, and soon took an important place in his profession. He was employed in important cases by the most distinguished citizens of Virginia, and not unfrequently by litigants in the other colonies and in England. Of his erudition and ability as a lawyer there are ample proofs. His intellect and tastes fitted him less for an advocate than for the other branches of his profession; but there is no reason to doubt that, in point of legal learning and acumen, he was one of the most eminent lawyers of his day. His clear perceptions led him to seize at once all the strong points in a case; he was unwearied in hunting precedents and authorities through a wilderness of books, and his

mental discipline led him to arrange and group his materials in the most effective manner. With such qualifications, no one could excel him in preparing a cause for trial before bench or jury. But he possessed certain physical obstacles to success as an advocate. His articulation was without facility or smoothness. He could not raise his voice above the ordinary tone of conversation but it would break and grow husky. For this reason he seldom spoke at length before legislative and popular bodies. Besides, he must have been conscious of natural gifts which qualified him to excel as a writer rather than an orator, and his ambition was soon directed to the attainment of excellence in the former capacity.

Among the personal tastes of Mr. Jefferson at this time was a passionate love of horses, although he indulged in the luxury of only a very modest turn-out. He drove as yet but two horses and a phaeton, while an establishment of four horses was deemed essential even to a moderate equipage, and persons of loftier pretensions were not satisfied with a number less than six. But the animals which he used were of the most magnificent kind. When his saddle-horse was led out, if there was a spot on him that did not shine like a looking-glass, he would rub it with a white pocket-handkerchief, and if this was soiled, the jolly African groom did not escape without a lecture. His decided preference was for the Virginia race-horse; he did not ride, and was scarcely willing to drive any other. Although he was no turfsmen, and never ran but a single race, he was fond of the sport, and was present on the course whenever there was a favorable opportunity. He was a rough-and-ready rider himself. He preferred not only the most powerful but the most high-mettled animals, even at the expense of an unconquerable temper. Until after mid-life he rarely drew rein for broken ground, and when in haste dashed through the swollen torrents at a bound. Even in his old age he rode with such boldness as to astonish the youngest looker-on. His favorite steed at this time was a fiery race-horse named Eagle. On one occasion, after he was so decrepit as scarcely to be able to use his wrists, he was informed that one of his grandsons had met with an accident, and was lying seriously injured at Charlottesville. It was a dark and lowering evening, and he was more than usually feeble. He at once ordered Eagle to be brought to the door. His family entreated him not to set out on horseback at such a time. But he would brook no delay. His commands were repeated, and the moment he was in the saddle he struck the impetuous animal, who started off on the full run. His family watched him with breathless anxiety, expecting that he would slack his speed at the Notch, where the mountain begins to make an abrupt descent. But the clatter of hoofs from the rocky passes showed them that there was no stint to the fearful race. He swept by the returning messenger like an arrow, and reached Charlottesville in a time that, over such ground, the boldest Virginia rider might have pronounced appalling.

Passing over the interesting incidents in Mr. Jefferson's political services during the Revolution, we come to his residence in France, which he visited as Minister of the United States in 1785. In social relations it was no easy matter to fill the place of Dr. Franklin, whom he succeeded. Dr. Franklin, as is well known, had enjoyed an unbounded popularity in the saloons of Paris. Mr.

Jefferson was sensible of the difficulty, but made a good beginning with a well-turned *bon-mot*. "You replace Mr. Franklin, I hear?" said the Count de Vergennes to him. "I succeed—no one can replace him," was the ready-witted reply. But he was not slow in winning social admiration. He was a great favorite with the French officers who had served in America. His house soon became a central point of attraction, especially among the officers, with Lafayette at their head. His "Notes on Virginia" had given him a reputation among the philosophers and savants. The men of taste and literary accomplishments discovered that he was a much finer classical scholar than Franklin, and possessed a more genuine appreciation of art. In all that pertained to the sphere of esthetics he was decidedly his superior. Besides, he was of a more sanguine and hopeful temperament than Franklin; his ardor was unchilled by age; he was more earnest in manner, if not in heart; his natural impulses had not been smoothed down by conventional polish; his familiar talk was that of a man deeply in earnest, marked by strong feeling, and singular frankness. He never lost sight of the interests of his country, but, in every social circle, pursued them even with passionate interest. Both his intellectual and physical habits were in harmony with the prevailing tastes of French society. His love of philosophical generalizations, his tendency to bold speculations on great social and political problems, accorded with the tone of the leading minds at that time. His fondness for expressing important ideas in the form of sonorous abstractions, was quite in the French taste. Even his appetites were French. He ate but sparingly, and of the most delicate viands, and chose the lightest wines of the French vintage.

But we must here leave Mr. Randall's interesting narrative, which brings down the biography to the entrance of Jefferson to Washington's Cabinet, as Secretary of State, in 1790. The work is to be completed in three volumes, and in spite of numerous defects of execution, for which we are at a loss to account considering the general ability by which it is marked, we have no doubt that it will receive a wide and hearty welcome from the American people.

The World of Mind, by ISAAC TAYLOR. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In preparing this work Mr. Taylor has had in view the wants of readers not yet initiated into the rudiments of mental philosophy, rather than of experienced students in that branch of inquiry. Without aiming at the completeness of a scientific treatise, it consists of a series of suggestions on the subject, marked by the author's characteristic breadth and vigor of thought, with more than his usual clearness of expression. He avoids, to a great degree, the analytic subtleties which are almost inevitable in the discussion of the topics to which his work is devoted; nor does he encumber his pages with an array of historical erudition; but, with little reference to systematic form or authoritative precedents, presents his own conceptions in luminous statements, with just enough of illustration to save his method from the dryness of purely abstract speculation. Mr. Taylor can hardly be called a popular writer in any department. He has attempted history, metaphysics, theology, and at least approached the domain of physical science; but his massive generalizations appeal less to the interest of the superficial reader than to the reflections of students

who are conversant with the subjects treated from personal investigation. For such readers Mr. Taylor's weighty suggestions possess great value. They demand a certain activity of the intellect to be appreciated; a severe exercise of will is necessary to fix the attention on their details; but they never fail to impress the minds of philosophic students by their depth and comprehensiveness, to stimulate the reasoning faculties, and to indicate attractive fields of thought, even when they fall short of conclusive demonstration. Mr. Taylor's use of language partakes largely of his own mental idiosyncrasy. Judged by the ordinary rules of rhetoric it would often be condemned as lacking in symmetry, polish, and graceful flow; he sometimes seems to labor for expressions to meet the exigencies of his thought, and to be less intent on communication than on self-communion; but his diction is always sinewy, robust, equally free from affected ornament and slovenly negligence, and savoring more of the masculine energy of an earlier age in English literature than of the dainty finish of modern taste.

Biography of Elsha Kent Kane, by WILLIAM ELDER. (Published by Childs and Peterson.) The great interest of Dr. Kane's personal history is founded chiefly on the rare nobleness of humanity which he exhibited in the perilous Arctic expedition under his command. His previous life, though bold and adventurous, gave but faint promise of the high moral as well as scientific eminence which he ultimately achieved. The influence of his early training was favorable to the development of singular independence of character—which, indeed, formed an essential feature in his mental organization. But his career presents few important incidents, and gave his biographer but slender materials for the construction of his narrative. Dr. Elder has evidently labored under a sense of the difficulties of his task, but he writes with earnestness, vivacity, and often picturesque effect, although his diction has numerous traces of the Western associations of the writer.

The Spanish Conquest in America, by ARTHUR HELPS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) After the extended labors of Mr. Prescott in the field of Spanish American history, it might be supposed that the subject admitted little further elucidation, and left no fresh materials for subsequent writers. Mr. Helps, however, has succeeded in presenting the story in a novel point of view, and has enlivened his narrative with great variety and richness of illustration. He writes, moreover, under the impulse of original research, not having even read the works of his predecessors, and deriving his materials entirely from sources as nearly contemporary as possible with the events which he describes. This circumstance, with the natural bent of his own mind, imparts an air of antique simplicity to his style, and gives it a charm which we may often look for in vain in more ambitious compositions. His narrative exhibits no audacity of speculation; too little, perhaps, of vigorous boldness; but it is singularly free from affectation; flows smoothly on with almost colloquial ease; and in its naturalness, sweetness, and confiding tone, irresistibly wins upon the sympathies of the reader.—The third volume, which is now just issued, commences with the state of Mexico after the conquest by Cortez; diverges into the history of Nicaragua and Guatemala; and closes with an account of the subjugation of Peru.

Editor's Table.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE.—Not without meaning the Atlantic Ocean spreads its broad waters between the Eastern and Western continents. Not without a Divine purpose are these vast hemispheres so insulated with respect to each other's position. That meaning has been partly unfolded in the past progress of civilization; and God's purpose, never long concealed in its relations to the external welfare of the human race, has already vindicated its wisdom in separating these two great divisions of the earth. If all the habitable land of the globe had been closely united, the fortunes of mankind would have been determined by widely different laws than those which have controlled the growth of society. Moral and social principles need physical auxiliaries to promote their full development. This is strikingly apparent in the fact that men require a certain degree of seclusion to fulfill the ends of their existence. Too much fellowship destroys the vital sentiment of society. (Individual character and domestic security demand that we should be able to retire within ourselves, and exclude others from our companionship.) Nor is the law limited in its application to private and personal life. Nations are subjected to the same necessity. If their peculiarities of temperament are to have freedom of scope, if their taste and talents are to be exercised in accordance with natural instinct, if the circumstances of climate, position, and resources are to be reproduced in trade, commerce, and international intercourse, they must dwell apart, each in its own sphere; and hence, Providence has so arranged the surface of the globe as to secure this object.

Looking back to the state of society in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we see that a new world such as Columbus had discovered was needed as a theatre for the awakened mind, the liberated thought, the quickened enterprise of the age. A vast power had been called into action; but that force, descending on men like an inspiration, and anointing them to high offices of heroic service, required to be set free from the circumstances and connections of the past. A new form of civilization, the necessary outgrowth of the spirit of the Reformation, demanded that men should start afresh in the career of human activity. They must have a virgin soil, and open it to the sunshine with their own plowshares. Mountains and forests, distress and dangers, must train them to endurance and hardness. Imagination must resign its former pursuits; fine arts must be forgotten; intellect must put away its luxurious pleasures; and altogether another order of mental associations must spring up. Sense and sensibility must escape from the involuntary influence of old ties, and, by contact with new objects, contribute to the growth of those sentiments which hereafter were to be the recognized law of civilization.

Our forefathers, in colonizing this country, did not see the extent to which their separation from Europe, and their occupancy of a new world, would affect their fortunes. Nor did they apprehend that the physical peculiarities of this continent, its configuration, climate, and adaptations to material uses, would perform such an important part in the history of government and religion. Had their eyes been opened, what a prophecy of future greatness they might have read in towering mountains, in vast prairies, in rivers measuring half the conti-

nent! But men are often unconscious agents of Providence, and, like Abraham, they know not whither they go. Strangers to their own footsteps, a higher wisdom guides them; and hence, a strong and settled faith in the power that rules the world is essential to the foundation of a great empire no less than to the vigor and harmony of individual character. It is better to trust in principles than to rely on facts, and it is far nobler to exercise faith than to possess knowledge. Our forefathers lived and labored in this state of mind; a mystery was evolving within them, a mystery without; but they trusted, and were happy. They came hither to enjoy liberty. But they found more than they sought. Things shaped themselves differently from what they had expected. Circumstances puzzled their calculations, and daily existence grew more and more into a novelty that had no parallel in previous experience.

They were anxious to be what they had been, only freer. If the Huguenots, and the other representatives of Southern Europe, were less firmly bound to the past, Puritan and Cavalier were rigidly tenacious of personal memories and national traditions. A living part of the Old Country, they would still be Englishmen; and, amidst the wildness and wonders of new scenes, the well-marked features of ancestral character should be maintained. They were sincerely attached to the throne, the institutions, the habits of dear Old England. They called their new abodes by the names that were familiar in their native land, stood fast by precedents, hallowed ancient usages, venerated their household traditions, and tolerated innovation only so far as it would make them better Englishmen. But they were destined to be something else than Englishmen. Retaining all the nobler attributes of English mind and character—the strong will, the sturdy sense of independence, the tenacious hold on practical ideas, the fearless assertion of their deep convictions, the manly heart, the religious sensibility—they were yet ordained to outgrow themselves, by putting off their hereditary prejudices, by acquiring larger and warmer sympathies, and entering on a broader field of national activity. How gradually, but how surely and thoroughly, the distinctive Englishman dropped away from them! Here, where every man's muscle had to do its work—where the sinewy arm and the firm nerve won a renown that no one dared to dispute—where personal qualities determined place and position—the idea of a nobility, with its prerogatives, soon lost its charms. Then came a strife with throne and parliament. And thus, step by step, the long-cherished ties were sundered. First of all, opinions, images of the imagination and associations of the intellect with England, were displaced by other thoughts and sentiments. Political and social changes followed this silent revolution, until the Englishman was lost in the American. Reviewing the progress of this vast work, we can scarcely appreciate what it cost our forefathers to detach themselves from the mother country, and enter on an existence of their own. Their plan was to repeat the past in an improved form; Providence moulded them for the future. In their purposes, in their schemes, in sober imaginings as in gay dreams, they pictured the majestic shape of England swaying her sceptre over regions yet nearer the setting sun, and spreading her institutions far and wide

over the New World. But circumstances mastered them. Subduing the soil, and drawing from it, through years of severe toil and slow reward, the means of bare subsistence, they acquired a simplicity of nature, an independence of conventional restraints, a force of individual character, that eminently fitted them to lay the foundations of a new order of society. How many agencies conspired to work out this result! Wars with Indians and French, domestic dissensions, trade between the Colonies, commerce with England, the development of their internal resources, and the organization of institutions to suit their present and prospective condition, all combined to awaken them to a perception of their destiny; and at last, the idea that they were to be Americans, not Englishmen, established itself among their profound convictions. Let us not think that this was an easy task. It is never easy to rid ourselves of deep-rooted prejudices. It is never easy to be faithful to a great destiny, and, abandoning our selfishness, co-operate calmly, earnestly, steadily, with Providence, in the execution of its far-reaching designs.

We have now reached the foremost rank among the nations of the earth. Our great ideas have been embodied in wise institutions. And although our history has not been free from glaring inconsistency, yet we have been advancing toward the ideal which a just view of American principles sets before us. Placed in a prominent position, with a history, a political and social philosophy, a domestic and foreign policy, of our own, with the means of vast wealth and physical power in our hands, we represent certain sentiments that ought to exert no small influence on the mind of the world. Our attitude is sufficiently distinct and bold to challenge attention. We have the elements of originality to an extent never surpassed, and the peculiarities of our character, the scope and magnitude of our enterprises, the wondrous fertility of our resources, the magnificence of those material achievements which have expanded the homes of a few pioneers into empires, are such as the world has never before witnessed. Our whole career is a problem for study. The art of government, as known among us, rests on simple and tangible principles; it is public opinion in the form of law; it is the sovereignty of the individual man aggregated into the sovereignty of the body politic; and yet, the fact that government is our agent has not abated its strength, nor interfered with its administration. Aside from the political aspects of our country, the general interests of the people as connected with industry, commerce, education, religion, are calculated to attract notice and excite inquiry. The great fact of our history, viz., the capacity of the masses to take care of themselves, to improve their condition, to co-operate in the work of government and social advancement, is most significant to the mind of Europe. The spectacle we present is the spectacle of a people proper—a people thinking, judging, managing, toiling, for themselves—a people to whose progress as a whole every thing in law, government, institutions, is tributary. Now it was this demonstration of the power of the people that the faith and happiness of the world needed. Splendid instances of individual genius and excellence have never been wanting in any age, in any condition of society. Castes and classes of men invested with special prerogatives have frequently shown a high state of civilization; but in our country alone have the people proved that

what is true of the few is true of the many, and in this respect we have contributed a most impressive lesson to the intelligence and heart of humanity.

Our democratic institutions have strengthened and diffused the sentiment of liberty in Europe. From the period of the French Revolution to the last outbreak in Italy, the influence of our country has been felt. As yet, no signal success has attended the efforts made to attain the freedom which we enjoy. Nor is this surprising, when we remember that despotism has been securely enthroned for centuries, and that it has availed itself of the worldly interest and religious faith of its subjects, to consolidate its mighty power. On the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that the champions of liberty abroad have too often been impracticable men, full of wild speculations, and dealing with everyday questions more as abstract philosophers than as common-sense statesmen. Such a thing as statesmanship among the people has been unknown; the great, popular mind has not been educated to a practical appreciation of the principles of liberty as embodied in law; and hence it has not been possible for the masses to produce men of sufficient intelligence and strength to advocate their rights and secure their welfare. Despite of adverse circumstances, the leaven of free principles has been working. The auspicious sign of the day is in the fact that the people are advancing; their physical condition is improving; poverty and ignorance have decreased, and the middle classes are enlarging in numbers and influence. But it is not the direct action of our political sentiments on the mind of Europe that is the true ground for encouragement whenever we estimate the bearings of our position. For other and greater agencies are operating toward the same end. We are taking hold of their everyday life. Trade and commerce are multiplying ties between us. Our industry and products are enlisting their material interests, and every year we are more and more drawn together as mutual customers.

Look at this aspect of the subject more closely. On the one hand, we have a country of vast extent and fertility, our climate is peculiarly adapted to vegetation, we have immense resources of every kind, while in practical skill and sagacity we are fully competent to use our advantages. On the other hand, Europe needs our products. The wheat, tobacco, cotton, of the United States, are essential to its prosperity. A system of intercommunication, a system of commercial interchange, has grown out of these circumstances, that has no parallel in the history of trade. Every month millions of dollars are involved in the transactions of the two continents. If, now, these relations were limited to monetary interests, they would even then have a conservative importance that all intelligent minds would be anxious to maintain. But the real value of this wonderful system of demand and supply, embracing the operatives, mechanics, manufacturers of Europe, and the farmers, planters, merchants of the United States, as reciprocal communities, is in its moral and social significance. It makes us parties to each other's welfare. We are parties—England and America, especially—to each other's legislation, enterprise, business. The close connections of the capital and industry of both continents, established by the laws of nature, rooted and grounded in the permanent facts of our respective positions, have laid the foundation for intellectual and moral intercourse, for the action and interaction

of common sentiments, for sympathy and friendship, that can not be too highly appreciated. Who could have imagined, fifty years since, that, in such a commercial panic as we recently experienced, England would feel the revulsions in New York more powerfully than New Orleans felt them? And yet such was the fact; so that, practically, England was more intimately identified with the crisis in our great commercial emporium than New Orleans. But is this all? Are we mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for each other? Have we no ties beyond the selfish love of money? Such international relations are not simply matters of trade. Money is a benefactor to mind. Commerce is diplomacy. The final uses of trade are moral and providential, opening the way for a better fellowship than business, and blending the diversities of nations in the unity of true brotherhood. On this account we attach so much significance to American commerce. There are other things in our clipper-ships than appear in bills of lading and manifests. There are better cargoes than wheat and cotton. The enterprising, projecting, conquering power of our commerce, carries our mind, our heart, abroad with it, and makes them felt throughout the civilized world.

The striking fact in our history is the growth of the people. By the growth of the people we mean much more than their numerical increase. We mean their rapid advance in practical power; in skill, intelligence, and adaptation; in fertility of thought, expansiveness of sentiment, grandeur of enterprise. This progress is the lesson of the United States to the world. No one can fail to see the bearing of our political institutions on this result, but, nevertheless, it is an indirect bearing. There is no necessary connection between democracy and worldly success. Men may be republicans, and yet have no special sagacity in acquiring wealth. Our civil government has put us in a position to exercise whatever abilities we possess to the best advantage, and protected us in the enjoyment of our rights. Its offices, moreover, have been mainly negative. It has served us quite as much by what it had not done as by what it has done. From themselves, not from institutions, our people have derived the power which has signalized their career. And by what means has such progress been made? Our industry has been left free to pursue its own bent; and although we have had seasons of wild speculation, yet there has been little that was artificial and fictitious in our enterprises. The great mind of the country has been occupied with substantial things; labor, as one of the original institutions of God's wisdom, has been certified and confirmed by our position and circumstances; and directly out of the primal elements, which the affluence of nature laid at our feet, we have had to create our wealth. Power has not come as a second-handed thing. It has not been inherited. Mountains, hills, valleys, prairies, inland seas, and a world-wide forest, were the real ancestors of our people, and whatever of skill and force we possess is practically their offspring. In this aspect of our civilization we have a most singular phenomenon, viz., the vast proportion of our population that has come in immediate contact with the fresh scenes of American life, and constructed its fortunes from materials that its own hands gathered together. What an impulse this has given to our industry! What a vitality leaps into muscles and nerves when the resources of

half a continent, for the first time, unlock themselves and surrender their long-concealed treasures! To our active mind, to our eager grasp, the Western World is as a new creation. We inaugurate a human lordship over it. Forests are felled, plowshares pierce the yielding soil, submissive waters flow into our channels, cities rise and States are organized as if we felt conscious of an indisputable sovereignty. Our physical energy has really assumed the better characteristics of chivalry, and, clad in the armor of a fascinating knighthood, we have done our work in the spirit and style of conquerors. Amidst all our practicalness we have shown an imaginative excitement, a poetic warmth in our blood, a fervor in the higher attributes of intellect, that exhibit a new phase of business-mind. Owing to this fact, American enterprise has been something more than an ordinary calculation of capital and profits. Its realms have bordered on the romantic. Its broad fields, retreating beyond a series of horizons that wearied the eye to measure, have glittered in the golden sunshine. Our countrymen have been intellectually charmed by the magnitude of those schemes which, on a small scale, would have been nothing more than the dull, dry details of slavish routine. If they had had leisure and repose—the tranquillity of wealth and the power which springs from culture—imagination would have immortalized itself in statuary, painting, poetry. But as circumstances have ruled us, imagination has found its full activity in magnificent enterprises. Think you that imagination has no other scope than literature and fine arts? Look at that great Erie Canal; look at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; look at the Niagara Suspension Bridge, and the Saint Nicholas Hotel; look at cotton-gins and reaping machines. Practical sagacity built these things; but was that all? Far from it. Brilliant thoughts, splendid conceptions, glowing images, and feelings, that would have been most eloquent in words, if words had been the natural form of their expression, are embodied in them.

In this light America presents herself to the world. In this attitude our people stand toweringly up before the gaze of the nations. We are a grand example of energy—intellectual, creative, resistless energy. Our pride has been in—work. Our demonstration has been—work. Our true symbols are—the axe, the plowshare, the steam-engine. We have magnified labor. Psalms of thanksgiving have celebrated its triumphs, and raptures of imagination have eulogized its wonders. It has been garlanded and crowned. Labor, as God's greatest earthly law; labor, as a sacrament of Providence; labor, as the strength, joy, glory of a genuine and noble manhood; labor, as the broadest and maturest exponent of character in its relations to the material universe; labor, as rewarded in itself and enjoyed in its results; the just, philosophic, commanding idea of labor as the regenerative instrument of outward life, has been set forth in the history of our civilization as it was never before exhibited. Did not the world need such a spectacle? Could any display of wisdom, could any pageantry of gorgeousness, could any captivation of the senses and fancy equal this in the depth of its interest, in its impressive importance? Nowhere else has labor vindicated its intrinsic value on so vast a scale, in such transcendent connections, with such significant fruits. Nowhere else has it reached the maximum of its utility, and adorned itself with so much of the beauty of a spir-

itual sentiment. Nowhere else has it answered the Divine idea of an institution. Look abroad over the earth and mark its wasted form, its haggard features, its soulless eyes, its wasted hands. In the shadow of vine-hills it pines and weeps, nor does the empurpling bloom or the clustering fullness bring it joy and hope. Amidst the din of factories, where the wail of discontent and sorrow is silenced by the noise of machinery, it cries to God from out its bursting heart and asks for rest. In large sections of the world labor is man's institution, not God's. To see the condition of the laborer, you would never suppose that the blood of Christ had redeemed this earth and converted the curse of toil into a blessing. Sin planted thorns all over the earth, but Christ plucked them from the soil and bound them on his brow, that henceforth man might know his Deliverer from the cruel bondage of drudgery. But the tyranny of selfishness, the hard exactions of capital, the Moloch of money, will not let the poor laborer have the benefit of the Saviour's crown of thorns. Thanks to the spirit of Christianity, there is here a more hopeful state of things! Providence retained its proprietorship in, at least, one hemisphere of the globe, and, before kings, barons, monopolies could cover it over with title-deeds and mortgages, the way was opened for the people, aliens every where on their native soil, to claim it as their property. Labor was honored. The man who sowed the seed reaped the harvest, and the humblest hand that planted a fig-tree and a vine was entitled to rest in the cool shadow and eat of the refreshing fruit. This service, then, we have rendered to humanity, viz., we have shown ourselves to be a nation of working people, obeying the law of labor as a Divine edict, and by that obedience raising ourselves to a state of unprecedented power and prosperity. In this respect we have made an original appeal to the heart of mankind. American civilization has restored faith in the Christian doctrine of labor to the mind of the world, and by its earnest assertion of this cardinal truth, by the vastness of the theatre on which it has vindicated its supreme earthly importance, a moral and social influence has been exerted that no statistics can compute, no statesmanship measure. Across the Atlantic, the echoes of the American voice, proclaiming this great sentiment of human brotherhood and Christian sympathy, has been heard, and a new era of thought and effort has been introduced. A literature of labor has been written; and among its works, speaking to the soul of England, what power to penetrate, what startling delineations, what dramatic strength abound in Alton Locke and Shirley! What mighty utterances in the poetry of Hood, Mrs. Browning, Barton, and Massey! What force of religious thought in Arthur's Christian Merchant, and kindred productions! On the Continent the same change is progressing. And although it has assumed extravagant forms, and, in forgetfulness of its origin, allied itself with infidelity and licentiousness, yet through the falsehood a ray of truth struggles forth to the eyes of the people, and promises the dawning of a better day.

Within the last fifteen years our literature—and especially that part of it more distinctively American—has begun to exert an influence over European mind. Previous to this time Edwards's great work on *The Will* and Dwight's *Theology* had taken rank, in foreign criticism, among the productions of the age, but they were known only to

scholars, and not characterized by any of the peculiarities of American thought. Irving and Cooper likewise had charmed the pride of British intellect into something like genial sympathy with us. But it remained for our present generation of writers, living in an age of cheap printing, when the masses can be readily reached through those channels of intellectual communication which are every where open, to find general access to British readers. American genius at a shilling was a lucky idea. Home literature was an expensive luxury, and aristocratic purses only were on a level with its demands. Free trade in thought was cordially welcomed, and the effect was marvelous. Emerson is more read in England than Carlyle; Longfellow, as a poet, is more popular than Tennyson; Hawthorne has been accepted as a literary psychologist of rare ability; the beautiful genius and moral worth of Dr. Channing found many Transatlantic admirers, even among those who widely dissented from his religious creed; Robinson and Stuart have been highly appreciated; Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*, Dr. Anthon's *Classical Works*, Dr. Andrews's *Latin Lexicon*, have been reprinted in England. Kennedy's *Novels*, *Queechy*, *Wide, Wide World*, *Waikna*, *Alone*, *Lamplighter*, and many other popular works of fiction, have had an extensive sale. A new and elegant edition of Poe's *Poems* has just appeared in London; and *Nothing to Wear* is reprinted from *Harper's Weekly* in the *Westminster Review*. Prime's volumes on the East are most favorably received; and the popularity of Prescott, Motley, and other American historians, is well known to our reading countrymen. The demand for American works is now so great as to render necessary the publication of an American catalogue. After stating that of late years American literature had supplied England "with many valuable works on subjects which we had never treated, improving others already in existence, and stimulating again to improvements of our own to the extreme of completion," the publishers, Low, Son, and Co., of London, remark, in their preface to the Catalogue, that "our requirements and convenience demand now as carefully-compiled catalogues of American books, for the reference of buyer and seller, student and librarian, as research and application will produce." Now, these are certainly very significant facts. They show that English prejudice is fast yielding; that public attention is turning toward us; that the popular mind is put in contact with our intellect. A few years since a good map of the United States was rarely seen in England; their ignorance of our geographical facts was amazing; and even such men as Lord Brougham and Dr. Chalmers were singularly unacquainted with some of the most striking features of our country. But that day has passed. One of the freshest and strongest influences now being exerted on British mind is through American sentiments; and on no subject do Englishmen show a greater thirst for information than the state of opinion and feeling in this country toward them.

Nor must we omit to notice the effect of social intercourse. A large number of our countrymen annually visit England and the Continent—not a few of them with no particular purpose—travelers in no sense but locomotion, and tourists only a grade higher than the donkeys that cross the Alps. This class of Americans are known on the Continent by their free manners and full purses. A notoriety

for princely expenditure awaits their entrance into any place of fashionable resort, and their arrival—a party in broadcloth and silks, with multitudinous baggage—is a signal for a considerably keener sensation than the appearance of a king and his retinue. With Europeans style is a passport to homage, and our countrymen know how to avail themselves of it. In Paris they give the most splendid entertainments of the season, the imperial balls excepted. At Baden-Baden they are a wonder for the contemplation of opera-glasses. All this seems ridiculous enough, but it has its effect. Silly people are sometimes appreciated more than wise heads and well-ordered manners. Travel abroad is a grand outlet for our vanity; and it would puzzle a sage to tell what we should do with it if we had no such fortunate safety-valve for its escape. Every few months we ship a cargo of it to Europe, where it commands a premium; and as these American stocks are liable to no repudiation, they are taken at first sight. But our better-class travelers carry the moral and social spirit of this country with them. In England, the crust of reserve broken, they are genially received, and, in many instances, kindly domesticated. Their talk is most acceptable. The freshness of their topics, the sharp outcoming of their favorite words, the keen-set provincialisms, the inside-out manner of telling all they know, and, withal, the desire to be on good terms, the enjoyability of being questioned, and the Yankee pride in being able to answer every possible query, the sense of deference in by-play with a decided self-assertingness—all these elements combine to enlist the interest of English people in the conversation of intelligent, well-bred Americans. If you can manage your saliva, and not talk through your nose, you can show what you are without hindrance or barrier, and be handsomely appreciated for all you are worth. Despite of those signs of resistance which English temperament interposes against some of your sentiments, there is an underneath acquiescence, on which you may always depend if you are manfully honest and matter-of-fact in your statements and arguments. Truthfulness and reliability are laws of gravitation to an Englishman. Once convince him that you have these virtues knit in your bones, and living in your blood, and you have open access to him. You have no petty vices to encounter in intercourse. Whatever contact you have is solid and substantial. You have not to go back of the hour to reassure yourself. Every step gained is a permanent advance on his good-will. He has none of the caprices of fellowship. Too strong to be suspicious, too brave to be jealous, he never tasks you to define yourself over again to his perceptions; and whatever he professes to be in his acts toward you, on that you may count until doomsday. Now, give a sensible, earnest, impulsive American—one whose convictions are controlled by good taste, and whose sentiments are warm and glowing, without extravagance or ultraism—give such an American a fire-side opportunity, a dinner-table occasion, with Englishmen, and he will inevitably leave his impression on them. Of late years English thought has been powerfully affected in this way, and much of that great change which has taken place in English mind toward our country is to be attributed to this private and personal instrumentality.

The history of this influence, in its growth and progress, forms a most interesting feature of our national career. Against prejudice, misrepresent-

ation, abuse, and vilification—against a host of tourists, reviewers, and caricaturists in hostile array—we have steadily advanced until we have fairly gained the full-opened eye and ear of England. The accumulating power of this country, its mighty awakening of mind, its enlarging resources, its strides to greatness, have forced us on the consideration of England, and won an honorable recognition from her. Without any abatement of her own sturdy independence, in faithfulness to her instincts, in loyalty to truth and right, she has acknowledged our claims on her respect and admiration. If not generous, she has recently been just; she desires our fellowship, and her great heart, full of the gathered strength of centuries, really beats with honest kindness toward us. The past, taking it in connection with England's state of opinion and course of conduct with reference to the United States, is by no means creditable either to her sagacity or to her magnanimity. In love with her hatred, it took some time for her to learn that a nation gains neither strength nor wisdom by indulging in low and malignant passions. Our prophetic intimations were written in very plain English, but plain English, three thousand miles over the water, in a republican land, was a foreign tongue to her. Nor should it, in justice, be forgotten, that not until lately have we demonstrated our capacity, and given a most decided emphasis to our national character. The mighty spirit that we honor with the sounding title of the Spirit of the Age—a spirit that sometimes seems to have condensed the powers of the old heathen mythology, a Hercules, a Vulcan, a Neptune, a Jupiter, aggregated into one vast energy, lifting huge rocks, ruling the waters, holding court in the clouds and playing with lightnings—a spirit that oftener and better claims to be the offspring of Christianity, and whispers words of truth, liberty, brotherhood—this spirit of the age did not all at once develop its ascendancy over us. No; it was a gradual revelation, a slow quickener, even among us, who complacently imagined that the future had lost its ancient reserve and exposed all its possibilities to full view. But the spirit of the age worked in us. Our hearts caught its beat and we marched to its motions. Glad to feel and prompt to obey its strange stirrings, we enlarged our borders, and scaled the mountains that so long held us from the West. The slopes of the Atlantic, renowned as the first seat of the new civilization, and immortalized by the story of the Revolution, could no longer detain our restless enterprise, and, impelled by the spirit of the age, we traversed the wilderness and added the name of the pioneer to the roll of modern heroes. Forests fell before our resistless might. Fields, centred with homes, waved their bright harvest plumes in token of the victory of an advancing race. And with our patent from Nature, commissioned to achievements, born to the majesty of the brawny arm and the fearless step, bred to the axe, the rifle, the plow, and not ashamed of the breeding, we embodied this marvelous spirit of the age in such shapes and forms as outwitted the old fancies of the world. We apprenticed it to the hardest toil. And as time advanced, the triumphs of mechanical inventions—the steamboat, the cotton-gin, and other evidences of American ingenuity—revealed this spirit of the age in laborious service for the welfare of man.

Within the last few years we have given our most distinct and definite expression to this spirit

of the age. Partaking of the characteristics of our nationality, modified by the peculiar features of the Anglo-Saxon race in a new world, under new institutions, it has here demonstrated itself as a force of prodigious energy and activity. More and more, we have grown into a world of our own, and at the same time, following our own bent and using home-materials, we have multiplied our relations and strengthened our ties abroad. Who would have imagined, fifty years since, that a people so dependent then on foreign ideas, on foreign art, on foreign manufactures, would so soon introduce the era of cheap printing—would make the newspaper accessible to the masses of the country—would send cargoes of clocks to Europe—would open manufactures for India Rubber and fire-arms in France and England—would build locomotives for Russia and Prussia—would furnish the best plows and reapers to the experienced farmers of the Continent, and send out men to raise the sunken ships in the harbor of Sebastopol? Nor are we without cause for self-congratulation in science. The first geological surveys were made in this country; Locke's magnetic clock is an American invention; our exploring expeditions and voyages to arctic regions have enriched science; while a single American, Lieutenant Maury, has done more to improve navigation than all the learning and skill of Europe. In literature we have made still more marked progress toward a high and independent attitude. Statistics show that, from 1830 to 1842, nearly half of the books published in the United States were reprints of English works. In 1852, there were 966 new books and new editions issued here; of these 312 were reprints from English literature, and 56 were foreign translations. In 1853, we had 879 new books and editions; of these 298 were English reprints, and 87 translations. In 1855, we had 1092 new books and editions, including 250 English reprints and 38 translations. In the first six months of last year, we had 751 new books and editions, but only 102 were reprints of English works and 26 translations. Such facts show the growth of our native mind, and demonstrate that there is an expanding vitality in American culture which must attain, in due time, the highest grade of development.

Follow the course of the Gulf Stream as it issues, like a wandering summer of the sea, from the Gulf of Mexico, and after flowing along the eastern and northeastern coast of the United States, sweeps across the North Atlantic, and taking thence a southerly direction, diffuses its vast volume of heat over Ireland, Scotland, England, and the southwestern section of the Continent of Europe, moderating the cold of the climate, changing the laws of latitude, and stimulating the various products of vegetation. Is there no image in that tropic of the ocean, bearing its tribute of heat to lands that need it? If we are faithful to our principles and position, true to ourselves and to Christianity, we shall, like it, send forth a constant stream of blessing to the Old World.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THIS is St. Valentine's season. His blessing seems to brood in the air, making it soft and kindly. This year all the world has been his diocese, and wherever the moist south wind blew, it was not hard to believe it the warm breath of good Bishop Valentine.

The trees have been eager to bud before their time; the birds have awaited with impatience the first days of spring; but the brooks would not be pent up, nor tarry for the summer; and in the mild winter days the old Easy Chair has heard, through the open window, the gushing and gurgling of the happy waters, reading backward the lines of the poet Keats—

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time."

But the musical laughter of the happy brook was not a wild chatter, and the Easy Chair knew that if winter suddenly rushed through the fields, and locked the bubbling water into silence, it would, as the poet sang, stay its crystal fretting without a murmur. And sometimes on Sunday evenings, when service was over, and those calm hours followed—the little truce between the soul and the world—the brook loitered under the bare bushes and trees—a traveling preacher; its clear voice ringing through the evening air:

"Keep fresh and cool; flow in your own channel; caress bush, and grass, and tree as you pass, and you will make them all greener; they will show their gratitude in thick clusters of leaves, in heavier boughs, and they, in turn, will shade you from the rapacious sun. Sing while you work, in your heart, if not in your mouth. Your song may send a sweet memory into the mind of the invalid lying sleepless on the bed; it may soothe to sleep the little child in the cradle; at least, it will steal the mournful and death-like silence out of the air. Then if, in the midst of all, you are suddenly frozen, remember that you are made a bridge from shore to shore—that the children can slide, and skate, and frolic upon you all day long; and do not forget that only your surface is frozen—you only appear to be dead, while underneath the appearance of stiff ice the living waters still wind and play—and when Spring comes to your bank in flowers, and the surface melts into life, then your song will break out again, and you shall seem to have been a nightingale kept in amber."

So the little brook preached in the ear and heart of the Easy Chair as it flowed briskly through the days when in other years it has been silent. But this year some kind influence has warmed the air; and when the day of St. Valentine came, the season was so fitting for the festival of such a saint, that it was the most natural thing in the world to suppose that it was all his doing.

The daily papers are so learned every year upon this good saint, that they leave little history for an Easy Chair to recount. In truth there is very little history about the matter. It belongs to the realm of Goody Two Shoes, and Patient Griselda, and the Fair One with Golden Locks; to the dim realm of Friar Tuck, and the Archbishop of Granada; of Hector, Achilles, and Agamemnon, king of men; of Ophelia and Juliet.

To be sure, in Verona they show you the cradle of Juliet. But then, again, if you did not hear what it was, or had been, you would naturally believe it to be a stone horse-trough. So the cradle can hardly be accepted as authentic proof of the existence of Juliet. Shall the day prove the Saint?

But what proof do we want? Do Achilles and Ulysses live any the less because they live only in tradition, and that pure poetry? Is not the parting of the crest-nodding Hector and his Andromache, holding their son in her arms, as real to us as the parting of Lord William Russell and his wife, so full of pathos in history and of beauty in painting? Of course it is. And Bishop Valentine, the diocesan of pairing birds and of cooling lovers, is a much more actual and probable figure than grim old Gregory the Seventh, Pope of Rome.

A kindly saint in the calendar of love—the grave, venerable, sweet mentor of lovers—St. Valentine is a queer successor of Venus, Cupid, Hymen, and the elder Greek divinities. His religious benignity is the added grace of Christian sentiment to the poetic instinct of the pagans.

None of the old gods or goddesses are genial—just as none of their statues, which remain to us, have any human sympathy in their faces. They are separate, superior. With which of the Greek gods could you have hobnobbed? Whose hands of them all would you care to have had laid upon your head? But we all sit at Bishop Valentine's feet; we all bow our heads to his blessing: if he would only stay with us, we would give him the best chamber, and make his home with us pleasant forever.

The Easy Chair has often wandered into annual and triennial conventions to catch a glimpse of him. It has stood through long and sharp debates in the House of Bishops to see this prelate come in and take his seat. But the good man never came. The Easy Chair could tell if he were present, before it saw any body, merely by hearing the tones of the debate—and never did it chance upon his presence. For wherever this Bishop is, there is love; and wherever love is, there is music; and somehow the debates in the House never sounded musically.

Somebody asks where his diocese is? Where was Apollo's realm? Was it not wherever the sun shone? And so the limits of Bishop Valentine's jurisdiction are bounded only by the number of lovers in the world. Whoever loves is of Valentine's diocese; not those who love wisely only, but all who love well. Therefore, whatever feast falls out of the calendar, his must remain. As the years go by, mark it and celebrate it with flowers and notes, with wishes and kisses.*

Old Solomon Gunnybags pshaws and pishes at the silly business, and vows that sensible people ought to be ashamed of themselves for writing and sending love-messages on one day in the year. Old Solomon Gunnybags tries six days in every week to buy cheaper and sell dearer than any body else in town, and devotes Sunday, while he is in church, to estimating how well he has succeeded. His mind is a dreary old vault, full of arithmetical calculations, unlighted by a solitary ray from the delights of literature, art, thought, and society. He is not half so useful, because not half so accurate, as Babbage's calculating machine. Children fly from his face, and his neighbors think him a bore. No young man has to thank him for sympathy, assistance, or advice. And this is the individual who stands forth to pish and phew at the murmurous crowd of lovers who throng the feast of Saint Valentine; like a hippopotamus in a swarm of humming-

birds, swearing at them for sucking honey from the flowers!

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I want to know about the proprieties of a story. If I am writing a tale of modern life and society in town to-day, may I use real names and events as if I were writing a report for a newspaper? Or is it a mean and dishonorable thing to do so? I am engaged, you know, to Edward Gray. If any body should write a story called 'Edward Gray's Courtship,' and describe him and me by name, and the circumstances of our engagement, precisely as they occurred, don't you think that Edward would be very likely to pull the author's nose, and wouldn't he be entirely justified in doing so?"

"I ask for information, and am your friend and constant reader,
MARY BROWN."

It is not a new question, dear Miss Mary, and the Easy Chair has discussed it before. In the particular case you suppose, there can be very little doubt that Mr. Edward Gray would do precisely as you suggest, just as he would call any body to account who discussed his private affairs in the newspaper.

With the present facilities and temptations to publicity, the peace of society depends upon individual honor. There is an immense temptation for every man who writes for the public to write about personal matters, because that is the kind of gossip which is most entertaining to the public, and consequently most desirable to publishers, and well paid. Any thing "spicy"—any thing that will set people talking, wondering, and discussing—is what the purveyors of literature for a jaded public, which has but a moment to read, and that in a railroad car, desire. The world, you must understand, dear Miss Mary, is a huge tea-party, dying for scandal.

The rule for the guidance of an author seems to be very plain. Literature, so far as it deals with character and life, must, of course, be founded either upon actual or possible facts. But as life is richer and more probable than imagination, it is better, if you can, to have the actual rather than invent the possible fact. Thus the great characters, in the English novels, are either portraits, or studies only a little changed from life. And indeed if an author sets himself to invent characters and circumstances, he will soon find that his invention is very like some reality in his experience, and his story will naturally run in the ruts of that reality.

This study and representation of character is clearly within the author's right, but he is bound so to manage his picture that it shall not seem to be a careful portrait; for in that way he might do the greatest injustice. As thus, a neighbor of his might be a nervously shy man, and notoriously so, and the author might choose to depict a shy man in a story, while his other traits may be described as the very reverse of those which mark his neighbor. Now, men are known to the world by some eminent peculiarity, and in this case it would be the shyness. How great, and perhaps fatal, an injustice the author might do his neighbor, by having drawn a portrait with this eminent trait, which would infallibly be taken as a correct likeness of the neighbor!

On the other hand, no man would care to copy all the circumstances of his neighbor's life, in order to do him justice and convey no false impression.

* A kind of confectionery.—ED.

The truth is, that is not the point from which to regard the matter. There is no royal road to travel in this more than in any other department of art. Genius is the alembic in which actualities are fused. Experience puts in the reverend rector of the village, and genius takes out Parson Adams. Experience puts in a hundred aspects of selfishness and skill, and genius takes out Becky Sharpe. Experience puts in a living man or woman, and genius takes out an immortal creation. The very excellence of a novel of society to-day is that you recognize the characters. Who hasn't paid his respects to "the bosom" of Mrs. Merdle? Who hasn't waltzed with little Rosa Mackenzie? or pitied the lonely Jane Eyre? or drank ale with Mr. Harry Foker? or watched—in his teens, with adoration and longing desire—Henry Pelham or Vivian Grey?

Of course many of the events in these stories occurred in life precisely as they are related in the book; but the whole consistency and relation of the characters are so sustained in the narration that they become independent images of art.

The moment, however, that real names are used the story becomes a biography to those who are familiar with the name. When Addison and Steele appear in "Henry Esmond," or George Washington and Benjamin Franklin in "The Virginians," then the novelist has no license; he is compelled to follow the facts and probabilities of history. He can not make Franklin other than a sagacious man—he can not describe Washington as living after the beginning of the nineteenth century. In whatever relates to those men he must follow the facts of their history, and in describing their conduct he is to make it conform to the probabilities of their characters, or his book becomes foolish at once.

This is obviously not a fair thing to do in the case of people who are in no sense public property. Their real names can have no interest to the world of readers. The mention of them only gratifies a small itching for scandal and gossip in a little circle where the names are known, and they cover the unfortunate victims with shame and confusion. There is no conceivable excuse for using such names disconnected from the actual facts of the lives of the people who bear them; and if those facts are introduced into the tale, it becomes a biographical sketch, written, of course, at the peril of the author.

The foolish vices which are the common property of society—the vanities, the little lies, the hollow forms, the ignorance, the prejudices—which are peculiar to no individual, but are shared by "the world" and "society" in general, are, equally with the nobler sentiments and impulses—generous thoughts, sympathies, and heroic actions—the proper material for the author; and if any individual man or woman is guilty of saying a mean, silly, or prejudiced thing, and it is not personal, but representative and illustrative, the author has a perfect right to use it, even if those who heard it in life recognize it in the book.

Thus it seems to the Easy Chair, dear Miss Mary, and your Edward Gray can hardly differ from this view. If any body writes a story of your engagement, without using your names, and—as, without doubt, it was a most fitting and beautiful event—the author so describes it, the result will be, in fact, only a lovely idyl—a picture of universal traits and beauty—and neither Edward Gray nor Mary Brown would complain of it.

But remember that every author and scribbler writes at his peril. If he be not careful, and just, and considerate, he will not escape condemnation and contempt. If kindly honor guide his pen he need not fear, although sometimes there will be an outcry that he has betrayed confidence. If he dine with Squire Western, and the furious old fellow swears at his chaplain and curses his daughter, it is still fair for the penman to write a laugh or a lesson upon profane brutality, and if he would use the experience Squire Western has given him, shall his hand be held from writing?

If you dine with a glutton are you never again to denounce greediness?

—NEWARK, February, 1859.

"DEAR, GOOD EASY CHAIR,—Do you know that legions, who have been the ardent admirers of *Harper*, feel, just now, 'largely aggrieved' because Thackeray is writing about the Americans, holding up in a ridiculous light the *most honorable name* our country can boast. No American writer has ever had the *impiety* to attempt a novel with the revered George Washington figuring in it as 'some vain carpet knight.'

"Every true American will feel shocked. Next to making the Saviour of the world figure in a modern novel, would be placing in such light the 'Father of his Country.' Next to ridiculing religious feeling, is striking at the veneration for the *great and good* with the subtly-poisoned pen of ridicule."

It is very clear that "The Virginians" is destined to excite more attention in this country than any other novel ever published by Thackeray, and the letter of the Easy Chair's Newark correspondent is one expression of the very various feelings which are sure to be awakened by the story.

But the Easy Chair must protest against the interpretation which Newark is pleased to put upon the tenor of the novel, even as far as it has already advanced. Washington's is certainly our "most honorable name;" but there are men living who have seen Washington, and it is putting rather too fine a point upon it—is it not?—to forbid his introduction into a work of fiction, which represents so accurately the character of the times as Thackeray's novels of that period confessedly do.

No other epoch of our history is more romantic and picturesque—no other is so likely to furnish material for our historical novelists for many a year to come—and will it be wise to have it understood that the chief man of the period is never to be represented except in some vague and superstitious unlikeness? Let Newark remember for a moment how many of the most famous men and women in history survive to us, as living beings, who had a day and a work in the world, chiefly in the portraiture of the poet or the romancer. Achilles, and Hector, and Agamemnon were but names, doubtless; but they existed as real ancestors to the Greeks and Trojans, because the songs of Homer had made them real. Cleopatra lives for us in Shakespeare, and so much so, that when we meet her in history she seems cold and unreal. Richard Cœur de Lion survives in Scott more than in Hume.

Now, Mr. Thackeray is a man who has as thoroughly tinted his mind with the color of the last century as any man living: he has been in this country, and he knows by experience the universal American veneration for the character of Washington; moreover, he is a man of too essentially dem-

ocratic feeling not to have the heartiest appreciation of the position Washington must always occupy in history and in the hearts of all good and thoughtful men; he is an author, too, of the highest rank in his day, and of the greatest celebrity, who respects his profession, and honors his own art in it. Such a man is held, by every conceivable inducement, to deal not only with justice but with sympathy with such a figure as Washington; and the Easy Chair is firmly of the opinion that the portrait of the Father of his Country, painted in "The Virginians," will probably be as masterly, and complete, and accurate a likeness of that "buried majesty," as he lived and spoke in his time, as will ever be made.

Up to the present point of the story, Washington is represented as a young, dignified gentleman—a brave and honorable colonial officer—acknowledging with regret the necessity of what military men call "honor." In the third number he is upon the verge of fighting a duel; but the circumstances are so related that every sensible reader understands his position. It is impossible to understand what Newark means by Washington's being represented as a carpet-knight. That a young, handsome, accomplished Virginian gentleman and soldier, a hundred years ago, should not lose his grace or gravity in a fine manorial drawing-room, but should be gay, agreeable, and fascinating; and that, thereupon, the hot-headed and spoiled son of the widowed head of the house should be led by an intriguing, weak woman into the fancy that the young officer was trying to be his step-father, because his mother was rich, is surely quite within the limits of possibility.

But the reader must observe that Washington gives no occasion for such a suspicion, except that which sincere good manners are always sure to give to jealousy. Nor does the author, for a moment, imply it. The whole affair is a dramatic illustration of the testy sensitiveness and pride of the boy; and so far from striking "at the veneration for the great and good," it only shows in a lovely light the winning youth of Washington. When we speak of our veneration for him, we naturally think of the mature counselor of many years; but if Newark will remember the portrait of Washington at forty—take off fifteen years, and then contrast it with the Presidential gravity of the later likeness by Stuart, he will easily conceive the character which Thackeray is describing.

The Easy Chair does not share the unwillingness of Newark that Washington should be made a figure in a great literary picture of his times. There is nothing more deleterious to our national character than the growing tendency to regard Washington as the Greeks did Achilles, and make him a demi-god in imagination. What we want is, that Washington should be represented, not as the miraculous founder of a nation, but as a simple Republican citizen. Then, fully comprehending his principles and seeing his life, we can not excuse our abject shortcomings by the private palliation that no man can be expected to be as Washington was. On the contrary, each one of us must be as he was, in loyalty to liberty and a sleepless watch for its defense, or liberty itself will die out of our national life, and the love of it out of our national character.

The Easy Chair will hail, therefore, every portrait, tenderly and truly drawn, of our great man, in all his relations, whether public or private, as a national benefit. Thackeray has already made

plenty of friends among us, who remember him with affection, and read his books with admiration and sympathy. In his delineation of George Washington he will only weave another tie of regard between his American friends and himself. Should the Easy Chair be mistaken in this expectation, it will not fail to mention its error as candidly as it now states its faith.

THE French Gallery is closed and the English Gallery gone, but the Belmont pictures and the *Conception of Murillo* have been as much looked at and admired, and the results of the exhibitions given to charity.

New York was never before so rich in really beautiful pictures; and yet of all of them, careful, intelligent, skillful, and charming as they were, probably the most famous of all, the *Conception*, will continue to be the most famous; while perhaps scarcely one of the others, except Rosa Bonheur's *Horse-Fair*, will ever be known in histories of art.

The French school has a uniform excellence of treatment, variety of subject, carefulness of study—spirit, grace, and gratification; but the best things in the Gallery were some of the little things of Frère, tender, delicate pictures of simple emotions in simple people.

The English school is bold, brilliant, and unequal; but a few pictures were better than all in the French collection. One must talk carefully in speaking of Art, and pictures, and artists; but surely there is an indication of more thought and ulterior purpose in the English than the French schools of to-day. There is a mechanical excellence in the latter which seems to be painfully self-satisfied. *The Chess-Players of Meusnier*, which was called the gem of the Gallery—what is it but an extremely elaborate miniature-painting—an exercise of skill—a feat, not a picture? But in the small picture of the English Gallery, *The Light of the World*, was there not something to be seen in the artist's mind through his picture?

However, the Easy Chair knows it is a war of the roses—the contest of opinion between the two styles. Let us grant that both were beautiful; and if you think that too mushy a conclusion, then let us allow that in the English school there is more earnestness than in the other.

You still object? Shall we then say that the English have the most exquisite manipulation, and impart that *chique* which is so fascinating and universally pleasing; and that the French have a religious earnestness and intention in their works?

You still shake your head? But, unreasonable reader, what would you have?

And the unreasonable reader doubtless answers, that if for "English" in the last sentence he may read "French," and *vice versa*, he will agree.

With all its heart the Easy Chair assents.

At the moment the Easy Chair is writing these words a spring softness is in the air, the grass is green, and it wonders not to hear the birds singing in the morning. The Bay has been as calm and clear as in June, and winter as far away at Epiphany as it is at St. John's day.

What a sermon of God's goodness this season has been! What a special blessing for the poor and desolate it has seemed! The bitterest thought in the great crisis was the suffering that must follow in the days so near at hand, which are themselves usually a suffering. But the Divine bounty has

supplied a warmth which all the wealth in the world could not buy, and the heavenly charity has been vaster and more exhaustless than all earthly care could provide.

It is one of those facts which naturally draw every thoughtful mind by the most subtle and strongest persuasion, to faith in the invisible and sleepless benignity which rules the world. Human fortunes fall and rise, health fluctuates like the winds, youth becomes age, and the dreams which were hopes when they dawned, slowly and sadly shift into seeming delusions as they fade away; the eternal change goes on in life and action, in love and friendship, and all human emotion. But all change is in the hand of changelessness. It is like the complexion of the globe, its spring and summer and winter, its peace and war, and civilization and barbarism, ceaselessly rolling under the same everlasting blue, the sweet serenity of an unfading sky—the smile of God.

There is a dream which the wisest and best in all times and countries have dreamed; there is a hope which no blight has ever destroyed, nor all disappointment chilled: pagans have called it the immortal fields and the happy hunting-grounds; philosophers have named it the future and the disenchantment of humanity; poets have fancied it Paradise, and Christians call it the Millennium and Heaven. It is the great rest—the sublime accomplishment—the final triumph! It is the sufficing flower of which all human power and aspiration are but the buds.

That dream becomes a hope in all humble minds, and a faith in all Christian hearts. It is refreshed and cherished by the tumultuous panorama of history, by the Scriptures which console mankind, by intercourse with the meek and faithful and loving, and by the unailing processes of an ever-beneficent Nature. But such a kindly season at this time feeds and fans the flame anew. "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden." And the earnest of the rest is the unchanging goodness of the Giver.

The Easy Chair preaches a sermon.

But what is the first violet or the earliest crocus but a sermon, wiser than Solomon's wisdom?

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HALF-WAY from Paris to Caen lies an old Cathedral-town, with rambling streets, quaint timber houses filled in with masonry, and outlying Norman meadows, which, in times of freshet, are bathed by a little Norman river which empties into the Seine. Here, or hereabout, the poor Empress Josephine retired after her divorce, and forgot—or tried to forget—the splendors of her reign, and the regrets which came after, in the modest luxuries which surrounded her in the country chateau of Navarre. This chateau is to be seen no longer: ten years since it was razed to the ground. But for the traveling sight-seer who wanders to the old town of Evreux, a new point of interest is henceforth to be entered in the Guide-Books—to wit, the Chateau Jеufosse.

It is not new; it is not grand; it is hardly picturesque—certainly not more so than a hundred other mouldy chateaux of France, which lift their quaint extinguisher turrets out of masses of soft green poplars.

Why, then, should travelers look after the Chateau Jеufosse?

Listen, while we tell you.

In the old times—not so very old either—some twenty years ago, and there lived here a certain General Jеufosse, who was rich, who had served his country with honor, and who had retired into this pleasant Norman country of woods and rich meadows, and who died here, leaving a widow with three children, two boys, and a daughter Blanche.

It was a proud old family, cherishing beguiling traditions of ancient rank, holding fast to old servitors who had worn its livery for several generations, nestling in the shadow of the trees and towers which, however old and shaky, loomed up grandly in the eyes of the stocking-weavers of Evreux.

There was an ancient chapel in the park of Jеufosse, where from time to time the parish priest, brushing the dust from the altar, said mass for the soul of the gallant General who was dead. A decayed family-carriage from time to time bore the widow with her children to the rich Cathedral of Evreux.

The boys were placed, as they grew older, in Paris schools, and grew up with Parisian air and tastes. The daughter, Blanche, was not trusted away from the mother's eye, but a companion and tutress was secured to her in the daughter of an old friend of the General Jеufosse, whom we will call simply Josephine.

Blanche and Josephine read together, rambled together in the park, together attended mass at the cathedral church, and together plotted (as girls will plot) their intent upon the world.

So, for many a day and many a week, the seasons ran round; the boys coming home to make Noël gay, and to shoot with Crepel (the old game-keeper) in the woods; the Evreux shopmen and manufacturers reverencing or scorning, as their humors or interests led them, the occasional appearance of the pale Blanche, or of the fast young Parisians, in the narrow streets of their town.

The widow, true to old seignury traditions, accomplished punctually her little deeds of charity; the family-carriage made duly its appearance before the arched cathedral doors; pale Blanche, with her attendant Josephine, flitted here and there upon the river margin, or under the coppices of the park; and the Paris world (or your Western world) would never have known the name of Jеufosse, and the chateau never have been mentioned to travelers at Evreux, except for the story that is to come.

Madame Jеufosse wishing to establish an old friend in her neighborhood, had occasion to consult with a wealthy *propriétaire* of Evreux, who had control of certain cottages which lay near to the Chateau Jеufosse. This interview with the *propriétaire* led to acquaintance, and to intercourse with his family. We will call his name Guillot. Every body in the country about Evreux knew him as a gay, rich, good-natured braggart—short, fat, and jolly—ignoring church and church-service, spending his money freely, frightening all tradesmen who had pretty wives, a capital shot, a boon companion at dinner, recreant of all moral claims, managing—by dint of money and good-nature—to keep on even terms with the world, occasioning Madame Guillot many a heart-ache—the very type, indeed, of a godless, easy, polite, generous Frenchman, whose spiritual horizon was bounded by animal pleasures.

Madame Guillot was pretty, earnest, honest, and refined. So it happened that an intimacy grew up

between the families of Jeufosse and of the wealthy *propriétaire* of Evreux. The Guillots came to dine at the Chateau Jeufosse; Madame Jeufosse and Blanche and Josephine went, in their turn, to dine at the gay house of the Guillots.

The sons Jeufosse, Ernest and Albert, when they came up from Paris, joined Monsieur Guillot upon his hunting bouts, and together they ranged the woods which lay about the family chateau. But it happened that Monsieur Guillot, true to his instincts, conceived the idea of making a conquest of the pretty Josephine—not pretty, indeed, in face or in figure, but in a thousand coquettish ways, which piqued the pride of this French Lothario. So he laid his plans, and put them in execution. There were servitors of Jeufosse who had seen him snatch and kiss the hand of Mademoiselle Josephine in the shaded corridors of the chateau, and there were servants in the rich house of Guillot who could tell the same story of their merry master when the maiden came with her widowed mistress to dine with the wealthy bourgeois.

Perhaps Josephine made a romance of this stolen adoration to brooder upon the monotonous life of the country chateau; perhaps she was proud—as most women are—of a conquest in any quarter, and indulged her coquetry in multiplying humiliations for her victim; perhaps she made a joke of it with her friend Blanche, and they may have relieved their solitude with merry laughter at the ardent coxcomb. Certainly times had changed at the mouldy Chateau of Jeufosse; and the Parisian boys coming back to their Noël ranged through the preserves with the amorous Guillot, and the married lover made gifts of shot and powder to the taciturn gamekeeper Crepel.

There were staid country friends of the widow who gave her caution, and who advised her to give *congé* to the coquettish companion of her daughter, but the stately Madame Jeufosse neither sought counsel nor took counsel.

So matters stood, when suddenly—whether by reason of Josephine's coldness or Josephine's tiresome coquetry—the married lover transferred his attentions to the daughter, Blanche.

Bouquets were thrown into her window, bouquets were left for her upon the chapel steps, flowers were flung into her carriage. Only Blanche could tell whether these flowers were treasured or spurned; and Blanche said nothing.

But the mother snuffs the flowers of the unwise lover, and goes straightway to the house of Madame Guillot, and tells how their intercourse must end now; and Monsieur Guillot is no longer invited to the chateau.

But the rebuff only quickens the ardor of this dashing Lothario; he wanders into the park at night and blows blasts upon a hunter's horn, making a coarse serenade, at which the country-people laugh; and this good, easy Lothario invites them to the wine-shop, and drinks and laughs with them.

Poor Madame Guillot suffers these mad pranks of her husband silently. One of the Paris sons writes an insulting letter to Monsieur Guillot, which the devoted wife intercepts and will not deliver, fearing it may come to a duel. She forwards it, however, to a brother of the husband, who forthwith comes to Evreux, and consults with the lady and with friends of Madame Jeufosse. These together summon the guilty Lothario, and adjure him to forego his amorous pursuit of the pale Blanche. He admits his error, and promises reformation.

Still, however, the bouquets and the notes pass, and the horn is heard by night in the park. The matter is growing into standard topic of gossip, and poor Madame Jeufosse feels that a blight is fastening upon the character of the daughter.

Shall Lothario be challenged openly? Then the affair becomes a story for the world, and the daughter seems dishonored. But may not the mistress of the chateau defend her own? May she not drive interlopers from her park, though it be with powder and ball?

A friend of the widow puts the question cautiously, and in a way that shall not excite suspicion, to a high judicial officer of the Department, and the reply is in the spirit of the Common Law, that "a man's house is his castle."

Then Madame Jeufosse takes the silent gamekeeper, Crepel, into her confidence, and tells him that her chateau must be defended: if people come by night they must be warned away; and if they will not be warned away by words, there are the guns.

This warning is conveyed to Guillot, and Guillot laughs, and says, "Fire; then you will see that I am not your enemy."

Still the letters come, and the flowers for Blanche are on the chapel steps. Did Blanche receive them? Blanche is silent.

For a night, for two nights, Ernest, who has come up from Paris, watches in the wood with Crepel, but they hear nothing. Ernest returns to Paris, bidding Crepel have no fear, but fire upon the "hobgoblins." Even Madame Jeufosse watches late, encouraging Crepel to protect the honor of her family.

Guillot, however, is madly persistent: he comes upon a certain night to the park wall, and, leaving his servant without, enters alone. The gamekeeper, Crepel, hears his step, and follows him to a large chestnut-tree which grows near to the chateau. He sees him stoop to leave some love-token at the foot of the tree, and calls out to him; but no sooner has he called than he fires, and the man falls.

Crepel walks away to tell Madame Jeufosse what he has done.

The man meantime is dying under the tree. He calls out for his servant, "*Mon ami!* the cowards have killed me!"

The servant rushes in, and finds him bleeding profusely, and nearly dead. He goes to the chateau to ask for help, but the doors are all closed upon him. At length a maid-servant comes out with a glass of water, but before she has reached him Guillot is dead.

At morning the officers of justice come to remove the body. Crepel is seized, and carried away to prison; and, shortly after, Madame Jeufosse, and Ernest, and Albert, are indicted for their share in the killing of the victim.

Was Blanche privy to these night visits of the slain man? Did she stimulate this obstinate pursuit? Did Guillot really entertain a crazy passion for that thin, pale-faced girl of the chateau? Was the mother forced to this extreme measure for the defense of a daughter's fair name?

These are the questions which, for a month past, have been bandied about in all the *salons* of Paris, and these have made the Chateau of Jeufosse as famous as its former neighbor, the Chateau of Navarre.

The trial has come off since; you have read of it in your papers—how the ablest advocate of France

(before a jury), M. Berryer, plead for the family Jeufosse.

"Shall we slay the midnight robber," said he, "and take no arms in our hands to protect the sanctity of our homes from the approaches of those baser criminals who would violate the honor of our daughters?"

The jury said no, and there was a verdict of acquittal.

The friends of Crepel bore him away in triumph. Madame Jeufosse and family were attended by the sympathies that were quickened, if not born, under the eloquent appeal of M. Berryer.

—All which demonstrates that in France, as every where else, there are social crimes which, if laws do not touch, men's hands (warmed by their hearts) will.

Poor Blanche, meantime, though she be white as her name, is fallen heir to a great blight of scandal, spread all over the Continent; and whether she wander by the margin of the Norman river, or take on the flush of Paris *salon* life, there will be unforgiving fingers pointed at her, never to be laid until the Great Spoiler makes her ravishment certain.

NEXT to this, on our score of Foreign Gossip, counts the affair of Chapuya-Montlaville. Has it reached you yet?

No?

Well, listen again, and we will tell you of it.

Chapuya-Montlaville is an honored name down by Lyons; it is borne by a Senator, who is a severe, stiff, pretentious man, of large fortune, and by reason of it, of large influence. He has a son, who, not long ago, conceived a passion for a beautiful daughter of a druggist of St. Etienne. Contrary to the father's wishes, he married the object of his love, and for a year or two they lived together—if not happily, with no noise of their unhappiness.

Of course it was absurd that a son of an Imperial Senator should remain stupidly faithful to a wife who was only daughter of a druggist. And he launched into all sorts of infidelities, so gross in their excess that the wife left him, and went home to her father of St. Etienne, carrying with her her only child. There she buried her griefs, or forgot them in lavishing caresses upon her first-born.

But to the stately Senator it seemed very absurd that his grandson, bearing the distinguished name of Chapuya-Montlaville, should grow up in the atmosphere of drugs: so he plotted with the police (as, being Senator, he could) for the recovery of his grandson. The mother was decoyed away, the child seized—borne off by the grandfather; but the mother's wail echoed, and re-echoed by the voices of ten thousand neighbors of St. Etienne, reached the Imperial ears. Warm-hearted Eugénie (if report be true), fired with the wrong to her sex, insisted upon the restoration of the child.

And the order went out from the palace to discharge all the offending Imperial officers, and to the Senator that he must give back the child.

The mother went to receive it from the hands of the reluctant grandparent, and returned to her home in a triumph, made noisy by a thousand of the brave *prolétaires* of St. Etienne.

And by this siding with the impulses of a mother's heart, as opposed to the pride and dignity of the distinguished Chapuya-Montlavilles, the astute Emperor has won ten thousand friends, in place of one Senator whom he loses.

And while we are talking of judicial matters in France, let us take note of a circumstance growing out of the recent Lemaire trials and convictions. Six or seven prisoners (if you remember) were indicted in a body, of whom not less than four for murder. Three, we believe, were sentenced to the guillotine, two to hard labor for life, and the others to imprisonment for varying periods. The conduct and bearing of certain ones among the condemned were much remarked upon; there was a cool avowal of crime, and utter recklessness of issues in one; in another, a consummate parrying of every charge, and an impudent pretense of honesty which imposed upon half the audience. Throngs came to be present at the trial, and an enterprising publisher of Amiens (where the parties now lie in prison) has issued portraits of the criminals. These, for a time, hung in his shop-window; but the police, under the orders of the Imperial Court, has made seizure of them, and forbid further publication. The scandal could not be tolerated; it *impaired the aims of justice, in diminishing the shame of punishment.*

How so? you ask: and French justice replies, It makes renown of what should be only infamy. Is this false reasoning, or is it good reasoning?

When the Italian refugee fired upon the Emperor some three years gone, his trial was hurried, and his execution almost secret, in order that the wretched man might not feed his vanity with the odor of a long public gossip, or the *empressement* of a throng to witness his punishment.

For kindred reasons, the pictures of Lemaire and Company have been destroyed.

Do not quiet and silence quicken the efficacy of punishment? Did not the miserable two hours' harangue of Donnelly take away from the solemn lesson of his death?

One more mention of crime, and we pass on. But this time it is of crime which is saved from the name of crime by the stamp of honor; deliberate slaughter, which is not murder: we mean, a duel. A Neapolitan Count and a French Captain are at a public ball of Paris; a ball so public that no man ever dances at them with any woman he would venture to salute when in company with his wife or sister. At such a ball, a Neapolitan Count, either purposely or accidentally, treads upon the foot of a dancing-girl who is the partner of a French Captain. Our French Captain remarks petulantly upon the *mal-adresse* of the Neapolitan; the Southern blood kindles, and the Count retorts; there is a strong French counter-retort, and a challenge passes.

The French Captain has already slain his man, and lays himself open to no charge of cowardice, in volunteering (as he does next morning) an apology; but the Count demands, in addition, a written retraction. This the French pride refuses, and the battle comes off with the pointed swords of Italy. They were the Count's own weapons, but he is pierced through the heart.

The affair is settled thus: the Captain, who does not allow a lady upon his arm, even in the Paris balls, to be treated so slightly as he would treat her on the street, has killed his man to prove it—as if so large proof were needed!

And the Count, who does not bear hasty language, indeed who *will* not, has fought to prove it, and has proved it. Henceforth, let no man address him insult; or, rather, the vilest may insult him now, or his memory—throw dice, for the dance hand of his partner, upon his tomb! It is the old

story: the jackal barks at the hyena, and the hyena straightway eats off the head of the jackal.

We said we would pass on: whither shall we pass?

Have you some day missed your *Courier* or your *Times* at breakfast, and bemoaned your want? and has your ire risen against some thievish street-boy who has made robbery of your news? And suppose you send in to borrow a neighbor's, and find that is gone, too! The carriers are perhaps derelict, and you make your way to the publishing office, but there is no paper. Stopped—stopped by order of Government. The ponderous engine at rest, the printers hanging idly about the corners.

Have you ever conceived what it is for a great journal to be suddenly suppressed? Five hundred men cut short of employment in a day; fifty thousand angered by vain expectation; five hundred thousand lending their eager comment; all this we had not long ago in the suspension of *La Presse*. There was a special petition on behalf of the poor printers and their families, and rumor said, Madame Dudevant contributed a pathetic appeal in their favor, but the decree remained.

It is not a little odd, moreover, that M. Peyrat, the gentleman whose article was the occasion of the suppression, is by no means of the advance school of Republicans; not enough so, as would seem, to secure the full favor and the votes of those who named the General Cavaignac as their legislative candidate.

And with this mention of papers and of the *Presse*, comes up again that always buoyant name in Paris—Emile de Girardin. He has been writing for the *Courrier de Paris*, proposing some impracticable scheme for a Constitutional opposition to the Imperial administration; accused of vesting money in the *Courrier*, and seeking, in virtue of his old renown, to draw away those *Presse* patrons who now miss their daily political pabulum; accused yet again of complicity with the Government, and an attempt to divert attention from grander issues by riveting notice to this myth of a Constitutional opposition. But through it all, and in spite of it all, managings with that ready pen of his and teeming brain to mystify the public and win his readers to admiration. No Frenchman but will boast of his cleverness, but those who call him honest may be counted.

His play of the *Fille du Millionnaire* is presently to be submitted to public judgment on the boards of the Vaudeville. Meantime, a private audience at his palatial hotel upon the Champs Elysées is being delighted, *on dû*, with the rehearsal of another play under title of *La Malheur d'être Belle*. Not, however, credited (is this last) to the ex-journalist, but to the pretty young bride which his wealth and distinction have latterly won him from a titled race. If Madame Girardin Second has indeed essayed the writing of a comedy, she has exposed herself to a comparison (with the first Madame de Girardin) which can hardly fail to dwarf her pretensions. She has, however, the advantage of being full of her subject; and if it be a misfortune to be pretty, Madame de Girardin is the very person to tell us about it.

While upon plays, let us mention further the recent revival at the Français, of the story of Chatterton—an elegant work of De Vigny's. The story is old, and every one knows it: a sensitive boy of genius, growing maddened because the world did not rate him so high as he rated himself.

The revival of the performance was a just compliment to the Count de Vigny, but money-wise it was a failure. It drew full houses once; but we live in days when romantic boys of eighteen can not move the world to a wail, chant they ever so wisely. Great effects follow only now upon the great, and constant, and well-sustained vigor of half a lifetime. Therefore, when a troubadour cuts his throat because his prettinesses are not sought after, the world shrugs its shoulders and says "Pity!" and nothing more.

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer, a very sensible man, takes an economical view of the subject that had never occurred to the editor. Our friend says:

"The Drawer is the first part of the Magazine that is opened, as from month to month it makes its appearance. Its anecdotes have, I doubt not, more than once saved the necessity of medicine, for there is health as well as happiness in mirth; and mirth of the right kind is, both morally and physically, a blessing."

He has hit the nail on the head. It is only mirth "of the right kind" that a wise man would recommend, and that is the only kind that the Drawer aims at administering.

A Western correspondent writes of the Magazine: "Every body here loves, reads, and praises *Harper* but the Fourierites and Mormons!" Well done for us! We shall think better of ourselves for all time; and hope never to have more friends than now among the Fourierites or Mormons.

A correspondent in a distant State writes an able and very respectful letter, suggesting that all anecdotes reflecting upon the follies and foibles of the pulpit should be suppressed. To this we have two objections: First, the Clergy themselves are the most prolific contributors of the pulpit anecdotes with which the Drawer is so often enlivened. No class of men enjoy a good story more than accomplished Christian scholars, and to them we are largely indebted for the many amusing incidents that we so freely spread before our readers. In the second place, as preachers say, a joke in the pulpit is as much out of place and out of character as at a funeral. When a man turns the church into a play-house and by his ignorance becomes a buffoon, or by his irreverence perpetrates folly when he ought to be handling serious themes in a serious manner, it is a part of every honest man's duty to punish the impertinence. We would hold up his folly to the censure of the public, and make fun of him, not of the pulpit. Finally, there are frequent flashes of wit, or constitutional eccentricities of character, displaying themselves often in the sacred desk, which may be read and enjoyed with no fear of their hurting a hair of the head of the least of all our million readers. The Rev. Mr. Sprague has made two or three large volumes of clerical biographies, and the most entertaining pages in the books are those that reflect the wit of the New England divines. Nobody finds fault with the reverend author for collecting and repeating these anecdotes. The more the better. There was the Rev. Dr. Strong of Hartford, one of the most godly men of the last generation, of whom the Drawer has once had the story, that on a certain occasion, when a Union meeting was held in his church, he called out—

"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you come this way
And pray?"

Now Dr. Strong could not help it. Such things would fly out of his mouth when he opened it, and his people knew him too well to be offended, or to think less of him for his pleasantry.

But this is very widely different from treating serious things with levity. There is a time and place for all things. The best part of a man is the serious; the only element in man of any great account is the serious. To laugh is one of the duties and pleasures of life, but it is only a wee bit of life that can be given up to laughter. Here, in the close of our Magazine, we give five or six leaves to the amusement of the reader. Those who are opposed to the institution of laughing can leave these leaves uncut, or cut them out before reading the number. Especially do we commend this excissory process to those who fear that the young folks will hurt themselves over the Drawer. But if a line should be seen in the Drawer, or in any other page of this Magazine, that may justly grieve the heart of the good, or tinge the cheek of the modest, or weaken the reverence of the young for the sacred and the pure, may the hand that wrote the line forget its cunning! And now, having made these words explanatory, let us try on a few of the best that the Drawer is splitting with.

THE same correspondent, whose letter introduced these preliminary remarks, goes on to say—"The Rev. Mr. Martin of Bellington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was also somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land-speculations in Maine, several of his prominent parishioners and church-members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it in his sermons. One evening, at his regular weekly prayer-meeting, he noticed that several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once they were gone to Bangor to attend a great land sale. After a hymn had been sung, he said,

"Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?"

"Some one spoke up and said, 'He is gone to Bangor.'

"Mr. Martin, not disconcerted in the least, called out,

"Deacon Barber, will you lead us in prayer?"

"He has gone to Bangor,' another answered.

"Again the pastor asked,

"Squire Clarke, will you pray?"

"The 'Squire has gone to Bangor,' said some one; and Mr. Martin being now satisfied, looked around upon the little assembly as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar request, and very quietly said,

"The choir will sing BANGOR, and then we will dismiss the meeting!"

VIRGINIA sends to the Drawer the following impromptu rhyme, said to have been made in meeting time:

"It was at a prayer-meeting, when, the chorister being absent, the presiding elder, whose name was Jeeter, called upon one of the deacons and said, after reading a hymn,

"Brother Moon,
Will you raise a tune?"

"The deacon lifted up his voice, but instead of singing at once, he inquired,

"Brother Jeeter,
What's the metre?"

"This being satisfactorily answered, Deacon Moon pitched the tune."

A MONTREAL correspondent of the Drawer says that he reads a sign in one of the streets of that city in these words: "Fresh eggs laid here every morning by Betty Briggs."

A GENUINE touch of woman nature, as well as human nature, pervades the following from a correspondent in Detroit:

"A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way-station the old gentleman stepped out of the cars to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house and see the train moving off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, and looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop as it swept farther and farther away, she exclaimed:

"There! my old man's got left! he has!! there, see he has!!! Wa'll, she continued, settling back into her seat again, 'I'm glad on't—it's always been 'Mammy, you'll get left! mammy, you'll get left!' all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad on't."

"Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man and not herself that was left, was greeted by a round of laughing applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old *man* and not the woman who had 'caught it' this time. For once, the lord and not the lady had made the blunder, and 'gone and got left.'"

OLD MARBLEHEAD, on the Eastern shore, sends its contribution to the Drawer, and, very fittingly, it has a smack of the sea.

"It was on a fishing-smack off the coast: the vessel had been recently refitted, painted, and cleaned, and a jolly crew were out on a pleasure cruise. In the midst of the chowder-eating and the grog-bruising a storm was brewing, and presently one of the old salts, as he took a swig by 'word of mouth' from the jug, passed it to the next man, and remarked, 'It thunders.' 'Yes,' says the other as he took the jug, 'and it *lightens* too,' as he tipped it nearly bottom upward before he could get a drop."

WE had heard of Judge Dooly, of Georgia, before we received the following letter from a Mississippian. Indeed we believe the Judge has been drawn in the Drawer already, and will be there again. Our friend writes:

"Judge Dooly was a man of undoubted bravery as well as waggery. Once on a time he had the misfortune to offend Judge White, who wore one cork leg, and challenged Judge Dooly to mortal combat. The two judges met on the field at the

hour appointed, but Dooly was alone. White sent to ask where his second was? To this Judge Dooly replied, 'He has gone to the woods for a bit of a hollow tree to put one of my legs in, that we may be even.'

"The answer was too much for his opponent; he turned on the only heel he had, and left the field."

ANOTHER correspondent sends us yet another of the same Judge's oddities:

"Judge Dooly was presiding at Court in Washington County, Georgia, when General Hanson, a great blower, seated himself by the side of the Judge, and commenced giving him an account of his various pieces of property, to impress the Judge with an idea of his great wealth.

"Stop a moment," said the Judge. "Mr. Sheriff, call in John Jones, the Receiver of Tax Returns."

"Jones soon made his appearance.

"Mr. Receiver," continued the Judge, "come up here and make an inventory of General Hanson's property. He has mistaken you for me."

"The General reserved the remainder of his statement for another opportunity."

If General Barnes was not possessed of very superior legal attainments, yet, as a lawyer, he had the happy faculty of impressing his clients that justice and law were with them in all cases. We have a handsome illustration of this talent of the General, in a letter from a friend:

"A rough countryman walked into the office of General Barnes one day, and began his application:

"General Barnes, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had a fine spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below him was to build a dam across a creek running through both their farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"Sue him, Sir, sue him by all means," said the General, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his client's wrongs. "You can recover heavy damages, Sir. It is a most flagrant injury he has done you, Sir, and the law will make him pay well for it, Sir. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him; and if he hasn't a good deal of property it will break him up, Sir."

"But stop, General," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice, "it's me that built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he's threatening to sue me."

"The keen lawyer hesitated but a moment before he tacked ship and kept on:

"Ah! Well, Sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was that, Sir?"

"It was a mill-dam."

"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?"

"Yes, it was just that."

"And it is a good neighborhood mill, is it?"

"So it is, Sir; you may well say so."

"And all your neighbors bring their grain there to be ground, do they?"

"Yes, Sir, all but Jones."

"Then it's a great public convenience, is it not?"

"To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It's so far to any other mill, Sir."

"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that that man Jones is complaining just because the water from your dam happens to back up into his little spring, and he is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it, as sure as my name is Barnes."

WHO has forgotten the emotions inspired by the first kiss? Pierce Pungent has exhausted himself in a vain attempt to describe what may be remembered, but can not and should not be told. He says:

"We never believed Pope's line,

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain,"

till we once accidentally got a kiss awarded to us at a game of forfeits, some fifty years ago. *Eheu! fugaces!* The fair one in question was the secret idol of our soul. Oh, those cerulean eyes! those flowing silken tresses! that exquisite waist, which seemed the isthmus of earth and heaven—the Panama which divided the North America of her intellect from the Southern Continent of her luxuriant charms—how we longed to make our arms the only railroad of that region, pouring the wild Atlantic of our passionate desires into the calm Pacific of enjoyment! But we must tear ourself away from our geography and return to our mutton, or, rather, our lamb, for our heart's worship was only eighteen cents a pound—confound the butchers! the high price of meat has confused our notions—we mean, she was only eighteen years of age. When we found ourself entitled to a kiss by the sacred game of forfeits, the keenness of the rapture almost grew into a toothache. A kiss seemed more than we could manage; it grew into Titanic dimensions. We had a vague notion of asking the company to help us out by sharing our bliss, as the school-boy who, when he hears of his two hundred pound cake being on the road, promises all his comrades a slice, but when it arrives he keeps it all to himself!

"A kiss from Mary! and all to our own cheek! Oh! and then the blushing shame of a first love, vulgarly called calf, came over us, and we stood looking at our Mary's lips as a thief does at the gallows! Oh! those sunny eyes! Oh! those luxuriant tresses! as she shook them off her radiant face, as a dove shakes her feathers and a dog his hide, in order to leave more cheek to kiss! Oh! those provoking lips, puffed up ready, like the peak of Teneriffe, to catch the first kiss of love, that rosy light from heaven! Oh! that circling dimple, couched in her cheek like laughing wile! And oh! that moment when she said, 'Well, if Cousin Pierce won't kiss me, I'll kiss him!' She stooped down—my sight grew dim—my heart beat fast, as though I had swallowed a dose of Prussic acid; her lips touched mine; the world slid away, as it does when we soar in a balloon; and we were carried away into a calm delirium, which has never altogether left us."

PERHAPS there is not in the range of fulfilled prophecy a more striking instance than that which Mr. Prime brings to view in his "TEXT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND," from which we take the following beautiful passage:

"The force of God's promise to his faithful servant came over me with a power and beauty I had

never before experienced, as I looked up again at the same stars that Abraham saw when God bade him look on them and see the number of his children.

"Four thousand years have passed since that promise was made on the plains of Mamre, and it has been long since fulfilled. The children of Abraham, a host more than any man can number, having suffered captivity in Egypt, and wandered through the wilderness of Expiation, possessed the land of that promise, built in it gorgeous cities, and the temple which God disdained not to occupy with his visible presence, offered sacrifices for centuries on the high altar of Isaac's offering, and then were swept away on the wind, like the smoke of their own incense. The song of their temple ceased to be heard, except in the mournful echoes of the tombs of Jehoshaphat. The smoke of the daily sacrifice ceased to ascend, but gathered and hung in a gloomy cloud over the holy hill, invisible to mortal eyes, indeed, but visible to immortal, as the evidence of the accomplished vengeance of God.

"They offered their last great sacrifice on Calvary, crucified their Lord, and invoked the curse of his blood on themselves and their children. Then, the promise to Abraham totally and forever forfeited, they were scattered over the face of the earth, persecuted, driven up and down the highways and byways of life, among all people, until the name of Abraham became a reproach among men, and Israel the scoff of every nation. The descendants of the barbarian inhabited the land, and then the children of Ishmael and of Esau returned to possess it, and the blessing of Isaac on his nobler son—'By thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother, and it shall come to pass, when thou shalt have the dominion, thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck'—was fulfilled, and the birthright which Israel bought for a mess of pottage, and sold again to the nations of the earth for old garments to conceal his nakedness and shame, Esau retook by his sword, and possesses unto this day.

"High over all in the serene sky the stars that heard the promise, and were indeed the letters of light in which it was written, remain calm, and cold, and unchanged, above the valley of Hebron, as calm and cold to-night, above my head, as when their rays fell on the white tents of Abraham, and the laughing eyes of the incredulous Sarah."

"A PARTY of us," writes a correspondent, "went to Rockaway last summer. Mr. M'Kinnon, who was at the head of our party, was not in the habit of loitering at the dinner-table, but taking some fruit in his hand, would leisurely eat it on the piazza of the hotel. One day he took a few raisins, and, while eating them, an urchin of seven or eight ventured, 'Please, Sir, give me some raisins?'

"'Certainly,' said M'K.; 'but I have so few you had better go to the head-waiter, and he will give you some.'

"'No, he won't, Sir; not one.'

"'Go and try, and if he don't give you some, bone him!'

"'I never boned a man in my life,' said the boy, 'and wouldn't for a dollar.'

"Mr. M'K., being struck with the boy's manner, went and procured him a goodly supply of raisins, etc., on a plate, and the little fellow collected his youthful compeers around him, and all joined in the feast. Having finished the repast, the plate

must be returned, and the dinner being over the dining-room door was locked, and how to get rid of the plate was the question. Our hopeful youth, encouraged by his former success, walks up to M'K. and says:

"'Please, Sir, to knock at the dining-room door, and make the waiter take the plate, Sir.'

"'Yes; but suppose he won't take it from me?' asked M'Kinnon.

"'Well, if he don't,' said the boy, 'bone him, Sir, bone him.'

"Mr. M'Kinnon took the plate, called the matter square, and says, if that boy lives to be nominated for the Presidency, he means to vote for him."

LISTEN to the OLD BACHELOR on the return of the last New-Year's Day:

"Oh the spring hath less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer blossoms quicken,
Nor does autumn's fruitage thicken
As it did—the seasons sicken
Every year.

"It is growing colder, colder,
Every year,
And I feel that I am older
Every year;
And my limbs are less elastic,
And my fancy not so plastic—
Yes, my habits grow monastic
Every year.

"'Tis becoming bleak and bleaker
Every year,
And my hopes are waxing weaker,
Every year;
Care I now for merry dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing?
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

"Oh, the days I have squander'd
Every year,
And the friendships rudely sunder'd
Every year!

Of the ties that might have twined me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year."

A NEW JERSEY Justice of the Peace was traveling with a friend in the western part of Ohio, and finally came into quite an unsettled region. Late in the day the two travelers reached a cabin, where they asked for supper and lodgings. The old man was away, and the old woman promptly refused, but the grown-up daughter put in a good word for the good-looking men, and her mother finally consented. After supper, as they were all sitting before the fire, the old woman began the talk:

"I s'pose, strangers, you're from Connekticut, or some such Yankee place?"

"Oh no, ma'am," said the Justice, "we are not Yankees by any means."

"Well, where did you come from then?"

"We are from New Jersey, madam."

"Oh, goody Landy!" said the old woman, "worse yet!"

THE lively writer who sends the two or three that are next in order will always be welcome. He furnishes a "treating" bill at an Irish election

to an Irish baronet, whose successor attests this as a "good bill."

HIS
MARK.

"MY BILL, BRYAN GARRITY, X

"To ating (eating) 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks, at three shillings and thruppence a head, is to me £3 12 0

"To ating 16 more (?) below stairs, and two priests after supper, is to me 1 15 0

"To six beds in one room and four in another, at two guineas every bed, and not more than four in any one bed at any time; cheap enuff the Lord knows! is to me 23 15 0

"To eighteen horses and 5 mewles, at thirteen pence every one of them; and for a man which was lost (?) on the head of watching them all night, is to me 5 5 0

"For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess, is to me 4 12 8

"To raw whiskey and punch, without talking of pipes or tobacco as well as for porter; and as well as for breaking the potatoe-pot and other glasses (?) and delf, for the first day and night, I am not very sure [conscientious fellow] but for three days and a half, as little as I can call it, and to be very exact (?) it is in all or thereabouts, as nearly as I can guess, and not to be too particular, is to me at the least... 79 15 0

["Sir Marks," whoever he was, can not have resisted payment of this last item at any rate, after so many careful reservations put around to make it safe. But we have not by any means got to the end of the account.]

"For shaving and cropping off the heads (!) of 49 freeholders for Sir Marks [not stated, by-the-way, whether for dinner or for supper], at thirteen pence every head of them, by my brother who has a Vote (vote), is to me..... 2 13 0

"For a womit [w in place of a v] and nurse for poor Tim Kiernan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected (i.e. not expected to live), is to me ten hog (Anglice).... 0 10 10

"Signed in place of Jemmy Curr's wife (!)

HIS
MARK.

"BRYAN X GARRITY.

"Sum of the total (otherwise total of the hull):

£ s. d.
2 12 00
1 15 09
23 15 00
5 05 00
4 12 00
79 15 00 (!)
2 13 01 (!)
00 10 10
110 18 10

"NOTE.—I don't talk of the piper for keeping him sober so long as he was so [another most prudent reservation], this is to me £0 0 0!"

A METHODIST brother—not a bishop as yet, but "superintending" the churches of one of the widest Districts in this country—writes to the Drawer the following incident, which we print, not to laugh at, but as a striking exhibition of *feeling good* as well as good feeling:

"While superintending a camp-meeting in Scott County, Virginia, there was a dear old sister, noted in that county for her piety, who became very much attached to me, and every morning she came to the preacher's tent with a bag of peaches, and often with other tokens of her kind regard. Just before the meeting was to close she presented herself, and after giving me the fruit and charging me to eat it all myself, she said:

"I'm going to take my seat over there by Brother Smith's tent, where I can see you good

and have plenty of room to shout and praise the Lord."

"When the service began there sat the old woman. I began by reading the well-known hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

"Ere I had finished the hymn every eye in the vast audience was filled with tears; and as the leader was about to raise the tune, the old sister arose from her seat, and slapping her hands, cried out at the top of her voice:

"God Almighty bless your pretty sweet little soul! Just read dat hymn over one more time like yer did just now."

"The effect was tremendous on the whole assembly. They were quite as ready to laugh as they had been to cry a moment before, and it was some time before I could control myself enough to tell the leader to sing."

An attentive reader of the Drawer requests us to print a capital thing that was said by Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, in Congress:

"During the debate on the Tariff, in 1823, an amendment was offered to increase the duty on molasses ten cents per gallon, being an increase of a hundred per cent. *ad valorem*. Its object was to choke off the Northern members, and indirectly to kill the bill. The moment the amendment was announced by the chairman, in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Burgess, of Rhode Island, arose and implored the mover to withdraw it. He showed its effects upon the trade between the Eastern States and the adjacent islands, in timber, and the return cargoes of molasses, which was the daily food of the poor. His speech was short, and to the point. As he took his seat Henry Daniel, of Kentucky, sprang to his feet, and roared out at the top of his voice: 'Mr. Speaker, let the constituents of the gentleman from Rhode Island sop their bread only on one side in molasses, and they will pay the same duties they do now.' Mr. Bartlett, of New Hampshire, here remarked, 'Now look out for Tristram; Harry will catch it.' Mr. Burgess arose, with fire beaming from his countenance, and addressed the chair. 'The relief proposed by the gentleman from Kentucky is but adding insult to injury. Does not that gentleman know that established habit becomes second nature, and that all laws are cruel and oppressive that strike at the innocent habits of the people? To illustrate: What would the gentleman think of me if I should offer an amendment that neither himself nor his constituent shall hereafter have more than a pint of whiskey for breakfast instead of a quart? Does he not know that the disposition of all animals partakes, in a greater or less degree, of the food on which they are fed? The horse is noble, kind, and grateful; he is fed on grain and grass. The bear (looking at Daniel, who was a heavy, short man, dressed in a blue coat with a velvet collar) will eat hog and raw hominy. You may domesticate him, dress him in a blue coat with a velvet collar, and learn him to stand erect, and to imitate the human voice, as some showmen have done, but examine him closely, Sir (looking at Daniel some seconds), you will discover he is the bear still. The gentleman told us, in a speech some days ago, that his district produced large numbers of jackasses, hogs, and mules. No stronger proof of the truth of his statements can be given than a look at its representative. I ask the gentleman to keep this extra duty off molasses, and commence its use among his

constituents, and as feeble as our hold upon life is, Mr. Chairman, a man may yet, before we die, be permitted to go to his grave with two eyes in his head in the gentleman's district.' Daniel wilted under the sarcasm, and few members afterward felt disposed to arouse the eminent son of Rhode Island."

A LADY in the South writes that a friend of hers was conversing with a conceited fellow, who was himself enough of a blockhead for two. He was speaking of a common acquaintance of theirs, and wound up his very unfavorable opinion of the person in question by calling him "a conceited blockhead."

"Well, Sir," replied the lady, "I do not know any one better qualified to judge of the subject than yourself."

The fellow accepted the remark as a compliment to his superior discernment, and smiled his grateful acknowledgments.

AND the same lady correspondent pays the following tribute to "the Poet:"

Every perfumed thought that came
From the Poet's silent heart,
Shall in other days impart
Grateful incense to his name.
And the seeds of truth he leaves
On the seeming barren ground,
Shall in other days be bound
Into golden harvest sheaves.

THE bar and the pulpit have furnished no small amount of admirable material for the Drawer, but the medical gentlemen are very sparing of their favors. Probably the doctors rarely see any thing to laugh at. Then let us have the other side of the picture. The serious is the better part of man. Laughter is but the flower of life; to be seriously cheerful and cheerfully serious is the true way to live.

Now and then one of the doctors comes with a humorous reminiscence of his profession, or a sketch of something that has just happened, and which he must tell or burst. Listen:

"One of my patients is a genuine hypochondriac. One of his hallucinations has been that Bonaparte is seeking him to take his life, and that a detachment of the Guard is around his house, ready to pitch into him if he stirs out. The other day he sent for me in great haste. I was soon in his chamber, and found him writhing in great agony. He had been eating a hearty dinner, and an attack of dyspepsia was on him of the worst kind.

"Well, what's the matter now, my dear Sir?" I said; 'has Bonaparte been here?'

"No! oh no, Doctor! a thousand times worse! I've swallowed the Twelve Apostles!"

"Is it possible?" I replied. "That is dreadful, to be sure, but not so bad as if Bonaparte and his men had gone down, for they carried fire-arms, and would have blown you up in no time! But the Apostles had only spears. I suppose you feel them prick occasionally?"

"Oh dear, yes! There! what an awful lunge right there! That's Judas; I know it is! What a terrible fellow he is!"

"I'll fix them! I'll bring them all up in five minutes," said I. And preparing a strong emetic, darkened the room, gave him the dose, and as soon as it took effect I struck my cane heavily on the

floor with every cascade, crying out with each: 'There comes Peter! there comes John! that's Judas!' till the round dozen were cast up; when I ordered them all out of the room, and shut the door. The patient—exhausted, indeed, but relieved—fell asleep, and awakened with a full conviction that the Twelve had departed.

"He will not swallow the Apostles again, until he takes them as dessert after overfeeding."

AN ardent admirer writes that he was completely *carried away* by the Drawer for last month. Some one must have brought him back, for he is on hand, and sends the following very timely reproof of a practice which, like stealing umbrellas, is becoming a little too common in this community:

"The Rev. Mr. Peters, of Tennessee, was preaching, and, having a large gift of continuance, was somewhat protracted in his discourse. Several of his hearers left in the midst of the sermon. One young man was on his way to the door when Mr. Peters pointed his long finger at him, and said, 'Brethren, that young man has just as good a right to go out as any one.' It is needless to say that he was the last deserter.

"At another time, while Mr. Peters was preaching, a young man started to leave the house, and making some noise as he went, Mr. Peters paused, and said,

"I will finish my discourse when that young man gets out."

"The fellow very coolly took his seat, and said, 'Then it will be some time before you get through!'

"The preacher, however, was up to him; and remarking, 'A bad promise is better broken than kept,' went on with his sermon."

THIS reminds us of an old pulpit anecdote attributed to Rowland Hill. Two strangers passing the church in which he was preaching, entered, walked up the aisle, and finding no seat, stood for a while and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out. Before they reached the door the preacher said—"But I will tell you a story."

This arrested the strangers, and they paused, turned again, and listened.

"Once there was a man," said the speaker, "who said that if he had all the axes in the world made into one great axe, and all the trees in the world were made into one great tree, and he could wield the axe and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whip to thresh those ungodly men who turn their backs upon the Gospel, and stop to hear a story."

The strangers thought they had heard enough to satisfy their curiosity, and resumed their walk in the street.

For these four, and one more, we are indebted to a St. Louis correspondent, whose very name is suggestive, and who has promised to come and see us again.

"In the Borough of H—, some years since, Pool was prosecuting-attorney, and Jake Wentz court-crier. The former was a fellow of 'infinite jest,' the latter a thick-set, moon-faced Dutchman, who held his head a-one-side, but had a voice that rang through the court-house, to be heard a square off. Alexander Watson, one of the best-hearted men alive, but modest to a fault, was one day in

the midst of a large audience in the court-room, listlessly looking on. Now Pool and Watson belonged to the same volunteer corps—the Guards—and were fast friends. A liberty may be taken with one's friend; so, in a pause of the buzz, while the Judge was arranging some instructions to the Jury, Pool, in a quiet tone, said to Wentz (perched, as usual, in his box),

"Crier, call Alexander Watson."

"Jake raised himself, his eyes thrown toward the ceiling, his chin drawn down to his left shoulder, and sung out,

"Alexander Watson! Alexander Watson!! Alexander Watson!!!"

"Blank dismay was in the countenance of the party thus unexpectedly summoned; his portly form soon made way through the crowd; and, blushing scarlet, he leaned toward the attorney to know his wishes. Pool's serious face was inclined forward.

"Alick," said he, in a whisper, 'I want you to tell the truth.'

"Well—yes—you know I will."

"Then tell me, Alick, have you now any tobacco about you?"

"Why, yes—I have," began the surprised citizen.

"Then give me a chew," said the attorney, at the same time giving Wentz the sign to dismiss a witness.

"Alexander Watson, you are discharged the court!" roared the crier. And, long after, much of the fun in the borough arose out of Alick Watson's surprise, and Pool's novel mode of raising tobacco while engaged in a case."

"In the same good old borough a State Military Convention once met, in mid-summer; and the chiefs of our bold militia, swathed to the neck in padded broadcloth, and covered with brass buttons, were seen on the streets in all directions. About the court-house, where the principal nest of lawyers was, several of these gentry sat in the shade, making their comments on the defenders of the country, whose appearance, considering the temperature, was ludicrous enough. B—— was a member of the bar whose conversation sometimes outran his ideas, and whose facts were at times not a little confused. 'Look'e there, fellows!' said he, 'look at Colonel Fritz, of Schuylkill! Jerusalem, but he's dressed! And that sword—it looks as fine as the one the *Emperor of Tuscany* sent to the President!—but only look how proud he walks! But it's rather warm to have that big *chateau* on his head!' Of course a roar of laughter followed this speech, and B—— was happy in the belief that he must have said a particularly good thing."

"OLD CHESTER (in the same borough), a portly 'colored person,' kept an oyster-saloon near the court-house. Bill Stanley, a dilapidated part of one of the first families, one evening had a stew and a mug of ale, but unfortunately had not means equal to his desire to pay the score.

"Chester," said he, 'just mind this quarter's worth, won't you?'

"Can't mind—can't mind, no way!"

"Can't mind, Chester? Bless your old soul! nothing easier, except to forget. But I tell you, Chester, I can mind things I read when I was a boy, and I'll recite you now part of Scott's poems. Listen!"

"Then, as old Chester's eyes were enlarging with astonishment,

"Yes, you old sinner! listen:

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"

As he disappeared through the door—"Charge, Chester, charge!"

"Jis' look dare now—all dem bowl soup gone clar! and tells ole Chester 'charge,' as ef dat bring back dat soup and dat ale! Fore de Lor' I gibe up dis business next winter, sure!"

"An old Dutch tavern-keeper at the lower end of the 'borough' had his third wife, and being asked his views of matrimony, replied, 'Vell den, you see, de first times I marries for love—dat wash goot; den I marries for peauty—dat wash goot too, apout as goot as de first; but dis time I marries for money—and dis is petter as poth!' Old Cooney took a practical view of things."

JUDGE HEWIT was on the bench in the Western District of this State, and Colonel Billings was trying a case before him. The Judge overruled so many of the exceptions of the lawyer that Billings got out of patience, and spoke so severely that the Judge at last demanded, in a voice of thunder:

"What does the counsel suppose I am here for?"

Colonel Billings looked sadly disconcerted, scratched his head, thought a moment, and at last, with a bland smile on his face, replied,

"I confess your honor has got me now."

THE Rev. Dr. Manton, Rector of St. Asaph's parish, in one of the rural districts adjacent to this city, had a man-of-all-work on his farm by the name of Ned—a capital fellow when he was sober, and only now and then would he go off on a spree. One of these nows and thens had been unusually protracted. When he finally returned home sober, the Doctor asked him why he had staid away so long.

"Ah! Dominie," replied Ned, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I've been an extensive traveler since I saw you; I've been in seven different States."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor; "and which were they, Ned?"

"Why first, Dominie, when I left I went over into the State of New Jersey; then into a high state of excitement; next into a state of don't-care-a-bit-for-any-thing-ativeness; then into a state of abject misery; then into a state of utter destitution; then into a state of helpless drunkenness; and I must candidly admit, Dominie, I was, for the major portion of the time, in a fuddled state."

The Dominie told him that a state of repentance was the one into which he had better go without delay, or he would find his last state worse than any he had been in yet.

At another time, Ned was raking hay in the field; the sky was overcast, and there was every appearance of a shower.

"Come, hurry up, Ned!" said the Doctor; "we are going to have rain."

Ned stopped raking, leaned lazily on his rake-handle, took a squint at the clouds, and said:

"Shouldn't wonder, Dominie, if we did have a shower; but I think it will be only a *dry rain*."

"A dry rain!" replied the Doctor; "who ever heard of a dry rain?"

Ned put on a very quizzically serious face, and, looking at the Doctor, inquired,

"Dominie, do you ever read the Bible?"

"You know I do, Ned; why do you ask me such a question as that?"

"Well, then, don't you think as how when it rained fire and brimstone on to Sodom and Gomorrah it was a *very dry* rain?"

Doctor Manton gave it up and left the field.

SOME years ago Colopel Roberts was a Member of Congress from Mississippi. On his return some of his constituents rallied him for having taken so little part in the debates, while the rest of the delegation—Jeff Davis, Brown, and Thompson—had made a great noise, and attracted the attention of the country. "Well, my friends," replied the Colonel, "I will tell you. When I was a young man I used to ride a good deal at night, and frequently got lost. Whenever I came to the bank of a stream I put my ear to the ground, and ascertained where the water made the noise; at that place I always marched in—it was sure to be the shallowest place."

JUDGE PETERS, of Connecticut, was in the Drawer last January, and another correspondent remembers an anecdote of him and the same member of the bar who was in company with the Judge before.

"Some years since, the people of Middletown petitioned the Legislature to have the court-house and jail at Haddam abandoned, and have all the business of Middlesex County done at Middletown, instead of having it divided between the two places as it had been from time immemorial. Judge Peters was summoned before the committee to whom the petition was referred, and he told a very hard story indeed about Haddam. He said, 'It was the vilest place to which a Judge ever went to hold a Court. There was no accommodation there for man or beast. When he went there he was always obliged to get one man to keep him and another man to keep his horse, etc.'

"In reply, Mr. H——, the lawyer who was employed by the good people of Haddam to defend their place and name, with many twitches of his face and a look that no other man could give, expressed his regret that his friend, Judge Peters, had experienced any inconvenience at Haddam. He had a very great respect for Judge Peters, and so had the whole community; and the committee might rest assured that the public did not esteem it necessary for the due administration of justice that the Judge and his horse should eat and sleep together."

MANY years have passed since the writer of the following rhymes gave to his lady-love a penknife, and received a watch chain in return. In reply to the intimation that a knife is an ominous gift, he wrote:

"May never superstition tinge thy heart,
May never trifling things our friendship sever;
For what thy cruel knife may cut apart,
My generous chain shall tie as close as ever.

"By mutual presents we are sure endeared,
Pray keep strict watch on thine,
For should it do the mischief feared,
I'll hang myself in mine."

GREATLY obliged is the Drawer to the correspondent who sends the following and more:

"There was Judge Robbins, a born Yankee, 'a fellow of Yale,' who went out to Kentucky and

was made a Judge, when book larnin' was in bad repute, and the man who practiced *behind* the bar was of vastly more consequence among deep red lawyers and judges than he who practiced *at* the bar. When the Legislature raised the salaries of all judges to be *thereafter* appointed, what did all the old judges do but *resign*, so as to secure a re-appointment with a higher salary! Judge Robbins resigned too, but, alas! the Governor appointed somebody else, leaving the poor man high and dry as a clam at low tide. In great indignation he then went over to Illinois, took to the law again with great zeal, and going regularly on the circuit, finding time, however, to marry two wives, cultivate an auburn-colored wig, and lecture very eloquently on temperance. He was very honest though, very good, bigoted, and terribly pugnacious.

"The last I saw of him in court, he was unusually hot in his client's cause, being very much to the damage of his fee, his *own* client. It turned out that his favorite nag had gone astray, or 'folded off a waggin,' up into Macon County, and when Mr. Taylor, his weaker half, who was a better witness than lawyer, had found him, the old horse had been taken up, worked almost to death, beaten and starved, by one Hanks, who added insult to injury by swearing at him besides. So he sued Hanks, and then he was at it in a wrangle with his opponent about a demurrer, and proving up a most miserable case of 'cruelty to animals' by his partner in the law. While the case was progressing, a lazy lawyer, whose list of briefs was remarkable only for its *brevity*, without a *cause*, perpetrated this rhyme while the Judge was engaged in walloping poor Hanks. Like the books of the ancients, his poetry was prophetic, for the jury gave a verdict of twenty dollars, which the Court indignantly set aside. Thus was established the fame of the poet. He is now a professor of Astrology:

Oh that some genius would write a report
Of the things that are done in this dignified Court,
Where pigs, men, and horses, and other lean cattle,
With thin lawyers all drawn up in order of battle,
Are gathered together in great agitation,
To end their contention in fierce litigation!
First, cometh Judge Robbins, in debt and in trover,
A misjoinder in pleading too bad to pass over;
But, after demurring and wrangling like fury,
The Court took the pleadings—the counsel a jury.
The witnesses came, and proved that one Hanks,
Had lately been guilty of barbarous pranks;
In this, that without conscience or twinge of remorse,
He took up a gentleman's city-bred horse,
And put him to plowing like any old hack;
He "cussed" him, he flogged him, made sores on his back;
He starved him so badly, "inverted the blessings,"
And gave the old horse such a number of dressings,
That when Mr. Taylor, the lawyer, had found him,
The bugs and the buzzards had gathered around him.
The evidence through—the lawyers are pitted,
The speeches are made, and the case is submitted—
The jury retire—the verdict soon follows,
That Hanks shall pay Robbins full twenty round dollars;
But the Court, in the pleadings detecting a flaw,
Administers *justice* according to *law*,
By ordering these litigant sons of Be-lial
To mend up their pleadings and take a new trial.

THIS is first-rate. Colonel John Zenor was a very popular man in Harrison County, Indiana. He had been frequently elected to the Legislature

by annually increasing majorities, and the conviction had become general that he was altogether invincible. At length Harmon H. Moore, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of the County, became the opposing candidate, and in his address to the people he showed, from the journals, that Colonel Zenor always voted last.

"Now, fellow-citizens," said he, "are you willing to be represented by a man who is never allowed to vote until every other member has voted? Will you submit to have your County thus insulted in the person of its representative?"

The appeal was irresistible. The man whose name began with Z, and was of course called last, lost his election by a tremendous vote.

A YANKEE schoolmaster came over from Massachusetts into York State last fall, and engaged a school. He was told that there was one family of unruly boys who had turned the last teacher out of doors, and would try the same game on him. The new master resolved to begin with a firm hand, and establish his authority at the outset. On the first day of school all went on smoothly; none of the rebellious family—the Litchfields—were there. The next day the same. On the third day a stout young fellow of eighteen or nineteen appeared; and when the teacher asked his name, to record it, he learned it was Litchfield. "Ah, your name is Litchfield? Just step out here." And bringing him into the middle of the floor, he commenced whaling him with all his might, till the frightened youth fled for his life.

"There," said the triumphant pedagogue, "I understand those Litchfields threaten to turn me out of doors, and we'll see who's master here!"

The boys laughed, and seemed to enjoy it so much, that the excited hero of the birch demanded an explanation, and found to his dismay that he had flogged the wrong youth—a very inoffensive lad of a highly respectable family, whose name had led to the mistake. The schoolmaster thought "a stitch in time would save nine," but unfortunately he took it in the wrong place.

Ex-Governor Boutwell told the above at a recent Educational Convention in Pittsfield, and a clever correspondent sends it to us, with a "Composition," quoted by Professor C—, which originated in the Drawer, and is, therefore, not to be printed here again.

THE story of the County Clerk in Texas, whose cow went away with the key of his office, brings to a correspondent's recollection a certificate of marriage, given by an Illinois justice some years ago. He was magistrate in Copperas Creek Precinct, in Fulton County in that State, having been duly elected, but before his commission arrived a loving couple made application to be joined in matrimony. They refused to wait another day, and the justice married them, giving the following certificate in his own handwriting, which is duly chronicled in Drown's History of Fulton County, Illinois:

"Know all men by these presents that I, David Ross, Justice of the Peace, by virtue of the authority of the laws of the State of Illinois, do hereby license John Nelson and Mary Myers to live as married people in Copperas Precinct, and when my commission comes I will marry them good, and date it back.

"DAVID ROSS, Justice of the Peace."

JOE was telling of the hard times they had at

sea the last *rige* they made: "We got short of drink, and we was all put on short allowance; only half a pint of water a day."

"Well," said Uncle Gid, "I should think a man could get along well enough, at a pinch, on half a pint of water a day."

"Yes; but you see," said Joe, "it was *salt-water*."

"Ah, yes," said Uncle Gid again, "the sea was dry."

How one good story, as one good turn, begets another. The *Dorr War Sentinel* has stirred up several of the same sort.

"In the border war of the 'Aroostic,' when our patriot forces were encamped, the countersign for the night was 'Boston.' The officer of the guard, wishing to see what stuff his men were made of, attempted to enter the lines. The sentinel called out,

"'Who goes there?'"

"'A friend,' returned the officer. Whereupon the guard: 'Advance and say 'BOSTON.'"

STILL another sentinel story comes to the Drawer:

"The village of Flatbush, Long Island, was annoyed some time ago with frequent visits from the rogues of New York and Brooklyn, who would come in the night and steal horses or any thing else they could lay their hands on. The citizens formed a night patrol, and to prevent the danger of harming one another they agreed privately that any one approaching the guard should speak *thrice*, and if he failed to do so, he would be known as a thief, and liable to be arrested. One of the men on duty, having taken a little too much bad liquor, descried some one coming in the dark, and roared out, 'Speak three times, or I'll shoot you once!' On came the silent figure—the guard blazed away, and fortunately missed an advancing cow."

FROM Tennessee comes a letter from a friend, who will always find the Drawer open when he comes with any thing half as good as this:

"General Falsdale was an officer in the Florida War, celebrated for his rigid adhesion to military discipline, and the scathing lectures he gave the soldiers caught neglecting their duty. Among those who had received severe tongue-lashings from the General was Tom Hicks, a wild, rattle-brained fellow, popular in the camp, and up to all manner of practical jokes. Proud withal, he was so unfortunate as to be found asleep while on his post as guard. He now had to take a withering reproof, and in his bitterness he took a big oath to be revenged on the General, if ever an opportunity offered.

"One cold night, when the rain was pouring in torrents, Tom was on sentinel duty; but he had hardly settled his head in the collar of his coat for a nap or to shield his face from the storm, before he heard some one coming along splashing through the mud. Looking around and peering into the thick of the night, he soon discovered that it was the General himself. Now was the time! Leveling his musket at the advancing figure, he demanded,

"'Who goes there?'"

"'Your officer,' replied the General, with great decision and dignity.

"'Advance and give the countersign!' roared Tom.

"But the General just remembered that he did not recollect to get it before he set out on this exploring expedition, and so stated to the tenacious sentinel, who declined to receive any explanation.

"'Mark time!' demanded Tom, as he clicked his musket and stepped forward, ready to fire into the heart of the trembling General in another instant, who now thought he would try the power of coaxing.

"'Why, Hicks, you know it's nobody but me!'

"'Can't help that—must obey orders; strict military discipline. Mark time, or I'll shoot you in a second!'

"The General saw that he was fairly caught, and for two mortal long hours Hicks kept him standing there 'marking time,' up to his knees in mud and water, the rain pouring down in torrents. At last the relief-guard came, and Tom was able to dismiss his prisoner. The General crept back to his quarters, drenched to the skin, tired to death, and heartily satisfied with camp-duty. Tom was never subjected to any dressings-down after that."

THE "big brother" sends a pretty little thing about his sister. She was a six-year-old, and, reading an account of a man being turned into stone, told the story to her big brother, who said he didn't believe a word of it.

"But," said Lucy, "wasn't Lot's wife turned into a bag of salt?"

"A bag of salt!—no," said her brother.

"Well, it was a sack of salt, then!"

"No, it wasn't."

"Well, what was it?"

"Why, it was a pillar of salt!"

"Well, I knew it was a bag, or a sack, or a pillow. What's the difference?" inquired little Lucy, who had got the spirit of the fact, though she had missed the letter.

We are grateful to our Washington friend who has communicated the following:

Within a quarter of a mile of the winter residence of Lord Napier, in Alleghany County, Maryland, is still standing a stone erected by General Braddock on his march from Alexandria, Virginia, to Fort Du Quesne, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the year 1755. The stone has therefore stood there 102 years, and bears this inscription:

11 MILE
To Ft. Cumberland
29 M^a To
Cap, Smyths
Inn & Bridge Big
Crossings The Best
Road To Redstone
Old Fort
64 M,

The following inscription is found on the opposite side:

Our
Country's Rights
We Will Defend

THE panic of last autumn has already furnished some fun for the Drawer; our correspondents evidently thinking they may as well laugh as cry about it, now it is over.

Up in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, they have a bank that was seized with the prevailing epidemic. The premonitory symptoms, in the form of a run, alarmed the officers, as they saw the bills coming in and the silver and gold flowing out. Pat came in with the rest, and pulling out three ten-dollar bills, begged the favor of three gold eagles for the same. The President of the bank was standing by, and said to Pat,

"Why, those bills are better than the specie."

"Be sure! and, by Jabsers, it was wauten you to have the best, my darlin', that I brought 'em to yer's."

And taking the gold he walked away, quite content with letting the bank have the rags.

"To the blunders of the boys in reading the Bible, which the Drawer has already given," writes a correspondent, "I can add another, quite as good, to show the undesirableness of using that sacred volume as a first reading-book in school:

"In 1830 I taught a district-school in Springfield, Massachusetts. A chub-nosed youngster was making his way along in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, and in that nasal tone so peculiar to the boys when learning to read, he sang out, 'Ye shall sit upon twelve thorns.' The received version had it twelve thrones—a much more comfortable arrangement, and doubtless more conformed to the original."

VERY much amused have we been with the letter a loving mother sends us from Chicago, all about her darling Eddie, and his pet the kitten; but she must be allowed to tell the tale in her own way:

"I have been out in Indiana on a visit, and while there I found a beautiful kitten, which I bought, and brought home for a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of puss, I proposed, and it was agreed, that the head of the kitten should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddie, the eldest—but only three years—should be the sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddie rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day, soon after, I heard the poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and I called out to Eddie,

"'There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten; I heard her cry.'

"'No, I didn't, mother; I trod on my own part, and your part hollered!'"

A LADY—right glad are we that the ladies are finding the way to the Drawer—writes to us that a little nephew of hers, seven years old, was spelling at school, and the word "*misanthropy*" came to him. He spelled it out, and divided it into "Miss Ann Thropy," when he pronounced it, at the same time asking the teacher who the girl was. His teacher smiled, and said she was not acquainted with the lady. Presently he was told to spell "*philanthropy*," which he did, and asked "if that wasn't Miss Ann's brother?"

That story sounds "like as if" it was made for the occasion, but as a lady sends it, there is no doubt of its being a genuine article.

Substance and Shadows.



A SURPRISE.



A PUMP



A PARROT.



A GREEDY FIG.



A QUEER FISH.



A BANTAM.

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THE CAT.



A TEA-POT.



TEXT AND COMMENT.



A YOUNG MONKEY.



AN OLD WOMAN.



ALLSOPPS' PALE ALE.

Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—CARRIAGE COSTUME AND BOY'S DRESS.

THE Costume on the preceding page is adapted to the Parlor, Dining-room, or Carriage, and, in fact, for any occasion where a *decolleté* toilet is not desirable. We have, indeed, seen a bridal Costume, of white silk, made nearly like this, the points of difference being scarcely observable; the sleeves were, however, cut off square, and the skirt-trimmings were arranged in a lozenge form; the Coiffure was, of course, composed of the usual ample flowing veil and floral wreath. The illustration represents a dress of rich chocolate-brown moire, trimmed with ribbon to match. This is graduated in width, the broadest being No. 20. The sleeves are a decided novelty. The Under-sleeve (Fig. 3) will give a more clear idea of its cut. It is styled the "Fuschia Sleeve," and promises to become a great favorite. In the illustration the *bouillonnée* is a lace under-sleeve; but it may also be made of the same material as the dress, in which case a band of trimming to match confines the points, the union being marked by *nœuds* of ribbon, the one at the back of the arm ending in short floats. The illustration is so full as to preclude the necessity of any verbal description of the mode of arranging the trimming.

THE CHILD'S COSTUME consists of a green velvet sack, cut square at the neck, with a linen ruff. The skirt is of a light purple merino. The sash is of maize-color, with an arabesque border of green and purple.

In the FUSCHIA UNDER-SLEEVE the lace is vandyked in the graceful curves of the flower which gives it its name. The outline and centre of each fold being marked by an edging of narrow crimson or flame-colored velvet. A smaller *bouillonnée*, through which a pink ribbon, with floating ends, is



FIGURE 3.—FUSCHIA SLEEVE.



FIGURE 4.—DRESS CAP.

drawn, forms the connection with the wrist-band, which is in medallion, with a small frill.

THE DRESS CAP AND UNDER-SLEEVES are *en suite*. In both the puffings are separated by equal intervals, in which the transparents are uncovered. The larger puff of the under-sleeve and the centre of the cap are quadrilled by narrow ribbon. The transparents extend through the centre to the end of the tabs. The ribbons may be of any color to suit the taste of the wearer.



FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCV.—APRIL, 1858.—Vol. XVI.



IT was about 9 o'clock when we left the consular residence and walked over to the house of Hitchins and Sons, agents for our vessel. Cordial, warm-hearted Englishmen were Hitchins and Sons, and in a little time we were comfortably seated by a large latticed window in the office, enjoying the delicious sea-breeze through the branches of a pomegranate-tree full of rosy fruit, and testing the mystic properties of an ancient bever-

age distilled here from the sugar-cane. One of the sons, whose country-seat was high up the Bermuda Mountain (a peak of the Lingua-neia range), proposed that the Captain and myself should make a jaunt thither, promising, besides a cool and delightful ride after rising the lowlands, the sight of much wild and beautiful scenery. To this we gladly assented.

"Now while the necessary arrangements are in process," said the Captain, "let me show you something curious."

A short walk brought us to the Admiral's

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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Court rooms of Jamaica. Writing by a table in the outer office sat a gentleman, who arose, exchanged salutations with the Captain, and, after a little chat, led us into a long, high-walled chamber, redolent with the odor of ancient documents, with rows of pigeon-holes on all sides, filled with dusty packages that ran through all the whity-brown shades down to a dark sienna tinge that just let the faded dates of sixteen hundred and something peep through. From among the dingiest he drew a little packet, and laid it upon the table. It was about eight inches long, by four wide; somewhat dilapidated, and tied with a discolored string. Upon it was written: "*Found in the maw of a shark.*" With this was an affidavit by Lieutenant Fitton, R.N., testifying that as he was cruising in the Caribbean Sea, during the year 17—, while fishing for sharks one morning, he succeeded in capturing one of great size, which was hoisted upon the deck. The specimen was so huge that he determined to take out and preserve the jaws as a trophy. While the operation was going on, its maw was opened, within which the package of papers before-mentioned was found. Lieutenant Fitton opened the package, and, after drying the documents upon the deck, ascertained them to be the official papers of a brig called the *Nancy*.

Several months after, when he arrived at Jamaica, a suit was progressing in the Admiralty Court concerning the legality of a prize taken by an English cruiser some time previously. The vessel had been captured after a long chase, and though almost every thing about her gave evidence that she was engaged in the service of the enemy, her papers gave the protection of a neutral power. The case was just being decided against the cruiser, when Lieutenant Fitton came into court and produced the package found in the shark's maw. It proved to contain the

true papers of the craft in question, which, during the chase, her captain had thrown overboard; a passing shark had swallowed it; was caught by Lieutenant Fitton, while cruising, over two hundred miles away, and now turned up in judgment on the poor skipper. The vessel was at once condemned as a lawful prize, on the testimony of these papers and the affidavit of Lieutenant Fitton.

After actually handling the identical package, we passed up the street a few steps to the "Royal Society of Arts," where we were shown the identical jaws of the identical shark that swallowed the identical papers; and the Captain finished up the whole business by passing them over my head and shoulders, their grim, bristling rows of teeth not touching me by a couple of inches.

We had time only for a hasty glance around the rooms of the Royal Art Society, but I noticed one devoted to the fibrous woods of Jamaica capable of being used for manufacturing purposes. Their great number, variety, and exceeding beauty astonished me. Many were as fine as the most delicate floss-silk, strong, glossy, and pliable, while specimens of rare and ingenious handiwork in these materials by the inhabitants of the island, showed that a business of no mean importance might, with proper encouragement, be developed from those beautiful products.

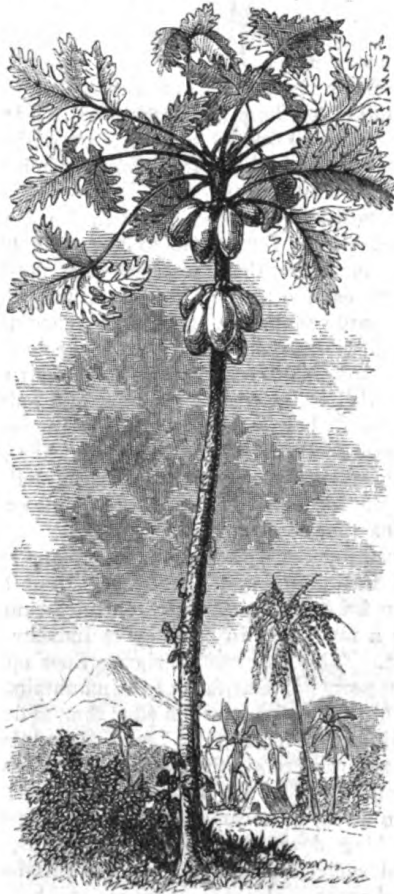
On returning to the agency every thing was in readiness for our mountain trip. Most of the establishments having been previously engaged by passengers, the *turn-out* was not elegant. The carriage had evidently seen active and passive service for centuries, and looked more fit to carry the ghosts of some ancient time than a couple of 160-pounders. To this were attached a very ribby little crop-eared gray pony and a tall brown, wall-eyed, and almost



ON THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAIN.

translucent equine veteran—the span perfectly matched in one important particular, to wit, *in condition*. The arrangement was surmounted by a ragged-hatted, uncoated, shrewd-looking little negro, who looked as if he had been born with the establishment. Our display was completed by a mulatto boy astride a saddled mule, having another of the same sort in tow, which were to serve in the ascent of the mountain.

Once stowed into our wheeled ark, the available amount of horse-power in front became a topic of serious consideration; but by dint of sundry unearthly noises, and a skillful application of whip-lash, Jehu the tawny got his craft under way, at a lively gait too, despite appearances, for the brisk canter of the pony, and the long swinging trot of the high one, soon whirled us out of the city and along a smooth gravelled road skirted by hedges of gigantic cactus, often fifteen or twenty feet in height, that sent out their branching arms like huge candelabra, while an occasional yellow or crimson flower peeped out from the prickly mass. Tamarind-trees, full of long brown pods, and low, wide-spreading mimosas, overshadowed the road; tall poypoys, with their green and yellow neck-



THE POYPOYA.

laces of melon-like fruit; scarlet clusters of acaé, and the bright-tinted "mango apple," not

only perfumed the air, but gave increased brilliancy to the surrounding greens, besides suggesting all sorts of luscious flavors.

We now and then passed a well-appointed "pen," as the country-seats are termed here, looking like a little paradise, but more frequently deserted grounds and dilapidated tenements, that still showed through the rank undergrowth many remains of a former magnificence. One place, covering many acres, whose ranks of long brick aqueducts told of the great expense and care once bestowed upon its irrigation, with massive walls inclosing groves of every kind of tropic fruit, was quite abandoned; and in the

immense stone basin of the fountain which once cooled and graced the front of the mansion, a group of half naked negresses were washing the dirty clothes of our passengers. Almost every thing we saw gave painful evidence of a once rich and prosperous country, whose glory had departed. Yet its wild, luxuriant productiveness and beauty told with what a lavish hand Nature had bestowed her gifts, and as plainly that a system of things existed among its people which was by no means calculated to reap the benefits of her rich bounty.

I subsequently ascertained that the causes to which the unprosperous condition of Jamaica was mainly attributable, lay in the fact that soon after the emancipation land-owners sold to the newly-made freemen little spots of soil, and as the wants of the negro were few and easily supplied, he was content, and could not be induced to work for a hire the planter could afford to give, preferring his plantains and yams that grew spontaneously, and his days of idle ease, to any benefits that might arise from a laborious life. And in addition to the difficulty of procuring labor, sugar, once the great staple of the island, was thrown into an equal competition with the slave-grown products of Cuba and the Brazils, thus crushing the landholder until he was glad to abandon every thing to escape his taxes. But within the past year the high price of sugars has imparted such a stimulus to the island that cane-lands have risen in value by the hundred per cent. Even estate owners living in England have sent over and resurrected many deserted plantations, and re-established the sugar-factories. Great efforts are being made to supply the island with "apprentice" labor, and Jamaica has at last a prospect, though still faint

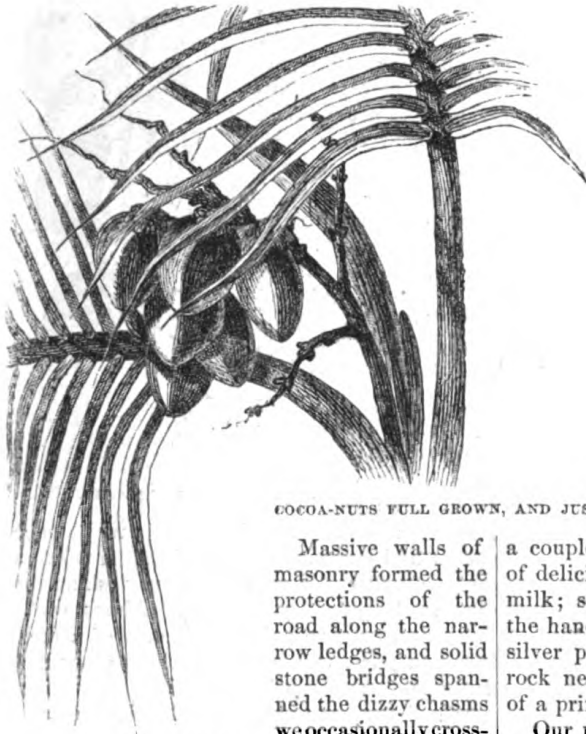


THE MANGO.

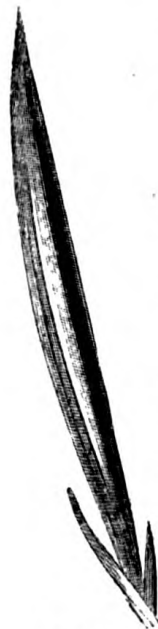
and dim, of regaining her ancient prosperous condition.

We soon left the *Linganea* plain behind us, and began to feel the grateful coolness of a higher ground. Our road ran along the steep sides of the foot-hills, across deep ravines with rapid streams roaring hundreds of feet below,

and overarched by such gorgeous foliage as the tropics only can produce. Stately cocoa-nut-trees waved their graceful leaves over the path; laden with fruit, here just forming, not larger than walnuts; and there fully grown and ponderous, seeming to threaten our heads as we passed beneath.



COCOA-NUTS FULL GROWN, AND JUST FORMING



COCOA PODS.

Massive walls of masonry formed the protections of the road along the narrow ledges, and solid stone bridges spanned the dizzy chasms we occasionally crossed, but their moss-covered and weather-stained abutments told that all these things were the work of the olden golden time. High mountains began to tower up on either side, of that peculiar sharp outline found in volcanic formations, their summits covered with the most brilliant green grasses, while lofty palms, cotton-wood, and mahogany-trees, diversified the dense chaparral below.

At about noon we reached a little settlement where travelers are expected to stop and leave their vehicles, if they would go farther up the mountain. A few long, low huts beside a brawling stream, sheltered by gigantic full-foliaged trees, gave at least a promise of cool shade during the few minutes' rest we proposed to give our animals preparatory to the ascent. Entering one of the cabins, a buxom negress, who seemed mistress of the place, cheerfully set before us part of a loaf of fresh white bread, and

a couple of bowls of delicious goat's milk; so we lunched like princes, and crossing the hand of our hospitable hostess with a broad silver piece, we seated ourselves on a shaded rock near by, to enjoy the soothing influence of a prime Havana.

Our position was near a ford in the stream, through which, from time to time, the black muleteers drove their market-laden donkeys (tied to each other by head and tail) down the opposite mountain steep, and lashed them through the torrent. Huge were the burdens these sturdy little creatures carried; many were laden with fruits, fresh-cut canes, and guinea-grass, until their bulk seemed thrice increased, and were so covered in thereby that they gave the impression of animated hay-ricks, but little of the locomotive power being visible except the link that connected them together.

Finishing the cigars we mounted our long-eared Rosinantes and began the ascent by a narrow bridle-path, the little outrider running along a few yards in advance to indicate our course. The trail ran by zigzag lines up the almost perpendicular face of the mountain, and most of the way so near the edge that, at first, a straining effort to keep our heads as far inboard as possible and retain the equilibrium prevented any enjoyment of the surrounding views; but after a while we became somewhat accustomed to looking down the precipitous depths, and gained sufficient confidence in our sure-footed little chargers to be able to appreciate the wildness and picturesque beauty of our situation as we mounted into the upper air.

Every shelving projection sent up thick clamps



THE FORD.

had but to reach out our hands to gather in the red berries of the coffee-tree, or strip off the leaves of the fragrant pimento. After rising about a thousand feet a magnificent view of the distant ocean was disclosed through a deep gorge in the adjacent range, and the ascent had been so abrupt that we could almost have tossed our hats to the base of the mountain. Occasionally a palm-thatched hut would peep out from some inaccessible-looking ledge, with little cultivated patches around it, lying at such

of trees and shrubs that branched over the path; from the crevices of the rock gigantic century plants threw out their huge fleshy leaves; we

an angle that the tillers must have been fly-footed to account for any ability to work them; yet yams, beans, and melons were growing there in great profusion. As we continued to ascend varieties of fruits overhung the path in many places. Mangoes lay in the trail so plentifully that we often feared an unlucky slip upon them which might throw our little beasts, with us, headlong down the precipice. Clusters of a mammoth orange called the Shaddock, measuring, often, seven or eight inches in diameter, hung so low that our heads were in frequent danger of unpleasant collision. The Avocado Pear, from whose marrowy pulp the most delicious of all salads is made, was seen in plenty and within tempting distance; while orange-trees bearing blossoms, green, and fully-ripened



THE AVOCADO PEAR.

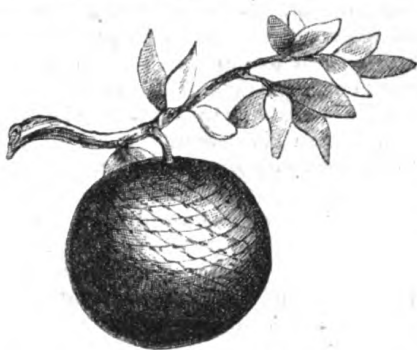
fruit, well laden lime and lemon-trees, filled the air with fragrant odors, and made us almost feel that we were passing through a region of enchantment.

The sun, which had been shining brilliantly during our journey thus far, now became suddenly obscured; dark, lowering clouds were settling on the mountain top when we rose upon the table-land of Bermuda's summit; and just as a furious shower broke upon us, we trotted into the welcome premises of our friend. We had scarcely dismounted and found refuge in the veranda before the sun was out again, smiling through his tears, while the surrounding foliage sparkled in regal magnificence. We soon met the lady of the mansion, who welcomed us with a hearty cordiality that made us feel like long-expected guests, and dispelled every thought that our visit, so unlooked-for, might be in an untoward time. The house was a one-storied frame building, surrounded by wide, latticed piazzas; the waxed floors shone like satin-wood, while every accessory helped to carry out the air of coolness and luxurious comfort with which the first hasty glance had so favorably impressed me.

Observing the large, heavily made tables, side-boards, and besides these a huge grand piano in the sitting-room, I could not refrain from inquiring how these cumbrous articles were ever transported to this place over the narrow road we had with difficulty passed on the backs of sure-footed mules. "Upon the shoulders of negroes," our hostess replied. "And the children?" I asked (seeing several rosy cheeked boys and girls playing in the garden). "Oh! they were brought up in panniers on mule-back." I involuntarily pictured to myself the family retinue scaling some of the steep places of which I still have a vivid remembrance, and couldn't help feeling how thoroughly



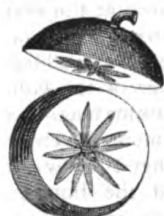
ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN.



THE BREAD-FRUIT.

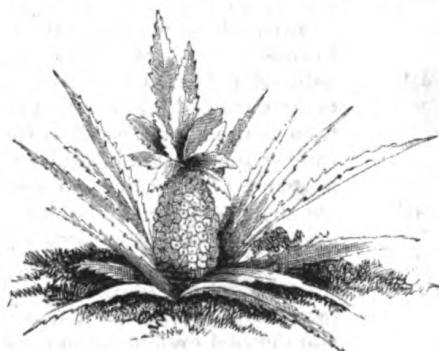
that pure mountain air and beautiful scenery must be appreciated.

An invitation to luncheon was thankfully accepted, for the ride up Bermuda Mountain is a keen sharpener of the appetite. Ample justice did the Captain and myself to a bountiful supply of substantial set before us. Among the vegetables was a genuine *bread-fruit*, about the size of a shaddock, and as this was the first time I ever had an opportunity to test the truth of old Malte Brun's description, I craved, besides a good slice of the article, a little practical information concerning it. It was picked after attaining its full size, but, while yet green, placed without other preparation in the oven and baked like a loaf of bread. Breaking its gourd-like shell, the edible portion about an inch in thickness lay next, while the stringy interior, which was easily separated from it, was thrown aside. On tasting I found it something between a sweet potatoe and a chip, with rather more chip than



THE STAR APPLE.

potatoe, but adding a little butter it improved, and before we finished I had my mind made up that the bread-fruit was a very worthy sort of vegetable. Then came a course of fruits grown upon the place: luscious "Ripley" Pine Apples and Star Apples (the latter was a fruit about the size and shape of an orange, with a dark purple skin, which, when cut across, displayed the seed chambers arranged in the exact form of a star; its pulp, white and juicy, mixed with that of the orange, made a most delectable treat), the russet-skinned



THE PINE APPLE.

Nispero, that to the taste was like a rich baked pear, and the racy golden tinted Mango. The rough-coated Cheremoya was there, that worthy favorite of tropic climes whose soft, juicy interior has a distinct flavor of strawberries and cream. Oranges freshly plucked from the tree; Bananas large, juicy, and flavorful; and, to crown the dessert, a miniature Peach, about the size of an almond, was laughingly brought on by our kind hostess, in compliment to a peach-loving Jerseyman—the Captain. This exotic of our northern latitude was an experiment, and the specimen set before us the first fruit; tiny as it was, it had the genuine flavor, and brought to us visions of a far-off home where this nectar-like fruit flourisheth in delicious perfection.

After feasting sumptuously, a walk about the grounds was proposed, during which we saw all the fruits above-mentioned, besides many other varieties, growing on different parts of the estate, while flowers of richest hues and rarest fragrance bordered the winding paths. From the garden's edge we were able to look down upon the little hostelry where our carriage was waiting, and then, for the first time, we realized our elevation of nearly three thousand feet. A line of a mile or less in length would have reached the shanty where we rested, which seemed from this point of view about the size of a match-box. The surrounding scenery was striking and full of effective contrasts. Abrupt ranges of mountains reared their emerald crests on every side, separated by narrow, precipitous chasms, as though Nature, in some terrible convulsion, had swallowed up great belts of earth here and there, leaving alternately the sharp-sided eminence and the yawning abyss. Beyond these could be seen, peacefully lying in the lap of the valley below, Kingston and its environs, then the harbor and its shipping, and the broad, blue line of ocean in the far distance.

We stood long on the verge of the plateau and drank in the rich beauties around. It was a queer vagary, perhaps, but the scene impressed me like a burst of wild, spirit-stirring music, whose clarion tones were followed by a gentle melody that heightened the loftier strains, and, blending with them, fashioned all into a thrilling completeness, and I thought, Of a truth harmony comes not through the ear alone, but Nature's forms and hues often discourse to us a rarer concord than the wildest and sweetest sounds in their most perfect combination. Four miles beyond, and a thousand feet above Bermuda Mountain, New Castle, the barrack-ground of a regiment of British white soldiers, was located. This almost inaccessible point was chosen to secure the troops from periodical fevers, which formerly proved fatal to many in the lower ground; while a regiment of Africans, taken from captured slavers, protected the peace of the plain, the white only being called on in cases of emergency, as perhaps when the black heroes should become obstreperous.

We staid upon the summit until the sun, beginning to creep behind the mountain tops,

gave warning to descend from this charming eyrie if we would reach *home* before "night buttoned down her curtain." So we bade adieu to the *Lady of the Mountain* (whose kindness followed us in the shape of a plethoric basket of fruit on the head of a servant), and, kissing her rosy children, mounted our chargers and started. Arriving at an exceedingly steep pitch about midway of the descent, where, to avoid anticipating the speed of our mules, great effort and ingenuity became necessary, the Captain, who was in advance, cried out that he could go no farther without more *ballast*. I suggested that a dime would supply his necessity, pointing at the same moment to a little blackey who was following—whereupon he took the hint and

tossed the coin. No sooner did Jocko understand what was expected of him than he attached himself to the mule's tail in a manner that not only severely tried the amiable disposition of the beast, but gave assurance of a determination to earn his money. The hills echoed and re-echoed with our merriment, which lasted until the joke began to be hazardous as well as stale, when the ballast was shifted and we soon after reached the valley without further notable incident.

A rapid ride of eight miles brought us to the "Black Barracks" in time for the music of the evening parade. This is to the Kingston people what the Philharmonic is to New Yorkers, a place to enjoy the concord of sweet sounds, and

to perpetrate all sorts of innocent flirtations. A band of coal-black Ashantee negroes with felt skull-caps, red jackets, and white trousers, were gathered upon a circular brick platform, blowing out the tunes with great enthusiasm, in every attitude betokening the importance of their mission and delighted success, while around them, in carriages and on horseback, were gathered the *élite* of Kingston society. Jolly looking old nabobs with their liveried attendants and a carriageful of self and wife—less pretentious but well-looking people of a more recent date, with fewer servants and more children, were planted around in jaunty little phaetons; in fact all sorts of well filled vehicles (principally antiques) figured at the evening parade. Equestrian groups were interspersed among the assemblage. The graceful carriage of the ladies and their tasteful costume made them quite conspicuous among the crowd. A sort of lace-fringed straw hat, which scarcely hid the luxuriant rolls of hair beneath, and tight fitting habits that swept the ground, seemed the general style. Red jacketed officers, easy and self-satisfied, circulated around on foot or on horseback, doffing their broadly ornamented caps here and there, chatting with the flashing-eyed Creoles, or paying their *dévoirs* to the more *spirituelle* daughters of Albion, whose national ruddiness had given place to the more delicate tints that result from an in-door tropical life; spruce little civilians came in occasionally to compete for a smile and a word, but the gold lace and buttons were evidently in the ascendant. Here and yonder were seen carriages filled with our fellow-voyagers, rejoicing in the music, the novelty of the scene, and the cool evening breeze. Just before we left the band surprised us



DESCENDING THE MOUNTAIN.



THE PARADE GROUND.

by striking up "Yankee Doodle," evidently intended as a compliment to the Americans present. There are many tunes fuller of genius and melody, but, separated from his native shore by a broad waste of ocean, nothing comes so grateful to an American's ear as the simple inspiring notes of good old "Yankee Doodle." It was received by us with uncovered head, and a suppressed impulse to swing the hat and hurrah. Paying a respectful salute to "God save the Queen," which immediately followed, the entertainment closed and we dashed off to the city.

An hour more found us on board. The coaling was just completed, the warning gun was fired, and by ten o'clock our good ship, headed for Navy Bay, was once more breasting the uneasy waves of the Caribbean Sea. The night was bright with moon and stars, but there was

no quiet below. Trade-winds revel in the Caribbean, and an occasional overturning bench on the deck, or a piece-making sound in the cabins, gave evidence that they were playing their pranks with the *Illinois*.

Quiet came with the morning, and numbers of ocean's most curious inhabitants, the *flying-fish*, were skimming the surface of the waters. I watched them with great interest, and found it hard to believe that these graceful little creatures were as miserable as naturalists generally aver. Fishes are usually playful, and no one can watch them long in their native haunts without coming to the conclusion that they have a fair share of animal enjoyment; but this poor little specimen has the reputation of seldom enjoying a moment's peace; pursued by the rapacious dolphin, and the fierce and hun-

gry bonito, he is said to leave the water only to be seized and devoured by ravenous sea-fowl that ever watch his aerial advent. Now on the occasions when I have seen them they seemed in undisturbed possession of both sky and sea, and as they flew along, apparently from mere love of frolic, their beautiful silvery blue scales burnished in the sunshine, dipping to the surface and again sailing on their graceful course, I came to the conclusion that the wings with which they are so curiously furnished were not alone for escape in perilous times, but that those appendages gave them a power and sphere of



FLYING-FISH.

enjoyment far beyond the comprehension of common fishes, and that they used them with a lively appreciation of the fact. Their flight seldom exceeds a few hundred yards without touching the water, as their little pinions can only support them while moist and pliable, but with an occasional rapid flirt upon the surface I have seen their course extend for nearly a mile. The delicately turned form of the flying-fish, perfectly fitted for speed and graceful motion, its large bright eye, so unlike the leaden-hued visuals of other fish, together with its transparent, finny wings, make this little gazelle of the ocean one of the most beautiful and curious of its denizens.

Two hundred years ago a voyage through the Caribbean Sea was a very different undertaking from the rapid and comfortable transit of this steamshipping age, not alone in view of the lumbering galleons and blunt-bowed caravels of those primitive times, when weeks were consumed for what is now accomplished in as many days, but as they toiled along their weary course the ancient mariners had a danger to contend with more fearful than the treacherous elements, a possible fate constantly before them more ter-

rible than shipwreck. Almost every island upon the bosom of these now peaceful waters was the rendezvous of hordes of blood-thirsty corsairs, while each estuary and inlet sheltered their well-appointed fleets. No convoy was so powerful as to deter these daring buccaneers from an attack upon the treasure-freighted galleons, and not unfrequently whole fleets were vanquished and plundered, while the surviving remnant of crews and passengers were put to the cruellest death. These piratical bands were often many hundreds in number, refugees from all nations, bound together by a mutual thirst for adventure, plunder, and blood; and, headed by some giant in crime, they made even far-off nations tremble, while the colonial governments many times countenanced their atrocities and shared their ill-gotten spoils.

During the last century repeated expeditions were sent from Spain, France, England, and America to sweep these scourges from the ocean; but this was not finally accomplished until about thirty years since. An anti-piratical squadron was sent out by the United States Government in 1823, and their work was carried on with such vigor and gallantry that before long only a single



BUCCANEERS' RENDEZVOUS.

organized band of freebooters remained in all the West Indian seas. This was headed by a noted chieftain whom we will call Gonsalvo, and was intrenched among the secluded little clusters of islands formed by risings of the broad coral reefs that extend along the northern shores of Cuba, accessible only to those whose lives were spent among the labyrinthine channels through which alone a safe and rapid approach to them could be effected. Disguised as simple fishermen, whenever occasion offered these pirates would sally forth, and by strategy or open force fall upon the well-laden merchantmen, whose crews were fortunate, after being well fleeced, to escape with their lives. Then, laden with booty, they would fly to their well-concealed fastnesses among the keys, bidding defiance to all pursuit. They were, however, harassed with great ingenuity and perseverance; and often, by a rapid chase in small-boats, their rendezvous would be discovered, but seldom until the rascals had fled with their families and lighter goods to some more intricate retreat. Tacon, who was then Captain-General of Cuba, joined heartily in the effort to break up this nest of desperadoes, and invited general assistance by setting a heavy price upon their heads. Still they were tolerably secure in their places of rendezvous; but, cut off to seaward by a powerful and vigilant fleet, and unable to enter the towns as they were previously accustomed, to exchange their pillage for gold, they found their occupation more hazardous than profitable.

This state of things was especially annoying to their leader Gonsalvo, who at last determined for a bold venture on his own account. In an ingenious disguise, and with a cunning and audacity almost unparalleled, he succeeded in obtaining a private audience with Captain-General Tacon, and after showing to his Excellency all the honor which would accrue to him in totally routing the formidable band of pirates whose fame had long been a by-word of reproach to his predecessors, he so far prevailed upon his Excellency as to obtain a promise of honorable freedom for the captain of the gang, and an office under government sufficient for his support, if within a given time such information should be given as would lead to the extermination of the buccaneers. Then boldly throwing off his disguise, he exclaimed—"I am Gonsalvo!"

The result of this interview fully justified the expectations of the treacherous pirate, and after betraying his comrades to an ignominious death, he found his reward in the favor of the Spanish Government, and an office under its patronage, by means of which he soon amassed a princely fortune, and now lives, though a very aged man, in the enjoyment of unbounded wealth and its corresponding influence; and there are few people in these gold-adoring days, who, as they touch their hats to the rich and influential Don Gonsalvo, rolling along the Tacon Paseo in his gorgeous carriage, are willing to believe that this is the famous buccaneer, whose treachery has gilded his declining days, and given him the

unenviable power to subscribe himself the last pirate of the Caribbean Sea.

On general principles, the abolishment of flogging in the naval service is no doubt a very excellent thing; but cases will occasionally happen when it becomes a matter of regret that a good sound application of the cat-o'-nine-tails can not be administered. Such an one occurred this afternoon. The sailors' mess boy (a gross, surly-looking negro about twenty years old) was sent, by the ship's surgeon, with a dose of brandy to a seaman lying dangerously ill in the fore-castle. Such a fine opportunity for a swig at the coveted stimulant proved too great a temptation for the darkey, and the doctor's patient came very near dying in consequence. The circumstance being reported to the captain, he ordered Pompey on the hurricane deck for punishment. In lieu of the cat, which, though illegal, was distinctly indicated, it was decided that he should be "bucked." This was done by putting the culprit in double irons and compelling him to sit with knees drawn up, and slip his fettered wrists over them. A stout stick was then inserted between the wrists and knees.



BUCKING.

Thus trussed up, a more uncomfortable and comically disconsolate looking individual could hardly have been imagined; and to complete his discomfiture, the poor wretch was tumbled over upon his side. Half an hour's penance in



AGGRAVATION.

this posture brought an humbly penitent confession, when the punishment was mitigated by setting him upright; and by evening, when he was released, if one could judge by the contrite



AN EVENING AT SEA.

and wo-begone expression of his visage, he might have been trusted with untold whisky.

It was a pleasant sight in the evening—so calm, bright, and genial—to glance over the groups scattered around our vessel. Acquaintances had been formally made or informally sidled into, until now every body knows almost every other body. Old folks discuss the affairs of the nation, or the peculiar tenets of their faith—scandal or business if they are faithless; the younger ones become enthusiastic and even confiding on tenderer themes. The pairing system has been acted on so effectually that one can scarcely find a nook or shadow unoccupied by sighing swains (real or pretended) and simper-

ing damsels, while under the lanterns that hang from the deck are enacted scenes of home quietude and enjoyment that show how fully domesticated our great and heterogeneous family have become.

Another morning has brought us nearly to the termination of our voyage. A bulletin has announced that the agent of the Panama Railroad Company will be in readiness at ten o'clock to weigh and check the baggage for San Francisco, and, lest this important fact should fail to be universally appreciated, the porter—a fierce Moorish-looking African, who might have personated some barbaric chieftain gathering his legions—promenaded the deck fore and aft with

his gong, and a loud-mouthed reannouncement in the intervals of his Chinese thunder. Great excitement soon prevails; many take it for granted that this formidable proclamation is equivalent to an order to be in readiness for landing as soon as possible, and so begin hurriedly to pack their carpet-bags, strap on their revolvers, and rush insanely to either side of the ship, looking in vain for the land. At last it becomes understood that the Panama Railroad Company pass free over their road only fifty pounds of luggage for each passenger, and that the unfortunate surplus must be paid for at the rate of ten cents per pound, after which a check is given which holds the Company responsible for its safe carriage; and that these calls were made for the performance of this business. Then come the consultations and the calculations. The unsophisticated insinuate themselves into groups of old stagers to profit by their words of wisdom; while the veterans often take a malicious pleasure in imposing all sorts of absurd information upon their credulity. Baggage is the key note in every body's mouth; lone bachelors begin to "heft" their plump portmanteaus,

quite certain that they come within the fifty, while anxious-looking heads of families brood sadly over their numerous household trunks, and perhaps envy the fortunate owners of the carpet-bags. Some sputter and fume, rating the Company soundly for the extra charge, but here and there an old traveler turns the current by recounting experiences during the early days of California travel, when mules transported the baggage across the Isthmus; how it often arrived (if perchance it arrived at all) soaked and soiled, while the luckless owner paid double the present charge, without any allowance of fifty pounds. So that by ten o'clock every body seemed quite prepared to face the music.

Operations commenced with the baggage secured under tarpaulins upon the hurricane deck. A large spring scale was attached to the rigging, while a gang of men seizing the trunks passed them rapidly along, hanging each one for a moment upon the scale until its weight was noted by the agent; the marks on the trunk were then called out—its owner stepped up, paid his fee, received his check, and so on until the entire deck-load was disposed of. Then came the tug of war—hoisting the baggage out of the hold. Oh! it was a busy, perspiring day, that baggage day; and before our five hundred passengers had their five thousand or less trunks, carpet-bags, handboxes, and bundles weighed, checked, and paid for, the sun had sunk into the ocean.

After all was finished, as the baggage agent passed by me, with the curse of Adam oozing through the wrinkles of his costume, I attempted to condole with him; but he answered me gayly that the hardest part of his task was yet to come. Then he told me of six lone women, with twenty or thirty children, consigned through him to anxious heads of families in California; and he actually laughed at my pitying rejoinder, and wound up by saying that the invoice was rather lighter than usual. I said to myself, Here's a "Tapley" for you, for he was really jolly, was Baggage Agent Brush of the Panama Railroad Company; but I felt inwardly thankful, as I closed my eyes that night, that I could lay my hand upon my heart and exclaim, "Ye six lone women, with your twenty or thirty children, I am not your baggage-master!"

The last day of our voyage has come. At sunrise this morning a bank of thunder-heads lying along the southwestern horizon gave indication of land, and ere long the highlands of Porto Bello, in broken and uncertain outline, loomed up through the vapor. These highlands are a lateral continuation of the Cordillera



CHECK YOUR BAGGAGE.



WEIGHING BAGGAGE.

mountains, extending for many leagues along the sea. Columbus discovered this land during his fourth voyage, and entering a very beautiful bay nearly opposite our present position, named it *Porto Bello*—"The Beautiful Harbor," which has given its name to the adjacent mountains.

As I stood by the rail, occasionally sweeping the distance with my excellent *lorgnette*, I observed close beside me the Sisters of Charity whose novel appearance attracted so much attention during our last Sabbath's services. I had seen them frequently since then, but always screened from satisfactory observation, either by their position or their heavy black veils; so I only knew that one was about sixty, rather feeble, and always accompanied and assisted by a lovely young girl of sixteen, whose Madonna-like face, and sweetly demure expression, and, above all, an untiring devotion to her almost helpless companion, had frequently elicited my admiration; and that the other was on the shady side of forty. Both were plainly featured, and had the placidly-fixed expression of the habitual recluse. I had often longed to know how a class of people thus outwardly weaned from all sublunary things would converse, if they ever did so worldly a thing. So I offered my glass to the elder—the Sister Elizabeth was her name. She accepted it with a thank-you-I-didn't-expect-it sort of look, that quite encouraged me, and from this small beginning we soon established an acquaintance. Underlying their austere manner and lack-lustre expression I was surprised to find a keen appreciation of the

beauties of Nature, and quite an enthusiastic enjoyment of the changing landscape we were rapidly nearing. Branching off, after a little, to other topics, I was amused with the quaint simplicity with which they confessed an entire ignorance of every worldly occurrence during the last quarter of a century. Of Europe they knew but little more than that there was a convent amidst the green hills of Ireland, which they had just left; and of California, that a convent was there which they soon expected to enter. And as they seemed well educated, and looked intelligent, I almost began to suspect that the good sisters were quizzing, until the elder assured me that, until five weeks previously, she had not seen the outside of her cloister walls for more than forty years, and that her com-

panion, the Sister Mary, had been sequestered in like manner for more than twenty-five. No word of any change—political, civil, or social—had ever entered their voluntary prison-house; the world, and every allusion thereto, was banned; their daily round of devotion, attending to the sick brought within their precincts, and laboring in the schools attached to the institution, bounded their temporal duties, and summed up the experience of all that weary time.

After knowing this, one might well have expected to see them in a constant state of bewildering excitement at thus suddenly being exhumed from their burial of almost half a century. Rip Van Winkle was outwinked, and yet, in place of his astounded waking, they were as serene and immovable as though their only experience had been with the traveling world. Their ancient friend, Dame Nature, was still unchanged, and they greeted her with enthusiasm, but all else seemed not to occasion a passing thought; and as I looked upon these singular beings I wondered if it were always so. Were there never, in the early days of their imprisonment, convulsive yearnings for the bright world and its sunshine?—a nightly pillow wet with tears over the vow of eternal seclusion? Without actually inquiring, I talked inquiringly around these things; but the leaden negative in their faces told that, if it were ever so, memory was too moss-grown for a response. And that fair young girl of the Madonna face was intended for a fossil like these. Another year and she would don the funereal garb, if, said

the aged sister (and the downcast eyes of the beautiful probationer were raised for an instant, with a whole chapter of *if's* in their glance)—if she then felt willing to abjure the world. Perhaps she would; but remembering a cozy couple whispering under the moon on the quarter-deck, an evening or two before, and recognizing one as the demure novice, I doubted.

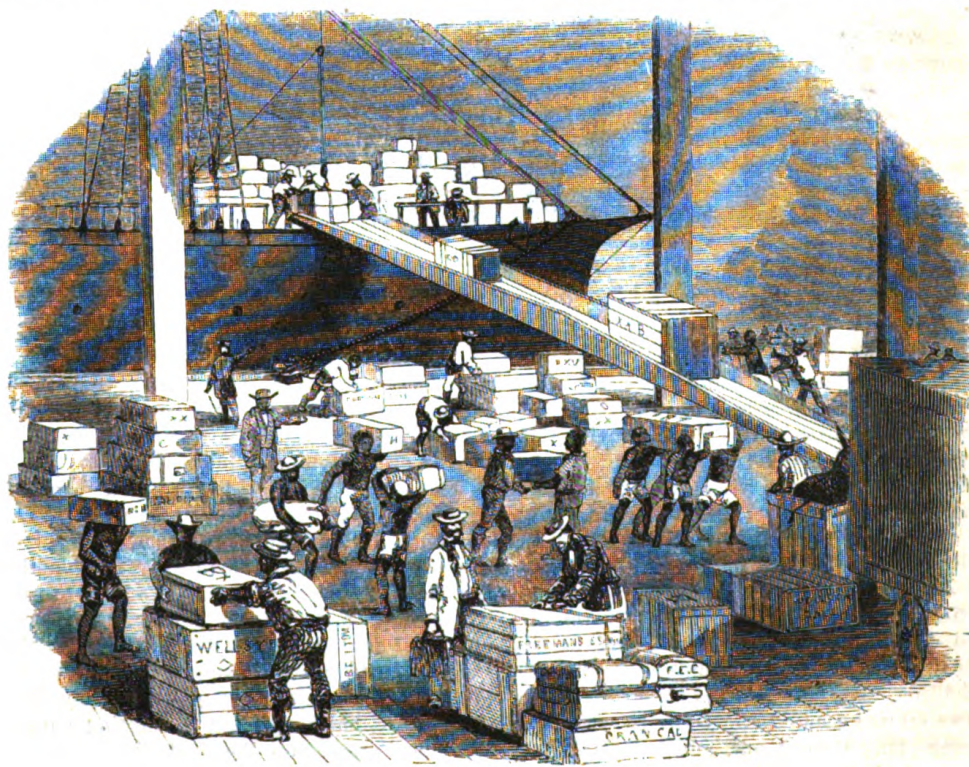
Eighteen miles' coasting and our highlands sloped down to the broad, low country that surrounds the Bay of Limon. There is a tradition rife among the old Spanish residents of the Isthmus that Columbus first touched the South American shore at this point. Colon, or Columbus, is a name by which the bay is known to many; it is likewise down on divers charts as Navy Bay, Man-o'-war Bay, and Manzanillo—the latter from the long coral island which bounds it on the east, and upon which rests the terminus of the great interoceanic railway. We could see the lofty masts of several men-of-war which were lying at anchor in the harbor, and by another half hour the City of Aspinwall dotting the eastern side; beyond this a low and heavily-thicketed line of shore, which was broken by hundreds of feather-topped cocoa-trees, and swept around a beautiful bay of more than five miles square.

The entrance of the harbor is flanked on the westward by a long, low cape called Limon Point, and a line of breakers, about a third of a mile in length, which foam over its coral reef; and on the eastward by the skeleton light-house on the northernmost point of the Island of Manzanillo. The view was really a beautiful one,

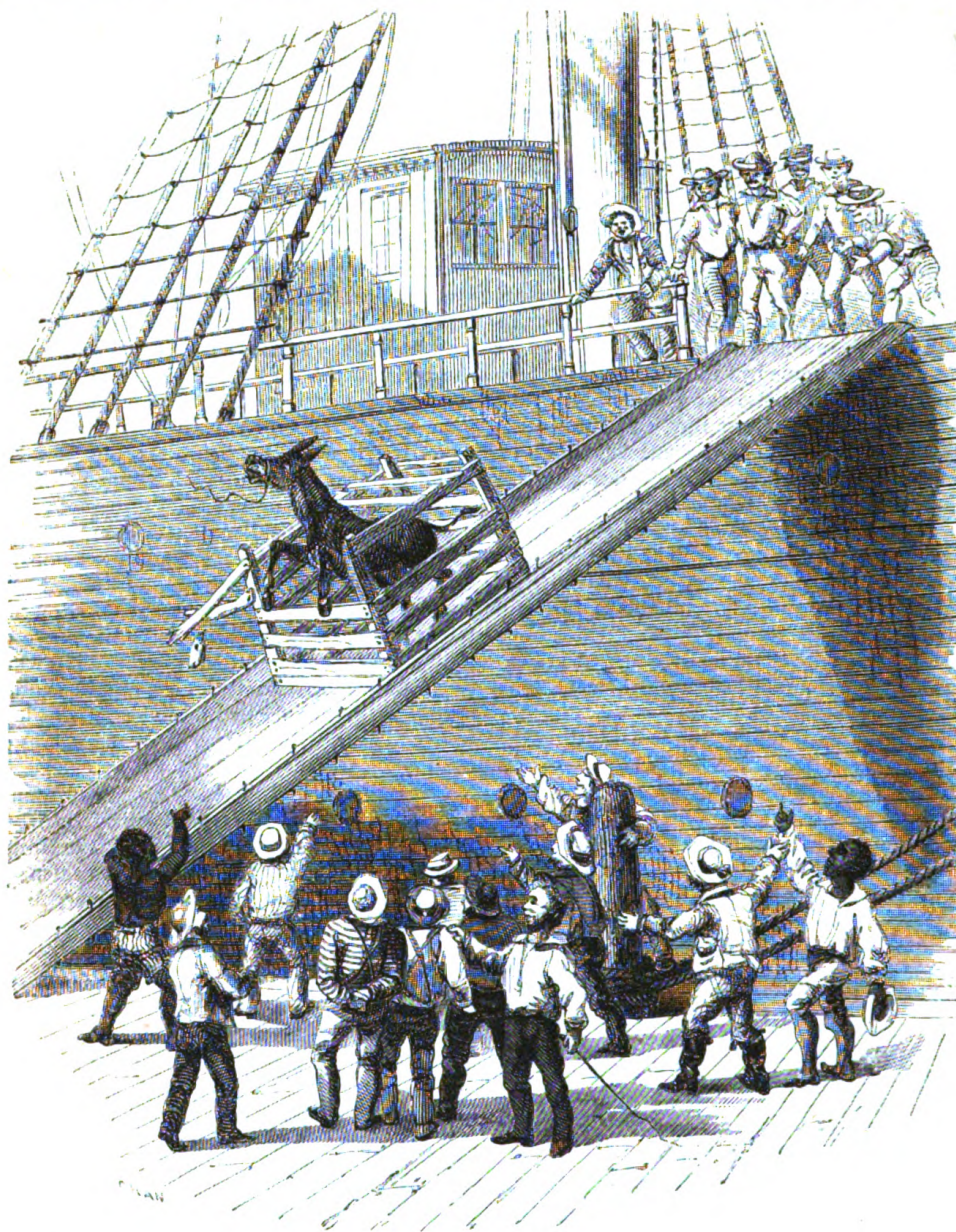
as we stood directly into the entrance. Its waters were as placid as an inland lake; some forty or fifty vessels were lying beside long wharves which ran out from a business-looking street along the shore, or were anchored near; while, stationed half a mile off, the magnificent steam-frigate *Wabash* waved the stars and stripes protectingly over these Yanko-Spanish possessions.

Nothing struck me with such force as the curious contrast of the City of Aspinwall (which was genuine New England in its style of buildings) with the peculiarly tropical character of its surroundings. Always accustomed to associate the banana, the cocoa, and the palm with picturesque thatched huts, or the low latticed and verandaed structures usually seen in tropical countries, it was singular to see the New England cottages, brilliant with white paint and green blinds, peeping out from groves of coconut trees, and the tall and stiff wooden stores and hotels of Yankeedom standing against a rank and luxurious background of tropical vegetation. Then, as if to answer any question that might be put by a stranger as to the cause of these unusual combinations, the shrieking whistle of a locomotive split the air, and in another minute an engine dashed into view, with a long train of Yankee cars, fresh from the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Sweeping around the harbor we soon rounded to at a mammoth covered wharf, nearly a thousand feet in length, belonging to the United States Mail Steamship Company; passengers laboring under great excitement generally—



THE WHARF AT ASPINWALL.



A DONKEY RIDE

running hither and thither, apparently to get the best position for a leap upon *terra firma*—men that had promenaded the deck with their carpet-bags and blankets for the previous several hours, and women whose babies and band-boxes had been bundled up since sunrise, now seemed to feel that the time for landing was really come. The air rang with repeated huzzas, which were faintly answered by a small, parti-colored gathering of Aspinwall representatives, who had come down to welcome the new arrival. After the usual quantum of “backing and filling,” and shouting and blowing of steam, the vessel was secured alongside the wharf and a gang-plank thrown out, and before another hour passed the entire multitude had vacated

the vessel, and were distributing themselves among the adjacent hotels to await the train, which was advertised to start for Panama at nine o'clock on the following morning.

The wharf, however, continued a scene of busy action after the crowd had departed. Dozens of jabbering Spanish negroes, stripped to the waist, were employed to assist in unlading the baggage, and stowing it into a train of cars which stood upon a track running the whole length of the wharf, and connecting with the Panama Railway about five hundred yards distant. A tackle was got up on the forestay, over the forward hatch, the fall connecting with a stationary engine on the dock, by means of which the cargo, consisting mostly of express

freight, was cheerily hoisted out of the hold, and passed down a huge gang-plank, and from thence, by the negroes, into the cars. In the midst of the unlading my attention was attracted by a couple of novel packages that made their appearance at the head of the plank; these proved to be a pair of portable stalls, each containing an astonished-looking donkey, which some enterprising stock-grower was taking on to California. It was painfully-comical to watch the bewildered air with which donkey No. 1 peered around through the bars of his stall while preparations were going on for his trip to the wharf; but when he was finally shot down the plank, at the rate of about a mile a minute, the poor creature, perfectly unnerved, fell down upon the floor of his stall, and arrived prone and quivering with fright, alongside the cars. No. 2 showed more mettle; he had evidently watched the descent of his comrade, and determined to distinguish himself; and just as his novel flight commenced he bolted forward with great force, breaking the front of his stall, then rearing upon his manger, with glaring eyes and distended nostrils he entered an energetic protest against his treatment by a series of agonizing brays. My friend, the Captain, passing by, I joined him, and we sauntered together up the wharf.

PICTURES FROM SIBERIA AND TARTARY.*

MR. ATKINSON has earned the right to put forth a Book of Travels. Having in mind to undertake a sketching tour through Siberia, and learning that the local authorities could give him only a passport from one town to another, he applied to the Emperor for a special permit to travel and sketch where he pleased. In three days he received a notice that his request was granted, and the necessary document was soon in his hands. This slip of paper proved a talisman which removed every obstacle, and compelled the assistance of every Russian official to whom it was presented. His journeyings lasted seven years, during which he traveled 40,000 miles, in carriages, on horseback, in canoes; climbed lofty mountains, penetrated deep gorges, swam foaming torrents, and floated down broad rivers. He quaffed Champagne in the stately mansions of the mining magnates of Siberia; drank *vodki* with the lonely miners of the Ural and the Altai; swallowed fermented mare's milk, and tea thickened with flour to the consistency of soup, in the felt tents of the Tartars. He sported his slouched hat, pink shirt, checked shooting-coat, and ponderous jack-boots, upon the broad steppe of the Gobi—"the Land of Grass"—those waste regions over which, six hundred years ago, Gen-

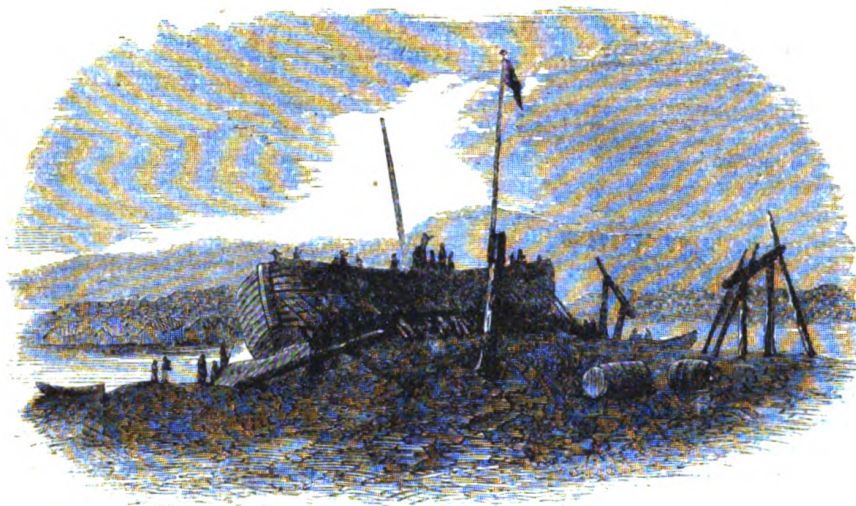
ghis Khan marched his wild hordes to Western conquest; regions into which no European had ever penetrated; which no artist's pencil, save his own, has ever portrayed. He brings back with him nearly 600 sketches, some made in Siberia, where the congealed mercury becomes solid enough to be cast into rifle-balls; others executed upon the sandy plains of Central Asia, with the thermometer standing at 144 degrees.

Mr. Atkinson left Moscow early in March, accompanied by a post-office postillion, who had orders to escort him to the Siberian frontier, 1700 versts (a verst is two-thirds of a mile) away. There was no time to be lost, for the advancing spring would in a few days render the roads impassable for sledges. With true Russian speed they dashed over the road, even now worn into deep holes; accomplishing in two days the 400 versts to Nijni Novgorod, famous for its summer fair, which attracts a quarter of a million of traders from all parts of Europe and Asia:—thence down the Volga, whose ice-covered surface formed for the same distance a smooth highway to the old Tartar city of Kazan, whose fierce Khans, not many generations ago, ravaged Russia up to the very walls of Moscow:—thence onward over the broad steppe stretching monotonously to the foot of the Ural Mountains, through alternate snow and rain, the road growing hourly worse and worse, until the Yemtschiks, themselves beaten by the postillion, could scarcely flog along the six horses that dragged the sledge; until at midnight of the tenth day after leaving Moscow they reached Ekaterineburg, the capital of the Siberian Government of Perm.

Ekaterineburg is the centre of the mining region of the Ural. Here, amidst the sombre pine forests of Northern Asia, the Government has built up mechanical and engineering works which rival the most complete establishments of Europe. Here the rich merchants and mining proprietors have erected stately mansions, surrounded by conservatories brilliant with tropical plants and flowers. Here, too, is the *Granitofabrik*, where the jasper, malachite, and porphyry of the Ural are wrought into those magnificent vases and tables and columns which form the pride of the Imperial palaces. This establishment belongs to the Crown, and is worked wholly by serfs, many of whom possess genius of no common order. They cut into shape the emeralds, topazes, and amethysts; they carve the exquisite foliage upon the jasper vases; they inlay with precious stones those wonderful tables which astonished the world at the Crystal Palace in London. Four or five men are often employed for half a dozen years upon one of those tables. Their monthly wages are eighty cents in cash, and thirty-six pounds of rye-flour, which, made into black bread, forms their only food.

The breaking up of the ice in the River Tchoussowaia soon enabled Mr. Atkinson to float down to Outkinskoi, where the boats are built which convey the products of the Imperial

* *Oriental and Western Siberia: A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia.* By THOMAS WILKINSON ATKINSON. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.



LAUNCH OF A RUSSIAN LEVIATHAN.

mines and iron-works down to the Volga, and thence to St. Petersburg or the Black Sea. These boats are built with their sides to the water, and are launched, like the *Leviathan*, by being pushed off sideways, only instead of the hydraulic presses of Mr. Brunel, hundreds of men and women furnished with long poles, constitute the motive power. These vessels are wholly of wood, without even an iron bolt or nail. The decks are not fastened to the hulls ;

so that if, as often happens, the boat strikes upon a rock and is sunk, the deck floats, forming a raft upon which the crew are saved.

While passing down the river, Mr. Atkinson saw upon the bank a simple cross raised upon three steps. It marked the birth-place of the founder of the Demidoff family, the great-grandfather of the present Prince, whose name is famous in the Ural. While passing down the river, the mother was seized with maternal



CURIOUS ROCKS ON THE TCHOUSSOWAIA.



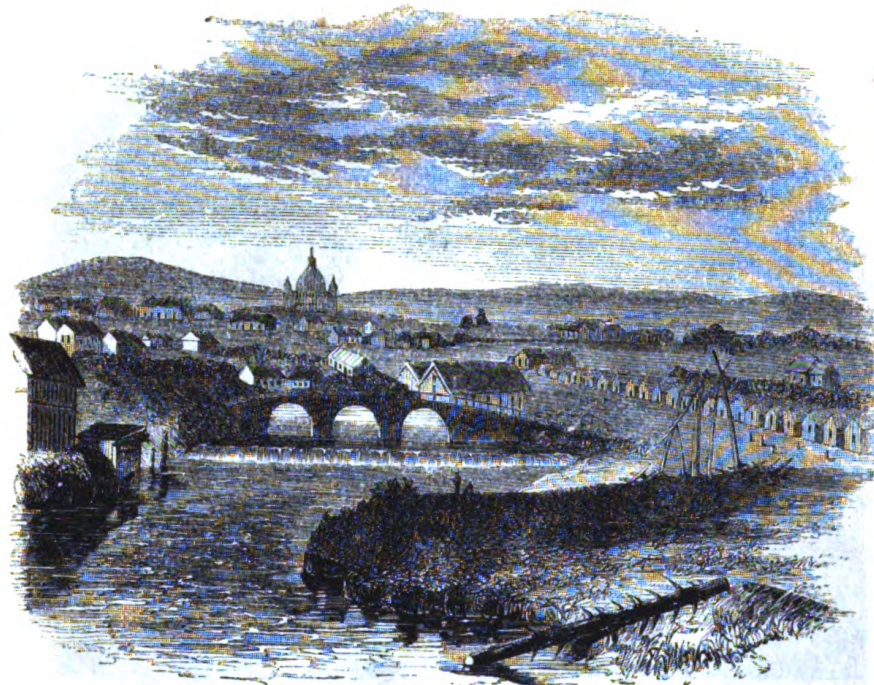
DEMIDOFF'S BIRTH-PLACE.

throes. A strip of canvas sheltered the mother and the new-born babe who was to become the chief agent in developing the mineral wealth of these vast regions.

The principal *Zavod*, or mining establishment of the Demidoffs, is at Tagilsk, a town of 25,000 inhabitants, a hundred versts or so from Ekaterineburg. Here they have an estate of more than three millions of acres—about as large as the State of Connecticut. It abounds in mineral treasures. Gold and platina are found in the mountain valleys; the iron and copper are apparently inexhaustible; porphyry, jasper, and malachite abound. Some years since an enormous mass of this last peculiar Siberian product was discovered near Tagilsk, and workmen have ever since been employed in removing it piecemeal. This great metallic stalagmite is estimated to contain 750,000 pounds of solid malachite, worth \$850,000. The forests of this vast estate are under the superintendence of able officers, whose duty is to see that they are cut down in proper succession, so that the supply of fuel may never be exhausted. It requires eighty years to reproduce timber of size suitable for use. The whole estate is indeed under the most intelligent and liberal management.

At Tagilsk there are spacious hospitals for the workmen, comfortable cottages for their dwellings, and schools for the education of their children, besides warehouses stored with every article needed for use and comfort. The present Prince, Anatole Demidoff, spares no expense in educating the youths from his estates who manifest any talent for geology, mineralogy, or mechanics. Many of his serfs have become wealthy, and to some he has given freedom.

At Neviansk is "the Castle," built by the first Demidoff, for a long time the principal residence of the family. It was partially destroyed many years ago by the owner. The Government had sent a certain Count as a secret agent to inquire into the mining proceedings of the Demidoff of that day. The Count, upon his return, congratulated the Prince upon the magnificence of his noble mansion in the Ural, where he had been hospitably entertained while prosecuting his secret mission. Demidoff forthwith sent orders that the apartments which had been desecrated by the residence of the spy should be demolished. This was done, and from that day no Demidoff has ever occupied the Castle. It is still a stately mansion, and is kept up for the sole accommodation of travel-



TAGILSK.

ers, who, let them arrive when they may, are welcomed and sumptuously entertained free of all expense. Not far from the Castle stands a fine brick tower, which leans to one side, threatening some day to fall. It belongs to a building formerly used for refining the silver brought from the treeless regions of the Altai.

Having explored the regions of the Ural, Mr.

Atkinson set out southeastward for the Altai Mountains, toward the border-lands of the Chinese Empire. It was a long and monotonous journey, for Siberia is a country of magnificent distances. One gray morning he overtook a gang of convicts on their way to the penal settlements of Eastern Siberia. Seventeen men and three women, in chains, led the van. They



LAKES ON THE IRTISCH.

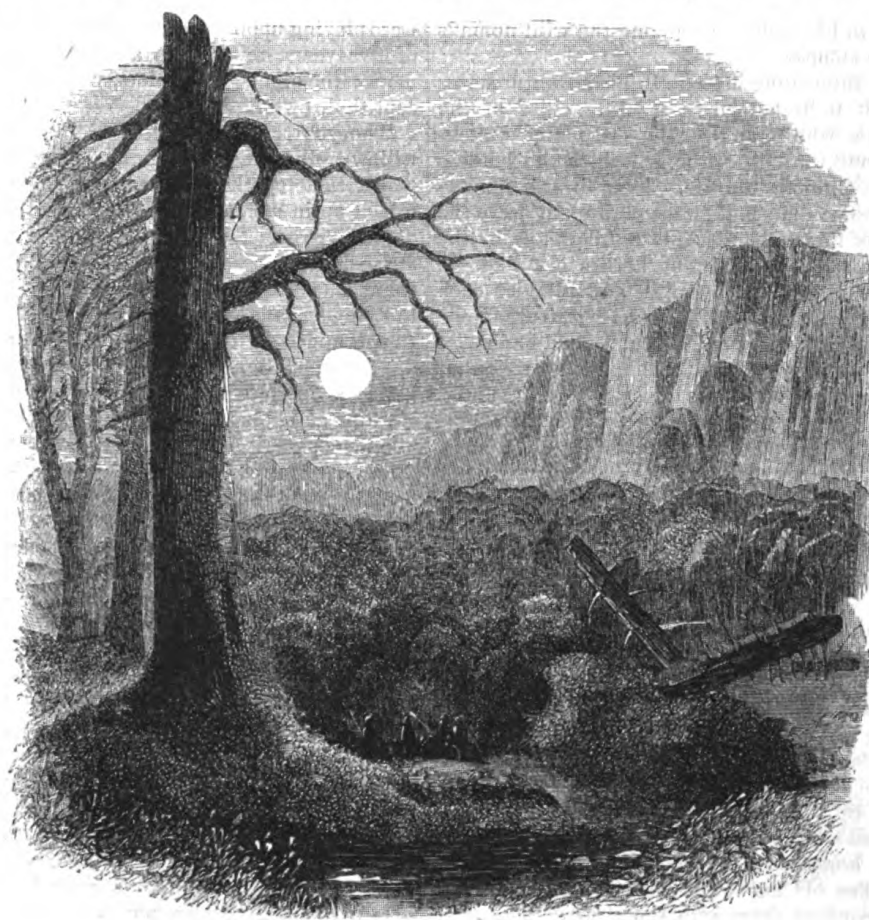
had marched 2500 versts, and their destination still lay 4000 versts beyond. They march from twenty to twenty-five versts a day, traveling two days and resting one. Eight weary months would elapse before they reached their place of banishment. Then followed in pairs some fifty more, men and women. In front and on each side were mounted Cossacks, keeping strict guard over the exiles.

For 2500 versts he had followed the great post-road, traveling in a carriage, the Imperial order providing him with post-horses at every station. At Kiansk, the postman, a Polish Jew, declared that he had no horses, but offered to procure them from a friend at double price. Mr. Atkinson informed the police-master of this attempt at extortion. It is ill trifling with one who bears an Imperial order. In a moment a Cossack was off for the delinquent. The police-master ordered him to supply the horses forthwith. He swore by all that was holy that he had none, and that his "friend" would not furnish them without double pay. The words were hardly out of his mouth before the Jew found himself sprawling on the floor, his nether garments stripped off, and a Cossack standing over him with uplifted birch. Before it fell, he bellowed out that the horses should be forthcoming. The police-master said he should

have twenty blows for causing the delay; but Mr. Atkinson interceded in his behalf, and the order was countermanded. The Cossack could not resist the temptation of giving one lusty blow at the target lying so temptingly before him. The birch fell; the old sinner, gathering up his garments, sprang to his feet with a howl, and scurried away. In twenty minutes the carriage was at the door, supplied with six horses, and the traveler galloped off triumphantly.

At length he approached the wild regions of the Altai Mountains. The journey must now be prosecuted on horseback, for no wheeled carriage can traverse the deep valleys and lonely forests which he was about to explore. Yet even here the invisible power of the Czar is potent. The peasants are all known and registered. Their sons are liable to be ordered to the mines a thousand versts away, where they must toil for years, receiving less than six cents a day; or they may be drafted into the army, with scarcely a hope of ever again returning to their distant homes.

We can not here follow Mr. Atkinson in his sketching excursions among the mountains; or pause to tell how he rode by night through gloomy forests; penetrated deep gorges; rode races with sudden tempests while the thunder



A FOREST RIDE BY MOONLIGHT.



KIRGHIS ROBBERS.

shook the ground, and the red lightnings shivered the trees or shattered the rocks:—can not narrate how he floated in a frail canoe down the Irtysh, resting by night in the dirty huts of the Cossacks, crowded with haggard women and children, filled with smoke and reeking with unnamable odors. We pass over months, and come to his excursions among the wild nomads of the steppes.

An interesting episode in his adventures was a visit to Mahomed, a wealthy chief of the Kirghis, who roam over the vast plains stretching southward from the Irtysh to the borders of the Chinese Empire. They bear a reputation worse than indifferent, and many were the tales of their robberies and murders told by the Russians. The different hordes are likewise always on the wait to kill and plunder each other; but Mr. Atkinson had already made short excursions upon the steppe, and had never failed to meet with a hospitable reception at their *aouls* or encampments.

He had been riding all day over the steppe in the supposed direction of Mahomed's aoul. Night was approaching, but neither herds nor tents could be seen. The guides were terrified, when Atkinson's keen eye caught a distant glimpse of some dark moving object, which he was sure was a herd of horses driven homeward. He was right. Pressing on, they soon saw a large encampment toward which great herds of camels and horses were slowly making their way. A Cossack was sent to announce their approach to the chief; and they were soon riding through the herds, closely eyed by the attendant Kirghis, and escorted by troops of savage dogs, snarling at their heels, till they came up to a *yourt* or tent, before which was planted a long spear, ornamented with a tuft of black horse-hair.

A fine old man came out to welcome them, and conduct them into the *yourt*. This was Mahomed. He wore a long robe of striped

pink and yellow silk, bound at the waist with a white shawl; upon his head was a close-fitting silk cap, embroidered with silver. His wife wore a robe of black Chinese satin, a red shawl around the waist, a white muslin cap, with long lappets, embroidered with red silk, and high-heeled boots of brown leather. Three children were playing upon the ground; one, a youngster of five years, rejoiced in a single scanty garment; the others, his juniors, wore nothing except their own dusky skins.

The *yourt* was formed of a frame-work of willow trellis five feet high, made into compartments tied together with thongs, so as to be folded up in a small compass; from this rose a dome-like roof; the whole covered over with *voilock*, or water-proof felting, made of wool and camel's hair. It formed a circle thirty-four feet in diameter, and twelve feet high in the centre. In the middle of the floor smouldered a fire of dried camel's dung. Opposite the entrance lay *voilocks*, upon which were chests containing clothing and household stores; upon these were piled bales of rich Persian and Bokharian carpets. In one corner was a huge leathern bag for preparing *koumis*, or fermented mare's milk, the common drink of the nomads. Around hung smaller *koumis*-bottles, and wooden drinking bowls from China, richly painted and lackered. These hold three pints or more; one is always offered to a guest upon his entering the *yourt*, and he is expected to drain it at once. The saddles are piled upon the carpet bales. These are often richly ornamented with silver and velvet. Mr. Atkinson saw one for which the owner paid fifty horses.

Such was the dwelling of the wealthy chief, Mahomed, who possessed at this aoul a hundred camels, two thousand horses, a thousand oxen, six thousand sheep and goats; besides which he had two other aouls, at each of which were a thousand horses and other animals in proportion.



KIRGHIS, WITH KOUMIS-BOTTLE AND BOWL.

The favorite weapon of the Kirghis is the battle-axe. They had no fire-arms, and judging from the curiosity with which they examined the pistols of their guests, were wholly unacquainted with their use. Another potent European invention was equally new to them.

Mr. Atkinson offered to old Mahomed a cup of rum, which he declined; and when he saw his guest imbibe it with apparent gusto, he looked aghast, as though he expected Shaitan to appear in person and claim the bold drinker of the fiery fluid. But when the household had retired, and host and guest were alone, Mahomed made signs that he would like to

make a further experiment as to the potability of the mysterious liquor. He tasted, drank, approved the flavor or exhilarating effects, and emptying the cup, asked for more. After that, when no one was looking on, he was more than willing to join his guest in a social bowl, though most virtuously abstemious when any of his people were present. Fearing that the old chief's character for temperance was in peril, or perhaps apprehensive that his supply of rum would fail, Atkinson resolved to check his growing appetite. Watching his time he managed unperceived to set fire to the contents of the cup, as he handed it to the chief. Mahomed



A GROUP OF MAHOMED'S KIRGHIS.



THE NIGHT ATTACK.

leaped up in terror as he saw the blue flames curling about the brim, muttered something about the Evil One, and thenceforward resolutely refused to touch a drop of the tempting diabolical fluid.

At night all the cattle are driven into the aoul, and carefully guarded by watchmen and dogs. At dawn, the women milk the cows, and the men drive the animals to pasture; the horses and camels often going eight or ten miles, the oxen a less distance, and the sheep remain-

ing within three or four miles of the camp. When these living streams had spread themselves over the plains, and the breakfast of tea and broiled mutton had been dispatched, Mr. Atkinson rode out on long sketching and hunting excursions into the mountains that bordered the steppe, not returning until the last gleams of daylight were gilding the lofty summits of the distant ranges of the Altai.

At night all is dark in the aoul, for the camel's dung fires smoulder away without giv-

Lake in the Altai Mountains.



ing any light. About two o'clock one morning Atkinson was awakened from his sleep on the ground by a great noise. He sprang up, thinking it was an earthquake. The sound approached; then passed like a whirlwind. It was the whole troop of horses dashing away at full gallop. The aoul was attacked by robbers. A great shrieking arose from women and children; old Mahomed rushed out, shouting with all his might; the Kirghis, battle-axe in hand, sprang to saddle; Atkinson and his five Cossacks seized their rifles and pistols in the dark-

ness. A dense mass of horsemen dashed up at full speed; five rifle-balls whistled through the air; there was a scream, and the robbers disappeared in the gloom. A score of Kirghis were upon their tracks, and soon overtook them, for they were encumbered with their booty. But the robbers proved to be the most numerous party, and Mahomed's men were forced to retreat. The marauders got clear off with a hundred horses; for they were so terrified by the fire-arms of the guests that they did not venture to return to attack the aoul.



KALMUCKS.

Winter was now approaching, and Mr. Atkinson resolved to pass it at Barnaoul, the principal smelting town of the Altai region, to which the silver ore is brought sometimes a thousand versts from the treeless regions where it is mined. A friend advised him to take a regular Siberian bath, to stew out the effects of wet, frost, and thumps. He followed the advice, and came out the next morning fresh, freed from the pain of every kick and bruise, fully convinced that there is nothing in the world equal to a Siberian bath. Perhaps some of our readers would like the prescription for this invaluable remedy. Here it is in brief: The bather is first steamed until he thinks that his body is on the point of being resolved into its original elements; then flogged with birch twigs

until he is as red as a boiled lobster; then cooled off by having copious buckets of ice-cold water dashed over him, or by taking a satisfying plunge into a snow-bank.

Mr. Atkinson gives a very interesting account of the systematic manner in which the gold and silver mining operations are carried on by the Russian engineers, many of whom in these far-off barbarous regions rank among the first geologists, mineralogists, and metallurgists of the world. Every summer, eight or ten young officers are sent into the mountains at the head of parties of forty or fifty men. They carry with them bread, tea, sugar, and brandy, and are expected to provide their meat by hunting. When they reach a valley where gold appears, they dig pits at intervals of fifty or sixty paces, and care-



KALMUCK PRIEST.



KALMUCK SACRIFICE.

fully note how much gold is found in each hundred pounds of sand. Accurate maps are constructed upon which the location of every pit is laid down, and the amount of gold found in it. From these materials the mining director, sitting in his study, decides whether there is sufficient gold in any valley to pay for working. After all, the amount of gold produced in the Altai is but trifling, when compared with the rich diggings of California and Australia.

After a long delay in the gold region, Mr. Atkinson set off for *Altin-Kool*, the "Golden Lake," far up among the mountains. He assures us that the River Tchoulishman, which empties into it, furnishes views incomparably finer than any thing to be found in Europe. In ascending this he had the assistance of a band of Kalmucks, who propel their canoes, dug from a single tree, with great dexterity. They are also bold hunters and dexterous horsemen. Many of them would not hesitate to ride their horses upon a plank eighteen inches wide, fastened upon the ridge of the highest cathedral in Europe. The Kalmucks are still Pagans. In the spring they offer up sacrifices to their deity, to procure an abundant increase of their herds and flocks. Mr. Atkinson was present at one of these ceremonies. The officiating priest was dressed fantastically, his coat ornamented with innumerable tassels and leather fringes; scraps of iron hung in front, to produce a jingling;

his crimson cap was adorned with brass beads, glass drops, and crane's feathers. A ram was brought forward and killed by an assistant, the priest thumping away upon a huge tambourine, to call the attention of the deity in case he should happen to be otherwise engaged, and all the while putting up petitions for multitudes of sheep and cattle. The ram was then flayed, and his skin, placed upon a long pole, with its head toward the east, was elevated above the framework of the hut. The flesh, cooked in a huge caldron to the sound of the tambourine and chanted prayer, furnished a grand feast to the tribe.

After a perilous tour among the mountains, in the course of which he ascended the untrodden summit of the Bielouka, the loftiest peak in the Altai range, Mr. Atkinson turned his course southward toward ancient Mongolia—that region of vast grassy plains, sandy deserts, and high mountain chains, from which Ghengis Khan marched his devouring hordes six hundred years ago. The regions he was about to visit had never been beheld by any human eye except those of the fierce nomads who roam over them. It was a perilous journey; for plunder is the common trade of these lawless hordes, and the traveler who is overpowered by them, if not murdered, is carried off into hopeless slavery.

His party consisted of three Cossacks, honest



LAKE SAN-GHIN-DALAI, MONGOLIA.

fellows who were afraid of nothing, and seven tough Kalmucks inured to hardship and privation. They were of course well armed, and abundantly supplied with ammunition.

Day after day found them treading the defiles of the Tagnou Mountains; building their watchfires by dark streams and lonely lakes; now descending to the plains and sharing the hospitalities of Kalkas chiefs, who gazed with wonder upon their strange visitors; now encamped beneath the silent stars, listening to the long howls of the wolves, or keeping watch lest prowling marauders should steal their horses, and leave them helpless in the desert.

One day they rode up to a large Kirghis encampment, where they were received with some distrust. Atkinson's pistols excited the special curiosity of the chief, Sultan Baspasihan. He was clearly of opinion that such small weapons could not be worth much, and wished to see them tried upon a kid. Atkinson declined to shoot the animal; but setting up a leaf from his pocket-book as a target, stepped off fifteen paces, wheeled about, and sent a ball through it. The Sultan, suspecting some trick, set up a wooden bowl for a mark. The bullet pierced it unerringly, to the astonishment of the spectators, one of whom placed it on his head to ascertain where the wound would have been had the pistol been aimed at him. The Sultan then wished to compare the rifle-shooting of his guests with that of his own people. A target was put up at sixty paces; his men could not hit it; the Cossacks put their balls in the centre at every shot. Atkinson resolved to show them what could be done at long range. The target was removed to two hundred paces, and every one of his men hit it fairly.

The Sultan's respect for his guests was wonderfully enhanced, and he gave a formal banquet in their honor. In front of the tent was spread a carpet, upon which, as the place of honor, the Sultan and Atkinson were seated: the tribe sat around in circles, at a respectful distance; the men first, then the boys, then the women and children, the dogs last. The meat was brought in piled upon huge wooden trays. The Sultan selected a piece for his guest, and then began on his own account. This was the signal to fall to. Hands were thrust into the trays; a man sitting nearest the platter would select a piece, eat a part, and hand the remainder to the one next behind; he would take a few bites, and pass it to the rest; and so on till by the time it reached the women and children it was divested of nearly every particle of meat. The bones, well polished, fell to the share of the dogs. Three little naked urchins fared better than their comrades. They crept stealthily behind the Sultan, and when his attention was turned in some other direction, snatched a bone from the platter, and scurried away with their prey. This they repeated several times with infinite cunning. One four-year-old youngster took his luck with the dogs. Armed with the leg-bone of a sheep, he rushed in among his canine competitors when a bone was flung to them, and managed, by dint of sturdy blows, to secure his full share of the food. The platters were soon cleared; then the liquid in which the mutton had been boiled was handed round and drunk with great relish. Water having been poured over the hands of the guests, the banquet was over.

In the Sultan's yurt Atkinson had observed a *bearcoote*—a species of large black eagle—

chained to a perch. The royal bird was trained for hunting; and the Sultan gave his guests an opportunity of witnessing the sport. They rode out upon the steppe, an attendant holding the eagle, hooded and chained to the saddle. Several deer were soon aroused, who made off at full speed. The hood and shackles were removed from the bird, who soared high up in the air, poised himself for a moment, then swooped straight down upon his prey. The motion of his wings was scarcely perceptible, but he went at fearful speed. The men dashed after at full gallop, but the foremost were fully two hundred yards behind when the bird struck his prey, driving one talon into the neck, the other into the back, and tearing out the liver with his beak. The attendant sprang from his horse, hooded and shackled the eagle, and replaced him upon his perch, ready for another flight.

They parted in a friendly manner from Bas-pasihan, who warned them to be wary when they approached the horde of Koubaldos, the most famous robber chief of this region, where all are robbers. He also sent with them messengers, with presents and a secret dispatch for his friends Oui-jass and Sabeck, chiefs whom they would visit.

After many days' riding, the party, now increased to seventeen men, reached the aoul of Koubaldos. There was something sinister in their reception. Having conducted his visitor to his yurt, the robber chief began a close scrutiny and minute questioning.

Who was he, what was his business, and where was he going?

He was a stranger, bound for the Chinese town of Tchín-si, who could not think of pass-

ing through the country of Koubaldos without visiting such a famous chieftain.

Had he any thing to sell, or did he intend to buy any thing at Tchín-si?

No; nothing at all.

Why were his men so fully armed?

To kill game and defend themselves.

Would he sell his pistols, his double-barreled gun, and a couple of rifles, with powder and ball?

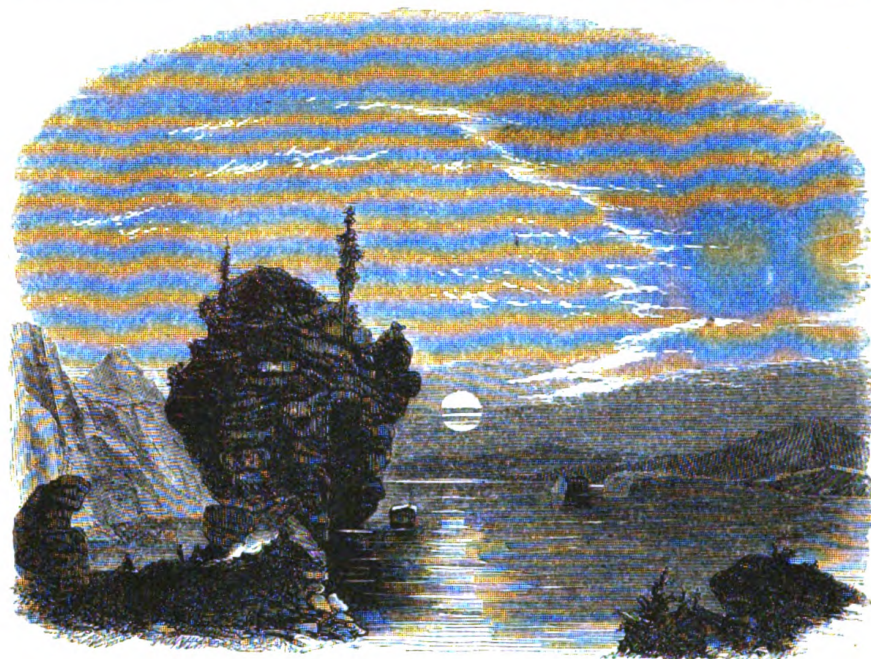
"The devil that he is!" whispered one of Atkinson's Cossacks. "Let him have these, and he would soon kill us." No, they would not sell.

Finding nothing could be done in this way, Koubaldos invited them to stay with him a couple of days, when he would conduct them to some friends of his. They agreed, but were inwardly resolved to do no such thing. In the morning their host was absent; gone to look at some horses they were told; but he would be back soon. Atkinson was confident that he meant mischief, and took his departure in spite of the remonstrances of the men, who said their master would be grieved and angry if his guests failed to visit his friends.

They rode on all day, and as night drew near prepared to encamp in the open plain. It was a glorious evening. As the sun went down a ruddy haze extended along the horizon, obscuring the dividing line between earth and heaven. The western sky was all aglow with flame-colored clouds, fading away to the east into crimson, orange, yellow, and bluish-gray. The little band of travelers showed like a speck upon the vast desert. They fully believed that the robbers would be upon them before morning;



BEARCOOTE AND DEER.



NIGHT ENCAMPMENT.

but were resolved that they should meet with a warm reception. Arms were carefully inspected, and strict orders given that when Atkinson gave the word four men should fire, each selecting his man, beginning from the right, and while they were reloading the others should fire. That night they were unmolested, and they traveled on undisturbed the next day. At night they approached a lake, from the shore of which ran out a long narrow ledge, terminating in a bold mass of rock. A wreath of smoke on the opposite shore showed that neighbors were at hand. It must be Koubaldos and his men, waiting to attack them while they slept.

Their plan was soon formed. Watch-fires were lighted and horses picketed at some distance from the promontory. When it was quite dark, the horses were cautiously led to this natural fortress, while Atkinson and his men took up a position which covered the causeway over which the robbers must pass to attack them. Before the first watch was over the robbers rushed down upon the deserted encampment. Finding no one there, they rode along the lake so close to the hiding-place of Atkinson that every word they spoke could be plainly heard. Koubaldos told his men that they had become alarmed and gone northward down the lake, but he would overtake them before morning. It never occurred to him that they had taken refuge upon the rocky promontory.

With the earliest dawn Atkinson was away in the direction opposite to that taken by the robbers, whom he saw no more. At night they came upon the aoul of Sultan Sabeck, the proposed termination of their southern journey. Beyond his pastures, to the south and east, were only sandy deserts for hundreds of miles.

They were now close upon the Chinese frontier. Sabeck entertained them in a manner half Chinese, half Tartar, with fragrant tea, served up in exquisite porcelain cups, confectionery, and sweetmeats. His own dress was of purple satin, magnificently embroidered; and his attendants wore the most splendid products of Chinese looms. When told how his guests had been chased by Koubaldos, he spat toward him and called him Shaitan. He was the owner of six hundred camels, eight thousand horses, and oxen, sheep, and goats more than he could number.

Leaving this magnificent chief, who furnished him with guides and a large escort, Atkinson turned his course westward and northward toward Siberia, skirting the mountains of Syan-Shan, gaining a distant view of the Chinese town of Tchín-si, and cordially welcomed by the Sultans of the Steppes, to whom they were brought by their guides. Of some of these he has given us characteristic sketches. His picture of Sultan Iamantuck and family represents a distinguished-looking man in the prime of life, with his daughter, a dark-eyed beauty, sitting by his side; his son kneels before him, an attitude which he must always take when making a communication to his father. This family, he says, are the most intelligent people whom he encountered upon the Steppes. Sultan Beck, the largest man and the wealthiest chief of the Kirghis, was at first very uncivil, sending to his guests a diseased sheep. This was quickly returned by Atkinson, with a message that he was the first Sultan who had been guilty of incivility to the strangers, and that big as his body was, he had the heart of a mouse. This roused him to fury, and he threatened the

Cossack who brought the message. The Cossack defied him; the Sultan thereupon changed his tactics, grew civil, sent a couple of his most choice sheep, and remained to partake of his own mutton. While dinner was preparing he ordered his poet to sing. The man obeyed, chanting songs describing the prowess and plundering expeditions of the Sultan and his ancestors, amidst the vociferous applause of the tribe. Four days after leaving Sultan Beck, Atkinson reached the aoul of the Sultan Boulania, where he had a proof of the far-reaching influence of the Czar. Some years before, this chief had visited the Governor of Western Siberia, who had given him a letter recommending Atkinson to his care, should he ever come into his country. This letter was of much service to the traveler. In the neighborhood of Boulania, Atkinson fell in with Sultan Alie Iholdi, who claims his descent from the famous Timour. The sketch represents him seated in front of his chair of state, which is borne upon a camel when the tribe removes from pasture to pasture. His sultana sits upon a pile of carpets by the side of the great iron caldron, with its heavy iron frame, in which the sheep are cooked.

During the journey Atkinson learned the reason for the extraordinary favor with which he had been received by the Sultans of the Steppes. The secret message sent by Baspasihan to Sabeck contained a proposition for an attack upon Koubaldos by the united forces of the other chiefs, who should strip him of his plunder, and kill or carry off his people. The



SULTAN BOULANIA.

rifles of the strangers would render their assistance of the highest value; and offers of a liberal share of spoil were made to them if they would join the proposed expedition. Although Atkinson had little reason to love the treacherous robber, he declined the honor of taking part in the anticipated massacre.

A wide detour southward brought Atkinson to the Alatou Mountains, an isolated group rising up from the surrounding steppes. Among these are fertile valleys, now used only by the Kirghis as summer pastures, but the abundant tumuli, with the ruins of ancient canals and earthworks, gave evidence that they were once the abodes of a numerous agricultural people, who possessed considerable engineering skill. The Kirghis look upon these remains with dread, and believe that they were constructed by Shaitan and his infernal legions. With one group of tumuli, of which the largest is two



SULTAN ALIE IHOLDI.



SULTAN IAMANTUCK AND FAMILY.

hundred feet in diameter and forty feet high, they connect a singular legend. It belonged, they say, to a tribe, all the members of which, for some unexplained reason, resolved to put each other to death. The father slaughtered his wife and all his children, except his eldest son, whose lot it was to kill his father and then himself, the last of his tribe. These mounds were raised to receive the bodies before the work of destruction commenced. The Kirghis call this tribe the "Self-Killers."

"Among these mountains," says Atkinson, "I wandered for one hundred and twenty-three days, visiting scenery of the most striking character, which contributed one hundred and nine sketches to my folio. I encountered many dangers here. Once a Kirghis sent a ball from my own rifle, which struck the rocks three inches above my head. Though this was accidental, he immediately threw down the rifle, sprang into his saddle, and we saw him no more. I often experienced hunger, and when I departed from the neighborhood it was almost without clothing, and without a serviceable pair of boots; notwithstanding which, as I rode away, I looked back with regret upon the purple summits and snowy peaks, remembering only the happy days I had spent among their wonderful scenery."

Wonderful and magnificent it is, as the copious selections from his portfolio, contained in his book, abundantly show.

Seventeen days sharp riding from the Alatau Mountains brought Mr. Atkinson to the Russian frontier. His Siberian friends received him as one risen from the dead. Then came a rapid journey by post—and post-traveling in Siberia means whirling on at the rate of three hundred versts in twenty-four hours—to Irkoutsk, the eastern capital of Siberia. "If any person," he says, "traveling to Irkoutsk by the great post-road will keep awake for three stations after passing the Irtisch, he may sleep the remainder of the journey, and on his arrival may describe the whole country. Where the soil is sandy, the pine-tree is spread over the land; where it is swampy, there grows the birch." It is from the descriptions of those who have traversed this monotonous road, that our current ideas of Siberia have been obtained. Then came a tour among the Saian Mountains, that separate Siberia and Mongolia. The extent of this chain may be estimated by comparing it with the Alps, which can be crossed in four or five days; while the wanderer among these mountains has lost no time if he contrives to cross them in thirty-five. Striking the great Lake Baikal at its western extremity, he rowed for twenty-eight days upon its stormy waters to its eastern end; then returning westward by the post-road, he reached Irkoutsk in the early winter.

Here ends the story of the long and adventurous travels of Mr. Atkinson.



A TOWARAH BEDOUIN.

AN AMERICAN AT SINAI.

"**INSHALLAH!** We are ready. Will the Howajji set his face toward Jebel Mousa?"

"Did you buy the macaroni of Yusef el Bardak in the bazar at the Bab Zouaileh, or of Pietro in the Mouski?"

"In the bazar at the gate, O Prince!"

"Then it's vile stuff, and we are cheated. Why did you not do as I ordered?"

"It is a long story for the Howajji to hear. There was a Bedouin sheik, Achmed Ibn Houssein, who reached Cairo yesterday, and I met him in the Bab Zouaileh. Bismillah! He was looking at the iron hooks where they hung his uncle in Mohammed Ali's time. I knew he would be the best guard your highness could have from Musr to Jebel Mousa. I talked with him. We sat down on the front of the shop of El Bardak. Achmed loves macaroni. I bought great quantities from the shopkeeper, and the Bedouin agreed to go with the macaroni. Is it not good?"

"*Tieb, Tieb, Ali!* you know your business. But who are to be with him?"

"Inshallah (a profane dog was Ali. He

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swore a round oath in every sentence), Inshallah, we are enough!"

"You and he! What will you do if the Oulad-Ali attack us?"

"Wallah, I will destroy a hundred of them! I will exterminate the whole race of the sons of Ismahil. I will—"

"Tush, tush, Ali! I know very well what you will do; but what guard are we to have? Whom have you engaged besides this Bedouin? I want to know all the arrangements."

The dragoman, Ali, was a wiry, wily fellow, with all the accomplishments of his race and vocation. He would boast, brag, and lie, chaffer, cheat, and steal with the most thoroughbred of them from Malta to Stamboul. My friend Stephen Strong, of New York, had been up the Nile as far as Thebes in the winter of 1856-7, and had been, therefore, just five weeks in Ali's employ; for a very common error among travelers is that they employ their dragomans. On the contrary, the dragoman employs the traveler—the contract being that the latter is to furnish the former with every luxury that wealth can afford and heaps of money besides, to say

nothing of keeping his luggage of all kinds at the service of the Oriental, who, in the mean time, travels at his ease, enunciating, once in a while, an authoritative "Follow me!" He literally does nothing but ride his camel, smoke and sleep, for a month in the desert, while the traveler is amazed, if not amused, at the manner in which he is made to go as heavy luggage. So usually, but not so always. There are knowing travelers, up to the dodges of the Eastern dragomans, who make them good servants, and get out of them their full money's worth.

It can't be said that Strong had yet got much out of Ali, the Syrian—for he was a Syrian, born in Beyrout, and educated in the sharpest school of experience—among the crowds of world-dependents, loungers, and idlers around the shores of the Levant.

Returning from Thebes, Strong reached Cairo in February, and, after some weeks of idling, was induced to make up a party to go to Jerusalem by way of Sinai and Petra.

That the reader may have some idea of the party, it might be well to sketch the personal appearance of each member of it. But all Eastern travelers bear close resemblance to each

other, usually wearing the red cap, known as the fez or tarbouche, faces covered with hair, dark complexions, and lounging clothes of no special cut or shape, so that the daguerreotype of one would answer for any other of a hundred.

My friend Strong was a light built, rather thin, New Yorker. When he left this country he was pale and sick—well-nigh dead. Dr. Abbott set him on his legs in Cairo, and a few weeks on the Nile did wonders for him. When I met him, one pleasant morning, on the steps of the Oriental Hotel, I did not recognize him.

"I say, Peter, is that the way you cut your old friends in Cairo because they happen to look a little shabby?"

"Mohammed! You don't mean to say it's yourself, Stephen? They told me you died in Rome, and I wrote your obituary for our friends in the West. Send for it next mail, or I won't answer that it isn't printed in the newspapers. What are you doing here?"

"Getting ready for Sinai. Will you go with us?"

"No, I thank you. I've been there."

And the upshot of it was that I devoted a fortnight to helping my friend complete his ar-



THE HALT AT SUEZ.



AYUN MOUSA; THE WELLS OF MOSES.

rangements, introduced to him an English friend—a capital fellow, and the best of traveling companions—and then agreed to go as far as Suez with them for the sake of a desert ride, and three weeks later— But of what I did then we will speak hereafter.

The party, as made up, included Strong and my friend Hall, another English gentleman, and a Frenchman—the latter a good companion, with plenty of fun in his disposition, but very little experience in camel riding. They had not selected their dragoman as yet when I met Strong on the hotel steps.

Fifty dragomans offered their services, for it is amazing how quickly the intelligence circulates in Cairo that a party wish to go in any particular direction. No traveler sets his foot out of the cars on his arrival in the city, but immediately, before he reaches a hotel, his destination is known to the host of donkey-boys, waiters, and servants of all classes who surround the station, and who spread it through the city.

For lack of a better man, they at length came to the conclusion to engage Ali, who had served Strong on the Nile; and he was summoned to

a consultation, and duly installed in office as guide and guardian. The conversation with which our history of the expedition opens was held in Strong's room, at the Oriental, after the week of preparation.

The idea of an attack from Bedouins was no trifling matter just then; for although a score or more parties of travelers cross the desert annually, and usually in safety, yet an event had occurred a few days previous to this which warned them to be prepared for adventures of no slight sort.

An English gentleman—a fair specimen of the old-fashioned, self-relying, confident, boasting John Bull—had attempted to go to Sinai. With the idea that many travelers get from a superficial acquaintance with the natives, and especially the laboring and lower classes in the cities and cultivated country, this gentleman was well assured that with half a dozen men of his own country to guard him, he could march from Cairo to Jerusalem in no fear of hostile attack. He indeed laughed at the idea of attack, and his confidence added to the self-reliance of his wife, a haughty and beautiful En-

glish lady, who, with his daughter, a very lovely girl just springing into womanhood, were his traveling companions.

He accordingly selected from a ship then lying at Alexandria half a dozen stout Englishmen (I am not certain it was not his own ship, and he an officer of the British Navy), and made all his arrangements to leave Cairo without the usual guard of Bedouins, and without paying such tribute-money as is customary to the tribes through whose territories he was to pass.

He left Cairo in the latter part of the winter of 1856-7, the ladies in splendid spirits, and the outfit of his party the most gorgeous that wealth could devise or supply.

The whole thing was folly. The ladies, rarely beautiful women, were alone sufficient temptation to the lawless hordes of Ishmaelites, and the addition of splendid traveling equipment was an invitation to attack which they could not be expected to resist.

They watched their opportunity, hanging around the skirts of the devoted party till they were in the wilds of the Sinai mountains, and in the darkness of one of those nights whose blackness is pre-eminent among the wild hills

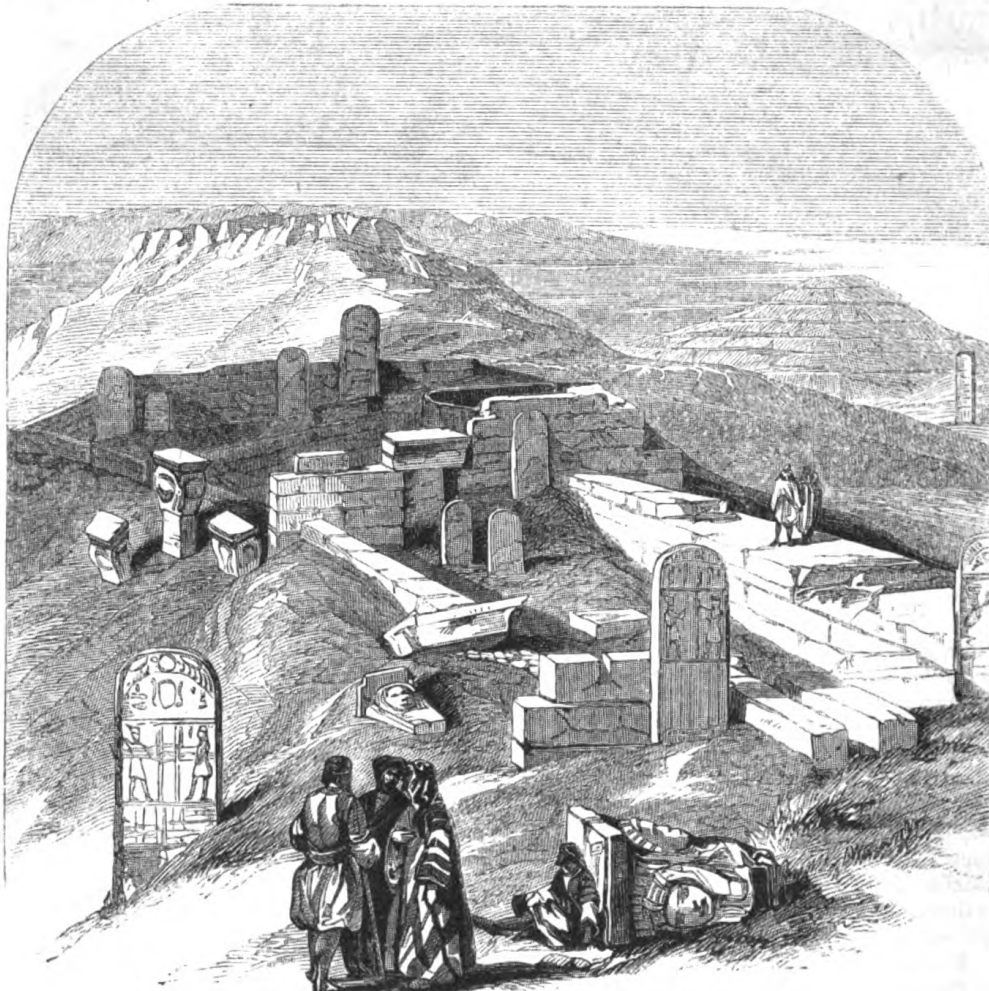
of that desert, the bands of the Alaween came down on the devoted tents of the Englishman.

The fray was brief, fierce, and terrible. But its end was a certainty, of course. The defenders of the travelers were routed and slain. The ladies, springing from their beds, rushed out into the air with cries of alarm, but only to find themselves alone in the desert in the power of fiends. The horrors they suffered that night are too terrible to be dwelt on. The husband, wounded and captive, was compelled to witness for three days the last indignities offered to his wife and daughter; and when they were at length suffered to go free from the foul captivity they had endured, they reached Suez on foot nearly dead with wounds and suffering, and without enough clothing to cover their shame.

They arrived at Cairo in terrible condition, and the story of the outrage was the talk of all circles and gatherings.

The English Consul threatened the direst revenge, but his mouth was suddenly closed. He was stabbed by a Maltese wretch, who had a petty suit which the Consul had not properly prosecuted against the Egyptian Government.

After all this travelers were justified in mak-



EGYPTIAN RUINS IN THE DESERT OF SINAI.



THE FIRST VIEW OF SINAI.

ing careful inquiry before setting out for the desert, and hence our party were careful in demanding to know who and what were the guardians of their journey in the wildest passes of the highlands of Arabia.

Sheik Achmed was, for a wonder, the very man. Ali had hit it right, and he had with him ten men of his own tribe, looking, each man of them, like a devil with only flesh and bones enough to say he had a human habitation. They were bundles of cloth, out of which flashed black eyes. They wore vast folds of cloth around their bodies, and the *coofea*, or head-dress, which conceals the head, and only leaves the face exposed. Their guns were of ancient pattern, long and quaint-looking weapons; besides these they carried spears sixteen feet long, and knives as many inches in length.

The party, when assembled before the hotel in Cairo, was certainly picturesque. It was incredible that reasonable Christians would trust their lives within the power of such fierce-looking sons of the desert; yet nobler men than those same sons of Ishmael this world does not contain. Fierce indeed in war, they were the

embodiment of truth, and once trusted they would die for their charge.

So all was concluded, and we left Cairo on a sunny morning with our whole train, camels, horses, and baggage, to camp for the evening at the Birket el Hadj, the Lake of the Pilgrims, where the great Mecca pilgrimage assembles annually, and where it annually breaks up on the return from the Holy Kaaba.

It was a delicious evening, that first of tent living. The round moon lay on the edge of the desert horizon, golden and majestic, coming up over the land of Egypt. The sun had gone down beyond the palms that lined the banks of the Nile, and the short twilight was ended before we had risen from the table on which a luxurious dinner had been spread.

To my friends the novelty of tent life was exciting, as it always is to the Eastern traveler. The idea of being away from civilization, being in a caravan home, with guards around, God's sky overhead, and no sympathy other than this with man or heaven, is always exciting, and especially so when before the traveler lie that mysterious waste through which the children

of Israel wandered during the years of expiation, and those sublime mountains and valleys which Moses and the sons of Jacob found holy and awful ground.

The morning rose calm over the desert. The groaning camels were loaded with the baggage and tents. The camel is not the patient animal he is so often represented to be. On the contrary, he is always moaning and quarreling with his load, and frequently refuses to rise with half what he is able to carry.

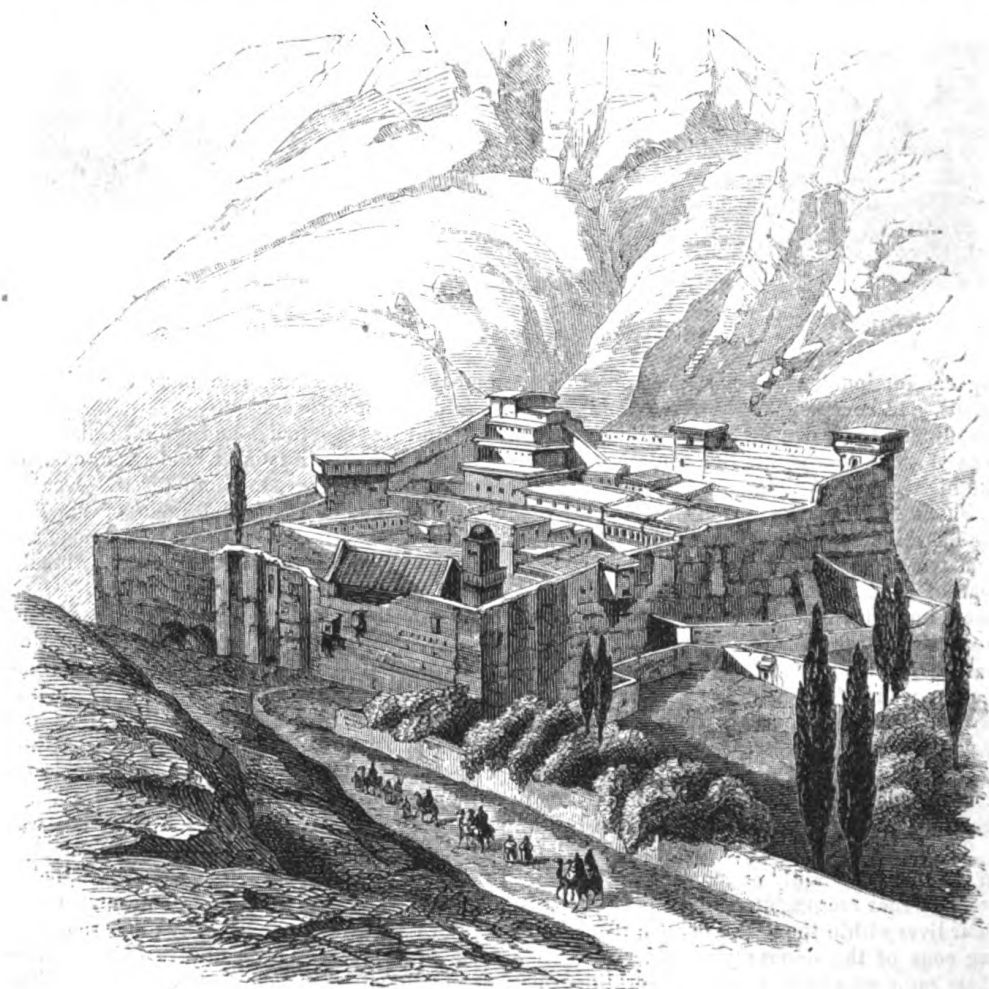
Experience is necessary to make a successful camel-driver. So Hall found it; for his first attempt at the animal resulted in the most disastrous manner. Seating himself on the saddle as firmly as he was able, he seized the little upright post in front of it with both hands, and the ascent began. Up went the fore legs, and he hung on well, but the motion changed suddenly and unexpectedly. As the hinder parts of the "desert ship" came suddenly up to the level of the "bow," the worthy Englishman described a parabola in the air, and made an impression in the desert sand some ten feet off. Great was the horror of Achmed Ben Houssein the Arab, but fortunately the skull of the un-

lucky rider was hard and the sand was soft. No damage was done, and the second mount was more successful.

At last we were away on the desert. Five camels loaded with the tents and baggage; four more, each carrying a traveler high up on the uncertain saddle; five more with Bedouins, and one with Ali the dragoman; and, last of all, I on my horse and Achmed on his. For travelers to Sinai the horse is not available, simply because it is necessary to take a camel to carry feed for every horse. Hence none but Bedouins cross the desert on horses, and their barbs are almost as hardy as the camels themselves.

We were away on the desert, sweeping off to the eastward, yellow golden sand. Not so always, however; for there are vast tracts of desert that would be fruitful soil if the rain ever came on it; but being dry, hard-baked, and compact, it is barren and desolate. Other portions are wastes of rock and clay intermingled; but only dry, harsh vegetation—nothing fresh, or brilliant, or enlivening.

The advance on the desert was monotonous. From Cairo to Suez there is a good road over the hills, made by the Viceroy of Egypt for the



THE CONVENT OF SAINT CATHERINE.



MONKS HOISTING IN TRAVELERS.

overland mail route. The English Government has a contract with the Egyptian for the transport of mails and passengers. The latter, accordingly, provides a railway from Alexandria to Cairo, and a good omnibus road to Suez. Along this road are station-houses, in which the overland passengers find rest and refreshment. But the transient passengers who cross the desert are not permitted to enter even the inclosure around a station, except they have purchased a ticket at Cairo, which entitles them to admission to all. The price of this ticket, however, is enormous—ten times what would be esteemed reasonable—so that no transient traveler avails himself of it. Our party camped twice on the desert before reaching Suez, where we arrived on the fourth day from Cairo.

Suez has grown to be of importance by reason of the overland route. It is not impossible that the canal across the Isthmus may be dug; in which event, it will be of vastly more importance than now. But the present prospect is purely French in design, and will never be carried out. English influence is necessarily against it. England possesses the key to the Mediterranean, and the key to the Red Sea.

Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, India—the line is perfect. To enter into any treaty with Egypt or France that should prevent her seizing on the Isthmus, whenever such seizure should become politic, would be a fatal error that English statesmen will never permit.

Early in the morning, mounted on donkeys, we rode to that point, near Suez, where it would seem most probable that the children of Israel crossed the sea. Some have located this occurrence several miles below, where the sea is wide. But the Bible account makes the time occupied so brief that it seems hardly possible it could have been at a place where the sea was more than four miles in width. Here, too, is a shoal all the way across, which might well afford the crossing-place; for it is worthy of careful observation that the miracle of dividing the sea was performed by God through ordinary means, since he caused a wind to blow which drove back the waters of the sea and left a passage to the flying nation. Let no one, therefore, suppose that there was less a miracle, since He chose to send the wind to perform His will, rather than with a blow of His arm to sever the flood and make a passage-way.

"Now keep on with us, Peter," said my friend, most cordially, as we stood on the shore at Suez waiting for the small boat on which they were to cross the sea, having sent their camels around the head of it. "Keep on with us. Don't leave us wholly to the mercy of these vagabonds."

"You will do well enough, Stephen. Achmed is a trump; trust him fully. Ali is a coward, but a good enough man in his way. There's a monk at Sinai, Father Paul; he owes me twenty piastres, collect it for me. He will not hesitate about it when you mention my name, and add a hint that you have heard of our little adventure at Benha. He's a sharp customer, Father Paul, and plays whist like an old soldier. Good-by, my dear boy—I will meet you at Rome next fall."

"Ah yes, Peter. By-the-way, don't send home any more obituaries."

"No; but send me your notes of the journey down the desert, and I'll write a full account of them by way of convincing them that you're alive and in good condition."

"I'll do it. *Adios—adios!*" and they pushed off.

I galloped back to Cairo, sleeping one night

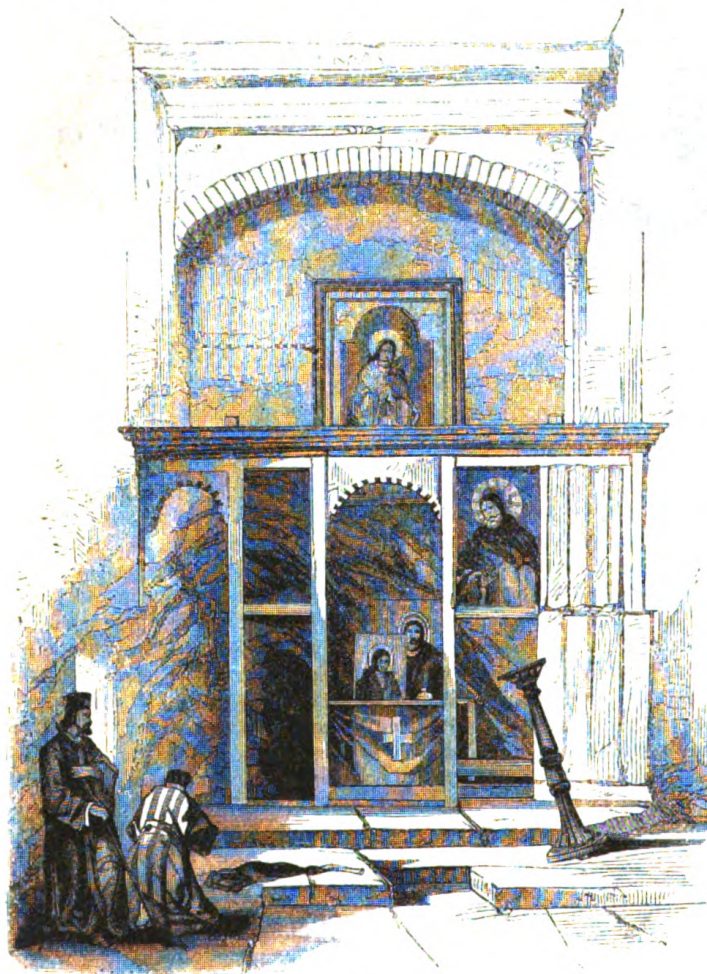


MONKS OF SAINT CATHERINE.

on the desert sand with my boy Barikat watching over me to keep off foxes and Bedouins. Where we met again will appear hereafter.

Strong and his party camped the day after they left Suez, at the Wells of Moses, on the eastern coast of the sea, along which their route lay. These wells or springs are fountains of brackish and poor water, but, as the only supply in this part of the desert, are exceedingly valuable. Their name is arbitrary. No tradition or history exists in connection with them. Camped here for the night, they sat by their tents on the sand and heard the low murmur of the sea on the beach, and saw the solemn procession of the stars above them, and began in some sense to realize that they were now upon that route over which the grand exodus of God's people took place—an exodus from the darkness and mystery of Egypt to the more terrible darkness of Sinai, but to the revelation through darkness of the sublime will of the God of their father Abraham.

Hence the journey to Sinai was mostly on the track of the children of Israel. Opposite to the Wells of Moses, on the western shore of the Gulf, is a projecting point which



THE CHAPEL OF ELIJAH.



THE ROCK OF MERIBAH.

is known as Ras Ataka. Here many persons suppose the crossing of the sea by the escaping Israelites to have taken place. The question has been long in dispute, and will remain so doubtless much longer, especially as there is no immediate prospect of discovering any of the traces of Pharaoh's chariots. And even if they were discovered, scientific men would argue that they had changed places; and on the whole, if a row of them, a deposit, were found across the Gulf from Ras Ataka to Ayun Mousa, it is more than likely that science would prove therefrom, conclusively, that it could not have been at this point that the crossing occurred.

Why should we go on to name the wadys and jebels, that is, the valleys and hills, that they crossed between Ayun Mousa and the convent of Saint Catherine? The journey had few incidents other than the evening pitching of the tents, the procession of the stars across the desert sky, the constant murmur of the sea on their right, the solemn silence of the desert on their left, and the morning breaking up, the tents struck, the desert left to its loneliness, and the small party moving on at the slow camel's pace, three miles an hour, till the noon rest under

the shadow of a great rock. The desert varied, and they began to learn that a desert is not a great expanse of sand, but, as I have before said, is sometimes rock for miles—wild, ragged, broken rock, like the debris of a shattered mountain; then, for miles on miles, hard, dry clay, baked almost to rock, in which a few thorny shrubs find subsistence, but nothing green or fresh. Then come alternate ridges of hill and deep valleys, the latter in this desert all sloping westward to the sea, and having water-courses in rainy seasons; for here it sometimes rains, but not often. As the traveler descends into the peninsula of Sinai he begins to see wilder mountain-scenery than he has before dreamed of—vast precipices, ragged rocks standing boldly up in the sky, awful ravines, and that hideous companionship of high rocks with desert sand, unrelieved by green herb or tree, which makes the grandeur of the mountains tenfold more gloomy.

Occasionally palm-trees spring in valleys near springs of water, or where the soil is moist. These green spots are oases of beauty which the traveler welcomes with delight. Such they found Elim, where the wandering tribes en-

camped, and whose palm-trees still flourish as of old.

The bitter springs abound in the desert as when Marah was healed. The springs now called by explorers Marah are an ordinary day's journey from Ayun Mousa, being a day and a half, or a little more, from Suez. They are as bitter as of old. Their location in the Bible, three days after crossing the sea, answers to this, since it is hardly probable a nation would travel as rapidly as a small party of wanderers.

Lepsius, with characteristic materialism, has supposed the miracle of Marah to have been merely the throwing into the water of the spring some bark or fruit that would correct its bitter taste—a very easy way of avoiding an admission of God's presence with his people, but a very poor way of treating the Bible account. Besides this, there is not known to science at this

day any bark or fruit that would answer the purpose, and the German philosopher's theory seems, therefore, to need much bolstering up.

After leaving Hawarah, where the bitter springs are, they hesitated whether to take the way by the sea or the more inland route. The former is pleasanter on some accounts; the latter more rugged, and wild, and desolate. They chose the inland road, and left the springs at mid-day. The afternoon was hot, the sun fierce and angry; a breeze from the eastward seemed to be from over a furnace.

"The Bedaween! the Bedaween!" shouted the valorous Ali, toward evening, as the little caravan were defiling through a narrow pass. The bold promises of the dragoman made in Cairo had long since failed. He was the veriest coward extant, and when he saw the glint of a spear on the side of a hill he forthwith shouted as loud as his lungs could exert them-

selves, and succeeded, by an admirable system of tactics, in surrounding himself with the entire party.

This time, indeed, there seemed some reason for the dragoman's terror. The valley which they were approaching was that in which it was said the attack was made on the English party, and about this there was no mistake. All its horrors seemed magnified ten-fold when the desolate scene presented itself; barren sand and wild overhanging rocks, in which two delicate ladies had seen their attendants butchered, and had been themselves subjected to foulest outrage. And just now a party of the sons of Ishmael, who might well have been the same scoundrels, were visible in the pass, waiting the approach of the travelers. They numbered some thirty spears. Their countenances were covered with cloths, only the dark eyes flashing out of the coverings.

Within a hundred paces of them the party paused. They had closed up in advance of the camels with the baggage, and presented no peaceable array—four Franks with revolvers, and ten Arabs with guns and spears. It needed more than thirty spears to make a successful attack on this caravan, and so, manifestly, the chief of the enemy supposed, for he dismounted, and advanced



THE ASCENT OF SINAI.



THE CHAPELS ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.

unarmed about half-way to the chief of the travelers' guard, who followed his example and went to meet him. To see the two embrace, one would have thought them brothers who had been parted for half a century. They clasped each other in devout affection, kissed each other's hands, retired and looked fixedly face to face, then advanced again into the same embrace, and touched their foreheads together, leaning over and looking down at the sand between them.

There are old pictures that represent the patriarchs meeting thus. Jacob and Esau, on their reunion after the former's marriage, are sometimes thus depicted. The scene was not dissimilar now, and there was about as much love between the two in the one as in the other instance.

In a few moments the parties advanced and intermingled. The same cordial greeting was repeated a score of times, and even the American and the Englishmen went through it, and gathered thereby lice and fleas innumerable. The Frenchman would not do it, but sat on his high camel saddle, beyond the reach of the outstretched arms that waited to embrace him. And his pride had a sudden and most ungraceful fall; for his camel, thinking doubtless that

the end of the day's journey was at hand, and that the word to kneel had been forgotten, went down on his knees, and sent the Frenchman twenty feet over his head, striking a Bedouin a tremendous blow, and the two went rolling together. Nor was that the worst of it, for the Gaul had not yet put by his revolver, which he held in his hand at the moment of the catastrophe, and this unluckily went off when he did. The Bedouin had heard of the valor of the Franks, and doubtless imagined that this was a way they had of attacking. He was overthrown but not daunted, and the little Parisian had never seen the Boulevards again if Achmed Ben Houssein had not thrown himself between the two as the Ishmaelite was drawing his long knife, wherewith to make final and furious work with his enemy. Peace was at length restored, and the camp set for the night.

The attendants knew of a spring of water four miles to the northward, around which there were usually Bedouin shepherds. Three of them were dispatched with camels to endeavor to purchase a couple of sheep, and returned after nightfall with the unfortunate animals hung by their hind-legs across a camel's back, bleating their agony until the knife stopped it.

Then the valley blazed with the camp fires, for there was great store of brush, such as it was—dry, thorny, and light stuff, which blazed high—and the Arabs made a feast, and all ate meat together, and swore amity over the salt (which was scarce and poor); and then deep darkness came down on the mountains and valley, and all slept profoundly.

Once in the morning watch Strong awoke, and throwing up the curtain of the tent looked out to the eastward and the southward. A faint light, like a dream of distant glory, was on the horizon. The horizon was irregular and wild, looking now, in the gray starlight, not unlike a storm-tossed sea when the wind has lulled. But in the distance, high over all the others, there was a group of hills, around the summit of which the dawn seemed to gather brightest, and it first of all came out clear and majestic against the southeastern sky. It was the mountain on which the foot of the Lord had pressed in the days of the wanderings of the children of Israel.

When the day came he could no longer see the hill. It had vanished. It was only in the mysterious glow of the early dawn that it had been visible.

That day they turned aside to see on a hill-top a strange group of ruins. In an inclosure stand a number of stones, looking like modern tomb-stones, inscribed with Egyptian characters; but whose or what these names and writings no man is able to say. A very interesting hypothesis there is, not unworthy of note here, that this was a praying place of the Pharaohs of Egypt in the wilderness, to which they were accustomed to go out, and where they offered sacrifices. Such a custom would account for the plausible excuse given by Moses to Pharaoh for his desire to lead the people three days' journey into the wilderness to sacrifice.

That is a profound sensation, which can better be imagined than described, when one approaches the Mountain of the Law. All previous subjects of interest on the route became less than nothing in their eyes when, one afternoon, dismounting for rest a little while, Ali pointed up the valley now opening before them, and said, "Jebel Mousa!"—"the Mountain of Moses!"

That first view of Sinai was to be forever remembered. No illustration can give to it the sublimity that surrounds the reality. It was as



TENTS OF THE ALAWKEN.

if there were yet lingering around its awful brow some of the majesty of the lightnings and thunders, and the blaze of the glory that once enshrouded its summit.

Mounting early in the morning while the others still slept, and taking with him one Bedouin for a guide, Strong pushed on alone into the valley to seek the foot of Sinai. As the day broke and they saw their way better they hastened. Occasionally the valley so parted that they had good sandy bottom and then their Hajjin (pilgrim camels) went swiftly over the ground. The lofty summits rose higher and higher before him, Jebel Katherin highest of all, Jebel Mousa being crowned with its chapels, that alone distinguished it as the traditional Sinai, though not so high as the neighboring summit of Katherin.

He did not feel hunger or thirst as he advanced. He forgot earthly troubles; for Strong was son of an old Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and had been brought up with profoundest veneration for the words of Holy Writ. To his heart came now no skeptic doubts to shake his ardent faith in the Word of God. No hesitation shook the firm grasp his mind had on truth. Before him he saw the summit on which the Lord Jehovah descended to talk with man. The terrors of Sinai still shook the air with their awful thunders to his ears, and he seemed to hear the voice that spoke out of the cloud as it sounded in this valley three thousand years ago.

He was an humble pilgrim. He saw Sinai now—a few days later he knelt on Olivet. He thanked God both times for the immutable hills that stand as memorials of His greatest works.

At ten he dismounted at the convent of St. Catherine, weary, exhausted, but excited and scarcely patient to enter the convent before he should climb the mountain, and stand where God stood when he talked with Moses.

This convent in the desert is well known to all intelligent readers. Founded in the early centuries of the Christian Church, its chapel stands on the spot which the monks believe to have been once occupied by the burning bush that Moses saw. This chapel was built by Justinian in the sixth century; other parts of the convent are as old, others more modern. It is a vast straggling building surrounded by a high wall, which has no openings on the level of the ground, except one which admits into the garden of the convent.

Travelers are usually hoisted in at a second-floor window by a rope and windlass, the monks doing duty at the capstan bars. The American went in and remained only long enough to say a few words to the monk who received him, and whose filthy exterior gave no promise of comfort in the walls of the convent. Coming down again as he had gone up, with a lay brother of the convent for a guide, he started up the mountain. There are two routes, one by a broad road hewn by Abbas Pasha when he designed building a palace on the mountain, but this terminates abruptly half way up. The

other path is difficult and tedious, ascending a ravine in the rear of the convent. Parts of the way there are stone steps well laid, but other parts are destitute of this aid, and the ascent is hard. The hill is about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Jebel Katherin is somewhat higher.

Along the path are chapels, and a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the convent there is a basin or valley on the mountain side, where it is supposed those privileged men whom Moses took with him up the mountain waited for the return of the Lawgiver from the darkness of the cloud above in which he met the Almighty. Chapels abound along the way, and here is the Chapel of Elijah, with a hole in the rock, which, it is said, is the cavern inhabited by Elijah when in Horeb. He must have been thin and spare to occupy such small quarters.

Climbing the steps yet higher, and ascending the lofty cone of the hill, in about an hour and a half from the convent, breathless, exhausted, but full of excitement and enthusiasm, the traveler at length threw himself down on the solid rock—the awful summit of Sinai.

Let him who can imagine a more sublime spot on the face of the earth. It does not seem to be on the earth. It appears lifted up and away from it. These vast expanses of wild mountain-tops, rock and waste, seem barriers between it and the world.

To the young American the sensation was indescribable. He knew well enough not to enter either ruined chapel, the Christian or the Mohammedan, with which the summit is crowned. He bared his forehead to the cold wind that swept across the desert, and it cooled the fever that was raging within him.

The sun went westward. There was a majesty in the sky and the eastward sweep of the round earth that he had never before known or thought of. He had not tasted food or water this day, nor had he felt the need of it. It was not until his return to the convent at sunset that his fainting limbs and swimming brain warned him of the undue excitement of the day, and he nearly fainted as they swung him into the window of the convent.

Ali had made all things as comfortable as the nature of the place would admit. The room furnished them by the monks was not remarkably neat, nor was its wooden shutter a very perfect protection against the wind. But it was a refuge in the desert, and with the carpets spread on the floor, and Ali's dinner-table arrangements spread, the shutter closed, a candle or two lit, the group around the board, and dinner smoking, it would hardly be thought by one who saw them that the summit of Sinai was above them, the stars of heaven looking down on them where they once looked down on the idolatries of the sons of Jacob.

Sleep came with welcome, and they did not dream. So each confessed to the other in the morning.

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The superior of the convent was not yet visible. He seldom appears to travelers till the moment of their departure, when he is ready for the money they are expected to leave. But two lay brothers called on them and proffered their services, doubtless with a view to extra bucksheesh, and with their good company the entire party ascended the mountain again.

This time they paused longer on the way to note smaller affairs. There was the imprint of the hoof of Mohammed's camel, who paused here on one of those nocturnal journeys for which he is celebrated in the annals or traditions of Islam.

In the ruin of a chapel two-thirds of the way up they rested a while; and here occurred a little incident of which none but those who have traveled in far lands can appreciate the force or understand the effect on the mind of my friend.

The walls were scribbled over with the names of travelers. There were not many of them, for few have reached Sinai in these later years. But there were some scores of them here and there, and while reading them aloud to his companions Strong paused and hesitated, and then passed to the next name and read that, and the next, and the next, and when no one noticed him went back and silently pondered on that name which he had not uttered aloud.

Certainly it were no profanation to utter on the sacred air of Sinai the name of any one earthly. Even a lover might have been pardoned for shouting the name of his beloved on that hill-side, as the Moslem pilgrims are accustomed to do at the Holy Kaaba. But he was no lover; only a sad traveler—sad now—for he read the name of one who was once the light of a home in this far Western world—beautiful, radiant in her purity, but whose name has not been uttered on any lip for many years—a forbidden, would that it were a forgotten, name!

It is the old, wild story of love, and sin, and shame. Was it not a startling association with the sacred mountain of the Law? She—let her be nameless here also—she was the daughter of a country clergyman in the happiest village of the State of New York. She was young, and, I have said, beautiful. Her form was magnificent; her lip was maddening; her eye was a glory. Educated by her father in the parsonage, she was as thoroughly accomplished in the lore he could teach her as the old man himself; and I who write these lines can bear testimony that she could read the words of the Law in the language of Moses himself, and the words of the Gospel in the tongue Paul used on Mars' Hill, for I have heard her do both.

A city aunt did the rest. She could sing by nature, and she had masters who taught her the use of harp and guitar, while in the gay assemblies of the Western metropolis she rapidly acquired those arts and that knowledge which the world values more than Greek or Hebrew.

I am dwelling too long on this episode. The spring sunshine casts the evening shadow of the

old church spire on the grave of the pastor, whose head lies low under the grass. No one was near him when he died. Around him, in the sad twilight, came visions of golden years, and the form of his lost child flitted hither and thither in the room as he closed his weary eyes.

They found him dead in his chair, with the early morning sunshine silvering the hair grown white with the grief and shame of her fall. She had fled with one who could not call her wife. They wandered over the world. My friend saw her name at Sinai; I saw it at Wady Halfeh, at Baalbec, on a column of the Parthenon; and I saw it last on a white stone in a little graveyard under the shadow of the Jungfrau, where the moon shines sadly on the grass that covers her before it goes westward to hallow the night above her father's grave in the up-country church-yard. Well might he pause when he saw that name written unblushingly on the rock. What wild fancy was it that brought those two sinners to hear the thunders of Sinai?

The bleak granite summit reached, they surveyed the desolate hills around them with profound awe; but Strong had more difficulty than before in realizing where he stood, for the incident of that name in the ruined chapel had sent his wits wandering, and at length, leaving the party, he came slowly down to the convent, where they found him in the evening sleeping soundly in the little room which the hospitality of the monks had assigned them.

Ali performed double duty while they remained here. The monks of Sinai look after the flesh pots of Egypt with the zest of Israelites, and being not over-well provided with cooks or caterers, they impress the dragomans of travelers into their service, so that they fare well while travelers remain, besides making them pay well when they leave.

It were vain to attempt any description of the emotions which our friends experienced during three days at Sinai. Every inch of ground was holy ground, even as it was when God commanded Moses there to put off his shoes from off his feet. The Oriental custom, still obeyed most strictly in the chapel of the Burning Bush, had a peculiar significance to them when they entered the chapel here, and remembered the command which Moses obeyed here, and which made this custom forever sacred.

On the second morning they rose early, and crossing a ridge of the mountain on foot, visited a curious rock which tradition makes the Rock of Horeb, struck by Moses to bring out water for the thirsting people. It is a large block of stone, say sixteen feet by ten or twelve on the ground, and twelve feet high. Its surface is worn and hollowed out by strange seams that indicate the flow of water, and give, indeed, a good face to the tradition.

The locality of Rephidim or Meribah, the place where this miracle was performed, is not by any means settled. It was "in Horeb." Horeb perhaps included the entire Sinaitic range of mountains; so that it may have been

far from the foot of Sinai proper that the water gushed out after the rod of Moses. But this is unimportant. It is a comfort in visiting localities like this that no one can overthrow your faith in them. Some places are so indefinitely located in Scripture that the pilgrim may kneel almost any where in a tract of a hundred miles square, and weep as he pleases with devotion and emotion, and no one can say that he is not kneeling on the holiest place.

Out on those men who go traveling up and down the world for the sake of destroying the faith of the devout; who, seeing a pilgrim praying to God on a spot where he believes God has wrought His most mighty works, walk up to the devout one, tap him on the shoulder, and as he lifts his tearful eyes to the rude blow, greet him with, "Don't you see, my dear Sir, that you're making a great mistake? It's quite impossible that this is the place. Your tears are all wasted. I'll lend you a handkerchief to dry your eyes and clean your face with!"

Standing in the twilight at the window of the convent, looking out on the Bedouins in front, Strong bethought him of my commission to collect the twenty piastres from Father Paul, and turning to one of the lay brothers, he asked him, abruptly, "Where is Father Paul?"

"In the garden."

"Take me to him."

So they led him out into the garden, and to a strange-looking building in the centre. A profound stillness seemed resting on it. Strong shuddered as he entered the room, even before he saw its ghastly occupants, who stood in the silence of death staring at him out of their hollow eye-sockets.

A fearful companionship that of the old monks, who, year after year, gather to the cemetery of the convent, and, after resting a little while in the earth, are taken up, clothed in their old gowns, and left standing in the chamber of death.

"This is Father Paul."

"This withered skeleton! Peter was mistaken. I can't collect a piastre here," muttered my friend as he saw the head of the monk lolling on his shoulder, and a hideous leer on his shriveled lips.

Poor old Father Paul! I met him at Benha, when I was shooting in the Delta. My boat was at the railway bridge for a week, and some French engineers were there who had no more respect for the Greek Church than for the Greek king. I rescued the good priest from their clutches one evening. The story is too long to tell now, but it bound the old man to me, and I heard with sincere pain that he was one of the "Brothers in the Garden."

The fourth morning came up over the desert hills with a majesty and pomp that I can not describe. The summit of Mount Catherine was first touched by the rays, then the lesser hills around it, and then the light came pouring down into the valley in which we were resting, a flood of gold rolling down the ravines

and filling up the hollows, up, up till it met the descending sunshine on the sides of the mountains, and all seemed alike glorious and glad in the full day.

Ali awoke the party early, for it behooved them to be moving on.

They were assembled in the hall, if hall it may be called, by the great windlass, on the last morning, prepared for a start. The superior made his appearance, and, as usual, grumbled piously at the bucksheesh which they gave, and which made their expenses in the convent about equal to Astor House or Hôtel du Louvre prices. Pierre Laroche, the Frenchman, who had a horror of Greek priests, ten-fold increased by the late war, which he was accustomed to lay wholly to the Greek Church, used his French gift of eloquence to the overwhelming of the ecclesiastic who was silenced by the Gaul, and changed his grumbling into profound expressions of respect. This instantly won the heart of the susceptible Parisian, who, being last of the party, actually slipped a Napoleon into the hand of the superior as he bade him good-by, and then, without waiting for the basket to be hoisted, seized the rope in his hands, swung himself out of the window, and went down by the run to the sand before the convent, where the camels were kneeling in readiness for the recommencement of the journey.

It is a cold piece of business leaving the convent of St. Catherine, at Sinai. The fare paid, and the superior having once pocketed his money, you are swung out into the desert with a coolness that reminds you of the merchant who has sold his bale of goods and ordered his porters to deliver it at the end of the tackle. You look back at the window out of which you came, but no face appears. No one in the convent cares a farthing whether you fall into the hands of the Philistines that night or not. No one looks anxiously after you. You mount your camel and depart, impressed with the conviction that the "new commandment"—the last and great commandment—was never uttered on the air of Sinai, and, somehow, has never been heard of in the valleys of this desert.

Very different was the welcome the travelers found in the tents of the Alaween. As the evening of the first day of travel came down they paused in a ravine to await the coming of the baggage, which they had left in the rear.

Darkness came swiftly on in the deep valley. It seemed, indeed, to pour down the mountain-sides and fill up the hollows as the light had done in the morning. It soon became very manifest that the servants with the tents must have taken another direction—doubtless at a point where the valley forked, two hours back. The choice then was between a night on the sand or a long ride back and up the other wady. While the whole party were in conversation, gathered in a close group, they were startled by the appearance of a dozen Bedouins, who came suddenly on them at a gallop. Achmed Ben Houssein recognized in the leader a near rela-

tive and friend, so that the appearance of hostility which they all assumed at the first was instantly changed into the utmost manifestation of affection. Brothers never met after years of absence with more of affection than the swarthy sons of the desert exhibited toward the white strangers who were under the protection of their friend.

An invitation to their tents was urgently made, and accepted as frankly as it was given. In a few moments they rode around a projecting spur of the hills, and came to the low black tents of Kedar.

Shrill cries among the women and children announced the presence of strangers as they approached; but these subsided instantly on a word from the chief, who rode up to the largest tent, and, striking his spear in the sand, sprang to the ground, awaiting the coming of his guests.

Such must have been the hospitality of patriarchs in ancient times. There was no wealth, little indeed of comfort, in the black tents, but they were shelter from the air of the desert, and there were cloaks and shawls on their own camels wherewith to cover the ground, and soon there was a blazing fire and two kids were roasting on it, and the countenances of their entertainers flashed not unpleasantly in the flame of the fire around which they gathered.

Bread—unleavened, but sweet, in small quantity, and rather as a rarity—was set before them. Dried dates in abundance, and those delicate and delicious preparations of dates and almonds pressed together in a lump, for which the Sinai desert is famous. There were cakes of sour milk, not unlike the common cottage cheese or Dutch cheese of the American farm-houses, in abundance, and the meat of the kid was sweet. All was seasoned by a capital appetite, and when they had eaten they lay down content and confident in the tents of their hosts and slept profoundly; for there is no place on earth where a man is so safe from bodily harm as in the tent of a Bedouin host on the plains of Arabia.

THE LADY OF BELISLE.

A LONG the coast of the Southern States a line of low islands has been formed, near the shore, by the action of the sea. They are composed of shells, broken coral, and the drift of the ocean; a light earth, in which the grape and pomegranate, with little culture, flourish side by side with the cotton plant and the palm. These islands, forming placid bays and sounds with the main land, were formerly the resort of buccaneers; but the most desirable are now peacefully occupied by planters, who live, not in metaphor but in fact, each under his own vine and fig-tree. In these rich soils the naval live-oak, the lithe hickory, and the pine acquire vastness and solidity by contending with the steady ocean winds. More especially, off against Georgia, the islands of Tybee, Sapello, and many others named by the buccaneers, enjoy a

climate which matures the sea-island cotton and a grape equal to that of the Hegallyan Hills, the grape of Tokay in Hungary.

On one of the smallest of these, called Belisle, contiguous to the main land of Camden in Georgia, is a plantation of great extent and value, which was occupied and settled in the days of the French Revolution by a royalist merchant of Marseilles, who called himself the *Sieur Gondy*; but whether his first name was a baptismal appellation or a title of honor no one could tell, and no one thought it best to inquire.

In the thirtieth year of the present century the sole representative and descendant of the first Gondy was a young woman named *Angelique* or *Angelica Gondy*, at that time in her nineteenth year; whose superior manners and personal attractions gained for her the title of the "*Lady of Belisle*." Her father, a man of irregular habits, had wasted the income of his plantation in the Northern cities, where he invariably passed his summers. Every luxury of dress, books, music, fashionable instructors, and the costly trifles which serve to gratify the fancy of a woman, were sent always by her father to *Angelica*; but he would not suffer her to leave the island, except under the guardianship of a certain *Doctor Paré*, a brother-in-law of *Gondy*, in whom he placed absolute confidence.

The plantation of this *Doctor Mangin Paré*—I suppress the real names—was remote from *Belisle* on the main-land of Georgia, near a branch of the *River St. Mary's*. Since the infancy of *Angelica*, early in April of every year, *Doctor Paré*, with "*Maum*" *Judith*, the black nurse, would make his unannounced visit to *Belisle*, pass a week or two with the proprietor, and then depart, taking with him the little *Angelica*, whom he fondly styled his "daughter and his heir." *Gondy*, on the other hand, would not visit the plantation of *Doctor Paré*. Perhaps he dreaded the malaria of the river; but the more probable supposition is, that he feared to open some old wound of the heart, which time and absence could hardly close. The mother of *Angelica*, a niece of *Paré*, gave birth to this only child under the uncle's roof. Since then the father passed his summers in the North, and would not go to the house of *Paré*, though he loved and even revered him.

In the summer of 1828 *Gondy* died at New Orleans, on his way North, leaving *Paré* his executor, and guardian of *Angelica*. After this it was supposed that the little "*Lady of Belisle*"—already an object of interest to the young planters of the vicinity—would be sent by her guardian to some Northern seminary to complete her education; but for reasons which he did not choose to explain, *Paré* kept her always with him; living himself at *Belisle* during the winter, and removing with his ward to the less healthy region of the main land every summer. No one could account for this arrangement, and by-and-by people ceased talking about it.

On a clear and placid evening in February,

the second year after the death of Gondy, a sail appeared in the north offing of Belisle, which the islanders did not recognize. The vessel was a small coasting sloop, of not more than one hundred tons; but the weight of her spars and extraordinary breadth of canvas gave her the appearance of one of those storm-daring and adventurous pilot-boats that meet the voyager at the entrance of the harbor of New York. Presently the sloop dropped anchor, and two persons came ashore from her in a dinkey: one, a gray-haired seaman; the other, less seaman-like, pale, slender, well dressed, and of a good figure.

The northern part of Belisle is fringed with pines and live-oak, within which stands the wide, low house, or bungalow, of Gondy, in the midst of a garden of pomegranates and roses, shaded with palms, and inclosed by a white paling.

Doctor Paré, who had been observing the sloop with a glass from the portico of the house, hastened down to the beach and courteously welcomed the strangers. The younger and more polished of the two explained to him that he and two others, seamen, one of whom remained on the vessel, were from New York; that, for the sake of adventure, he had undertaken a long voyage in his little yacht, the *Belle-Mère*, but had been twice overtaken by storms since leaving Charleston—where they touched—and was now in want of water and provision; that he and his crew of two men would be glad to rest a night on the island, and, if possible, procure fresh biscuit and water for the completion of their voyage.

Doctor Paré was delighted with the adventure and address of his visitor, and, after showing the old seaman a better anchorage for the *Belle-Mère*, he led the stranger to his house, where he was frankly received by the Lady of Belisle and her suite of dusky servitors. The stranger gave his name—which hospitality forbade the asking—as “Mr. William Delorme, of New York, Merchant;” but the smile which accompanied this announcement led the shrewd Doctor to suspect that the name had been adopted for the occasion. Subsequent events made it necessary for Doctor Paré’s visitor to disclose both himself and his object; but we, for sufficient reasons, shall continue to know him only by the name he adopted.

William Delorme was a merchant of the better class in New York. At thirty, unmarried, wealthy, and weary of business, he retired from the counting-room and endeavored to find rest in a genial society; but the warmth and delicacy of his nature, while it forbade him to live alone, restricted his choice and narrowed the circle of his affections.

Accidentally he had become acquainted with the father of Angelica. In a moment of confidence, perhaps of inebriation, Gondy had given him a glowing description of his dear island and its beauties, not forgetting those of his daughter. Although more than two years had elapsed

since the incident of Gondy’s communication the narrative worked always upon his imagination, and he resolved to visit the island in a manner as extraordinary as was the nature of his mission.

Never was man more thoroughly undeceived than was William Delorme by the sight of Angelica Gondy. Instead of the pensive, wild, and simple creature his conceit had pictured, the island fairy of his reveries appeared a sedate and stately damsel, moving with womanly propriety in her domestic sphere, and conversing with an ease and polish that banished all ideas of seclusion or rustic simplicity. There was even a thoughtfulness in her expression which spoke of inward sorrow and the experiences of adversity.

In fact, the house on the island had been, and was still, since the death of its master, resorted to by the better sort of planters in that region, who would travel long distances to enjoy the rare hospitality of Belisle, even better and more gracefully sustained by Doctor Paré and his niece since the death of the somewhat rude and dissipated Gondy.

Angelica was tall, with very dark hair, and a complexion clear olive. Her long dark eyelashes and slightly aquiline profile indicated a trace of southern European blood. Her features were of the oval type, with a form harmonious with this most beautiful mould of the female form—typical of extreme vitality and power. But there was a defect, a tinge of livor, and a flatness—which Delorme at first saw, and then overlooked—under the eyes; it appeared most when they were closed. Her brows, arched and slightly projecting, indicated powerful instinctive faculties, and her gaze had an unconscious and dreamy directness that often alarmed and embarrassed the beholder.

A liberal supper, and generous wine of the island grape, soon relieved the new-comers of their strangeness, and they gave their entertainers a thrilling narrative of their voyage through successive storms in the good yacht *Belle-Mère*; how she bore the hurricane under a handbreadth of canvas, while the watery mountains of the Atlantic covered her decks with foam.

Angelica turned away from the too-guarded and studied conversation of Delorme, and listened with unaffected pleasure to the seamen. She made them repeat the striking incidents of the voyage, and by her sympathy and enthusiasm stimulated their descriptive power. Delorme became silent, noticing with interest her sentient and glowing features as she elicited the romance of the strange adventure.

The evening, toned with music from the voice and harp of the enchantress, passed like a vision; and when the breathing stillness of night and sleep rested upon Belisle, Delorme, like a young soul gliding into the heaven of first love, yielded to reveries in which these rising glories continually rearranged and reshaped themselves in images more and more luxurious, till they faded into vague emotions.

The next morning he discovered that the *Belle-Mere* had been drawn nearer to the shore, and his two seamen were busy loading her with water and provisions. His heart misgave him at the sight. He wished to remain longer. As he entered the breakfast-room Doctor Paré relieved this sudden sadness by an invitation to prolong his visit, which Delorme—pretending that repairs were needed in his vessel—accepted with secret joy.

That day the yacht was hauled up and her hull examined. The jolly seamen, glad to idle a few days on the beautiful island, took care to discover a number of flaws and leaks in the *Belle-Mere*.

Delorme wished to lay regular siege to the heart of Angelica, but with the tact of an experienced Lothario devoted himself to the good Doctor Paré, who seemed to him a piece of learned though elegant simplicity. He did not know, or did not consider, that in such guise great wisdom walks oftenest. In three days of varied conversation, relieved by the guarded society and delightful music of Angelica, Delorme, without being aware of his defeat, had yielded up to Paré the secret of his heart, the fact and reason of his disguise, and his former acquaintance with the eccentric and dissipated Gondy. Whether Paré was satisfied with his guest no one could have discovered. This impenetrable intellect seemed to have retained for years some strange and terrible secret, which made all the *coups* and guards of conversation miraculously easy and familiar to him. Never for one moment did Delorme find himself alone with Angelica; the guardian, or the watchful nurse, if not present, was at least in sight.

It was therefore with a peculiar and almost intoxicating joy that he seemed at last to have discovered in Angelica a softening manner, and a certain grave kindness. A week had passed: he threatened departure: the seams of the *Belle-Mere* were opening in the sun. Angelica looked sad when he spoke of leaving Belisle.

Delorme wielded a secret power of attraction, the result of long and perfect culture in the society of superior women, which Paré, with all his penetration, would never have discovered but for its results. He could throw into his manner and conversation a tone of that sadness which is caused by unsatisfied or unrequited passion. Personal beauty would have been no advantage had he possessed it. Superior manners concealed the plainness of his face. He knew how to stand always on the verge of intimacy, without passing the limits of respect.

The womanly instinct of Angelica quickly made her aware of this courteous strife between the guardian and the lover. Adroitly, in an innocent way, she enabled Delorme to prolong his visit. A new and irresistible fascination had seized upon her spirit and her affection. Alone, she dreamed, or thought, momentarily of him. His presence was a delight. He had become necessary to her happiness; possibly, to her existence.

Driven to extremity by the watchful cunning of the nurse and the guardian, Delorme at length devised a scheme which was simple and sure to succeed. He launched the *Belle-Mere*, and completed his preparations for a homeward voyage. He then wrote and gave, unobserved, to Angelica, as he leaned over her at the harp, a letter discovering his true name and condition, the causes of his singular voyage, and lamenting the impossibility of declaring his passion. Angelica slipped the note into her bosom, and gave him a half smiling, half passionate glance.

The next morning early, he found a note lying on the floor of his chamber. It assured him that his love was returned. Transported with the delicious discovery, he resolved at once to obtain the acquiescence of the uncle.

Doctor Paré showed no surprise when the enamored Delorme asked a private interview, disclosed to him, by showing letters, his name and purpose, and solicited his consent.

It happens often in diplomacy that great caution overshoots the mark. Paré refused to acknowledge that he exercised any control over the wishes of his daughter, as he called her, and assured Delorme she was herself the only one to consult. The modest reserve of Angelica, her cheerful acquiescence in his plans of watchfulness and caution, had deceived the uncle, and he supposed that she would shrink from the precipitate declarations of a stranger who appeared under a false name, and had no advantages that, to his eyes, could recommend him. On his return he found them seated side by side, holding each a hand of the other, and exchanging love-looks in pure ecstasy of happiness. She arose, and going to her uncle, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him upon each cheek. She was too happy to speak; he, pale and silent, stood dismayed.

"Sir," said he, addressing Delorme in a troubled voice, "not for my sake, but for hers and yours, I would have prevented this, had it been possible; but since it is now too late, and the evil accomplished—for I dare not now interpose my simple will—come both of you and stand before me."

Paré spoke with a sternness and authority that terrified Angelica, and surprised her lover. They rose and stood before the old man, hand in hand.

"I am the guardian, the second father of this young woman. I give her to you on the condition of an oath: hold up your right hand that you may swear before God."

Delorme mechanically did what was required of him.

"Swear that, on the 1st of May next, you will leave Belisle, and that Angelica—who will be your wife—shall remain."

He hesitated, but a lightning glance from Paré subdued him, and he assented.

"Swear that you will not return until after the 1st of September; that, in the interval, you will not correspond with your wife, but will write only to me; that on the first day of May

of the next following, and of every succeeding year while I live, you will do the same. Also, that you will not reproach her because she does not write, or otherwise communicate with you, during these intervals; and that you will sign marriage-articles to the effect of this oath, and bind yourself to it under the penalty of the loss of the entire fortune of your wife. Otherwise, Sir," added Paré, sharply, "I am able to prevent the marriage."

The reason and affection of Delorme revolted against these absurd and cruel impositions; it was impossible to divine their motive. He reflected.

Angelica released his hand, and stood waiting in silent terror the result of this interview, which cast a shadow over the future. She was paralyzed by the fierce determination of her uncle. She had never felt, or seemed to feel, his authority until that moment.

"Take time, Sir," continued Paré; "reflect upon what I say. Better leave Belisle to-morrow—to-day—while it is not too late!"

Angelica rose; her eyes were dropping tears. "Do not send him away," she whispered; "it will kill me."

The tears of his beautiful mistress excited a fever of anger and distrust in the bosom of the younger man.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said he, with unfeigned wrath. "Angelica, why does your uncle impose these strange and absurd conditions? Is he demented? Sir, I owe you respect and gratitude, but I am nevertheless a man, and not to be trifled with."

The Doctor made no reply.

"I will go, then."

Angelica sprang to him. "Consent, consent!—it is better than separation! I am powerless. I can not leave my uncle except under the imposed conditions."

"Mr. Delorme," said Paré, with a mournful but severe expression, "you have been hasty. As for my daughter—Dare I still call you daughter, Angelica?"

"Always, dear father, since you have been more than father to me! You know I can do nothing that you disapprove; but I do not think it right to impose these conditions upon him. If I am to be his wife, I must obey him and go where he desires."

"It is both for *your* happiness and his. I wish only to secure that. Your husband will be absent a few months of each year. In that interval you will remain with me, as you have always. May I not ask it from you, Angelica, as a favor to me?"

"My house will always be a home to you, Sir," said Delorme, in a pleading manner. "Let us alternate: one year we will visit you—"

"It can not be so," replied Paré. "She must be separated from the world, and alone with her uncle and nurse during that interval."

A cruel suspicion flashed through the mind of Delorme, but a glance at the pure and mournful expression of Angelica, who had taken the

hand of her uncle and was drawing him gently toward himself, dispersed the vile imagination, and left him free again. She held out her other hand to him, still retaining her uncle's. She brought them to a sofa, made them sit down, and seated herself between them, still retaining their hands with a gentle but irresistible pressure.

"Father," she said, "I love and I obey you. Dear William, I love, and I will hereafter obey you. These loves are divided; I wish to unite them. My duty to one who is more than father is not less than what I shall owe you when I am given to you by him. Each of you is equally just and generous; you should be friends. Give William a good reason for your request, my father, and he will listen to reason—will yield—and we shall be happy."

Paré with difficulty resisted the appeal; but Angelica's heart misgave her when she looked from one to the other, and saw in the face of her uncle the same sad but determined expression; and in that of Delorme a second flash of rage and a glance of bitter suspicion.

Gradually each one rose and withdrew in silence. Delorme went down to the beach; ordered the yacht to be made ready. The white sails fluttered in the breeze; his sailors waited, and called to him in their bold, cheerful voices, "Hurry, Captain! if we lose the breeze it will be too late for to-day!" The dinky waited at the beach; Delorme stepped in and seized the oar; he did not dare look up; wrath and grief had taken possession of him. The shallop clung to the sand, as if loth to leave Belisle. Delorme felt the burning tears dropping from his eyes as he perceived the resistance of the little boat. He hesitated—he looked up—Angelica stood before him, her feet covered with the white foam of the shore, pale as the ghost of departed Hope.

"You did not bid me even 'good-by,'" she said. "I shall not live long after this. Reason tells me you do right in going away, but you will at least say farewell."

She held out her hand. He kissed it gently, and, looking up, saw Paré approaching them. Anger and disgust oppressed the unfortunate lover when he met the keen, firm glances of the inflexible guardian.

"It is better, Sir, that you go," said Paré.

With one long, lingering look, the lovers exchanged a silent but passionate farewell. It was a look of despair—almost of death.

The rough seamen were alarmed when they saw the pallid face of their captain as he came on board. Hastily they made sail; the beautiful sloop, leaning gracefully to the warm land-breeze, moved out of the harbor, and rode free upon the long, slow waves of the Atlantic.

Angelica stood upon the shore, in the light of the declining sun, gazing motionless, until the white speck of sail lessened and disappeared on the horizon, and the night came suddenly. Even then she would have remained, as if transformed into a figure of stone, had not the nurse and Paré, by entreaties and by gentle enforcement, com-

pelled her to return. From that hour the sun of joy, too, seemed to have set forever on the house of Gondy.

William Delorme reached his home unhappy but not despairing. He had reflected upon all. The disposition, the personal charms, and the winning graces of Angelica seemed daily more irresistible; but his mature intellect and powerful character suggested much in alleviation of the grief of what he had resolved should be only a temporary separation. From Charleston, where he left the sloop, and on his arrival at New York, he wrote to the uncle and to Angelica. The one he addressed kindly and frankly; to the other he renewed his vows of fidelity, and spoke of a better time, when they should meet again, but fixed no period of return.

On the first day of the fourth month after his departure, making a rapid journey southward into Georgia, Delorme crossed in a fishing-boat the inlet of the sea that separates Belisle from the main land. Impatiently he leaped ashore and hastened up from the beach. The house seemed to be deserted—the doors and windows were closed. He wandered about the place like one in a dream. It was an hour of utter desolation. Plucking a rose from the garden, he returned full of anguish to his vessel, and again, half-despairing, crossed over to the main land.

Paré and his niece had gone southward toward the plantation of La Fond, on the Florida border. La Fond was the birth-place and summer-residence of Angelica.

Pursuing their steps, he passed from one plantation to another to St. Mary's, and thence along a less frequented way, guided by those whose hospitality Paré was accustomed to enjoy each year, as he passed on to his plantation. At length, in the distance, looking across an interval of level land, he descried the large log-house known as La Fond, formerly a border fortress against hostile Indians. Apart stood a village of whitewashed huts, inhabited by a colony of happy-looking French and Spanish negroes, near a thousand in number, the slaves of Doctor Mangin Paré.

The proprietor was absent—had left La Fond long since. The arrival of a stranger was a holiday at La Fond. The domestics of the household crowded about him with kindest hospitality. The overseer, a French creole, old, deaf, and seeming almost dumb through excessive taciturnity, treated him with marked courtesy, but replied evasively to his eager questions in regard to "Mam'selle Angelique." The female domestics were more communicative. Maum Judith, Massa Doctor, and Mam'selle Angelique had staid only a week at La Fond. Mam'selle was ill; the Doctor gloomy and silent. They drove from St. Mary's in the Doctor's gig, Maum Judith holding Angelica in her arms. The young lady was asleep when they arrived; but she was always asleep when she first came to La Fond; it was a kind of "sleep sickness," which nothing but change of

place would cure. Twice in the year it came upon her, and it had been so from her childhood. Maum Judith knew all about it. A wise woman and a silent was this "Maum," whom nobody appeared either to like or to understand. The young lady, they said, was strangely wasted this season, but seemed to be in high spirits when she woke up after her three days of sleep sickness, in her little bedchamber at La Fond. She was gay—frolicsome; never talked about Belisle; did not seem to care about it; wondered much when any one spoke of that place. In fact, the dear Mam'selle was a strange creature, and had always been so. None of these domestics had seen Belisle; to them it was somewhere in the antipodes.

The passionate and sore-hearted inquirer was confused and troubled by the accounts given him at La Fond. Angelica, seen through the eyes of Doctor Paré's domestics, was not the Angelica of his heart or of his knowledge. She of Belisle appeared a queen, brilliant, ardent, and refined; somewhat haughty and cold to inferiors, but this fault concealed by benignant and graceful condescensions. The Angelica of La Fond, on the contrary, characterized by her talkative housemaid, seemed rather like a rude, somewhat clever, but strangely simple and untaught child of nature. Of books, music, conversation, society, they declared her at once ignorant and innocent. No one visited at La Fond: when strangers came the Doctor would send his niece to a small plantation, ten miles or more distant, on the savanna.

Delorme left La Fond the next day in a state of painful uncertainty and self-distrust. Had his bewildering passion for Angelica deceived him in regard to her character? He feared so. He would again visit Belisle, and observe a more guarded behavior. Paré, it might be, had perceived that his imagination more than his judgment was engaged, and had endeavored to gain time and raise difficulties to prevent the consequences of so rash and inconsiderate a passion.

While he indulged these humiliating reflections, his passion for Angelica seemed to die out for the moment, but only to blaze up again with greater fierceness. He rode slowly and gloomily back to St. Mary's. The singularity of her seclusion in a wilderness, removed from civilization, for so large a portion of every year; and the persistent regularity of the arrangement astonished him as he reflected upon it.

The region through which he was now passing was strangely chosen for the summer residence of an heiress. The rivers were shallow, and often diffused in pestilential morasses; the thickets and streams were haunted by tigers and alligators; groves of magnolia, and all the rich luxuriance of an almost tropical vegetation, were not able to redeem the country from the curse of solitude and unhealthiness. It was a land of fevers as of flowers—of malignant beauty, where the airs of the night, perfumed and poisonous, oppressed with odorous rankness and deadly warmth.

Remembering that the 1st of September had been fixed by Paré as the time when, if he had married Angelica, he might return to her, Delorme resolved to pass the interval at St. Mary's, and then, at the appointed hour, return again to the island, and, if possible, force an explanation of the mysterious obstacles interposed between himself and his happiness.

Slowly the days and weeks dragged their weary length, until the fateful 1st of September. On the morning of that day, burning with impatience, but still fortified with a reflective caution, he set sail in the same vessel that had taken him, on his last visit, across the inlet that separates Belisle from the main land. He saw the white house of Gondy shining afar off, like a star in the first beams of the morning. Joy prevailed over fear. Even though death awaits him, joy attends the lover when he goes to his beloved.

During the hours that brought his feet once more to touch the fatal sands of Belisle—sands which had delayed him to prolong that passionate farewell—a dream of the future opened over him the gates of Paradise. The ardor lifted him, diffusing through his limbs the warmth and power of an immortal passion. With this fire smouldered also the sullen heat of an inexorable resolve. He would never again leave Belisle but with her. Life itself was nothing to the strength of his determination.

Baffling winds delayed the vessel, and it was evening ere he reached the shore. Angelica stood there, motionless, awaiting him. As the vessel grounded he sprang into the boat, and soon these two passionate souls, for whom there was a choice only between love and death, were folded in each other's arms.

"I knew that you would come; I have waited each day for you here since I returned."

She put away the harsh black locks from his forehead, and they drank from each other's eyes the sweet intoxication of joy.

Hand in hand, as before, they went up from the beach. Paré was absent. They did not remember nor distinguish the days. During a week's interval of delight he promised he knew not what—every thing—his life. He was a child—a slave; he would conform to all the wishes of Angelica, and she would abide by those of her uncle.

If Doctor Paré was affected by very powerful emotion, when, on his return, he found Delorme an inmate of his house and the betrothed husband of his niece, he did not express it. He seemed entirely satisfied: the clergyman was sent for, and the marriage solemnized in the presence of an honorable company of friends and neighbors.

The bridegroom did not read the document signed by himself, his wife, and her uncle, on the evening of the marriage. It seemed to him the foolish eccentricity of a half-witted guardian, who had not long to live, and should be indulged.

It was arranged that her uncle should attend

Angelica and her husband to the North, remain there until the succeeding spring, and then return South, taking her with him. He was old, in feeble health; separation from her would, perhaps, hasten the effect of years. His society was always agreeable, and he was at all times humane and unobtrusive.

Let us pass over the interval of happiness. The lovers took no care of time; they lived only for each other. As the spring approached Doctor Paré announced to the circle of his niece's new friends and relatives in the North that he should return, and that Angelica would go with him. He did not speak to Delorme directly; he wished him to remember the agreement without his aid. The 15th of April was at hand; Angelica began to droop, and was continually in tears; Delorme became restless, indignant. Anger at length took possession of him; he repented his hasty concessions; he endeavored to find a flaw in the agreement. There was none that his utmost ingenuity could detect. He must forfeit his honor and his wife her fortune, or abide by it. On the day of departure Paré was in readiness, silent and patient. His niece had made no preparations for the journey. The rage of Delorme was irrepressible. Angelica fell ill with grief at the necessity of leaving him. Still the old man remained inexorable.

After they were gone Delorme was like a madman. Borne away at length by uncontrollable passion, he pursued his wife and her uncle, traveling night and day; but they had moved on as quickly, and when he reached St. Mary's he learned that they were six days in advance, and by that time on the plantation of La Fond. In his heart and will he had violated the agreement; passion had made him mad, and he began to plan violence. He would compel her to return with him; if prevented, he would use any force that might be necessary.

The ride of this infuriated and suspicious husband from St. Mary's to La Fond was like a race for life. He procured a fresh horse at every plantation along the road, pleading business of life and death. As he threw himself from his horse at the door of the log-house of La Fond Paré came out to receive him, self-possessed and calm as usual.

"I knew that you would come," said the guardian; "but I am sure you will return when you have reflected."

"Not without her," he answered, hoarsely. "Do what you will with the fortune of my wife—your avarice is welcome to that—but none but God shall take her from me. Lead me to her instantly, or—"

The threat died from his lips. An expression so terrible crossed the features of Paré—a scorn so concentrated—Delorme shuddered, and his courage fell.

"Let me see her, then—only for an instant."

"Impossible, my son. As you are a man and a gentleman, you will forbear. Restrain your passion."

A fresh horse was standing at the gate; the

unhappy man wavered, yielded, mounted the horse, rode away slowly; arrived at St. Mary's in a high fever, and lay for weeks unconscious or delirious. Doctor Paré was at his bedside continually, but not Angelica.

Two of the four months of separation had elapsed when Delorme, confined to his chamber by excessive weakness, sent for Paré, and, with tears and deep-drawn sighs, begged to receive some message or memento from his absent wife.

"Doctor," he said, "I shall die else. You can not refuse so simple and natural a request. If I could only have assurance that Angelica does not forget me! You are a man of humane feelings and my friend; but I see no proof of reason or friendship in this unnatural and extraordinary separation. Sooner than again forfeit my honor—but indeed there is a mystery in it that is maddening!"

An explanation seemed inevitable, but still it was withheld. With wonderful adroitness the physician succeeded in eluding the issue. A week passed; the health of Delorme was still precarious, and demanded change of air. Paré gently reminded him of his agreement; spoke of reasons that time would disclose; advised a journey to the North, to occupy the painful interval. These arguments had their effect; and before the impatient husband could accomplish all that had been planned for him by Paré, the 1st of September had arrived.

Angelica met him at Belisle. She was in brilliant health, joyous, and more beautiful than ever. She wondered and grieved at the change that had taken place in his appearance, and listened with astonishment, and even with dismay, to his history of the four months of their separation.

"Have I, then, truly been at La Fond? I thought it was a joke."

"Your uncle says so, dear angel; but I did not see you there."

"I have no recollection of La Fond; I have never seen it."

"Paré has, then, deceived me."

"Impossible! he is truth itself."

"Where were you the third or fourth week after you left me?"

"I do not remember—time has elapsed; every one says we have been at La Fond. After I left you I was ill, and fell asleep. Only a week since, upon awakening, I found myself here as usual, awaiting your return. It seems as though you had been absent only a few days. It is always thus; I lose or forget four months of my life each year."

"You did not tell me this."

"Did I do wrong in concealing it from you?"

He made no reply. The discovery of the mysterious infirmity of his wife afflicted him profoundly.

"Was it the desire of your uncle to hide this from me?"

"I think so."

"It was he, then, who erred, and not you."

Suddenly the recollection of all that had been told him by the domestics, on his first visit at La Fond, rushed over his mind. Angelica must be deceiving him, since the sleep which she described endured only a few days. She would certainly remember what passed during the interval of more than three months. He left her, crushed with a vague terror, and went at once to Paré.

"She has told you of her affliction!" said Paré, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead—the dreaded discovery had been made sooner than he anticipated. "I hoped that you might never know it, or, at least, that many years of happiness might come before the discovery."

"Vain, foolish old man!" muttered Delorme.

"What wrong have you suffered by me, Mr. Delorme, that you find me vain and foolish? Do you mean to repudiate your wife, since you have discovered that she can not be always and at all times with you?"

Delorme eluded the home thrust by replying that he loved Angelica no less.

"If, then, you continue to love her, you would still have taken her to wife, even with a knowledge of her infirmity."

"But there is more to be explained," said Delorme, terrified by the fearful alternative suggested by Paré.

"Since it is no longer possible to hide the truth from you," responded the Doctor, "I am ready to release you from the conditions imposed; but only in exchange for other conditions."

"I will submit no longer to your complicated vanities and concealments."

"As I have always guarded the happiness of my niece, I can not do less than continue that care."

There was a sincerity in the manner of Paré which checked the rising violence of Delorme.

"What," said he, sullenly, "are the conditions which your wisdom or your cunning imposes?"

"That she be subject to my guardianship, and not to your commands or caprices as a husband, during the four months of her misfortune."

"Explain."

"I will make no explanation. You, yourself, shall be the judge and the witness of my reasons. Do you bind yourself to these conditions, with an honorable release from the others?"

"I do."

"Angelica will, then, pass the summer at Belisle. May I believe that you are satisfied? Will it be possible for you to await the issue, and improve the interval of suspense and uncertainty for your own happiness and hers?"

"You impose a difficult task."

"Early in life, Mr. Delorme, I adopted a maxim which will perhaps commend itself to your prudence—'never to allow the uncertainties of the future to overshadow the realities of the

present.' While happiness is in the grasp a fool only will let it escape. Is it better, Sir, to lead a life of enjoyment or one of fears and regrets?"

It was a habit of Paré to conclude important conversations with a maxim or a sententious question; after which he remained silent and impenetrable.

By a strong and continued effort of will, Delorme held in check the painful curiosity which oppressed him, and during the interval devoted himself exclusively to the happiness of Angelica. His reward was great: the affection, gratitude, and devotion of his beautiful wife gave to each day a color which surpassed the warmest hues of imagination.

In the midst of this happiness the dreaded 1st of May arrived. On this day he saw no change in the mental or physical condition of his wife; but on the evening of the 2d, the livid cloud under her eyes extended itself into a purple ring, and on the evening of the 3d, as they were walking in the garden, she leaned heavily upon his shoulder, and fell into a slumber so profound that it resembled death.

He bore her in his arms to the house. At his desire, Doctor Paré, assuring him of their inutility, tried all the usual means of resuscitation without effect. The husband became seriously alarmed. He sat by the side of his sleeping wife, watching her slow and regular inspirations, during the whole of that night and the succeeding day, taking neither food nor rest. During this time he observed a gradual change in her countenance. The features, at the end of the first twenty-four hours, became suddenly rigid; the entire body cold, and the breathing imperceptible. The pupils of the eyes rolled up, the lips became white, the color faded from the surface of the body.

It was in vain Paré assured Delorme that twice every year since the infancy of Angelica these frightful symptoms had appeared. He threw himself upon the cold and rigid form, weeping and calling passionately upon her to return to him. During the second day the violence of his grief increased to such a degree that Paré, who feared nothing for Angelica, became seriously concerned for her husband. At length he was enabled to convert this sickening terror into hope, by pointing out to him the signs of returning animation.

A slight warmth diffused itself from the heart over the bosom, and with a thrill of excessive joy he at length saw the rising color of life, following the warmth, and spreading gradually, like morning light, over the beautiful form. Again the pupils of the eyes descended, and breathing recommenced with heavy sighs.

Paré gently drew Delorme from the bedside, and the mysterious nurse, Maum Judith, took his place. He lay down upon a sofa and fell asleep, overpowered with fatigue. Several hours had elapsed when the Doctor hurriedly awakened him. He rose and went to the bedside. Angelica was sitting up, but the situation of the couch had prevented her from seeing her hus-

band as he lay asleep. He came a little behind, half blind and trembling with joy, in the anticipation of her loving embrace, when, turning at the sound of his step, Angelica fixed her eyes upon him with a stare of surprise, and gave a slight scream as if she had seen a stranger in her room. The night-dress had fallen from her shoulders, discovering lines and tints of beauty such as Titian might have striven in vain to immortalize. She covered herself quickly; and as the passionate Delorme threw his arms about her and pressed her to his heart, she screamed, called her uncle, and fell back trembling with astonishment and terror.

"Oh, uncle!—Maum Judith! What man is this? What! Go away, I say!" she cried, savagely; and with her delicate hand struck him sharply over the eyes. The blow, dealt with furious energy, brought the miserable husband to a sense of his wretchedness. His wife no longer recognized him. She was mad.

Paré stood motionless at the foot of the bed, regarding with deep compassion the two sufferers in this terrible scene. He had permitted the presence of the husband in order to satisfy him fully of the nature of his wife's infirmity. He now went to Delorme, took him by the hand, and led him silent and heart-broken from the room.

No sooner had the door closed upon them than Angelica burst into tears.

"Maum Judith, tell Angelique what uncle meant bringing a man into her chamber. It's wicked."

"Soh! It don't know its own husband!" exclaimed the nurse, affecting surprise.

"Put down that pitcher and come to me, Mauma. No lies now—Where am I?"

"Soh! The poor child don't know her own house! It's Belisle, chick, Belisle. That gentleman is Massa William Delorme."

"This is Belisle, is it? William Delorme? Who's he? Is he a doctor?"

The nurse put her arms about the angry beauty, and crying and laughing assured her again and again that Massa William Delorme was her own dear husband; that they had been long married, and that soon there would be "a beautiful white picaninny—a little massa or missis only so big." But the bewildered Angelica would not be pacified, and her anger and amazement increased in proportion to the efforts of the nurse to abate it. At length she sprang out of bed, and, flying upon the negress, beat her until her mouth, eyes, and nostrils were smeared with blood. Maum Judith shrieked for help; the Doctor, who was walking in the garden with the disconsolate Delorme, heard the cries, mingled with the angry voice of his niece, and went to the rescue. Angelica burst into a fresh flood of tears, and threw herself, half dressed as she was, into the arms of her uncle.

"Uncle, uncle! that wicked Maum Judith! She says the ugly man that came in here is my husband!"

Doctor Paré soothed his niece, and for the sake of peace remained by her while the trembling negress completed the toilet. He then led her down into the parlor, and telling her Maum Judith was a fool, opened the piano and touched a series of rich chords. Angelica was quieted with this; her rage subsided, and when Delorme entered the room, bowing with distant respect, as the Doctor had instructed him, he thought he had never seen a more wonderful and radiant beauty. She paid little attention to him, seeming to be entirely absorbed with the music. Delorme, who had been in former days a master of the instrument, went to the piano and, relieving Doctor Paré, commenced a tender melody, which Angelica listened to with rapturous admiration.

"Never touch me again nor call yourself my husband," she said. "Then I will love you better than Maum Judith, that horrid old wretch. She lied. I shall beat her every day. Uncle," she said, with an expression perfectly feline, like a panther pleased, "I like Belisle." Then going to the window and looking across the placid bay, over which a few sails—black specks in the white noon sunlight—were moving slowly, a wild cry of delight burst from her lips. "Oh! what a great river! Uncle, see, see! The great, wide, beautiful river!" She ran and seating herself upon his knees, stroked his gray whiskers and whispered in his ear.

"No matter for that," said the Doctor. "Belisle is as much yours as La Fond, and you need not go back if you do not like it."

Her attention was suddenly attracted by Delorme, who was still touching the keys of the piano in a negligent manner. She went to him, and placing a hand on each of his shoulders, "Come," said she, "that is good music—better than uncle's. We'll be friends, and you shall play for me every day. Kiss me—no, no, not that way. Give me a great hearty smack like old Jupe. Uncle, let Jupe come to Belise. I must have him."

Late into the night Paré was engaged in conversation with the husband of his niece. The excessive grief of Delorme had subsided into a profound melancholy. He was astonished to find that the beautiful Angelica, in her present condition, had no attraction for him. She was a person unknown to him, and who, notwithstanding her extraordinary beauty, with the form and features of his wife, had none of the intellectual and tender fascinations of the true Angelica. He became at length passive, as if waiting the arrival from a far country of some dearly loved and loving friend. He thought of Angelica, even in her presence, as of one absent.

Paré was not surprised at the frank avowal of these sentiments and feelings. He seemed rather pleased than pained. "Your love," said he, "is then of a better quality than usually holds man and wife together. Whatever we may believe of conjugal affection in its lower grades, there is a bond of greater power, which sub-

ordinates even the body to the soul—the desires to the affections. The former have no force nor motive unless the interior self, in this true affection, gives them liberty—incites them to the highest manifestations. Be patient, then—leave Belisle—occupy yourself in business or travel—return to your Angelica when she is ready to receive you."

"She does not behave like a lunatic."

"No; lunacy is a fever, attended with a general or partial disturbance of the nervous functions. Angelica is in brilliant health, and has the perfect use of all her faculties."

"What name, then, do you give to her misfortune?"

"I hardly know—I have a theory, but no knowledge. It is an isolated case—but one such is recorded in a century."

"Within six weeks, or two months at farthest," said the husband, "Angelica will give birth to a child. I shall not leave Belisle until the completion of that event."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Doctor, reflecting. "Something of interest may occur which will require your presence."

The conversation turned upon the early life of Angelica.

"Her mother," said the Doctor, "was very dear to me; the only daughter of a brother of mine, who died, leaving her in my care. Angelica is, then, my grand niece, though I am not yet a septuagenarian. She married Gondy at my house, and the little Angelica was born there—an event which destroyed the mother. Gondy seemed to be maddened by that loss. He lived afterward a life of excessive dissipation. Maum Judith nursed the child. In her second year she was stolen by a Seminole woman, whose husband, a chief of that tribe, had been shot by Gondy in a quarrel. We pursued the woman with dogs, and found her, after a chase of ninety miles, which she had traveled in a week, bearing two children at her back, over savannas and fields of cactus. She sat exhausted upon the ground, when we overtook her, with Angelica in her arms, and her own child lying dead beside her. This was in May, eighteen years since. Angelica seemed to have acquired a strange attachment for the Indian woman, and resisted with outcries my efforts to remove her. We buried the dead child and brought the woman home with us, allowing her to carry Angelica in her arms. When we arrived at La Fond she sternly and obstinately refused to resign the child to the care of Maum Judith, insisting that the real Angelica was dead, and that this one was hers, appealing to the clinging embraces of the child itself in proof. Feeling satisfied that she would abscond with the infant, unless continually watched, I took it from her by force. She disappeared, and was soon after found dead on the savanna. It was proved by witnesses that when she took Angelica away her own child was alive. It perhaps died of exhaustion during the long and painful flight of its mother. The theft was an act of vengeance. Since that time An-

gelica has been what you see her, during four months of each year. I succeeded in keeping it secret from the people at Belisle. Her father gave her up to me during the wild intervals. He could not endure her presence at these times, as she invariably treated him with disrespect and even with violence."

Paré drew a long sigh after this explanation. He seemed to have relieved his mind and heart of a grievous burden. From that time Delorme became intimate and friendly with him, and a bond of mutual confidence held firmly together these mature and intelligent souls. They consulted the recorded cases of insanity and mental aberration, in hope of discovering a physical cause for this wonderful mental revolution in the person to whose happiness they had devoted their lives.

Delorme, an imaginative reasoner, and not without belief in the possibilities of the supernatural, after finding parallel cases in the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries* suggested the idea of demoniacal possession—a theory which Paré rejected.

"Do you not see," said he, "that the soul of Angelica, even now, is human? Moreover, I do not believe in demons."

The daily attentions and assiduous kindness of the husband made a perceptible and growing impression upon the wild and savage nature of his wife. She soon became accustomed to his presence and conversation; but her intellect, though not puerile, seemed to be incapable of culture, and her heart not susceptible of love, or even of its frivolous substitute. Her occupations were generally childish or violent, and her nature fitful and unstable.

As the period of the birth of her child approached she grew more and more intractable, and repelled the kindnesses of Delorme, almost with fury. The event itself was attended with *dystochia* of an alarming character, endangering the life of the mother. Her countenance, during long continued and terrific convulsions, underwent marvelous changes. The livid *areole* about the eyes enlarged and contracted; but the anxious husband and Doctor exchanged significant glances, when, in the midst of her suffering, the patient, seemingly insensible, uttered a few words in the natural tone of the gracious and tender lady of Belisle.

Their hopes, high raised, were suddenly banished by the return of consciousness, and the wildness of the savage "changeling" of La Fond. Then followed a general diminution of the vital forces, and the fever which often succeeds a perilous maternity.

On the morning after the first tertian paroxysm, when the febrile excitement had abated, her countenance, usually wild, stolid, or excited by vehement passions, assumed an expression of soft, and almost supernatural beauty; her large lustrous eyes flashed with the fires of a

triumphant love. She recognized her husband, spoke his name, rose to his embrace, and fell forward into his arms. It was only a momentary recognition.

Words are wholly inadequate to the mysterious struggle which then commenced in the physical and spiritual nature of the sufferer. She had given birth, during a period of insensibility, to a male child, vigorous and healthy. From the moment of perceiving its existence, her passions were equally divided between hatred and affection for this infant. Maternal tenderness and yearning alternated with repugnance, the one enduring no longer than the other.

"Maum Judith—Mauma—take this horrid little thing away. If you put it here again, I will do to it what Jupe does to the chickens. How came it here? what is the matter with me? I must get up. Mauma, I will beat you. Tell the stranger to play for me, I must hear some music. Open the door there. Now I can hear. Ah! If that picaninny cries so, I must have it thrown out of the window. Take it away, you wicked Mauma."

All this delivered in a sharp, hurried, and vehement manner, with flashing eyes and clenched hands, expressing rage and furious resolutions, restrained only by the inability to move.

Under the contrary influence she would call for the infant as earnestly as her feebleness permitted, and the languor of her smile did not abate one line of the two-fold passion of conjugal and maternal love that lighted it from within, as though a silver star shone through from the interior of a transparent statue; so vividly did the spiritual light of the soul send out its burning rays through the mask of the face and the windows of the eyes.

It would be impossible to convey an adequate conception of the effect of these wonderful alternations upon the husband and the uncle. Maum Judith, the cunning nurse, lost herself; twice she suffered the unfortunate infant to be thrown upon the floor in one of these sudden revolutions. It became necessary to remove it from the house.

Incredible as it may seem, neither of these conditions remembered the other. I quote from the minute and copious journal of Doctor Paré.

"October 20. No change in the general state: pulse variable: in the normal, or Belisle state, soft and regular, except from four to six P.M. At six P.M. febrile symptoms increase: great extension of the *areolæ*.

R
Can. Ind. gr. x.
Str. N. Y.— gr. j.
Ext. Gent. q. a. pilulæ 5.—*Quinques in d.*

"Indications entirely of a cerebral character: latent irritative meningitis?—masked intermittent?

"Midnight. La Fond condition; raging anger at some trivial cause: hysterical alternations; fretfulness, jactitation; pulse eighty-five, full and strong. No indication for depletion.

R
Tinct. Pap.— $\frac{1}{100}$ min. in aq.—Dose fʒj.—Doses in d.

* The reader may consult Wierus, lib. 3, cap. 19 and 24, de præs. Daem. Giraldus Cambrensis, Lipsius, Zanchias et id genus omne, passim.

The fever is apparently a consequence of the struggle of two conditions. Mr. Delorme suggests a hypothesis accordant with his philosophical views. Were I a believer in the existence of a spiritual organism, or soul, distinct from the body, and controlling it, I should concur with him in the opinion that the La Fond condition is caused by the intrusion of a power not native to the body.

"*Proof.* The gestures and language of the Angelica à La Fond do not harmonize with the form of the body, which is uniformly soft and ovate, of the purest Caucasian model; the feet and hands small and taper. In the Belisle condition the form and the actions harmonize. I find it hard to describe this. In the Belisle state things are taken hold of with the hand gently extended and open, the palm upward. In the La Fond condition the hand reaches with the palm prone, like the claw of an eagle.

"October 21. Observed to-day that for the space of six hours—from six A.M. to twelve M.—a perfect mental and moral rapport was established between Angelica and her husband.

"N.B. He has explained her condition to her, as far as it can be explained, and she supports his view of the causes.

"Great abatement of fever this day. Appetite and strength returning gradually. Strengthened the diet a little. Chicken broth. Peristaltic motions regular.

"October 22. During the whole of last night the La Fond condition prevailed, but there was little or no fever. In the La Fond condition the teeth are, in general, firmly set—the mastoid muscles prominent—lower jaw inclines to protrude—head erect—eyes aggressive and unsteady.

"At six A.M. Belisle condition, or, as Mr. Delorme phrases it, the 'soul of Angelica' prevailed, and resumed its governance of the body. Acknowledged to Mr. Delorme that the psychical hypothesis is the most simple and applicable; but I have never been able to reconcile it with other philosophic views: besides, the total loss of memory from one state to the other obliges me to adopt the hypothesis of a double action of the brain—each lateral lobe performing an independent service, instead of the two acting, in the usual manner, as one brain. From this cause, I think, arise the two personalities of La Fond and Belisle.

"Was struck this day, more than ever, as I assisted at the bedside, with the astonishing physical beauty of my niece. I am sometimes conscious of a sensation of regret that the frosts of age have left me only an intellectual perception. Delorme is too excitable: he has become pale and thin, though his appetite is unusual.

"October 24. To-morrow will be the first full critical period of the fever. The struggle between the two natures continues; but that of my niece—the Angelica of Belisle—is happily prevailing. Delorme passed the entire night with Maum Judith in the chamber of my niece, observing the symptoms. His report is as fol-

lows: 'Pulse eighty-four, with abatement toward morning. The La Fond symptoms prevailed with extreme violence, but he finds nothing either of madness or delirium.'

"I have abandoned the hypothesis of a chronic meningitis, but adhere to that of bicerebral activity, giving two personalities. (If I were to risk a conjecture, I would say that in the La Fond condition the *left lobe prevails*—the right being passive or parietic.) In such cases ought there not to be a paresis or inaction of the side of the body corresponding with the inactive lobe? I am afraid my position is not tenable on this point. 'At one o'clock in the morning,' says Delorme, 'she called upon the "stranger," as she styles myself, for music. I went down into the parlor, leaving the doors open, and executed with some care a favorite air of Angelica's from Don Giovanni. There was a scream and a heavy fall. I rushed up stairs and found my wife lying upon the floor with her face downward; the nurse told me, weeping, that it was impossible to prevent it. Angelica had listened a while, and then fell into a strange convulsion, during which she sprang from the bed and fell prostrate. I raised her, and found her quite cold and insensible, with the usual symptoms of an approaching change of state, but of a slower and more permanent character. Since then close observation has enabled me to detect an internal struggle or contest, which has been unceasing. The *areolæ* of the eyes alternately expand and contract. The irides roll up and descend—the pulse varies with the breathing, which is interrupted by sobs; and dream-tears roll frequently down the cheeks. Were it not madness to attempt to penetrate so far beyond the ken of mortality I should say that the soul of my wife contended momentarily with its antagonist, with tears, entreaties, and vehement strife, for possession of its mortal tenement.'

"October 25—*morning.* At length, after a night of extreme internal suffering, Angelica has fallen into a natural slumber. Twice I have been called to her bedside by Mr. Delorme to observe the expression of her countenance. The hard lines have vanished from the mouth. Her right hand and arm—which, in my judgment, are extremely beautiful—lie extended; palm flushed by a rosy tint—the hue of health—open and upturned. The areola, or deep discoloration of the orbits, has disappeared. Breathing slow and regular, interrupted by gentle sighs.

"October 27. Yesterday I was called away from the island on professional business. To-day I arrive early in the morning. Delorme gives me the following account, which is the last record I shall make of this extraordinary case.

"'When you left us, the afternoon of the 25th, my wife was still sleeping quietly. I lay down to rest near her, as I had had little sleep the night previous. Soon I was awakened by her voice. She called me to the bedside. "I have a presentiment," she said, "or rather a conviction, which is certainty, that the change

of character and the intervals of darkness and violence which you have described to me will not return. During this last illness—though, for want of strength, I have not spoken of my sensations to you or my uncle—I have retained a full consciousness of the dark intervals. It seemed to me as if life depended upon my will. A yearning desire to be always with you and the child, and to comfort myself with your presence, was the motive of that terrible strife with—I know not what opposing power—which seemed to thrust me away from you into darkness, and a void more awful than death; for it was, I believe, a horror equal to that of the buried alive. Each time that my strength failed the dreadful power forced me into the void, like one who is borne violently away. There was no measure of time—only consciousness. The cries of the infant, your own voice and footsteps, music that you and I have enjoyed—all these were helps, and seemed to aid me in the struggle. I know it is past: we shall not be separated again, nor you left alone and wretched as heretofore. Do you think it was an evil spirit that drove me away? Will you believe me when I tell you that at times I felt my lips and my whole body moved violently, as though possessed with a savage instinct, over which I had no control? This was the beginning of recovery.”

“A happier man than Delorme,” continues the good Doctor, “I have never seen, though the poor fellow is emaciated with watching and anxiety. *Mem.* To send for a silver milk-bottle.

“Maum Judith feeds with a spoon, which is bad. The youngster is to be named for his uncle. It is noisy, but healthy. I hope the La Fond condition may not have injured the cerebral organization of the infant. N.B. I have returned to my hypothesis of a double action of the brain. Delorme and his wife are intelligent, but incapable of scientific deduction.”

So ends the interesting journal of the good Doctor. Readers generally will side with him in his explanation. It is rational, and avoids the absurdity of supposing that the soul of the Indian child, who was buried in the savanna, passed into the body of Angelica, while she was asleep, under the magnetic influence of its mother.

CIVILIZATION AND HEALTH.

WRITERS in all ages refer to the simplicity, the health, and hardihood of their fathers. In an old English pamphlet, published three centuries ago, the writer informs us that *then-a-days* “the old manly hardiness, stout courage, and painfulness of England was utterly driven away: instead thereof, men receive womanliness and become mice, not able to withstand a blast of wind or resist a poor fish. And children be so brought up, that if they be not all day by the fire with a toast and butter, and in their furs, they be straight sick.”

Writers among us refer to the agility of the savages of this continent as an evidence of ex-

cellence lost by excessive refinement. They inculcate the belief that barbarous nations possess very great energy and strength, and they lament the luxuries of civilization as a degeneracy of bodily vigor and muscular activity. Such opinions involve a scale of descent which would tend to prove that every generation has less of every thing calculated to make it great and good than the last preceding.

Nations, it is true, do sometimes degenerate; but it is only when their civilization decreases, not when it increases. After a nation has been swayed by the impulse of one mind, or excited by the stimulus of some one particular point to be made or goal to be gained, there is, usually, a corresponding relapse—a falling back even below the last point of departure: and this it is which strongly marks that degeneracy which follows hero-worship, and which characterizes retrocession of civilization. Such was the greatness of the Spaniards under Charles V., and the French under Louis XIV.

An absence of great leaders is an evidence of general information and high mental culture. The dead-level is then so high that he who would soar above it is so nearly approached by thousands of others that he can never reach an acknowledged supremacy. “Small objects cast long shadows,” says Landor, “only when the sun is low in the horizon.” The bodily frame bears a corresponding elevation, and physiology proves that physical strength usually keeps pace with intellectual superiority. That there are no giants among a highly civilized people is because they are all strong, and he who pretends to be stronger than his fellows usually finds a superior. Mummies and ancient armor indicate nations of dwarfs. The hand of a modern warrior finds no hold in the hilt of an ancient sword, and the blow of a latter-days’ swordsman would not only hurl the ancient blade into the air, but would palsy the arm that wielded it.

Civilized travelers among barbarians always come off best in contests of strength, and it is only among such that great physical strength is deemed at all remarkable. The invigorating influence of civilization, associated as it is with muscular strength, bodily development, and physical endurance, is displayed in its powers of resistance to every kind of adversity. It is generally considered that continuous subjection to the influence of hardships indurates the system and prepares it for a better resistance to further influences of the same character. This is a mistake. The only reliable resistance to hardship is to be found in a well-developed and sound constitution. An individual who has been reared on wholesome food in the pure air of a temperate climate, and who has encountered just enough of hardship to brace and not break the constitution, is, above all others, capable of most endurance.

The perpetual superiority of the natives of temperate climates is owing to the formative conditions there which develop the strongest constitutions. Even in climates to which they

are least accustomed, they display powers of endurance amidst the causes of disease which slay thousands of those who are habitually subject to them, and who for this very reason are lacking in that vigor of constitution which is the best safeguard. The native of the tropical climate may endure more heat—nothing else—while the continuance of it has rendered him less able to stand up against other influences fatal to the highest degree of physical strength, in which an unacclimated foreigner is his superior.

During the great plague at Alexandria, in 1835, the French, English, Russian, and German residents, who were exposed to the cause in its fullest intensity, suffered in the proportion of only *five* per cent., whereas the Arab population suffered in the proportion of *fifty-five*, the Malays in the proportion of *sixty-one*, and the Negroes and Nubians in the proportion of *eighty-four* per cent.—that is to say, falling upon the several nations in close proportion to their general sanitary condition, the attacks being lowest among Europeans.

The highest state of progress furnishes the standard to which all should be elevated, provided that this can be accomplished without involving the rights of independence. Selfishness and barbarism are noxious agents, and as such they should not be tolerated; for it is neither the nature nor the habit of the human system to become so accustomed to conditions inconsistent with the highest state of development as to be unaffected by them. Cleanliness and refinement bear the same relation to each other in the progress of civilization as do filth and moral uncleanness in the degradation of uncivilized communities. The connection of cleanliness with civilization is every where manifest in direct ratio with mental culture. Attention to this, however, has not always been equal in the progress of nations. Holland seems to have been in advance of all other states in observing the essential necessity of cleanliness in order to a healthy progress.

England was formerly far behind Holland in this feature of civilization; and even in the time of Henry VIII. the *Sweating Sickness* was so generally prevalent there as to be called the English Sweat. Erasmus, one of the most learned men of the time, deduced the causes of the English being continually afflicted with pestilence, and especially with the Sweating Sickness, from their "totally regardless concern" for the aspect and the condition of their dwellings; and reminds them that a city was once delivered of a plague of long continuance by altering and cleansing the buildings.

Previous to the great fire in London the streets were so narrow as never to have the sun shine upon them, and the floors of the dwellings were usually made of clay covered with rushes; and these were never renewed except by the addition of fresh layers, so that they constituted a porous receptacle for every species of filth. The diet of the common people consisted mainly of fish and beer. There was no provision what-

ever for cleaning the streets; hence in the damp fogs which have always prevailed in that climate there was ample provision for the worst effects of filthiness. But in the progress of civilization "Sweating Sickness," "Black Death," "*Hauptkrankheit*" (or head malady), "Inflammation of the throat"—so rapid in its course that it was usually past recovery in eight hours—"Leprosy" (or tubercular Elephantiasis), have all disappeared. Could the sanitary rules of civilized communities be made to bear equally, the list of diseases capable of being dispelled by civilization would be much increased.

The miserable, degraded, and sickly portion of every community is weak in proportion as the highly-cultivated and healthy portion is strong. To assist the weak in applying such sanitary measures as will protect mankind at large from the injuries which each, in a narrow-minded selfishness, would inflict on his neighbor, is therefore both rational and right.

Wherever misery is manifest there always exists at man's disposal means of mitigating or removing it. To find out and apply these means is advancement in civilization.

It is a common impression that a great mortality is an unavoidable necessity to town population. This is far from being correct. If proper attention was paid to the sanitary condition of cities, the average duration of human life would increase in like ratio with their population. The effect of civilization, in this particular, is demonstrated by the health statistics of Geneva, where they have been continuously observed and kept for a longer period than in any other city in the world.

Health registries were established in Geneva in 1589, and they are regarded as pre-appointed evidences of civil rights, and are consequently kept with very great care.

The registration includes the name of the disease which has caused death, entered by a district physician, who is charged by the state with the inspection of every person who dies within his district. A table is made up from certificates, setting forth the nature of the disease, specification of the symptoms, and observations required to be made by the private physician who may have had the care of the deceased. The increase of population has been followed by a proportionate increase in the duration of life. In the year 1589 the population was 13,000, and the probabilities of life were, to every individual born, eight years seven months and twenty-six days. In the seventeenth century the population increased to 17,000, and the probabilities of life to thirteen years three months and sixteen days—and so on continuously. From 1814 to 1833, the population being from 24,158 to 27,177, the probabilities of life for every individual born were forty-five years and twenty-nine days. The proportion of births is reduced, but a larger number of them are preserved, so that the proportion of adult population increases. In the early periods, the excessive mortality was accompanied by a corre-

sponding fruitfulness. In the last ten years of the seventeenth century a marriage averaged a fraction over five births, and the probable duration of life was less than twenty years.

At the end of the last century a marriage produced less than three children, and the probabilities of life exceeded thirty-two years. At the present time a marriage produces only two and a half children, and the probability of life is nearly forty-six years. The degree of civilization in Geneva, as applied to the whole population, probably exceeds that of any other city in the world. The science of public health is more thought of and better attended to than any where else. In an establishment for the care of orphans, taken from the poorest classes, out of *eighty-six* reared in twenty-four years, only *one died*. These orphans were all taken from the poor.

It is frequently remarked that the luxuries of the rich and the miseries of the poor equalize the scale of happiness by being alike deleterious to health. But if we consider how very small must be the proportion of deaths from actual poverty, as compared with the number from other and removable causes, and apply the same rule to country population where the proportion of poor is greater, yet healthier, we find in it an abundance of evidence of other enemies than poverty, which occasion the excess of mortality in cities. The worst effect of poverty is, that it leads to filth and neglect, and this constitutes an insalubrity which affects the whole of the inhabitants.

Personal regulations are neither just nor practicable in carrying out the most effective measures for the promotion of health in populous communities. They undermine self-respect, and destroy self-direction; they are inconsistent with independence and the spirit of manliness which civilization, in every aspect, inculcates.

Contact with well-cleaned streets and external purity, begets a distaste for internal filth and degradation, and there are none so degraded nor impure as not to be benefited and elevated by association with cleanliness.

In fine, the only successful barrier to the appalling epidemics of ancient times is to be found in the progress of civilization. By it diseases, which once swept the human race before them, are now either buried in the dust, or barricaded in the corrupting dens of lingering barbarism.

THE MIST OVER THE VALLEY.

MY wife was dead. I had never loved her—I may as well speak frankly—never loved her; and yet for her sake I cast away the one priceless pearl of my life. I think every human existence has its moment of fate—its moment when the golden apple of the Hesperides hangs ready upon the bough—how is it that so few of us are wise enough to pluck it? The decision of a single hour may open for us the gate of the enchanted gardens, where are flowers, and sunshine, and air purer than any breezes of earth;

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or it may condemn us, Tantalus-like, to reach evermore after some far-off, unattainable good—make us slaves of the lamp forever and forever. And yet we seek no counsel. We stretch forth our hands and grasp blindly at the future, forgetting that we have only ourselves to blame when we draw them back pierced sorely with thorns.

My life, like all others, had its hour of destiny; and it is of that hour, its perils, its temptations, its sin, that I am about to tell you.

I had known Bertha Payson from my infancy. She was only a year younger than I. I can remember her face, far away back among the misty visions of my boyhood. It looked then, as it does now, pure and pale, yet proud. Her eyes were calm as a full lake underneath the summer moon, deep as the sea—a clear, untroubled gray. Her hair was soft, and smooth, and dark. She wore it plainly banded away from her large, thoughtful forehead. The pure yet healthful white of her complexion contrasted only with her eyes, her hair, her clearly defined, arching brows, and one line of red marking the thin, flexile lips. It was relieved by no other trace of color, even in the cheeks.

I have not painted for you a beauty, and yet I think now that Bertha Payson had the noblest female face my eyes ever rested on.

Her figure was tall, and lithe, and slender; her voice clear, low, and musical. From my earliest boyhood she had seemed to me like some guardian saint, pure enough for worship, but, for a long time I had thought, not warm enough for love.

She was twenty before I began to understand her better. I had just graduated at Harvard, and I came home—perhaps a little less dogmatic and conceited than the majority of newly-fledged A.B.'s—full of lofty aspirations, generous purposes, and romantic dreams. I was prepared to fall in love, but I never thought of loving quiet Bertha Payson, my next neighbor's daughter. The ideal lady of my fancy was far prettier—a fairy creature, with the golden hair and starry eyes of Tennyson's dream—an

"Alry, fairy Lillian,
Flitting, fairy Lillian."

And yet, in the mean time, I looked forward with pleasure to Bertha's companionship. To talk with her always brought out "the most of Heaven I had in me." There was nothing in art or nature so glorious that it did not take new glory when the glances of her eyes kindled over it. My mind never scaled any height of lofty purpose or heroic thought which her far-reaching soul had not conquered before me, and so the best purposes of my life grew better and stronger in the serene atmosphere of her approval.

Thus it came about that we were daily together. Long before I thought of looking at that pale, proud face with a lover's passion, I think I had given her reason to believe that I loved her. What other interpretation could a woman like her, so pure, so single-hearted, so

true, have put upon the eagerness with which I continually sought her society? I passed the largest portion of every day in her presence. She was an early riser, and often, even before the summer sunrise, I went through the narrow path and little wicket gate, which divided our garden from hers, to persuade her to join me in a ramble in the delicious morning twilight.

There was one scene of which we never tired. I have never seen it any where but in Ryefield. In the valley of the Quinebaug the mist rises so blue and dense that, from the hills overtopping it at a mile's distance, it looks like some strange inland sea, whereon, perchance, Curtis's *Flying Dutchman* might take his long and wonderful cruise, or a phantom *Maid of the Mist*, sailing at dawn out of some silent cove, might cut the phantom sea with her phantom keel, and go back with the sunrise into silence and shadows. On one of those o'ertopping hills Bertha and I watched the slow coming of many a summer morning. It was in one of these enchanted hours that I first learned that a woman's heart, strong and passionate as it was pure, slumbered beneath the calm reticence of her external life.

We had been watching, as usual, the sea of mist, and speculating idly about the phantom bark and its strange crew. Then we stood silent for a moment, Bertha looking out over the mist and I looking at her dilating eyes, growing so large, so solemn, so full of thought. At last she turned with a sudden motion—

"Who would think, Frank, to see this prospect now, that underneath this seeming sea lay smiling the greenest and loveliest valley in Connecticut? I was thinking how like it was to some human existences—men and women whose outward life is a veil denser and more impenetrable than the mist over the valley, screening the throbbing, passionate, yet silent heart from human vision. And yet there comes a time when the veiled heart will assert itself. See, the sun is rising now; the mist looks like a soundless sea no longer; it is beginning to eurl away in golden wreaths; soon we shall see the fair valley, with its three white houses, its waving trees, and its little becks of bright waters. Some time, even thus, from all proud hearts the mist will roll goldenly away, and we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known—if not here, there."

She paused, and I looked at her inspired face. I did not wish to break the silence which followed her words. I started and led the way down the steep hill. After a little I looked round to see if the same morning sunrise still lingered in her eyes. I caught my foot, in some incautious step, against the roots of a tree from which the spring rains had washed away the earth. I was thrown headlong and violently to the ground. I was stunned for a moment. My first sensation of returning consciousness was a pleasant one. I felt Bertha's cool hand upon my forehead. She had run swiftly to a neighboring spring, and, with quick presence of mind, had saturated her handkerchief and mine, and

now she was bathing my brow with the water. I did not open my eyes at first. It was so pleasant to lie there and receive her gentle ministrations. At length I felt her place her ear close to my lips. By a resolute effort I held my breath. I wished to try her. She thought I was dead. She did not shriek or moan, only, as if against her will, a single cry, low and sorrowful, escaped her—

"Oh, Frank, darling, darling!"

I slowly opened my eyes and met hers. There was a look in them I have never seen in any other woman's before or since. Then I knew that Bertha Payson could love; that she did love me with a love that not one woman in ten thousand could even understand. I saw that underneath the marble her heart, her passionate woman's heart, was flame; but it was flame as pure as the heaven-kindled fires on the altar of the God of the Hebrews. I knew that she loved me, and, in the same moment, I knew that with all the might of my heart I loved her—that she alone was the one woman to whom mind and soul could do homage and say, "I have found my queen." But I did not speak of love then. I know she must have read my glance as I had read hers; but she only said, very quietly,

"Thank God that you are alive. I must leave you now to see about getting some one to take you home."

"No, I can walk if you will help me."

I made the effort, but I could not rise. The least attempt to move caused me such exquisite pain that I began to think my injuries must be severe. I said, reluctantly,

"I am very sorry, Bertha. I shall have to let you go. I see it is impossible for me to walk."

She drew a light summer shawl from her shoulders and arranged it so as to make the position in which my head was lying a little easier. Then she tripped away, and, lying there, I watched, half dreamily, her light figure go out of sight down the hill-side. The time of her absence seemed to me very short. Except when I attempted to move I felt little pain, and never had my soul been so flooded with happiness. I loved Bertha—I was beloved by her. I felt too weak to speculate about the future. I only rejoiced in the present.

Soon Bertha returned with the village doctor and two or three sturdy assistants. Arranging a hastily-constructed litter they started to bear me down the hill. At the first jolt the motion caused me intense pain. With a longing for sympathy, I stretched out my hand. Bertha understood me, and laid her own in it; and so, with her walking beside me, I was borne home.

No bones had been broken by my fall. My injuries were all internal, though not dangerous; but my convalescence was long and tedious. In all this time Bertha was like an angel of light. She shared with my mother the labor of nursing me. She read to me, sang to me; or, when I

liked it better, sat by me in silence. It was six weeks before I was again able to walk out; but in all this time we had never spoken of love. With all my soul I worshiped her; but my passion was too reverent for light or hasty utterance. I resolved to wait until I could stand with her again upon the hill-top where I had first read my heart's answer in her eyes.

When at length I could go out, my first visit was made to Dr. Greene. He had been so kind and attentive, he seemed to take so much pride in his success, that I could not refuse his invitation to take my first walk to his house, and drink a cup of tea with his wife and a friend she had staying with her. It is with this friend only that my story has to do.

God knows I did not willingly put myself in the way of temptation. How could I tell that, sitting that summer afternoon in Dr. Greene's quiet parlor, I should find a Circe?

"Miss Ireton," said the Doctor's deep, sonorous voice as I entered the room, and before me rose a young, slight figure, robed in white, with roses on her bosom, roses on her cheek, roses in the golden hair that lay in long ringlets upon her dainty shoulders, and clustered around her proud little head. Her eyes were bright and full of smiles; dimples played at hide-and-seek among her cheeks' roses; her lips were full and red, and her complexion wonderfully clear, with a quick-changing color, infinitely charming. Nellie Ireton was indeed beautiful. Sometimes—even now, out of the darkness of death and the grave—that face rises up to me, and I see her stand before me once more, in all her witching loveliness, as she stood that summer afternoon. If you had seen her then you would have thought that she was immortal—that death and change could never come to that form of grace, those eyes of light.

Miss Ireton was a practiced flirt. It was not in the nature of things that any man could love her as reverently as I loved Bertha. She could not have comprehended Bertha's self-abnegation, her heroism, her entire freedom from all vanity, all desire for triumph. And yet her dominion over the senses was absolute. I was a born worshiper of beauty. I could not help admiring the airy grace of her movements, the sparkling changes of her face, the smiles which hovered so archly about her lips. Days passed, and no fly was ever more hopelessly entangled in a spider's net than I in the meshes of her golden hair. At first I could see that Bertha was simply incredulous and astonished. Then a wild trouble began to darken the clear gray of her eyes. All this time I loved her. A single tone of her voice had more power over my highest nature than all the enchantments of the other; and yet I could not break away from the fatal spell which bound me. My senses were intoxicated—steeped in delirium by the Circe. Can you comprehend the enigma? Its solution involves the history of many a man's marriage besides my own.

Just at the right time Miss Ireton brought a

new competitor into the field. In a young law-student then visiting in the place I found a rival. Nellie was a good tactician. She played us off against each other most adroitly, until we were each inspired with all a gamester's eagerness to win. Bertha had now withdrawn herself from my society almost altogether. Indeed I seldom visited her; but when I did I only saw her in the presence of her mother. Every evening I passed at Dr. Greene's. At last, in one fatal hour, I found Miss Ireton alone. I proposed and was accepted. So far had my madness lasted; but when I heard her faltering "Yes," when the golden head sank with fully as much triumph as tenderness upon my shoulder, when I would have pressed the kiss of betrothal upon her lips, a cold shudder ran through all my veins. I closed my eyes for a moment, in the struggle to regain my self-command, and there, before my closed eyes, I saw Bertha stand as she stood *that* morning. I saw her pale, rapt face, her eyes dilated with thought, fixed on the mist over the valley. I heard her inspired voice—

"Some time, even thus, from all proud hearts the mist will roll goldenly away, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known."

Alas! in vain had the mist rolled away from that proud heart of Bertha Payson, showing me its hidden treasures. I had rejected the golden fruit of the Hesperides, lured by the fair-seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must wait vainly at the closed gates of Eden. We have but one birth and one death, and the charmed hour of fate comes but once to life.

My betrothed was speaking, I roused myself to listen.

"I liked you the very first time I saw you, Mr. Osborne; and I meant to make you like me. You see I thought it would be more difficult, for Dr. Greene told me you were more than half in love with that pale, proud, Bertha Payson, and I meant to see if I couldn't make you fancy me in spite of all."

"You succeeded only too well, little charmer."

There was a mournful truth in my answer, which her light heart did not penetrate. I do think Nellie loved me, or, as she said, liked me, as well as she was capable of liking. Her freely-expressed preference was fully sincere. I should have a true wife, as the world reckons truth; and yet, in God's sight, I should be unmarried still. We *two* could never be made *one*.

I made haste to announce my engagement. I hurried the preparations for my nuptials. I felt that my only safety would lie in leaving Ryefield as soon as possible. Now that the excitement of the love-chase was over, and the young law-student had subsided into the quiet friend of my affianced, I could not conceal from myself that I had set the seal to my own mad folly, and condemned myself to an eternal, yet unavailing despair. I carefully avoided any

opportunity of seeing Bertha. I would not have dared to trust myself in her presence.

It was the day before my bridal. So far had I traversed my path of thorns. I rose early and went out of doors. One more walk I would have to the hill where the knowledge of Bertha's love had come to me—down whose slopes I had been borne with her hand in mine. It was September, but it had been a cool, damp summer, and the verdure along the hill-side was still fresh as in June. I climbed it rapidly. When I was within a few rods of its summit I looked up. A tall, slight figure was clearly defined against the sky. Should I go on? Dared I meet Bertha then and there? I answered these questions to myself by climbing on silently and quickly. I could not help it.

In five minutes I stood at Bertha's side. She had not heard my approach. Proud woman as she was, she had not been too proud to weep. The tears glittered heavily on her long lashes. She made no vain attempt to conceal them. She met my glance steadfastly.

"Bertha," I said, in a choking voice, "I did not think to find you here."

"Or I you," she answered. "See, the mist lies as heavily over the valley as when we stood here last. How little the scene is changed!"

"And how much every thing else is!" I interrupted her, wildly. "Bertha, it may be madness or sin, but I must speak. I love you better than my own soul. I always did love you, but never with such passion, such despair, as now. Is it too late? Must it be too late?"

She looked at me a moment in wonder, in sorrow. Her dark, searching eyes questioned me. Then her lip curled.

"Would you be twice a traitor, Frank Osborne?"

"No!" I answered, impetuously. "I would but return to my only true allegiance. Nellie's pride would be wounded, but her heart would not suffer much. And you, oh! Bertha, you did love me—you do love me. Do not wreck your own life and mine."

"Frank," she said, quietly, yet earnestly, "this is worse than folly, it is sin. To-morrow you will be the husband of another. What right have you to speak to me of love? True, I did love you once, but that dream is past. If you were free to-day I could not trust my happiness to your keeping. Forget me, or think of me only as a kind, well-wishing friend."

"Is there no hope, Bertha?"

"None!"

But I could not so give her up. The hour had come I had dreamed of through my long convalescence. I stood with Bertha again upon the hill-top where I had meant to tell her my love. I must plead with her a little longer. Scarcely knowing what I said, I assailed her with wild prayers. I poured out my very soul at her feet. But she only looked at me with her dark, wistful eyes, and returned the same firm, reproachful No. At last I was silent. I saw it was of no use. I had myself cast away

my pearl of great price. I must be contented hereafter with the glitter of my paste brilliant.

"Well," I said, humbly and sorrowfully enough, "I do not deserve you. You are right, Bertha. But give me your hand once more, as you did that morning. Friends claim that much, Bertha."

She laid her fingers in mine. They did not tremble, but they were very cold. She said, with a deep, pathetic earnestness,

"God bless you, Frank Osborne! I, who know you so well, believe that you are sincere in the words you have spoken to me this morning. But you must think such thoughts no longer. Frank, happiness only comes to us in the right. Your duty now is to Miss Ireton. Fulfill it, I conjure you. You have a woman's happiness in your keeping. You must answer to God for it. I conjure you to make her future bright. Trust nothing to her light-heartedness. I tell you no woman's heart is light enough to bear up under any want of love from the man for whom she has given up all things. Do your duty, and you will find comfort even yet. Good-by, Frank."

She turned away, and once more, as on that other morning, I watched her light figure tripping down the hill. Her step was firm. Her heart must have been strong. She did not once look back. I watched her till I could see her no longer, and then I turned and looked moodily over the valley. Already the mist had parted, and before the sun's fiery eye the valley lay unshrouded, undisguised, as our souls must stand some day before His eye at whose word the first sun rose and the last sun will set. I thought of the solemn import of Bertha's words. I had indeed a duty to do. I could lay my burden of sin and punishment on no other shoulders. It was not Nellie Ireton's fault that I had turned away from Bertha and asked her to be my wife. I owed her my life now. She should have it. I knelt upon the hill-side. I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the September morning. I cried out to Heaven for strength. I think my prayer was heard.

The next day I was married. We left Rye-field at once, and for three years I did not return there.

I do believe—thank God for this gleam of comfort—that I made Nellie happy. In her own way she was very fond of me. She loved society, mirth, and fashion. She had them all. I placed no restraint upon her pleasures, though I seldom accompanied her. Often she has returned from some gay party, late at night, and found me sitting alone in my study. She would bound into my lap, at such times, with her old childlike *abandon*; tell me what a fine time she had had; who had talked to her, and who complimented her, and then ask, with a comical air of self-satisfaction, if I was not proud of such a handsome little wife.

"You know I *am* handsome, you provoking, teasing, clever old fellow, now don't you?" was usually the conclusion to her harangue; and I would always give her the confirmation she co-

eted. Thank God, she never knew how lonely my soul was in those days—how my heart pined for companionship—how my spirit panted for a kindred spirit to share its doubts, its triumphs, its seekings after the Infinite! Thank God that the lark in the meadow was not gladder or merrier than she!

She had been my wife more than two years when she went out, one bitterly cold night, with her fair neck and arms uncovered, and only an opera cloak thrown over them, as she drove to a gay party. I had remonstrated, but she had pleaded to be allowed to have her own way, and I never could bring myself to cross her in any thing—I, who could never look at her without a remorseful consciousness that the heart which should have been hers only shrined in secret the image of another. I strove, by the most lavish indulgence even to her whims, to make what compensation I could for the heart devotion I could never give her, and so this night, as usual, she had her will. She did, indeed, look lovely with her azure satin dress falling in such graceful folds about her little figure—the golden curls just veiling but not concealing the snow of her neck, and her arms gleaming through misty lace. Most men would have been proud of her; but I had known one woman whose simple superiority to all outside decorations so far transcended all the aids of dress and fashion that I could not triumph in the mere beauty of the external.

For once the consequences of my indulgence were disastrous. That night Nellie took a severe cold. In a few days it settled upon her lungs, and then medical skill was of no avail. She grew rapidly worse, and they made her grave beneath the cold, gray sky of March. Through her illness I had been a patient nurse. She died with her head on my bosom. With almost her last breath she told me that I had made her very happy. When I stood over her grave I mourned for her sincerely. I would have given much to call her back to life; nay, I would have been willing—life was not very precious to me—to have taken her place under the mould, so that she could have walked forth again in her youth and beauty. And yet, as weeks passed on, God, who judgeth not as man judgeth, will forgive me if a wild thrill of joy did sometimes make my heart-strings quiver when I thought of the love of my youth and remembered that I was free.

After a time I went home to Ryefield. I sought Bertha's society. At first it seemed to me that she tried to avoid me, but I persevered. I know she must have felt to the core of her heart the sincerity of my love. Would she ever again return it?

At last, one night, I asked her to go with me the next morning to the hill overlooking the valley, where we had stood together so many times in other days. She consented.

We went up the hill almost in silence, and when we reached its summit we still stood silently for a time.

At length I turned to her.

"Bertha, there was a time when, as the morning mist rolled away from over the valley, the mist rolled away from your heart, and I saw its hidden treasure, your love for me. I have sinned since then; but oh, Bertha, I have suffered. I loved you first, last, always. With all the might of my soul I love you now. Will you take me, and weave the broken threads of my life into brightness at last?"

She looked at me steadfastly and sorrowfully.

"Frank," she said, with a gentle, pitying aspect, "I came up here with you because I knew you wanted to ask me that question. I could see that you were cherishing hopes about me that I ought not to let you cherish any longer. It is all in vain. I will be your friend, Frank, your warm, tender friend, but the day for any thing more is past. There was a time when I would have gone with you to the world's end; but you yourself made my love a sin. I could not cherish it for the husband of another. Frank, I conquered it, and on earth it can have no resurrection. By the wild agony of its death-throes I know that it is dead—dead utterly. You can never again kindle the life in its cold corpse. If you wronged me once, I forgive you. If you are unhappy, I pity you. On earth I can never have a dearer friend than you, but the flame on my heart's altar is burned to white ashes. I can never be your wife."

I looked in her clear, friendly eyes. An angel's pity softened their glance, but they were not once cast down. I could see in them no shadow of hope. I turned away from their wistful look. I uttered no more prayers. I only clasped her hand in mine, and some tears I was not ashamed to shed fell over it. Then I let her go. Once more she went down the hill alone, and I was left upon its brow to struggle with the anguish of my despair. Oh, Bertha, Bertha!

Look out, my friend. From this eastern window, even now, you can see the mist rolling goldenly away from the valley of the Quinebaug. Just so, I have sometimes thought, I shall one day see it roll away from the valleys of the Upper Country, and, perchance, the love that was dead, when I would have awakened it on earth, will have its own resurrection in Heaven. God knows!

BIANCA MILESI MOJON:

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

EMILE SOUVESTRE, the Attic philosopher, is so well and favorably known among us, that we welcome whatever comes from his hand as if it bore the superscription of a friend. His memoir of Bianca Milesi was written and printed for private circulation, and sent to a few persons in this country whose good fortune it was to know personally this admirable woman.

The friends of Bianca Milesi, in limiting the memoir to private circulation, must have been governed by the modest consideration that the

public are not interested in a merely private character. There is not a word in it to give pain, or cast reproach; and there is so much for general edification that we are sure of doing the public a favor by opening to them a book to which they would not otherwise have access.

We can not apologize for enriching our domestic cabinets with a model-portrait at this period of our biographical literature, when the press favors us with histories of ward politicians, when the public devours the autobiography of Mr. Barnum, and the pen of our greatest genius is employed on the biography of an accidental President.

We therefore quote, for its grace more than for our necessity, M. Souvestre's introduction of his subject: "We have not to do here," he says, "with one of those personages whose passage leaves behind a luminous track in history; but private life has its own models. Besides the public Pantheons destined for national celebrities, which of us has not his domestic Pantheon, where he delights to preserve the memory of heroes better known, though more humble, who are, as it were, the holy patrons of our obscure pilgrimage?" "By the side of the great epic of humanity, each of us writes his Iliad in honor of some unknown Achilles. In truth, the *Achilles* are less rare than we suppose; and there are in the world, thank God, more lofty souls than high renowns. How much courage is there, how much devotion, how much genius, which wants but a pedestal to be perceived by the whole world!"

But, apart from the pleasure to be derived from the intimate knowledge of a noble nature, the little volume before us has additional interest from the curious insight it affords into the habits of domestic life and female education in Italy; and from the beautiful picture it presents of maternal devotion, and of the most enlarged views, and the most untiring exercise of Christian virtues in the heart of Paris, where we are apt to believe that enjoyment is universally the sole object of existence, and an amiable courtesy the only virtue really cultivated.

There is a rank growth in the soil of Paris, and that virtue must be of a robust nature that is preserved intact in the heart of it. It is among the perils of exiles and emigrants that they are removed from the multiplied domestic ties and home influences by which common natures are fortified. If we must believe common report, some of our own matrons, who would have been "content to dwell in decencies" at home, live in Paris *sans peur*, but unhappily not *sans reproche*.

We shall see what a beautiful life can be lived there.

Bianca Milesi was born at Milan on the 22d of May, 1790. Both her parents were of the historical family of the Viscontini. The considerable fortune of the family was secured to her father by a convenient conventual extinction of his sisters.

Bianca was the youngest daughter of Milesi,

and the youngest of five sisters. She was sent, before she was six years old, to be educated in a convent in Florence. Here, though so young, she submitted to the severe conventual routine of duty with characteristic fidelity, and here she met with her first recorded sorrow. She had a sister whose turbulent temper so tormented the poor nuns that they transformed her name Milesi into Malesi (born for mischief). She was treated as if she had the plague.

Shut up alone in her room, and isolated at church, fasts and inflictions of all sorts were heaped on her till our tender little Bianca, having no mortal means of resistance to this tyranny, clasped her hands with vehement despair and prayed "that God would strike the nuns dead that beat her sister."

The discipline of unmitigated punishment had its usual effect on the culprit, and she became incorrigible, and so looked upon herself, repeating, like poor Topsy, that "it was not her fault if she were wicked—she could do nothing about it!"

Happily, there was a response to Bianca's prayer, though not quite in the direct mode she expected. A political movement led the Milesi to recall their children.

While they were on the return journey to Milan, under the conduct of the abbé attached, according to the Italian custom, to the family, Malesi threw her little saint-sister into a paroxysm of despair by an act common to womankind since our first mother fell in love with her own image, as she bent with "inexperienced thought" to gaze on it in the clear, smooth lake of Paradise. But the convent creed had taught Bianca that to look in a mirror was a sin; and detecting her sister before a glass at an inn, "she threw her arms around her, weeping—terrified, beseeching her not thus to expose herself to damnation!"

Poor Malesi must have been often tempted to repeat this sin, if she really became the surpassingly beautiful woman we have since seen her represented in a picture hanging at the bedside of another sister, in her splendid palace in Milan. In this portrait she is painted as a Magdalen.

The holidays—the bright interregnums in school-day life—the happiest epochs of childhood—were denied to these little girls. "When they perceived Milan in the distance they shouted with joy. Bianca screamed out the names of the different objects she recognized, when she was stilled by the abbé, who, till then silent about their destination, told them he had orders to leave them at the Convent of St. Sophia; and there the poor children were set down, without once embracing their parents." Thus were the instincts Heaven bestowed defrauded.

The girls gained nothing by their change of position. If possible, this religious establishment was worse managed than that at Florence. Let those who assert that there is no advance in the world, or who doubt the results of Protestantism, compare the teaching of the pauper

children at Blackwell's Island with the education of the favored classes of that time in Milan. "The school hours were spent in reciting Latin prayers, reading the 'Lives of the Saints,' writing out copies, or learning to embroider burning hearts on black canvas! As to moral education, that was not thought of."

The physical education of the convent was on a par with the moral. "The vast and ill-furnished dormitories were never warmed in winter; the water froze in their wash-basins, but so long as the pious exercises were performed the superior was satisfied"—the object of education was accomplished—the child was prepared for the part the woman was to act. "The older boarders practiced that adroit hypocrisy which was then the basis of women's education. One of Bianca's companions was a little countess who never missed any of her devotions, though she was already carrying on an amorous correspondence with a youth outside the convent, to whom she each day conveyed her love missive (and received one in return) by a thread dropped from the grating of her window."

These confused notions of spiritual education are not quite exorcised from society. We heard of a pious teacher, a few days since, telling his congregation that he came not to teach them morality, but to save their souls!

In her ninth year, Bianca was transferred to the Convent of San Spirito. Here the material wants of the pupil were alone provided for. Lessons were given by masters from without. Each nun had two pupils whom she taught (all she knew) to read and to knit. Bianca and her sister were confided to an excellent creature, whose chief occupation was to repeat to them the story of her "innocent loves." Nature mastered conventual tyrannies!

The pupils ate in a great, damp refectory, where each nun, besides the dishes allowed to all, was permitted some little epicurism of her own concoction, which she shared with her pupils. The banquet-hall was lighted by a single candle perched on a high candelabra.

This convent, too, had its little countess enacting her clandestine love-drama. Like Pyramus and Thisbe, the lovers had their "wall"—the wall of the refectory—and corresponded by means of rappings, of briefer interpretation than the modern spiritualists', as love's vocabulary has a most significant conciseness.

The innocent Bianca looked on without comprehension or curiosity. Her original character gave another direction to her interests. Nature escaped from conventual rule by a very different outlet. She delighted in difficult tasks. Her characteristic enthusiasm already appeared in a piety which manifested itself in the usual modes of the Romish religion. She endeavored to arrive at the perfection of the saints whose lives she diligently studied, by mortification, self-imposed penances, and even flagellations. One can hardly tell whether most to deprecate the absurd impositions of the religion, or to admire the simple fidelity of the child.

The faculty of veneration, which in her after-life was beautifully manifested, now came out in what her biographer terms "naïve marvelings." "She had unqualified respect for her superiors, and whenever her mother and sisters visited her she went into an ecstasy over their beauty, their elegance, their fluency. Every advantage which would have excited the jealousy of a less disinterested spirit, or discouraged it, transported her with joy."

We trace, with some particularity, the course of her childhood, as it illustrates the power of a gifted character to dispense with ordinary means and rise by its own nature. The eagle's egg may be hatched under a hen's wing, but the bird will soar away from its dull nurse into the element for which God has bestowed wing and courage.

From San Spirito she was transferred, with her sisters, to a certain Dame Gallina. The advantage of this new position seems not to have been the lady's instruction, which was limited to magnifying herself in the eyes of her pupils, and to this end she perpetually talked of her travels in England, and the great people she had known there. But Bianca's mind was a precious soil, and every chance wind brought good seed to it. She remembered an orchard, the Eden of her imagination, where Madame Gallina's pupils were permitted to rove at pleasure—"she recalled, forty years afterward, certain little flowers gathered in that orchard." She had also a lively remembrance of a summer passed at the palace of Count Trivalzi, whose daughter was a fellow-pupil. There they had access to the chateau and charming gardens of Monza, which made so deep an impression on her susceptible mind that, when she revisited them forty-five years after, she recalled the trees, and waterfalls, and many particulars of those happy years when, to use her own words, "*tout ce qui plaisait à son regard lui semblait son bien*" (whatever pleased her seemed to be her own property).

It was at Madame Gallina's that Bianca's skill in devising excuses to avert reprimands from her companions gained for her the honorable *sobriquet* of "Advocate."

She had no occasion to exercise her office in her own behalf, for she anticipated orders, and exceeded prescribed tasks. Though the youngest of the pupils, she was always intrusted with the superintendence of the school in Madame's absence.

In the spring of 1802 our pupils were recalled to their father's house. The Milesi family adhered to the custom of their country among the gentry; that being to confide the boys to an abbé and the girls to a confidential woman who combined the offices of maid and governess, and thus relieved the mother of all responsibility—as if man could separate what God hath joined!

Let us see what *family training* then was in Italy, and what, for the most part, it probably still is.

"Blanche and her sisters were admitted every

morning to the bedside of their mother, kissed her hand, and did not see her again until dinner-time, when several guests were always assembled. The children were not admitted to the drawing-room till evening, and then looked on while *tarots* and *ombre* were played. On Sunday they took a drive on the Corso, always accompanied by the duenna. The eldest sister was the only one exempted from these rules. She occupied separate apartments with her grandmother, Blanche Visconti, a great lady of the good old time, who knew how to read and write just as much as was necessary to decipher her psalms and keep a laundress's account; but she had learned from the world what no book can teach. She had been much courted in her youth, both on account of her beauty and her friendly relations with Count Greppi, then Intendant-Général. Her manners were noble, and she had retained great kindness and amiability. Her whole pleasure consisted in gathering at her table some of her friends, the youngest of whom was seventy, and her great business, every morning, was to arrange with the head cook, Paolo, the dinner which should be served. For this purpose the remains of the preceding day were brought before her, and set out in a hall appropriated to this sole use, and she gravely reviewed them with her aid-de-camp. Each time that she decided on a new dish, or pointed out the means of preparing an old one for a reappearance, Paolo bowed respectfully, and replied, "*Illustrissima, sì, farò così.*" (Yes, most illustrious lady, I shall do so.) The excellent woman often changed her resolutions, and gave new orders to her valet, who never failed to approve every change by the same salutation and the same official phrase. This grave piece of business being over, the old lady repaired to the drawing-room. She received company all day, with either a fan or a screen in her hand, according to the season; and, thanks to the general habits of idleness in Italy, society never failed her."

Bianca was her father's favorite, and she returned his love with all the tenderness of her heart. He died in 1804, leaving the poor little girl of fourteen inconsolable. At that age such a calamity seems to end the world. She inherited a small proportion of her father's fortune—the son, according to the Italian law, taking the bulk of the property—the lion's share. Her sisters were all soon married, and she remained her mother's companion. From this time she displayed that eagerness to know every thing, which, her biographer says, "was the eternal delight and eternal torment of her life."

She spent her days in drawing, reading, and studying. She had "an accomplished tutor with whom she studied arithmetic, geometry, and algebra." Her reading, under his guidance, embraced history, biography, dramatic poetry, and a few metaphysical works. She read Hume's *Essays* and Volney's *Ruins*. Her religious faith was shaken by these skeptical

writers, and was easily overcome, as a faith received on dictation is liable to be.

Her mother, charmed with her daughter's praises from distinguished men, did not trouble herself about the revolution that was going on in Bianca's mind. The only danger marked down in her chart was "the world," and for worldly pleasures Bianca had no inclination. Her zeal for study became so engrossing that, "grudging the time allotted to her brief toilet, she cut off her hair!" In order to save her money to buy books, she wore a cloth dress and coarse shoes. The rational objects of her economies, ultra as they were, are edifying.

She limited herself to bare necessities, that she might have the luxury of a journey over beautiful Switzerland. Was this young girl of the same species with those whose trimmed silk flounces do scavengers' duty in Broadway?

Bianca's active mind, after indulging in varied pursuits, was concentrated on painting. Appiana, a distinguished Milanese painter, "felt, as did many others, a paternal tenderness for this energetic and charming young person." He volunteered to become her teacher, and permitted her, as he did no one else, access to his scaffolding, to see him work on his frescoes. She had the temperament of an artist, and the taste, which, we rather think, like many others she mistook for talent, if we may judge from portraits we have seen of Sismondi and his wife, in their house at Chêne. With all her devotion to art, and love of her subjects, she failed in this instance to produce tolerable pictures. But if Bianca were no painter, she had genius, youth, and enthusiasm, and these attracted to her mother's house the distinguished men of Milan, and a long list of known artists, whom M. Souvestre specifies. "One of these asked Bianca in marriage. The young enthusiast replied to his proposal that she would only marry herself to art." Since her faith in religion was wrecked she had transferred her worship to art; and courted and beset with flatterers as she was, she found it impossible, in her present position, to give it that concentrated devotion which alone could lead to ultimate success. She therefore set to work to persuade her mother to take her to Rome, and the mother—as mothers are wont—yielded her own convenience and inclinations, and went, attended by the faithful abbé. The galleries of Pistoia and Venice were visited on their way. They, by some adverse accident, missed seeing Alfieri's monument at Santa Croce—poor Bianca was inconsolable. "The great Italian tragedian had become her hero; she had adopted his opinions, and, with him, aspiring to the independence of her country, she partook his hatred of all foreign domination. At Rome she coldly repulsed the kindness of General Mioli, then the French commander there. In spite of this, the General persevered in giving the mother and daughter several splendid fêtes at the Doria palace. But the fanatical admirer of Alfieri would not respond to his cordial and graceful courtesy, and maintained a

haughty coldness, neglecting no opportunity of expressing her detestation of the authority that governed the ancient capital of the world.

General Miolis was notified that she was circulating a violent pamphlet of Alfieri's, entitled *Misogullo*, and he kindly warned her that she was playing a perilous game, and gave her fatherly advice, which our young patriot received, as she afterward confessed, "insolently enough."

"But when afterward, in 1821, she had to do with Austrian authorities, she rendered justice to the good sense and long-suffering of the French General."

Bianca obtained at Rome, and arranged a studio, at great expense, and worked diligently, designing at night and painting by day; but she failed in attaining the seclusion she desired. Her mother had her *salon*—she loved society—and friends and adorers surrounded her daughter. "The engraver Restrini dedicated to her one of his first productions. Canova was introduced to her; and at sight of the young artist whom all Europe admired the young enthusiast burst into tears. The illustrious sculptor manifested a strong interest in her, and their mutual sentiments ripened into a durable friendship."

The mother and daughter made an excursion to Naples, and there were received and fêted by Tassoni, then Minister. At one of his balls Bianca danced with the Queen. The next morning her friends crowded around her to congratulate her upon this rare fortune; upon which she said, with honest simplicity, that she really took no note of her singular happiness till she was told of it.

The seclusion she had sought in quitting Milan she certainly had not found in the brilliant circles of Rome and Naples. Madame Milesi sighed for her home, and Bianca entreated to be allowed to pursue her studies at Rome, and actually persuaded her mother to leave her there with an old *gouvernante* and her valet de chambre. This arrangement was kept a profound secret from her great acquaintance, Canova alone excepted. He offered to her use the antiques of his studio. She worked fourteen hours each day. Her diligence and ardor would have made an artist, if the divine afflatus were not essential to art.

About this time she made the acquaintance of a German lady, a student of painting, in Rome. Souvestre's portrait of this lady bears so striking a resemblance, in its eccentricities as well as its genius, to our own celebrated countrywoman, that we can not forbear to copy it:

"Sophia Reinhard was one of those masculine characters that make their way without being obstructed by obstacles, or disturbed by objections. She had secured her independence under the guardianship of a manly austerity (so to speak), which, if it took from the charm of her own sex, gave her some of the privileges of the other. Simple, sincere, *un peu rude*, she had in her progress broken down the little

barriers that rather trammel than protect, and she had allowed herself all those decent freedoms that custom alone interdicts."

One is tempted to ask, is this Sophia Reinhard, or our own artist, Harriet Hosmer? But Miss Reinhard was forty years old; Miss Hosmer is still in the blossoming of her youth.

The bold, self-reliant Sophia charmed the gentle Bianca. It is often noticeable, in the strong and enduring friendships of women, that the wants of the one party are supplied by the other. The one is *par excellence* feminine, the other has a strong admixture of the manly element.

Sophia returned her friend's attachment loyally, and she dealt sincerely with her. "You have," she said, "retained the habits of a high-born young lady. You love society, little complimentary notes, madrigals *à la Française*, etc., etc. All that is incompatible with a serious vocation. You must choose between the world and painting—between the *rôle* of an idol, fan in hand, and that of a laborious artist. If you would arrive at a serious result, you must begin by renouncing social sweets (*sucreries*), and permit yourself to be treated as an honest creature absorbed in form and color. You must seek criticism rather than homage, and never remember that you are an *illustrissima e gentilissima signora*."

Bianca acknowledged the truth of all this, but her incessant activity, her ever-wakeful curiosity, her diffusive benevolence, and (if we must confess it) the desire of pleasing—which her beauty and youth justified—did not tend to a very strict conformity to her friend's counsel. A true artist concentrates his faculties, as a burning-glass does the sun's rays. To Bianca the world was flooded with sunshine, and her sympathies responded to the universal beauty.

Bianca adhered conscientiously for two years and a half to her pursuit. At the end of that time she met her mother, by appointment, in Florence, and so unabated was her filial love by the starvation of this long absence that she fainted on seeing her. They again parted, and Bianca returned to her friend and her studio in Rome. There she remained till Sophia Reinhard went to Germany. Then she decided to rejoin her mother, but this was not then easily done. "The roads were intercepted by Murat's troops, and the sea voyage was endangered by cruisers. She decided to take a small boat and coast along to Genoa. She embarked with her maid, her German teacher, and two sailors. A violent gale drove the little skiff out to sea, and the waves dashed over the boat. The terrified sailors wept and prayed." (Your untaught Italian is never so presumptuous as to try to help himself out of a dilemma. He relies wholly on the Virgin or his patron saint.) "Bianca first of all secured to her own person some precious drawings which Canova had intrusted to her.*

* It was on this occasion that Canova wrote thus to her: "We trembled for you during your perilous voyage, and thank God that you are safe with your family. I

She then baled out the boat, seized the oars, and inspired the sailors to exertion by her own energy. Toward night they reached the shore, and were sheltered in a fisherman's hut."

Bianca's return to Milan occasioned various festivities, and introduced her to Madame Fulvia Verri, with whom she formed an enduring friendship. "Our union," says Madame Verri, in a letter quoted by Souvestre, "became more and more intimate, and from the moment we were mothers it assumed a sacred character. Of late years both our hearts were throbbing for France and Italy, and each turned to the other for sympathy. The episode of a friendship of thirty-five years in a lifetime of fifty-nine, characterizes one whose stable affections grew even in absence."

The gayeties of Milan and the new enthusiasm for Madame Verri interrupted Bianca's painting, and she finally abandoned her studio, and traveled through Switzerland, Germany, and Hungary for mental and moral improvement. M. Souvestre gives some extracts from her journal as illustrative of the activity of her heart and mind. We translate them in the hope they may stimulate to emulation some few of the thousand travelers we send forth every spring, not always to return with the golden harvests reaped by Bianca Milesi. We shall have room but for a few specimens, but these few show her seeking the society of men eminent in art, literature, and science, investigating every new subject, examining hospitals and manufactures, and taking particular note of any thing that might benefit her own country by its introduction there, receiving flattering attentions from royal personages without a pulsation of vanity, and in the midst of all this occupation laying down strict rules for her future course of life:

"*Basle*. Dined with Madame Strecken. We took our coffee in the garden, with an admirable view of the Rhine before us. Madame S. told me that each of her trees at its planting was dedicated to one of her friends." (A sacred sylvan christening this!)

"The inhabitants of the little village of Stein have a custom of placing over the tomb, before each cross, a vase with water, in which they keep fragrant plants and flowers."

"*Zurich*. M. Egg invited us to dine with the botanist Ramer, and Vogel, the father of the celebrated painter. I paid a visit to old Füssli, to whom we owe the tenth edition of *Ortis*, which he presented to me, and a new life of Raphael, written by himself. I have visited the manufactures and the hospital of the blind, which deeply affected me. The family of Pestalozzi received me very kindly. I observed the order and neatness of their establishment."

"*Saint Gall*. What a happiness again to tread the free soil of Switzerland! I have called on M. Zoliker, who showed me his beautiful collections. Those made by himself are surpassingly admirable. He introduced me to M. Gunzbaach, a friend of his, and one of those philosophers who have embraced the doctrine of universal tolerance. How much I desire to receive it, to improve myself, and to bear patiently with the defects of others!"

thank you with all my soul for your care of my cartoons. To whom could I have better confided them than to one who takes better care of her friends' concerns than of her own!"

"*Stuttgart*. I have visited the father of the celebrated engraver, Müller. I am grieved to learn that his most beautiful plates are not the property of his family, but of a bookseller."

"*Heidelberg*. Here I have met Sophia Reinhard, my friend, with unspeakable joy. She seems as joyful as myself, and this renders my happiness complete. We came together to Carlsruhe, and are now at her parents' house. It is the best arranged I have ever seen, and I have made some good notes thereof, in order to imitate this model in my mother's house, when we return to Milan. The Princess Amelia, sister to the Grand Duke, received me with great kindness. She offers me letters for the Empress of Russia, in case we go as far as St. Petersburg, and she spoke to me of the Queen of Bavaria, who, she says, has heard me spoken of, and desires to make my acquaintance. The next morning I felt ill. The Reinhardts were anxious, and I rose from bed to tranquilize them. There was a dance in the evening, and I could not refuse to take part in a fête made expressly for me, but my head turned giddy, and I fell and wounded my knee."

"To-day I went with Sophia to her father's tomb."

"I have seen, for the first time, a solar microscope."

"*Vienna*. I have visited the hospitals and the manufactories. I made several drawings of the furniture and utensils, which may prove useful in the public establishments of Milan. If I had been rich enough I would have bought models."

"I have been taken to the Baron de Kées' museum, where there are specimens of all the manufactured products of Austria, and of the original materials—an excellent means of instruction. Why is not this done in other countries?"

"The Viennese are very courteous, but etiquette deprives the social relations of all freedom."

"*January 16*. We have arrived on the borders of the Danube. Hungary reckons about ten million inhabitants; of these one hundred and sixty thousand are nobles, who pay no taxes, who alone have the right to possess land, and who alone are considered *persons*—all the rest are but *things*."

"Here the peasant can not appear in a court of justice; he must be represented by his lord. If he has a complaint against his master, it must be carried before the *Comité*, which is composed of nobles, and which almost invariably inflicts the bastinado upon the complainant."

"*Comorn*. We are dying with hunger and thirst. There is no inn where we can obtain relief. Fortunately, we met a peasant who offered us half his bread and his glass that he had half emptied. I drank without hesitation, the fear of offending him overcoming my revulsion."

"*Dresden*. I have visited Moreau's monument—a league from the city. I saw a favorite wild flower of my mother's; it brought tears to my eyes."

"I have been compelled to keep my room, and have been suffering severely. During my sleepless night I planned several reforms, which I shall carry into execution when I return to Italy. In the first place, I will refuse all visits whatever during my morning's occupation. I will receive but three or four persons each day. At four o'clock I will walk for half an hour." (This homeopathic dose of exercise is truly Italian.)

"*Second*, I will stay at home at least three evenings in the week, that I may not lose the faculty of living alone, and may teach others to visit me from choice rather than habit, if indeed I am worthy of such a favor. I shall have no reason to regret the visitors I lose by this regulation."

"*Third*, I will go with my mother to the country, and I will make every thing subordinate to her happiness. In order to carry out my projects, I must obtain my mother's approbation. Shall I *myself* have the courage to persevere? I hope so."

The extracts we have made from M. Souvestre's extracts will, as he justly says, serve to show the beautiful consistency of Bianca Milesi's character. "How, indifferent to dangers and obstacles, her instincts led her, through

them, to every thing generous, and how she advanced in life without becoming lukewarm or selfish." The union of such eminent good sense and practicalness with enthusiasm and sensibility is rarer in a woman than in a man. The feelings tend to preponderance in the feminine nature.

Signora Bianca had reached the mature age of twenty-one without any abatement of her ardor. Traveling over Switzerland made her deplore more than ever the enslaved condition of her own country. This was an epoch of great hopes with Italians. An invisible network of conspiracies extended over the whole peninsula. Charles-Albert himself, Prince of Carignano, was involved in them. Signora Milesi's relatives and friends were compromised in this noble cause. She, with characteristic zeal, co-operated with them. A suspicious letter, with her signature, being intercepted by the police, she was arrested, but thanks to the interposition of Madame Verri, she was saved from prison, and merely restricted to her own apartment. Her mother, in concert with Madame Verri, contrived her escape, and she fled from Milan to Geneva disguised as the maid of her noble friend, Madame Verri having obtained leave of absence from Strassoldo, Governor of Milan, who was her lover.

Madame Verri wrote letters from Geneva which would have exposed her to serious consequences had not Strassoldo, with a magnanimity not always found in a rejected lover, cautiously concealed them, and at his death returned them to the writer.

"Bianca was now in a state of mind to support greater trials than Austrian persecution or a forced exile. The tenderest sentiments of her heart were at last awakened." During a journey she had made to Genoa in behalf of her brother-in-law, Pisano, one of the conspirators, she met Dr. Mojon, who ranked among the first physicians there. He was so distinguished at Pavia, where he finished his medical studies, that he was sent in 1803 (being then only eighteen!) into the medical service of the French army. Napoleon saw him administering to the wounded at Marengo, and marked him. Three years afterward he met him in a drawing-room in Paris. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "here is my little Marengo doctor!"

Afterward, and when Dr. Mojon had made great advances in his professional accomplishments and reputation, Napoleon appointed him successively Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, First Physician of the Military Hospital, and Physician of the Imperial Court.

His opinions coincided on every point with Bianca's. Attached, like her, to the philosophy of the eighteenth century, desirous of progress, inimical to Austrian domination, he possessed also a reputation for science and goodness which could hardly fail to attract the young girl. A warm attachment soon arose between them, and her correspondence with M. Mojon and the hope

of their approaching union made exile more than tolerable to Bianca. She soon found another source of consolation in the society of the eminent historian Sismondi, and became his intimate friend as well as his ardent disciple. Her love and veneration for him went on increasing to the end of his life, well deserved by the wisdom and the encouragement he imparted to her. Madame Sismondi also became a most tender and devoted friend to her, and a constant correspondence was maintained between them, after their separation, in which Sismondi took part. Bianca now decided on traveling through France, Belgium, England, and Holland with a female friend. She kept a very minute journal, in which we find every date and item of expense carefully set down—no complaints of discomforts by the way (exemplary abstinence!)—and particular notices of every thing that may promote the well-being of the species or the individual. The extracts given by M. Souvestre are full of interest, showing as they do the acuteness and maturity of her intellect and the variety of subjects to which she applied it.

There is one little anecdote in this journal which is characteristic of her singular independence:

"What an influence," she says, "the priests exert in France! The Bishop of Beauvais came to visit the Duc de Bourbon at Chantilly. During dinner he said, in an imperious tone,

"I know very well how to make all France royalist; all that is necessary is to make it Catholic, and it can be made Catholic by multiplying seminaries."

"Hereupon he proposed a collection for the benefit of one which he was instituting in his diocese; the prince gave his permission, and no guest ventured to refuse. I was the only one who made a deep courtesy to the silver dish which was passed round to receive the offerings."

We are tempted to make one more extract. We can not spare an anecdote so honorable to humanity as that which follows:

"The Duke of Bourbon told us to-day that when he was thirteen years old he was permitted to pass some days with the other princes at the Court of Versailles. His father on this occasion gave him a purse containing a hundred Louis d'or. The young prince, for the first time master of such a treasure, was very proud, and very eager to display it to the princesses, and every evening he counted it out before their eyes. One morning he found the number of pieces diminished. The next there was still more missing. He suspected that some servant about the Court entered his room at night and robbed him while sleeping. Wishing to assure himself of the fact he remained awake, and watching by the feeble light of his night-lamp he perceived his old footman (*valet de pied*), whose probity was renowned, glide into the room, and with stealthy step approach the head of his bed, where he had placed his garments. The unfortunate man grasped the purse, and turning his eye toward the bed he perceived his young master looking at him from between the curtains. The poor old man, trembling, advanced a step.

"Did your highness expect to be robbed," he said, bitterly, "that you are watching me?"

"The young prince laid his head back on the pillow and sighed deeply without speaking.

"The next morning the valet not making his appearance, the prince sent in quest of him, and was terribly shocked by learning that he had committed suicide during the night. The generous youth then concealed the cause of his death, and for the first time told it when he was himself seventy years old—told it to us on the 29th of October, 1823!"

Bianca's return to Italy having become possible, her marriage with Dr. Mojon was fixed. It had been retarded not only by her forced exile, but by the opposition of some of her friends, who, while they did justice to Dr. Mojon's fine qualities, thought that his calm nature and inflexible habits would not satisfy Signora Milesi's active spirit. They seem to have been ignorant of those laws of conjugal life which, by blending opposite qualities, produce the most beautiful harmonies. The persistence of Bianca and the approbation of Sismondi overcame all opposition. The marriage took place on the 24th January, 1825; and Signora Mojon was established at Genoa, where her husband had a valuable practice.

Henceforth she must be known through her correspondence with Fulvia, Lambruschini, Silvio Pellico, Manzoni, and, above all, Sismondi—men whose friendship makes an enviable fame.

She was now withdrawn from the world, and from pursuits not within the usual aims of woman, and henceforward her life may be a beneficent example for wives and mothers. Now, "anchored in the holy duties of a family," she manifests undiminished ardor. She seeks for the true and the beautiful in the moral world with the same zeal that she had sought them in art, and with a more earnest—a "feverish" devotion, says her biographer, incompatible with serenity, "the only gift she had not."

"How often she poured out to her friends her humble confessions of faults imperceptible to them, but for which she bitterly reproached herself as departures from her standard of rectitude! She asked advice with the simplicity and sincerity of a child, and bore all sufferings but her friends' with sweet patience." "Her heart," said one of them, "is a treasury of devotion and tenderness; every thing in it is pure gold."

Madame Mojon soon became a mother. Before the child was born she wrote a testamentary letter to her husband, in which she desired, if the child were a son, that he might be educated at Hofwyl; if a daughter, at Geneva, under Madame Sismondi's superintendence, desiring above all things, she said, to preserve the child "*dalle soppure Italiane*" (from Italian torpor). After the birth of her child, she writes:

"Existence has acquired an importance in my eyes hitherto unknown to me. In my obscure life how many sweet pleasures are there which I should never have known in the brilliant career I used to dream of!" But she was not satisfied with the mere luxury of maternal tenderness and caresses, nor did she limit her cares to the physical well-being of her child; but at once, with characteristic aspiration, she began to provide for its spiritual nature. She wrote to beg Madame Fulvia, who was going to Hofwyl to interrogate M. Fellenberg, "to observe every thing, and to take notes of every thing. Some day," she adds, "I shall turn it all to account for my little boy."

She also asked advice from Sismondi, in whom she had unlimited confidence, and whom she called her "*Holy Father*."

"I needed your suggestion," she writes to him; "it is just. 'Children should not be the centre round which the world turns.' I promise to use your warning, and if we do not make our children egotists by our exaggerated egotism it will be in great measure owing to you. See the influence of even one word from you!"

Madame Mojon's mother died about this time. She had shown such disinterested love for her child that gratitude heightened her filial affection, and she would have been crushed by her grief but for the solace of her own child—and, adds M. Souvestre, "for the happiness of doing good." This last source of consolation is always open to the afflicted, who would find it as much more healing as it is more productive than secluded grief or bitter lamentation.

One of the kind acts that at this juncture soothed her was her interposition for an unfortunate person who was still acknowledged as a friend by the great ladies of Milan. Madame Mojon exerted herself to obtain relief for her from these rich ladies, and herself headed a subscription with 500 livres—"the widow's mite," she called it; but those to whom she appealed "were distressed for their dear friend—they wished they could help her, but they were forced to resist their hearts!" Madame Mojon did not share their "strong-mindedness," and she extended her subscription to 2000 livres. "A certain princess hearing of this bounty expressed herself '*ravished with delight*,' and promised an annual stipend. 'We will look for it,' said Bianca; 'but promises are blossoms that seldom ripen into fruit; we shall see how it will fare with these.'" "Alas!" says Souvestre, "the doubt was prophetic—the princess's promises never ripened."

She devoted herself to the training of her children, for she had soon a second son.

She translated for them a "Method for Learning to Read," which was printed in 1829. A friend of hers drew the figures which accompany the text. She published, from time to time, "First Lessons for a Child from four to five years old," apropos of which Manzoni called her the "Mother of her Country;" a translation of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose;" "Advice to Mothers," translated from English; and all the first series of Miss Edgeworth's books for children (*Education Familiale*). As soon as she found a book useful for her boys, her benevolence led her to desire that others should profit by it. Her letters are full of regrets for the little attention paid in Italy to the education of children, and of entreaties to her friends to second her efforts in diffusing good books and good methods of instruction. She did not complain of her isolation in Genoa. "It is a great happiness," she writes to Signora Fulvia, "to be able to live in one's self, and to be united in heart with all the good who dwell on the earth. A fine passage in a contemporary book, or the au-

nouncement of a work which tends to advance civilization, makes my heart beat and kindles my enthusiasm. Moreover, my friends, even at a distance, are a constant source of delight to me."

In another letter she says, playfully, in relation to some wrong done her, "The part the lamb plays (*le rôle de mouton*) is not worth much in this world if one does not fancy being roasted. A certain degree of resentment for injuries is as much a social debt as gratitude for benefits. We have no right to revenge, but we should let those who offend us know that they have done wrong—that we have felt the blow."

She now experienced the greatest sorrow of her life. Her eldest child died. Another son was soon after born, who, says the biographer, "did not fill the void in the mother's heart." There is no void; the beloved departed, they do not die.

Her disappointment did not diminish the ardor of her devotion to the education of her children. In this she had the inestimable co-operation of Mademoiselle Julie Rosselet, who perfectly comprehended her, and to the last was the confidant of her hopes and the assuager of her sorrows.*

Madame Mojon's chief anxiety, in relation to her children, arose from the impossibility of rearing *free men* in an enslaved country. The government of Piedmont, which has since made such advances in liberality, was then so opposed to every innovation that Madame Mojon, who

* Monsieur Souvestre has given, in a note, a letter from Mademoiselle Rosselet, which so beautifully illustrates the character of the employer and employed that we insert it:

"I must speak of Madame Mojon's conduct toward me, for this good friend made every one believe that she had great obligations to me, and never told any one that I owed every thing to her! It is what she did for me that perhaps best characterizes her. I came to Genoa simply a child's nurse (*bonne d'enfant*). During the first winter I took my meals with the other domestics in the kitchen. In the following May, on our return from a journey to Milan, Madame Mojon told the Doctor that I was worthy to become a member of the family. From that time I was admitted to the table. As the dining-room was small, I begged, when there were guests, to be excused. One day, in the midst of dinner, Henri, the little boy who died, exclaimed,

"Oh, mamma! why is not Julie dining with us to-day?"

"You are right, my child," replied his mother; "she ought to be here."

"After dinner she came to me and said, affectionately, 'My child has taught me my duty. You shall not again leave the place that belongs to you.'

"It was through her children that she recovered her faith in God, which she had lost by the reasoning of philosophers. She did not teach the existence of God to her children—they revealed Him to her.

"As to her relations with me, you have witnessed the goodness of this angel toward me. The little that I am I owe to her. Madame Mojon rescued me from slavery. But for her I should now be an old nurse, whose white hairs would make it hard for her to find a place. I would not exaggerate my humility—it is true that I have endeavored to do my duty; but I have the conviction that there are many Julies in the world, and but few Biancas that would take the trouble to discover them." (We have had the happiness once to see a like relation similarly sustained in our American life.)

combined with some friends for the purpose, failed to obtain permission to establish a gymnasium for boys. "The government could not authorize such an innovation," was the significant reply to her application!

Madame Mojon could not submit to educating her sons under a government where they must "live slaves or die in prison," and after much hesitation M. Mojon decided on a removal to France. A letter to Signora Fulvia, written in 1834, contains Madame Mojon's routine of instruction.

"My Benito is at my side, taking his lesson in linear drawing. He does this by eye without a compass—my only object is to exercise his eye and hand. I do not enter into any geometrical explanations—I only use the scientific dictionary when I examine his work." "I rise at half past seven; my first care is to go to Benito's room: the poor Beppo has already brought him a light and he dresses himself alone. When he is dressed I take him into the children's room, which is already warmed, and hear him read two pages of Italian and one from the same work in German. *Il fait ensuite une addition de mémoire*, as it is done at Hofwyl. After the reading I ask him a dozen questions about the meanings of the words he has been reading. At half past eight we breakfast in the dining-room. After this Benito goes to play, while I read the newspaper to my husband. When this is done, I dress myself. I give Benito a short lesson in drawing and natural history, occupying altogether an hour and a half: then comes luncheon. After luncheon the child stays in my room and amuses himself with *rational playthings* which I keep on hand for him. I can not yet keep the two boys together, there is such a difference in their age, and Benito's movements are so rough that he can not touch Enrico without making him cry. About two o'clock we go out together and patter through the mud of Paris till five, when we drive. I take advantage of these walks to visit such persons as have a respect for the dirt I collect because it is for my child's benefit I encounter it. On Mondays and Fridays when I receive, Mojon undertakes to give Benito his walk. The last few days I have sent Benito alone to carry a note to Madame —. I asked him first whether he would be afraid of the carriages or the crowd: he said no, and I let him set off, but I sent a servant to follow him at a distance, for 'tis a serious matter for a child of six years old to find himself alone in the streets of Paris, but I wish to give him courage, prudence, and a feeling of responsibility. You see I do not choose what I like, but only what I think best for my son. After dinner I go back to the children's room. There are ropes hung from the beam, and parallel bars, with which Benito exercises, then he looks over the engravings in the *Penny Magazine*, and at half past eight I put him to bed. It is not until then that I feel free and can go into company."

While this devoted mother was thus doing every thing to develop the mind and body of her children, the question of their religious education greatly perplexed her. Since her heart had expanded with the emotions of love, of maternity, and above all of grief, Bianca had felt her need of faith return. The skepticism of the eighteenth century chilled her. She dismissed her doubts. She addressed herself on this subject to Manzoni, Sismondi, and some other friends, who all aided in her conversion.

From a letter of one of these friends we make the following interesting extract:

"As to the immortality of the soul, I maintain that we all feel it independently of revelation. It is not a mathematical certainty—that does not belong to moral questions; but it is precisely a moral certainty. Without this belief there is neither religion, charity, nor possible vir-

tue. Not that I believe those who deny immortality to be incapable of virtue; but I maintain that they are actuated by a confused feeling of immortality which, in spite of every thing, works in them. Their opinion is but a negative doubt, and the want of an intellectual sense. I conjure you then, with tears in my eyes, not to withhold this support and consolation from your children. Do not throw them into the void and desolation of metaphysical doubt. Second the impulses of their pure souls; give them—give them a positive religion!"

Her faith in divine truths was restored, but she had yet to settle what form of religion to adopt, and after conscientious investigation she decided in favor of Protestantism. She confided the religious education of her sons to M. Coquerel, a celebrated Protestant clergyman in Paris, and herself conformed to all the observances of his church.

On the point of a discriminate reading of the Bible to children she received the following letter from Lambruschini:

"I know the Bible contains many things that require explanation. I look upon it as comprising great and successive revelations, and as marked by the finger of God, so far superior do I regard it to all other books that have come down to us from antiquity. But, if the spirit is divine, mortal hands have moulded the form; consequently the gold is enveloped by inferior matter—God inspires, and man translates. But this subject demands a volume.

"I would implant a profound veneration for the Holy Scriptures, and above all for the New Testament. I bless God for the progress in your religious convictions, and I weep with joy at the thought that my words may have contributed to it. But above all it is your loyalty that pleases our Father in heaven. He will continue to manifest himself to you—to speak to your heart, and to speak what man can not speak."

Her letters and her daily life, from this time, show that her religion was vital; the main-spring of her feelings and actions. M. Souvestre has given us a long and enlightened essay of Madame Mojon's, called "Historical Observations addressed to Children of the Nineteenth Century," in which she meets with candor, and answers with ability, the arguments they would be sure to hear from modern skeptics. She thus concludes it:

"He who does not admit that the religion which emanated from Jesus Christ has exercised a great influence over humanity must deny history. It has drawn closer, and made sacred the bonds of family; it has given dignity to woman; it has said to the weak, 'Suffer, and renounce thyself for the love of God—be sure that before Him thou art equal to the greatest and most powerful on earth. Be humble when exalted, and trustful when cast down, always remembering that thou hast an immortal soul, and that it is in thy power, if thou wilt, to become an angel,'" etc., etc.

In a letter dated in 1839 she speaks of the tranquillity and content she derives from her new faith. Yet her energy, "her fever of goodwill," as her biographer quaintly terms it, never rested from some effort in the cause of humanity. At one time she is occupied with the condition of women in Italy, pointing out particularly the evils of their habitual idleness. "Useful women," she says, "are almost always respected, and consequently respectable." Again she attempts to democratize painting in her dear Italy, by inducing painters to draw their subjects

from what is immediately about them. She thought a great deal, too, on the subject of domestics. "She had great deference toward those who accept this voluntary slavery. In her house servants were respected as much as masters. She would never encroach on the time allotted to their rest or their pleasures. Her orders were always given in the most polite form, and if she thought she had given an unjust reproof, she hastened to acknowledge and apologize for it. It was no mere instinct of kindness but the deliberate acting upon a settled principle. How clearly she brings out her views in reply to a friend who was hardly prepared to follow her in so strange a departure from the beaten way of the world. "No, since we have all immortal souls, we are all equal. A servant sells us an article (his services) like any other tradesman. When you say that domestics are not so well brought up as we are, you point out a melancholy fact, but you prove no right in favor of the man who had received a better education. What! shall I humiliate the man whom I employ because I am the richer, the more powerful? Shall I reprove him before a child, shall I teach the child that he may raise his voice in speaking to a poor man, and that the poor man can not answer for fear of losing his bread? This is not to be endured. You will say, domestics have no sense of dignity, and do not in fact suffer from being reprovéd before a child. That may be; but why have they no sense of that precious human dignity which is such an incentive to well-doing? It is because we deny it to them; because we have imbibed with our mother's milk the idea of higher and lower classes, which is but another form of Aristotle's phrase that 'there are two species of men—slaves and freemen.'" We shall hardly give Madame Mojon all the credit due for these humane sentiments without remembering that she was born, not in our democratic country, but where there is a frightful abyss between the rich and the poor. She took a great interest in charitable institutions, and devoted a great deal of time and energy to plans and efforts for improving the condition of some of them. She could never reconcile herself to the inequalities of fortune and condition among men. She was afraid of not doing enough for the poor, and consulted Sismondi on the subject. "I do not ask you," she says, "to enter into the old question of an equal distribution of wealth; but I should like to know how much a person in my position owes to the poor annually. My ignorance on this point torments me." "Every time that my eyes rest on a picture of individual distress, and that I stretch out my hand to help, I ask myself what limit there should be to my help, that it may neither be exaggerated in the eyes of others, nor contemptible in my own, while I am surrounded with so many superfluities." Sismondi's answer discusses this difficult question with a wisdom so inspired and controlled by the divine spirit of love that many of us, perplexed by this problem, may come and learn of him. "This question of charity, of

alms-giving," he replies, "does indeed torment us. When we look at the misery that exists, we feel our incapacity to remedy it; we feel that we have but a drop of water to offer to a man dying of thirst; that were we even to give all we possess, and reduce ourselves to the condition of those whom we assist, we should not even then have put an end to the sufferings of others, which pursue us like remorse; and yet we should have committed an injustice toward ourselves and our children—we should even have been helping to disorganize society. A line must, therefore, be drawn between what we owe to others and what we owe to ourselves. But who has a right to say, 'Here is the line?' What human authority can satisfy the conscience? The most positive result of my often painful reflections on this subject is a great distrust of theories, a great dislike to all absolute rules, a great fear lest science, assuming to regulate charity, should dry up the heart. How often are we told that individual alms-giving trusts all to chance—that it may be bestowed on the unworthy—that it encourages idleness. This is all true; and yet how priceless is the double movement of the heart in him who gives and in him who receives! If we transfer to hospitals and other charitable institutions the giving of our alms, we sacrifice both the happiness of beneficence and of gratitude, and that sweet contentment that springs from the daily charities essential to maintain the soul's good habits. Moreover, charity loses its character when it becomes a mere matter of business; it is then hard and distrustful. The heads of public institutions feel themselves called on to guard the gifts of the benevolent against the frauds of the poor.

"Even the distinction made between the deserving and undeserving often alarms me. What! shall we condemn all who have fallen by vice to die of starvation! We sometimes hear all alms-giving condemned. Beggary is spoken of as a cancer eating into the heart of society, produced by the recklessness of the benevolent. It is proved to us, by calculation, that the beggar earns more by holding out his hand and deceiving us than the industrious man by the most assiduous labor. We are reproached with giving a premium to idleness and lying. It is all true. But the converse is as true. Those who say 'true charity is to make men work,' encourage our sad tendency to refer every thing to ourselves. They increase the very evil from which society is suffering—the multiplying productions for which there are no buyers.

"We ought to employ every faculty we possess to introduce a state of things which should distribute the things of this world more equally, and thereby diminish suffering. But we must confess that we can not place the world on a new pivot; that it is in vain for us to attempt to assume the place of Providence. We must distrust our reasonings and our systems; and, admitting that we do not see the whole, aim only to relieve as much suffering as is permitted to us by the social organization under which we

live. Therefore I would not, upon *system*, exclude any form of charity. I should like to be able to give to hospitals, dispensaries, schools; I would aid liberally such as are overtaken by great misfortunes; I would give timely aid to a man trembling between success and ruin; but I must give penny by penny to the beggar I meet, the little help that may in his exigency save him from the extremity of suffering. I will not say that I would never give to children—to the able-bodied—to those whom I know to be vicious; for it may be that at the very moment when I refuse *by rule* hunger may overtake them.

"In practice I have never been satisfied with any habit I have adopted. At Pescia (M. Sismondi's paternal residence, and occasionally his) I was assailed by hundreds of children to whose bad habits I contributed, who laughed at me while they asked my charity, and who rendered our walks intolerable; so that we resolved, if we again returned to Italy, we would not do as we had done. How, then, can I give you a rule who am so dissatisfied with my own practices?

"I know that, in England, many religious persons have made for themselves a law, which they have probably borrowed from Judaic institutions—that is, to devote to charities, of all sorts, a tenth part of their revenues: this proportion seems to me satisfactory. It secures us from harming society, and from wronging our families or ourselves. Perhaps it is from carelessness that I have not been able to limit myself to it, and perhaps I should be influenced by the varying wants of others; but in looking back, and making up my account, it seems to me that when I have come nearest to this proportion I am best satisfied with the result.

"Dear friend, I have answered your question as well as I am able; but I am no better satisfied with my words than with my doings."

We feel that an apology is due to our readers for any hiatus in our translation of this letter, rather than for giving it so much at length. It has so much philosophical truth, and such candid confessions of the impossibility of attaining absolute certainty by human reasoning; it is so rich with the pure gold of Sismondi's character—his simplicity, his tender, generous, and religious impulses—that we do not wonder Madame Mojon had it stereotyped, nor that she presented to her friends copies of it as precious gifts.

Happily has Souvestre called this eminent man "*Soldat de la seule vérité.*"

Madame Mojon continued to manifest the same interest in the progress of society that she showed earlier, when Manzoni called her "*the mother of her country.*"

Her sons were educated under her eye. They received their instruction from her, aided in some branches by private tutors. Her eldest son owed to his mother the mastery of four languages at the age of sixteen. After that he entered the polytechnic school. The younger had a decided leaning to agricultural life, and he

prepared for it by the usual mechanical and chemical studies. As soon as Madame Mojon was released from her maternal duties she transferred her activity to the poor, to her friends, and to the diffusion of knowledge. "No laudable enterprise was set on foot," says her biographer, "but she came to it with money in her hand and encouragement on her lips. If a misfortune befell a friend, she instantly appeared. If a book came out favorable to human progress, she instantly bought it."

With extraordinary gifts—with incessant activity, assiduous, and successful—if any woman might demand an enlargement of her "*sphere*," surely Madame Mojon might indulge that aspiration. But the highest genius maintains the justest balance, and we shall see how Madame Mojon regarded "The woman's movement" (so called). In a letter to Signora Fulvia she says: "What I understand by the emancipation of woman is that she shall be released from her state of perpetual minority: I would have her equal to man, having, as he has, a serious but very different mission. In a word, she should be the woman Madame Necker depicts. To deserve such an emancipation, she must not seek to go out of her own sphere. She need not take part in the affairs of government, cause herself to be *nominated for the House of Deputies*, as certain mad people have claimed in their writings; but she should be the tutelary angel of the family: there her beneficent influence should be exercised. As a means of succeeding in the fulfillment of her duties, the very highest cultivation of her mind, far from doing her any harm, would be of the greatest service to her. It is half-knowing things ('a little learning') and extravagant vanity that spoil equally men and women—never true and profound science."

And again, in relation to an article in *L'Encyclopédie Nouvelle*, she says: "After all, we are the mothers of the human race (no one can deny that); and who does not know the influence of the mother over the child? If we act out our ideas, the coming generation will feel it. The empire of ideas is the most powerful of all empires. The important thing is to get these ideas into the heads and hearts of children, afterward they germinate in their lives. Observe, I say all this in the evangelical sense. I am not revolutionary; I am too distrustful of myself to desire to overturn the world according to my notions."

"Alas for the beautiful period of youth when we doubted nothing! Not that I deplore, dear Fulvia, a ripe age: no, certainly not. If I am now less gay, I have more serenity; if I am less active, solitude does not oppress me. I never suffer ennui even when I am doing nothing, I feel myself alive! Nature has enchantments for me unknown to my youth. The observation of any thing that concerns my kind makes me reflect. I am constantly amused and interested. My sympathy grows. My desire to be useful and beneficent increases. When I was young I felt more my own power, I rebelled against

any obstacle in my way; now, on the contrary, I am *strong in my weakness*. I do all I can, and leave the rest to God."

"Do you know that I am seriously thinking of impoverishing my children for their good. I think it will tend to their moral progress, and that is why it runs in my head. I would diminish my rents that my boys might feel practically the necessity of working, not merely as amateurs. Henri will, in all probability, devote himself to agriculture, and thus we might give him an employment without his going elsewhere to seek it."

When the revolution of February 1848 broke out, Madame Mojon was true to herself. She permitted her eldest son, then a pupil in the Polytechnic School, to confront danger with his comrades. Not one pusillanimous counsel, not a discouraging objection escaped from the lips of this tender mother. Afterward, during the movement of June, which was a death-blow from all sides to the republic, she permitted the brothers to fight in the ranks of the National Guard.

Far from imitating the rich Parisians who reduced their expenses, dismissed their servants, and left the city, augmenting the danger by the fear of it, she changed in no particular her mode of life. Her soirées were more frequent. Her house was open every evening to her sons' friends, and this at a time when her whole fortune was vested in the funds and in the stocks. No one was in greater danger than she, but she had taken her part. Her individual ruin signified little to her, provided society made one step onward. "Every pulsation of my heart," she writes, on the 18th April, 1848, "is for France: if we become poor, it may be all the better for my children. Mojon and I want but little; Julie will share our poverty with love, as she has shared our prosperity. We shall go on loving one another more and more, and consequently we can not be unhappy."

Admirable woman! Those alone who do not fear poverty are securely rich. Her ark rested on a mount to which neither national nor financial vicissitude could reach.

Madame Mojon felt, with filial love, the events of '48, both in her native and in her adopted country. The deplorable expedition of France against the Roman Republic overwhelmed her with grief. "It seems to me," she said, "that I am witnessing a duel between my sons!"

Her health was affected, and her strength abated by the bitter disappointments to her patriotism, so that she could not withstand an attack of severe disease. She was one of the first victims of the cholera that raged in Paris in '49. She was seized on the 4th of June: on the morning of the 5th there was no hope of her recovery! Her dearest friends were summoned to her. Emile Souvestre among them. On seeing him, he says, she recognized their political sympathies, and extending her hand to him and turning her eye to her pastor, M. Coquerel, "Let us pray for the Republic," she said.

Her youngest son came in. She looked toward him and murmured with her faltering voice, "Tell him—always to love—his duty." Observing the distressed faces of her friends, she said, in her greatest agony, "Be calm: I do not suffer so much as I seem to."

To M. Coquerel she said, "I do not desire death—I accept it!"—simple and honest words, expressive of her value and enjoyment of the gift of life, and of her submission to God's will.

Dr. Mojon was constantly with her, exhausting the resources of science. His firmness did not for an instant desert him. Struck with death himself, he was silent till seven o'clock. He then gave to his eldest son the necessary orders, withdrew to his own bed, and died almost at the same moment with his wife, a victim to the same scourge that ended her earthly existence.

"Madame Mojon's will, written on the supposition that her husband would survive, gives to him the use of her whole property till her sons shall be in the full exercise of their professions, so much she dreaded idleness for them. She secured a maintenance to Mademoiselle Rosset, and left bequests to all her friends. The document concludes as follows: 'I desire to be interred according to the Protestant rites, and without the least pomp. If my place in the cemetery is marked, I request that mention may be made of my Protestant faith, which I leave to my dear sons as their most precious inheritance.'"

M. Souvestre concludes his Memoir by a beautiful summing up of Madame Mojon's character. We have not room for this; and, besides, we look upon the facts of her life as the best impress of her character. These we have not spared.

France has been illustrated by women in every department of life. If we throw out the beautiful mistresses and skillful intriguers that have pulled the wires that governed the movements of kings, statesmen, and military chiefs, the Vallieres, Maintenons, etc., etc., there are women who have rivaled men in their own walks *par excellence*. In war, Jeanne d'Arc, the heroic Madame de la Roche Jacquelin, and the heroines of the Fronde. Long before women had made their mark in English literature, some of the memoirs best illustrating French history were written by women, and Scott accords to that martyr for liberty, Madame Roland, the praise of having the best head among the revolutionary statesmen.

These are models for their public galleries. For the private edification of our own homes we should select the portrait of Bianca Mojon, and learn from her a lesson needful to be taught at the present day, that the social and domestic sphere of woman is wide enough for the exercise of the highest gifts of genius and the most generous endowments of the heart—a field in which she may sow from youth to age—in sunshine and in clouds, and reap rejoicing.

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I.

A YOUTH would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
A lady never could wear—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an India plant,
And not of an India worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

II.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spur
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down, with great renown,
To goad his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

III.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But their sires disputed about the Mass,
And so it might not be.
A couple of wicked kings,
Three hundred years ago,
Had played at a royal game of chess,
And the Church had been a pawn!
And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

HASHEESH AND HASHEESH EATERS.*

THE statistics and phenomena of narcotics deserve more attention, as an element of general knowledge, than they have heretofore received. "No nation so ancient," says Johnson, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, "but has had its narcotic soother from the most ancient times; none so remote or isolated but has found within its own borders a pain-allayer or narcotic pain-dispeller. . . . No crops except corn (wheat and maize), and perhaps cotton, represent more commercial capital, or are the subjects of a more extended and unfailing traffic, or the source of more commercial wealth."

Of the minor narcotics Siberia has its narcotic fungus; the Polynesian Islands their ava; New Granada and the Himalayas their thorn-apple; the Florida Indians their emetic holly, and Northern Europe and North America their ledum and sweetgale. The five great narcotics, which are articles of national consumption in different parts of the world, are tobacco, opium, hemp (hasheesh), betel, and coca. Of these, tobacco alone is universal. Opium is consumed by four hundred millions of men; hemp by between two and three hundred millions; betel by one hundred millions; and coca by ten millions.

* *The Hasheesh Eater: Being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean.* 12mo. Published by Harper and Brothers.

Aside from the general effects which are common to all these substances, each works some peculiar result differing from the rest. The Siberian fungus produces insensibility to pain, without interfering with consciousness. *Cocculus Indicus* makes the body drunk without affecting the mind. The Himalayan and New Granadian thorn-apple causes spectral illusions, enabling the Indian to hold converse with the spirits of his ancestors. The common puff-ball stops all muscular action, but leaves the perceptive powers active. Coca chewed by the couriers of Peru, has the wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged fatigues. Betel is an antidote to opium, as tea is to alcohol. Tobacco suspends mental activity, while opium and hasheesh increase it a thousand-fold.

The strange illusions produced by opium, and the peculiar effects of that drug upon the system, have been placed on record for us by the most brilliant of modern essayists and metaphysicians, whose accounts of the "happiness that may be purchased for a penny and carried in the waistcoat pocket; the portable ecstasies which may be had corked up in a pint bottle; and the peace of mind that can be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach," are familiar to all who read. Hasheesh has many points in common with opium; but the two drugs are opposite in this, that while opium tends to obliterate all sensitiveness to external impressions, hasheesh increases this to an almost unlimited and most surprising extent. In fact, hasheesh produces real catalepsy, and exaggerates rather than perverts the reports of the senses as to external objects.

The substance known to us as hasheesh exudes from the pores of the hemp plant of India, and is gathered in the form of a resin. The narcotic principle is but imperfectly developed in the hemp of northern climes; yet the odor of a hemp-field, and the giddiness and headache which frequently attack persons remaining long in it, prove sufficiently that it is only in degree that the sap of the northern plant is modified. In India, Persia, and Egypt the resin exudes from all parts of the herb in sufficient quantities to be gathered by the hand. In Central India men with leather aprons rush through the thickly-planted field, and the exuded gum sticks to them. In portions of the country they even go naked through the fields, receiving the precious gum upon their bodies. The churrus of Herat, which is one of the most powerful species of the narcotic, is obtained by pressing the plant in cloths. The gunjah of Calcutta is the plant gathered when in flower, dried, and put up in bundles. Bhang—under the maddening influence of which the Delhi rebels are said to have committed such atrocities—consists of the larger leaves and seed-pods. The hasheesh for smoking is made from the tops and tender shoots, and the pistils of the flowers. Gunjah, boiled

in butter, yields an extract also called hasheesh. Boiled in alcohol, the gunjah yields at least one fifth its volume in pure resin. It should be mentioned that, in the East, hasheesh, besides being smoked, is made up into sweetmeats, which, containing but small portions of the gum, are mild in effect, and in very general use.

Although so little is known of hasheesh in this country that the name even is scarce familiar to the general reader, it appears that the drug, in one form or other, has been known to Eastern nations from very early times. Herodotus, in his account of the manners and customs of the Scythians, makes unmistakable mention of its use: "They take the seeds of this hemp, and placing it beneath woolen fleeces, they throw upon it red-hot stones, when immediately a perfumed vapor ascends, stronger than from any Grecian stove. This to the Scythians is in the place of a bath; and it excites from them cries of exultation." It seems always to have been known to the Egyptians. Pliny mentions it as adverse to the virile power. In the Arabian Nights, it goes under the name of beng—the modern bhang. By the Arabs its powers seem to have been accidentally rediscovered so late as the year 658 of the Hegira. Sheikh Haider, a hermit and recluse, who held no communication with mankind, but walked the fields in self-imposed solitude, returning one day from a ramble, surprised his neighbors by an unusual air of joyful serenity, and unwonted communicativeness. Being asked the cause of this change, he replied: "Walking abroad, I noticed that every plant was in a state of perfect calm, without experiencing the least agitation, by reason of the extreme heat, and the absence of the slightest breath of wind. But passing by a certain plant, I observed that it waved gracefully with a gentle swaying, as if inebriated by the fumes of wine. I began plucking the leaves of this plant and eating them, and they have produced in me the gayety you have noticed."

Accordingly the Arabic poets call the hasheesh draught the cup of Haider, and in singing its praises extol also the virtues of its discoverer. The Arabic physicians, however, seem early to have awakened to its injurious effects upon mankind. "The truth is," says one, "that there is nothing more injurious to the human constitution than this herb." "I have had ample experience," says Alaeddin, son of Nefis, "and I have seen that the use of this drug produces low inclinations, and debases the soul. The faculties of those who take it are degraded more and more, so that at last, so to say, they have none of the attributes of humanity left." Makrizi, an Arabic historian, states that at one time a law was made against eating hasheesh, the penalty being the extraction of the hasheesh eater's teeth. "But at last," says the historian, "in the year 815, this cursed drug began to be publicly used, and the most refined persons were not ashamed to make presents of it to one another. The consequence was that vileness of

sentiment and manners became general ; shame and modesty vanished from among men ; they learned to boast of their vices ; and nothing of manhood remained but the form." A description which applies with singular accuracy to the present condition of the people of Hindostan, the country which is, so to speak, the home of hasheesh ; and where, if we may believe the reports of intelligent travelers and residents, the drug is in almost universal use. Dr. Honiburger, thirty-five years physician at the court of Lahore, states that the great fondness of the people of that city for a drink prepared from hasheesh induced the king to appropriate a certain sum annually to its preparation and gratuitous distribution to the inhabitants of the city and vicinage. Dépôts were established for its regular distribution, called *seid-gunjah*, and one of these, near the Delhi gate of Lahore, being near the Doctor's hospital, he was enabled to ascertain the various effects produced by the inebriating fluid upon the crowds of wahungs, or common people, who daily flocked thither for their portion. He found that inebriation began in about half an hour after imbibition of the fluid, and lasted from three to four hours, producing, meantime, an agreeable exhilaration of the spirits, but leaving on its subsidence none of those depressing effects which result from the use of other intoxicating fluids. In fact, the juice of the hemp-plant administered in this way seems to operate very mildly, and to be comparatively harmless.

Recent researches go far to establish the veracity of Marco Polo's account of the famous and terrible sect of the Assassins, and explain even the origin of that name, which has come to be in our own language the titular designation of one who commits a cowardly murder. It was through the potent influence of hasheesh that their chief, "the Old Man of the Mountain," exercised the influence over his followers recounted by Henry, Count of Champagne, who visited him in his mountain fastness.

Taking the Count to the top of a high tower where were stationed guards in white robes, "I doubt," said he, "whether you have any subjects so obedient as mine ;" and making a sign to two of the sentinels, they precipitated themselves from the height and were dashed to pieces.

Summoned, at another time, by an envoy from a powerful enemy to submit himself, the Sheikh called a soldier and ordered him to kill himself, which the man, unquestioning, did.

"Tell your master," said the old man to the wondering envoy, "that I have sixty thousand men who will do the same."

Hasheesh was the influence employed to procure such unhesitating obedience. *Hasheeshins*, that is to say, the eaters of *hasheesh*, were the disciples of the unscrupulous monster who caused so many deaths ; and from *hasheeshin* undoubtedly came our word *assassin*.

Of the mode of administering the drug the old Venetian gives the following account :

"You shall hear all about the Old Man of the Mountain, as I, Marco Polo, heard related by many persons. He was called in their language *Alaodin* ; and had caused to be formed in a valley between two mountains the largest and most beautiful garden that ever was seen. There grew all the finest fruits in the world ; and it was adorned with the most beautiful houses and palaces, the interior being richly gilded, and furnished with finely-colored pictures of birds and beasts, and the most striking objects. It contained several conduits, through which flowed water, wine, honey, and milk. Here were ladies and damsels, unequalled in beauty and the skill with which they sang and played on instruments of every description. Now the Old Man made his people believe that this garden was Paradise ; and he formed it there because Mohammed had given the Saracens to believe that those who went into that place would meet great numbers of beautiful women, and find rivers of water, wine, milk, and honey ; hence the visitors were led to think that this was really Paradise. Into this garden he admitted no man, except those whom he wished to make Assassins. The entry to the spot was commanded by a castle so strong that he did not fear any power in the world. He kept in his court all the youths of the country between twelve and twenty years of age ; and when he thought proper, selected a number who had been well instructed in the description of Paradise. He gave them a beverage which threw them into a deep sleep, then carried them into the garden and made them be awakened. When any one of them opened his eyes, saw this delightful spot, and heard the delicious music and songs, he really believed himself in the state of blessedness. When again, however, he was asleep, he was brought out into the castle ; when he awoke in great wonder, and felt deep regret at having left that delightful abode. He then went humbly to the Old Man, worshipping him as a prophet. . . . The chief then named to him a great lord whom he wished him to kill. The youth cheerfully obeyed ; and if in the act he was taken and put to death, he suffered with exultation, believing that he was to go into the happy place. . . . Thus," quaintly adds the old traveler, "scarcely any one could escape being slain when the Old Man of the Mountain desired it."

Not very unlike this account of the Eastern *hasheeshins* is Lord Macartney's description of the Javanese opium-eaters :

"They acquire an artificial courage ; and when suffering from misfortune and disappointment, they not only stab the objects of their hate, but sally forth to attack in like manner every person they meet, till self-preservation renders it necessary to destroy them." The term "running a-muck" is said to be derived from the cry, "Amok, amok !" meaning "Kill, kill," with which they accompany their fantastic crusade. On one occasion a Javanese was "running a-muck" in Batavia, and "had killed

several people, when he was met by a soldier, who ran him through with his pike. But such was the desperation of the infuriated man, that he pressed himself forward on the pike, until he got near enough to stab his adversary with a dagger, when both expired together."

Inquiring into the phenomena of hasheesh, we have the evidence of divers intelligent experimenters to bear witness to the exactness of the delineations of the latest hasheesh eater, the title of whose volume we have prefixed to this paper. As before said, hasheesh exaggerates rather than perverts the reports of the senses as to outward objects; a peculiarity which Marco Polo's Old Man of the Mountain seems to have availed himself of. The chief peculiarity of the hasheesh vision is its immense exaggeration of time and space. Moments appear to be thousands of years. Narrowly circumscribed views seem to run out into vistas embracing not only this earth but the entire vastness of the universe. Standing in a doctor's office, awaiting the approach of a servant with water, the Pythagorean loses his self-consciousness in a vision: "I stood," says he, "in a remote chamber at the top of a colossal building, and the whole fabric beneath me was steadily growing into the air. Higher than the topmost pinnacle of Bel's Babylonish temple—higher than Ararat—on, on forever into the lonely dome of God's infinite universe we towered ceaselessly. The years flew on; I heard the musical rush of their wings in the abyss outside of me, and from cycle to cycle, from life to life I careered, a mote in eternity and space. Suddenly emerging from the orbit of my transmigrations, I was again at the foot of the doctor's bed, and thrilled with wonder to find that we were both unchanged by the measureless lapse of time. The servant had not come.

"'Shall I call her again?' I asked. 'Why, you have this moment called her.' 'Doctor,' I replied, solemnly, and in language that would have seemed bombastic enough to any one who did not realize what I felt, 'I will not believe you are deceiving me, but to me it appears as if sufficient time has elapsed since then for all the pyramids to have crumbled back to dust.'"

M. Moreau found every thing appearing to his eyes "as it does on looking through the wrong end of a telescope." Bayard Taylor says: "The fullness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing, years seemed to have elapsed." A French gentleman, an habitual swallower of the narcotic, states that one evening, in traversing the passage of the opera under its influence, "the time occupied in taking a few steps seemed to be hours, and the passage interminable." The idea of vastness is eloquently expressed by our Pythagorean. Desiring to pass down stairs into the street, he says: "I looked down the stairs: the depth was fathomless; it was a journey of years to reach the bottom! The dim light of the sky shone through the narrow panes at the

sides of the front door, and seemed a demon-lamp in the middle darkness of the abyss. I never could get down! I sat me down despairingly upon the topmost step.

"Suddenly a sublime thought possessed me. If the distance be infinite, I am immortal. It shall be tried. I commenced the descent, wearily, wearily down through my league-long, year-long journey. To record my impressions in that journey would be to repeat what I have said of the time of hasheesh. Now stopping to rest as a traveler would turn aside at a wayside inn, now toiling down through the lonely darkness, I came by-and-by to the end, and passed out into the street."

And yet this was but the distance of a single story!

To another curious effect M. Berthault, a French *savant*, bears witness with our American hasheesh eater.

One day he had swallowed a large dose; and while under the effect of it, the band of a regiment of dragoons suddenly began to play beneath his windows. Never, he tells us, had he known what music was till then. His perceptive powers were so much intensified, that he became able to distinguish the part taken by each instrument in the band as well as the best leader of an orchestra could have done. He experienced, in a remarkable degree, that extraordinary *materialization* of ideas, which seems to be one of the most constant effects of the drug when taken in large quantities. The elements of the harmonies heard by him assumed the form of ribbons of a thousand changing colors, intertwisting, waving, and knotting themselves in a manner apparently the most capricious. "Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony," says Milton; and what occurs to the poet as the best figure under which to represent his idea, with the hasheesh eater assumes reality. The experience of Theodore Gaultier, the artist, when under the effects of hasheesh, was curiously the converse of that of M. Berthault. Colors to him represented themselves as sounds, which produced very sensible vibrations and undulations of the air. M. Berthault's hallucination of the ribbons after a while changed; but only to become more material and tangible. Each note became a flower; and there were as many different kinds of flowers as notes; and these formed wreaths and garlands, in which the harmony of the colors represented that of the sounds. The flowers soon gave place to precious stones of various kinds, which rose in fountains, fell again in cascades, and streamed away in all directions. The next phase of the vision will at once suggest Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which, the reader will remember, was written under a similar inspiration. The band began to play a waltz: with the change of the measure the vision entirely changed; M. Berthault found himself in a multitude of saloons gorgeously decorated and illuminated. All these apartments merged into one, surmounted by an enormous dome, which was

built of colored crystals, and supported by a thousand columns. This dome dissolved, and beyond its vanishing walls appeared another far more glorious. This gave way to a third, more splendid still; and this again to a congeries of domes one upon the other, and each more gorgeous than any of its predecessors. At the same time there appeared the vision of an innumerable assemblage executing a frantic waltz, and rolling itself like a serpent from hall to hall.

The intensifying of sounds is another of the peculiar phenomena of the hasheesh condition. "The ticking of my watch sounded louder than that of the kitchen clock," relates an amateur. And another records that the beating of his heart resounded in his ears like the blows of a vast trip-hammer.

With a large dose the hallucinations frequently become of the most gorgeous, fantastic, or grotesque character. Our Pythagorean shall speak to this point. "I stood," says he, "in a large temple, whose walls were adorned with grotesque frescoes of every imaginable bird, beast, and monster, which, by some hidden law of life and motion, were forever changing, like the figures of the kaleidoscope. Now the walls bristled with hippogriffs; now, from wainscot to ceiling, toucans and maccataws swung and nodded from their perches amidst emerald palms; now Centaurs and Lapithæ clashed in ferocious tumult, while crater and cyathus were crushed beneath ringing hoof and heel. But my attention was quickly distracted from the frescoes by the sight of a most witchly congress, which filled all the chairs of that broad chamber. On the dais sat an old crone, whose commanding position first engaged my attention to her personal appearance, and, upon rather impolite scrutiny, I beheld that she was the product of an art held in pre-eminent favor among persons of her age and sex. She was knit of purple yarn! In faultless order the stitches ran along her face; in every pucker of her re-entrant mouth, in every wrinkle of her brow, she was a yarny counterfeit of the grandam of actual life, and by some skillful process of stuffing her nose had received its due peak and her chin its projection. The occupants of the seats below were all but reproductions of their president, and both she and they were constantly swaying from side to side, forward and back, to the music of some invisible instruments, whose tone and style were most intensely and ludicrously Ethiopian. Not a word was spoken by any of the woolly conclave; but with untiring industry they were all knitting, knitting, knitting ceaselessly, as if their lives depended on it. I looked to see the objects of their manufacture. They were knitting old women like themselves! One of the sisterhood had nearly brought her double to completion; earnestly another was engaged in rounding out an eyeball; another was fastening the gathers at the corners of a mouth; another was setting up stitches for an old woman in petto.

"With marvelous rapidity this work went on; ever and anon some completed crone sprang from the needles which had just achieved her, and, instantly vivified, took up the instruments of reproduction, and fell to work as assiduously as if she had been a member of the congress since the world began. 'Here,' I cried, 'here, at last, do I realize the meaning of endless progression!' and, though the dome echoed with my peals of laughter, I saw no motion of astonishment in the stitches of a single face; but, as for dear life, the manufacture of old women went on unobstructed by the involuntary rudeness of the stranger.

"An irresistible desire to aid in the work possessed me; I was half determined to snatch up a quartette of needles and join the sisterhood. My nose began to be ruffled with stitches, and the next moment I had been a partner in their yarny destinies but for a hand which pulled me backward through the door, and shut the congress forever from my view."

Not less grotesque was the vagary of a companion of Mr. Bayard Taylor, who—shades of Young America!—thought himself a locomotive, and, "for the space of two or three hours, paced to and fro in his room with measured stride, exhaling his breath in violent jets, and, when he spoke, dividing his words into syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk, at the same time turning his hands at his sides as though they were the cranks of imaginary wheels;" and who, aiming to taste water from a pitcher, set it down again with a yell of laughter, crying out, "How can I take water into my boiler when I am letting off steam?"

And of a piece with such vagaries is this part of Mr. Taylor's own experience:

"I was a mass of transparent jelly, and a confectioner poured me into a twisted mould. I threw my chair aside, and writhed and tortured myself for some time to force my loose substance into the mould. At last, when I had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, it was lifted off, and another mould, of still more crooked and intricate shape, substituted. I have no doubt that the contortions through which I went to accomplish the end of my gelatinous destiny would have been extremely ludicrous to a spectator, but to me they were painful and disagreeable. The sober half of me went into fits of laughter over them. . . . I had laughed until my eyes overflowed profusely. Every drop that fell immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled upon the shop-board of a baker at Damascus. The more I laughed the faster the loaves fell, until such a pile was raised about the baker that I could hardly see the top of his head. 'The man will be suffocated,' I cried; 'but if he were to die I can not stop.'"

Such are a few of the pleasures of hasheesh. But let all beware how they are tempted into this region of the ideal. It is through tortures the most exquisite and indescribable that the soul returns from such flights. All who have rashly tasted the delights of the Eastern drug

bear shuddering witness to the pangs of returning consciousness; and prominent in each account stands the dread fear of threatening madness—a fear and threat by no means meaningless, if we may believe eminent physicians who have given these phenomena their attention. Permanent insanity not infrequently follows, we are told, on the use of the hasheesh. Dr. Madden relates that of thirteen inmates of a Turkish mad-house no fewer than four had gone mad from overdoses of hasheesh. And another eminent medical writer says, significantly, "The analogies between the phenomena of insanity and those which are induced by the introduction of such substances into the blood, must not be overlooked in any attempt to arrive at the true pathology of the former condition, or to bring it within the domain of the therapeutic art."

We are, however, in very little danger of becoming a nation of hasheesh-eaters. A predisposing warmth and activity of imagination—a common quality with Eastern races, but a rare one with us—is absolutely necessary to enable a man to become a hasheesh-eater to any purpose. The vast majority of experiments made by Europeans and Americans resulted in naught but a general and painful disturbance of the nervous system—preceded, in a large number of instances, by a condition of insensibility, lasting from twenty-four to thirty-three hours. The hasheesh fantasia seems physically unattainable to the great majority of the Anglo-Saxon race.

NUMBER 101.

IT was a head—a woman's head. The Art Union was unusually full that year, and No. 101 hung in an out-of-the-way corner. I had been there several times without noticing it, but that day my eyes chanced to rest on it, and I could not withdraw them.

The features were not entirely regular, but lofty, and with strong lines of power. The complexion was a dark, clear olive. The heavy black hair had been put back, as if impatiently, behind the ears, and was twisted in coils about the head. The expression was most remarkable. I had never seen any thing like it in a painting. There was fortitude and strong will in the lines about the mouth, and much of conscious strength and patient suffering sat on the broad forehead; but it was reserved to the eyes to tell the story. Those dark, melancholy, despairing eyes, whose glance seemed turned inward, seeking after lost joys. They were wild, they were stern, and yet they were melting with a woman's pain. Far down in their depths was a gleam of love—it must have been a mother's love, for no other could have throned itself on the desolation of such a sorrow. I looked at it silently a few moments, and then I said aloud, "Hagar." I had no catalogue, but I needed none to know to whom that face must have belonged.

"Yes," said a voice at my side, "you have

understood my picture. That is Hagar—the Egyptian Hagar, after she was sent forth into the desert. Ishmael was with her, and the mother-love lived still, while all other human affections were swept away by the fierce hurricane of passion."

It was a low, rich voice which spoke to me. Its music thrilled all along the pulses of my being. I turned and looked at the speaker.

I do not suppose she would have been called a beautiful woman—her face was too faded for that—but once she must have been beautiful exceedingly. I could see, looking into her own eyes, how she had painted the Hagar. She too must have suffered and despaired. Her face was very pale, her eyebrows jet black and finely arched. These, with her jetty hair and eyes, enhanced the apparent fairness of her complexion. But though fair she was not fresh. As I said, she looked faded, and yet she could not have been old—at the most not more than thirty. There was on her face an expression which made me think that in other days she had wept much, but she looked too proud to weep often now. Genius sat on her forehead, and she seemed to me like one who had grown strong and pure through much suffering.

There was something so singular and unconventional in her speaking to me at all that I hardly knew how to reply. Perhaps some men might, for this, have esteemed her less, but it was not so with me. I was no stickler for etiquette—a man no longer young, who was poor, and a worker; who had been poor all the days of his life; who must always be poor. I was an artist too, in my own humble way—that is, I was employed by several publishers in New York to design illustrations for books and papers. I was interested to know this fellow-laborer. I thought I would relieve her embarrassment by appearing as if we had met before. I bowed.

"I do not remember your name," I said, in a tone as if I were trying to recall something which had slipped from my mind. A queer, half-satirical smile, in which was some kindness but no mirth, crossed her face.

"That is most probable, since you never knew it. No matter, I am Margaret Welch, and you—?"

"Robert Payson, madame. I wish very much that I could be properly introduced to you, but that seems impossible. Need the fact of our chance meeting be any bar to our farther acquaintance? I am a designer. I like to know artists, and there is something in your picture which makes me long to be your friend. May I?"

It was a moment before she answered me. She seemed weighing the question in her own mind. At length she said, slowly,

"I don't see any objection. I have no friends to be troubled at my forming an acquaintance in an eccentric manner. I am very lonely, and I have a human liking for occasional companionship. I am grateful to you, moreover,

for understanding my picture. I had some trouble to get it admitted here, and until you came I have never seen any one stop to look at it."

"You come here often, then?"

"Yes, I have been here every day since my picture was hung. But I can stay no longer now. This is where you will find me."

She handed me, as she spoke, a catalogue on which she had been writing for a moment with her pencil. Her name was written in a careless, graceful hand, followed by a street and number which I recognized as the location of a respectable lodging-house, not far from my own place of abode.

I thanked her, and she went out, leaving me standing alone before the head of Hagar. I was deeply interested in her. I confessed it to myself. It was not strange, for that was almost the first adventure I had ever met with. I was over forty, and yet, measuring my life by its pleasures or its events, it was a very short one. My parents had died before I could remember them. I had been brought up by an uncle living in the country. He had no children, and was kind to me after a fashion of his own. But he was a self-willed man. He had resolved that I should be a carpenter, and, though no pursuit could have been less agreeable to me, I submitted, and went to my trade with scarcely a remonstrance. During my apprenticeship, however, I had drawn a great many vignettes on the smooth boards with my pencil in the hour given us for dinner, and I had covered the back of my uncle's red house with outline sketches in chalk, and so had made up my mind that this was my true life. Submissive as I was to any necessity against which I saw no hope of successful contention, I had yet a strong will of my own, a dogged persistency in a purpose once formed.

I finished my trade the day before I was twenty-one, and the next morning I told my uncle that I was going to the city to learn to be a designer. His anger was strong yet quiet, for his nature was not wholly unlike my own. He told me that if I left him then it must be forever. He should be sorry to lose me, yet—with a grim smile—he guessed he could bear it; any way, he would have no vagabond picture-makers around him. I did not waver in my purpose. We parted that day. I heard of his death years afterward, but we never met again.

Fortune certainly favored me. I was not long, after reaching the city, in procuring work—humble work indeed—but still it brought me enough to supply my humble wants. I had never fancied myself a genius. I could never have learned to color, or, knowing how, I could never have painted a Hagar; but I loved to use my pencil, and by its use I had lived now for twenty-one years.

I had very few acquaintances—two or three artists, who were not ashamed of my friendship, and one or two men whom I had pleased by my illustrations to their books, were all, if I ex-

cept the publishers who employed me, and whom I only knew in the way of business. I had never been on terms of familiar acquaintanceship with any woman. At forty-two my heart was as fresh and my life as pure as a girl's. Of love and marriage I had seldom thought, and when I did think of them it was not to reckon them among the probabilities which might befall myself, but merely to contemplate them afar off, without envy or longing, as I did wealth and station, which might be for others, but not for me.

I do not think it was strange that, in such a man, the lady I had met should awaken a peculiar interest. Her face, no longer beautiful, was yet magnetic in its power of fascinating the attention. Her voice and manners revealed her, even to my slight knowledge of the world, as having been born and bred a lady. The strange beginning of my acquaintance with her was the first bit of romance that had ever shot its rosy threads through the sombre gray woof of my forty-two years of life.

I went home that night, but I could not sleep. All night long my mind was wide awake—I was making mental sketches in which every female figure wore the pale, sad face of my new friend. With the first beams of dawn I sprang from my pillow, lighted my fire, and went to work. I never thought of food. I forgot, almost, my own existence. I worked on until after mid-day. I had succeeded. This was my sketch:

Morning breaking after a night of storm—a turbulent sea—fragments of broken masts and spars scattered along a desolate coast; but, in sight, only one living thing—a woman, looking steadfastly toward the waters. The waves had washed on shore her only, but in "the billows" joyous dash of death" had gone down friends, hopes, fortune; she had only herself left—only her own living soul. The face was that of Margaret Welch, but a little younger, and her expression was, if possible, intensified.

I was utterly exhausted when the last touch was given. I went out and got a cup of strong coffee and some food. Then, with my nerves steadied, I came back and looked at my labor. Was I a genius after all? I asked myself. There was unmistakable power in the sketch, but then *she* had been my inspiration. I put it away. I would not have had any eyes gaze on it save mine. I had no presentiment of the influence it was to exert on my after-destiny, but I was happier that I had executed it.

I went out soon afterward to the rooms of the Art Union, and there, standing before the Hagar whose conception seemed to me so matchless, I lost my dawning faith in my own power. I waited there for a time, thinking that the stranger might make her appearance; but she did not come, and, after a while, I started out and went to the street and number indicated on the catalogue which she had given me.

On my way I passed a florist's, where the windows were filled with bouquets and pots of flowers. My first thought was to take her a bouquet. It seemed to me it might give her pleas-

ure; at least, I wanted to know if she retained gentleness enough, after all the sorrow which had left its traces on her face, to love flowers. But soon I changed my mind. I would give her nothing so frail as these cut blossoms. It should be a gift better suited to one whose means would not let him purchase often; something more durable and yet not unhandsome. I selected a tea-rose, growing in a little earthen pot. It had two buds on it and one full blooming flower.

I had but a few blocks to carry it before I reached her house. I paused a moment at the door. I did not know whether she were wife, maiden, or widow. Never mind, I would inquire for *Miss Welch*, at a venture.

I rang the bell. I asked the girl who answered my summons if *Miss Welch* lived there. She evidently took me for the employé of some horticultural establishment carrying home a purchase. She replied, with a careless toss of her head,

"Yes, you must go up four flights of stairs, and the door at your right hand will be hers."

The stairs were long and steep.

"What a weary way," I thought, as I climbed them, "for that delicate woman!"

I knocked at her door, and instantly I heard a tread quick and firm, yet not heavy. She opened the door and stood holding it until she had looked full in my face. Then she said,

"Oh, it is you! I hardly thought you would come. Will you walk in?"

It was a humble place in which I found myself, though scrupulously neat, and not without some marks of comfort. There was a lounge which must have done duty for a bed also, two or three chairs, a stove, a table, and, in one corner, a painter's easel. But it was utterly devoid of ornament, save a few pictures that hung upon the wall, in which I recognized the same hand that had painted the *Hagar*. They were all more or less wild, gloomy, despairing. There was not a single gleam of hope in any, not a bird or a flower, or any thing bright and happy. Stern portraiture, they seemed, of human passion.

On the table were water-colors, drawing materials, and a few volumes of such designs as are used for printing calicoes and delaines. These were the only books in the room. She was dressed, as she had been the day before, in a plain, somewhat worn black silk, with no ornament or superfluity.

She sat down at the table, after motioning me to a chair, and went on with her work with busy fingers.

I took up one of the patterns.

"So you, who can paint *Hagar*, do these things?" I asked, with some reproach in my voice; for it seemed to me like a desecration of her genius. She understood my tone.

"Yes—why not? I can not sell my pictures. I must live, and I can get pretty good pay for these."

"Not sell your pictures—such pictures as *Hagar*? Will you let me try?"

She smiled—

"I have no objection, save that I wouldn't like you to undertake for me such a thankless task. People have sorrow enough of their own. They won't buy it in a painting. They want bright faces and pleasant landscapes—birds and flowers."

I had held the rose-pot in my hand all this time. Now I set it upon the table.

"Speaking of flowers," I said, "I have brought you this rose. Will you please me by taking it? I love flowers, and I should like to think you had this one to keep you company."

A look swept over her face such as I hope few faces ever wore. It was so lost a look—so wild, so hopeless, so despairing. She put forth her hands to take the flower. Then, shuddering, she drew them back and covered her eyes with them for a moment.

"Oh, no, no, no," she said, with such a wail in her tones as I never heard ring through the cadences of any other voice. "It is not for me—roses are not for me. I wore roses once, when I was young. I had not suffered then, or sinned. I gathered them in my mother's garden when I was a child—a little, innocent, happy child—before I had broken her heart. Oh, do not give me roses now—my touch would blast them!"

I did not say a single word. I sat there, stricken dumb before her unfathomable despair. Soon she went on in a lower tone—if possible fuller of pathos than before.

"You meant kindly. I thank you just as much as if I took them. But you do not know what roses mean to me. You can not tell what it is to lose all you ever cared for in life, and sit waiting for death, keeping company with ghosts. When I look at those buds I can not see these chamber walls around me, or you sitting there. I am walking again through fields of thyme and clover. The sky is blue over my head, and the robin's song pulses downward like a cry of joy. Roses bloom in the hedges, and one by my side gathers them and puts them in my hair. But between those days and these there is a great gulf fixed. I am not what I was when I walked in the meadows and gathered flowers and heard the village bells ring in the Sunday morning air."

She stopped; but the wild despairing look had begun to fade out of her face, and her voice was gentler. I thought the roses were, after all, doing her good. I could not bear to take them away. An expedient struck me. I rose.

"I must go now. Forgive me that I brought the flower; but will you not give it shelter for to-night? I can come for it to-morrow; but to-night I have a good way farther to go. It would burden me very much. Will you let me leave it till another day! I'll be sure to call for it."

She looked reluctant to comply with my re-

quest; but the habitual courtesy of her manners did not fail her. She assented to my wish, and I bowed to her and went out.

I wandered about the streets for an hour or two thinking of her. She had spoken of sinning and suffering—breaking her mother's heart—and yet I would have staked my life on her purity. Suffering, wronged, reckless, she might have been; but I felt, to the core of my heart, that her womanhood was unstained. My interest in her had only grown stronger with this interview. I resolved to know her better.

The next day I worked with impatient heart—impatient fingers—at a task I had promised to complete. It was three o'clock in the short winter afternoon before I was at liberty to go to her. I think she had already learned to know my footstep; for, when I knocked at her door, she did not move to open it, but said, "Come in."

I obeyed her. She was sitting at her easel, evidently very busy; but she glanced at me with a smile of welcome as I entered. I looked around for my rose-bush. It had been placed on the window-ledge. Evidently it had been watered and tended. One of the buds was already bursting into bloom. Her eyes followed the direction of mine.

"I have changed my mind," she said. "I should be glad to keep it, if you will let me. It has done me good, I think. See, already I am working differently."

I went to her side. The unfinished picture upon the easel was only an outline sketch; but it was infused with spirit, power, and life. Its subject was very different from any thing I had previously seen of hers. It was a clover-field, with a clear sky overhead. One side was bordered by a hedge full of blossoms, and along this hedge, with slow, dreamy steps, a young girl walked alone. About her mouth was a look of sweetness—of youthful buoyancy; but the expression of her dark eyes was informed with a most touching melancholy—a sort of prophecy of sorrow.

"It is beautiful," I said; praising her, I think, more with my eyes and tones of my voice than my words.

"Better than the old, hopeless ones?" she asked.

"Yes, a thousand times better, because it will do more good. I think it has fully as much genius, too."

"Well, if you like it better, you may thank your roses for the change. At first I thought they would drive me mad with the memories they evoked, but after a while they softened my heart. I wept. I had not done that before for years."

I looked at her. I could see the traces of tears on her thin cheek.

I did not stay with her long. She was absorbed in her work, and I was more contented to leave her, because a little of the old, hopeless sorrow seemed to have faded from her face.

After that month passed, until winter had died its tearful death 'neath the blue eyes of spring, and the bier of May had been crowned, in turn, by the roses of the summer. Our acquaintance had progressed rapidly, and we had not been long in becoming firm, established friends. I worked all day more diligently than ever, for I had acquired a fresh inspiration, a new incentive, the presence of which, however, I did not yet acknowledge to myself. It was my reward, after each day's labor, to go to her—to carry her whatever I had done, and receive, sometimes her praises, sometimes her censures.

It seemed to me, when I thought about it, such a strange, un hoped-for blessing, that I, Robert Payson, should have such a friend—that for me, who had lived with such a lonely heart forty-two years of my life, in one unlooked-for hour such a sun of warmth and hope should have arisen. I asked nothing better of Heaven. Just as she was, my friend suited me to the finest fibre of my nature. The dim smile on her worn and faded face was more to me, more and fairer than the brightest glory of any younger woman's beauty. Just as she was I thought her perfect. Every outline of her shadowy yet graceful figure in its black robes; every expression on her sad yet tender face; every inflection of her low, musical voice possessed for me its own unexplained yet exceeding charm.

And so, unconsciously, love grew into my life until one summer night, like Venus rising from the sea, it stood up full-nurtured before me, and I knew that my heart was my own no longer. It happened thus:

I had just completed a design which I liked unusually well. It was for the vignette title-page of a book of poems—an angel bearing through space a lyre and a crown. The angel's eyes and hair were light, according to the generally accepted tradition, but her face was that of Margaret Welch, only the expression was different. It was such as I had fancied Margaret's might be when joy had triumphed over the long sorrow of her life. It was a prophecy of all I had hoped for her. I was impatient to show it to her. I walked with hurried steps to her dwelling, thinking by the way whether it would bring her comfort—what she would say of it. Eagerly I mounted the four steep flights of stairs. I stood before her door, but outside it was pinned a piece of paper on which these words were traced:

"My friend, I can not see you to-day. I am ill; scarcely able to sit up at all."

Of course there was no questioning such a decree. I turned sorrowfully away. I went home more unhappy than I had ever been in my life. It was not over my own disappointment, though that was not slight, but I could not bear to fancy her alone and suffering. I longed with inexpressible longing for a right to go to her—to sit by her side—to soothe her pains—to bathe her head—to nurse her, as I felt I could with a woman's tenderness and a man's untiring strength. Then it was that my

love rose up and confronted me. I looked into my own heart—that heart which had so strangely outgrown my knowledge. I saw that no friend's place by her side would content me—that I must win her to be all my own, or from henceforth my life must be empty and barren of joy.

I knew nothing of her past history. She had never volunteered any information, and, respecting her silence, I had never asked any questions. But for this I did not care. I loved her as I knew her. I had faith in her. I know in this I was unlike most men, but I would have been contented to call her my wife—to hold her head on my heart forever, and know no more of her than I knew now.

But would she ever be mine? Could I ever hope—I whose lot had been so lonely hitherto—to have that worshiped woman for my very own, my household angel, the best half of my own existence. Hitherto I should have thought myself too poor to marry, but her tastes were simple like my own. I should have enough for her. I could not sleep that night. To a man who had seen forty-two years without having his pulses quickened by a woman's voice, love comes at last, if come it ever does, with a strength of which younger men never dream. It maintains its empire with a terrible tyranny.

The next morning, as soon as I dared, I stood again at the door of Margaret Welch. The paper had been removed. I knocked, and she came herself to answer my summons. She looked worn and ill, but her brush was in her hand. She held the door so that there was no room for me to enter.

"May I not come in, then?" I asked.

"No, not at this hour. I am busy, and so should you be. I am better. I know you came because you thought me ill. It was good of you to be so anxious. You may come again at the usual hour to-night. Perhaps I will go to walk with you. I should like a breath of sea-air on the Battery, but you must not stay any longer now."

So saying she closed the door, and, half-unwillingly, I obeyed her and went away. I felt happier all day, however, because I had seen her, because I should soon see her again. I was growing miserly. I could not bear she should be out of my sight. I did not work much that day. The pictures I made were fancy ones. I seemed to see a room pleasant, though humble; a cheerful carpet upon the floor; a few books; a few pictures; a few flowers. In one corner, at an easel, sat a woman with slight yet graceful figure. Her head, so regal with its superb crown of hair, was bent toward her work, and, sitting opposite to her at my own task, I could catch, now and then, the gleam of her earnest eyes. How sweet it would be to work together! Margaret had been more successful of late. Since I had known her many gleams of hope and happiness had brightened under her pencil, and I had been able to find for several of her pictures a ready sale.

How thankful I was that evening when the clock struck seven! Then I was at liberty to go to her. Her door was standing open, that the July air, which even in the hot city is not wholly without its breath of balm, might enter. She was sitting idly by the window, picking one or two faded leaves from the rose-bush I had given her, which was now full of blossoms. For once, she was not clad in her accustomed black. A dress of some summer fabric, of a quiet, dim hue, fell around her in soft, fleecy folds. She had gathered one of the sweet tea-roses, and placed it in her hair. I thought I had never seen her look so lovely.

When she saw me at the door she looked up with such a glow of warmth and light upon her face as I had never seen there before.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I feel better than I have for months. Yesterday I was sick. I fought a great battle, too, with a foe in my own heart, and conquered. To-day, my friend, you look upon a victor. See, I am wearing one of your roses on my forehead—the first flower I have worn in years. It is my token of victory!"

I went in, and sat down beside her. I tried to make some commonplace remark, but I could not. I sat watching her. She was in a strange joyous mood. She seemed impatient of silence. Soon she said,

"Shall I get my bonnet? Are you ready to walk now?"

"No, not yet. Sit down, Margaret." And then, I know not in what phrase, my wild love found words. She grew very pale as she listened. Oh, what a look overswept her face! In it were anguish, despair, pride, and love. Yea, I knew love was there. Cast me off—turn from me, if she would—I knew that she loved me. She listened to me in silence; and then a cry burst from her lips—a wild, passionate cry—

"O God, my burden is heavier than I can bear!" Then she looked at me with dark, sorrowful eyes.

"Oh, could I not have been spared your friendship?" she went on. "Must I tear up by the roots every joy of my life? I thought I was secure of your friendship always."

I interrupted her. I tried to tell her, in my poor way, which not even love could make eloquent, how I had not ceased to be her friend, but how I could not help loving her better than friend's love—better than life; how I would gladly die for her. But she scarcely seemed to hear me. When I entreated her to answer me, she begged me to go away—to give her time to think. I had frightened her. Come to her to-morrow night, and I should know; but I must promise not to come before. I promised. I rose to leave her, but when I had reached the door I turned back.

"Margaret," I cried, "give me some hope. I know you will deal justly with me; but if you care for me at all, give me a little hope."

I could see the effort she made to control herself.

"Yes, my friend," she faltered, "I *will* deal justly with you. I have not listened to your words with an unmoved heart; but not till to-morrow can I answer you. I must have time to think. But I will give you this."

She took the rose from her hair, and laid it in my hand with a regal grace. I have it still. I went down stairs and groped my way home, for there was a mist before my eyes, and though the evening was still, and the sunset clouds were bright, I could not see.

I will not write of the next twenty-four hours. Hard as it was to keep away from her, I obeyed her wishes. I did not even enter, that day, the street where she lived, though I could not stay in-doors. I paced restlessly through and through the most crowded thoroughfares, striving to drown, in the confusion, the longing cry of my anxious, uncertain heart.

That night, when I had climbed the stairs, I found Margaret's door open, as before. But where was she whose smile had so often transformed for me into Eden the little circumference bounded by those four walls? The room bore no trace of her presence. The pictures were gone from the walls—the easel from the corner—the rose-bush from the window. I write these things calmly now, but I did not look upon them calmly then. On the table lay a letter, superscribed with my name. This, then, would explain the mystery. I seized it. I never knew how I got down the stairs, or how I found my way home; but I broke the seal of that letter in my own room. I will copy it, word for word; but I can not tell you how I read it—with what tears, what prayers, what passion of love and despair. It told her story in these words:

"My friend, my life's one friend, I said I would deal justly with you, and I will, though it should break my heart. I will force my mind to be calm, my memory to be clear, my hand steady. I will give you the confidence you were too generous to ask. I will unvail for you my past life.

"Thirty-three years ago a baby was born in a pleasant country home in England. It was the first child, after seven years of marriage. It came to two who loved each other dearly—who received it with joy and thanksgiving. It grew up, so I have heard, into a beautiful child. I can remember, even now, the praises and caresses which were lavished on me in those early years—the green fields, and the blossoms about my home, the singing birds, and the blue sky which arched over my happy life. My parents were not wealthy, but my mother had been bred a lady, and I grew up surrounded by all the refinements of life.

"When I was only sixteen—a child still, in my impulsiveness—a stranger came to the neighborhood of my home; a young man. Oh, how handsome he was, and what a flattering tongue he had! It might have wiled away a seraph out of Paradise. I learned soon to love him. My nature was never one that could love lightly, and

soon I yielded up my heart to him, with all its fullness of tenderness and youthful trust. My parents strove to break off our acquaintance. He was called wild and dissolute, and they forbade me to see him. But I thought they wronged him, and clung to him only the more resolutely. I met him by stealth; and it was not long before he had persuaded me to consent to a secret marriage. I fled with him, without a word of farewell to my father or my mother. I left only a note behind me, explaining the motives of my flight.

"Well, he established me, hundreds of miles away, in a pleasant home; and here, for two years, I was happy. For a long time his devotion continued unabated; and when, after a year had passed, he seemed to get a little weary of being alone with me, and wished to make journeys now and then, and sometimes to gather his friends about him, I thought it but natural, and did not repine. I bore his absence the better, for on my breast lay a baby-girl, who looked at me with her father's eyes. With her in my arms, I was never sad or lonely. I thought, too, that her father loved me. Fear that he would change, or suspicion of his truth, had never crossed my mind.

"Did I tell you he was rich? In spite of this, however, we lived very quietly with only two servants. One day he had a friend to dine with him. I did not like the man's face, and I excused myself from joining them. Indeed my baby needed my care. After an hour she grew restless in her sleep, and seemed feverish. I was always very anxious where she was concerned, and I thought I would go down and ask her father to look at her.

"When I reached the dining-room, I could tell by the sound that they were through dinner and sitting over their wine. I was about to open the door when I heard my name, my maiden name, spoken by the visitor in a sneering tone. I paused, with a natural impulse to listen. O Heaven, how shall I tell you the discovery I made in that hour? The man I had called my husband was telling by what means he had inveigled me into his power by a mock marriage. Oh, do not scorn me too bitterly, Robert Payson, but I learned then and there that I was a mother and no wife. Nor was this all. The man whom I had so loved, whom, God help me, I did so love still, was planning how to dispose of me so that I would not be an encumbrance in the way of his marrying one Lady Elinor, a rich heiress, whom, it seemed, he had been wooing and nearly won.

"My first thought was to burst into the room and denounce him then and there for his treachery. But how then could I escape from him—from this shame which was turning my heart to stone? Once in his presence and I should be in his power, for I knew myself and the mad love I bore him. No, I must never look upon his face again. Never again should he hear my voice, until its echo should haunt him, as I knew it would, on his death-day. I gave my-

self no time for moans or tears. I would not look in the face my anguish, my despair. I went quickly up stairs. My little girl was sleeping more quietly. I did not disturb her. Hurriedly I put together a few necessary changes of raiment. I was unwilling to take any thing from him; but for my child's sake, his child and mine, I must not heed such scruples. I had a set of diamonds, the only very expensive present he had ever made me. I knew that he had given something over four hundred pounds for them. These I secreted about my person. I had, besides, a small purse of money. I wrote on a slip of paper these words:

"I have heard your confession. I relieve you of my presence. You will never see either of us again, me or your child. Marry the Lady Elinor, and may the Lord deal more kindly with you than you have dealt with me!"

"I placed this where it would meet his eye, perhaps not at once, but before many hours. Then my preparations were complete. I took up my darling very carefully, so as not to waken her. I stole down stairs with her folded close to my bosom. Do you wonder now that I could paint Hagar and Ishmael—I, who went forth a more lonely wanderer than she, with no angel of the Lord to minister unto me?

"But I must not linger by the way. I do not know whether he whom I had thought my husband pursued me. I never saw his face again. It was five days before I reached my home. All day I walked onward, foot-sore and weary, and then at night I would procure a lodging from some kind cottager. My baby had seemed to improve during all this time despite the fatigue. The fresh air, the sunshine, and the sweet breath of the summer meadows, had been to her like a draught of life. But not even her head pressed against my heart, her little hands wandering over my bosom, could still the passionate pulses of my despair. Cast out and forsaken of men I felt myself. I had but one wish in life—every hour it grew stronger—a wild, despairing longing to get home, only to get home; to drag myself to my mother's side; to pray for her forgiveness; to see once more her kind eyes; to hear her gentle voice; to lay on her bosom my helpless baby, and then die. Ever, in fancy, I seemed to see the pleasant country church-yard. Wooingly its yew-trees stretched their green arms toward me. How I panted to lie down under them in a long and dreamless sleep!

"The fifth night found me still six miles from home. I was so worn-out and exhausted I could drag my weary limbs no farther. I sought, as usual, a humble lodging, and, with my baby on my breast, sank into the deep sleep of fatigue. A little after midnight I awoke. The close air of the room seemed to stifle me. I could sleep no more. I was too restless to lie still. At last the home-longing became irresistible. I rose, dressed myself and my child, and started once more on the high-road toward the little village which was the goal of my pil-

grimage. When I arrived there it was the early morning. The sun had not yet risen, but clouds of gold and crimson and purple were heralding his coming. The village was still. At a little distance I could see the white chimneys of my father's house rising through the surrounding greenery. I turned my steps that way. 'Courage, darling,' I murmured to the sleeping baby upon my bosom, 'soon we shall be at home.'

"All at once, involuntarily, my feet were stayed. I heard a voice as plainly as I shall ever hear the Archangel's summons when the day of the Lord shall come. It said—

"Go to the church-yard. It is there she waits for you.'

"Mechanically I turned and entered the place of graves. Tremblingly I sought the sheltered nook where my grand-parents were sleeping. There was another mound, a fresh-dug mound, beside them. For a moment I was dizzy. I could see nothing. Then the mist cleared from my eyes and I sank on my knees beside the new head-stone. O God, it bore my mother's name, and under it these words of maddening reproach—

"Her heart broke, and she died.'

"Oh mother, sainted mother, even from the grave your blood called upward to accuse me. Thus was my longing answered. The mother eyes, whose pity I had thought to meet, forever closed—the mother voice, whose forgiveness I had prayed to hear, forever hushed—the mother bosom, where I had thought my babe should find a home, cold as the head-stone over it. For one moment I sank down in dumb and helpless despair. Then a cry burst from my lips—

"O God, let us both die here, I and my child!"

"Just then the sun burst through the morning clouds. Its first rays fell upon the head-stone and revealed to me, on its other side, what I had not before seen—a sculptured angel, its wings poised as if for flight, its eyes uplifted to Heaven, and underneath it the words—

"Our loss was her gain."

"Through them stole the first ray of comfort to my darkened soul. She was happy now, my mother who had lived and died for me. I too was a mother. I too had a child to live for. There was no one on earth now to take my responsibility from me. Well, for the little one's sake I must endure life. I gathered her close to me. I breathed a silent yet fervent prayer to Heaven. Then I arose. I would not seek my father. I would spare him a meeting with his child who had broken her mother's heart. There was nothing more for me in the little country village. I gathered a daisy and a few spears of grass which had already sprung above my mother's heart, and placed them in my bosom; and then, drawing my vail over my face, I went back into the highway and walked rapidly out of the village. An hour after I sat down under a beech-tree, and drew my purse from my pocket. Hitherto I had performed my

journey on foot, determined that my small means should suffice to keep me, even in case of accidental delays, until I reached home. This was the more necessary as I did not wish to turn my diamonds into money, until I could send or carry them to London, where I thought I should be more likely to receive their just value.

"Now I had turned my back on home forever. I might as well go at once to London as any where. Three quarters of a mile away was a post station where I could take the London coach. I counted my money. I had enough to pay for an outside passage. I walked hurriedly on. I had a little fear lest the driver might recognize me, and was relieved as the coach came up to see that a stranger held the reins.

"That afternoon I reached London. I went to a quiet lodging-house, and having procured a room, put on the spare suit I had carried with me. Dressed thus in habiliments suited to a lady, I went out leaving my babe in the landlady's care, and effected the sale of my diamonds for three hundred pounds. I had enough practical knowledge to be aware that this sum would soon be exhausted if I did not contrive to eke it out by some resources of my own. The only one which suggested itself was my brush. My natural talent for art had been carefully cultivated by the best masters during the time I had lived with the man whose wife I had supposed myself. But I could not stay in London and paint. I could never rest until the ocean rolled between me and my babe's father. Oh, how I loved that man still! My heart clung to him with a mad, passionate grasp, but I would not have looked upon his face for worlds.

"I ran my eye over the advertisements in the evening paper. A vessel was to start in three days for America. I would go on her. What mattered it to what strange shores I drifted—I, a lonely human wreck?

"Thus it chanced that I found myself in the late autumn in New York. You, my friend, know something of the struggles of an unaided stranger who would win food and shelter by art. It was only now and then that I could sell a picture. But I contrived to live, and to make my little Grace comfortable and happy. Can you believe it? I was myself almost happy sometimes in those days. The burning sense of shame, of disgrace never left me, and the old love haunted me night and day with mocking whispers; but when my little girl could call me mother, when her young merry voice cooed out such music to my life, I could not be wholly desolate. Something of the balm and healing of motherhood came home to me—her kisses charmed, sometimes, my throbbing, lamenting heart into silence.

"Alas, I know not why God saw fit to make me wholly desolate. When she was not yet three years old she sickened suddenly and died. During the three days of her illness I prayed as I had never prayed before, but there came no

answer. I watched the light die out of her blue wistful eyes, her limbs stiffen into marble; her fluttering heart grow still and cease to beat, and then I no longer prayed or wept. I was calm, Robert Payson, calm; but it was a calmness more pitiful than the wildest passion. I followed her to the grave. I saw the earth heaped over her, and then I came home; home where I was all alone, where her voice would make no more music, her smile would make no more light—my arms were empty, my heart frozen.

"The next day I read in an English newspaper an account of her father's marriage to Lady Elinor Howard, but it moved me only to a scornful smile.

"I have lived alone twelve years since that day, and I have never had a friend since until I knew you. I painted with more power than ever, but my pictures were like my life, wild and despairing. No one would buy them. I was willing enough to die, but a memory of two whom I held dear in heaven, my mother and my child, kept me from voluntary suicide. So I procured the pattern drawing of which you complained. It kept me alive.

"You know most of my life since our first meeting. You have done me good. You have melted the frozen heart, and convinced me that there is yet honor and truth in the world.

"I told you that yesterday I fought a battle with a foe in my own heart and conquered. I will explain all to you now.

"Yesterday was the anniversary of my mock marriage. Yesterday morning, by some strange coincidence of fate or chance, I learned the death of the man I had once loved. It did not move me as it would have done even one year ago. I examined my own heart. I found that the love which had survived betrayal, anguish, and separation, was now dead utterly. I had forgiven Arthur Hastings fully and freely, but I did not love him. In the same hour another truth stood unmasked before me. I did love you—you who had never asked for my love. But I knew, I know not by what electric chord of sympathy, that your heart was mine. I did not blush for my love, but I strove to conquer its longings. I thought I had succeeded. But the struggle was a hard one. My life had been so dark, so lonely, how could I resolve, now that a cup of happiness bright, full, beaded, was held to my lips, with my own hands to put it from me?

"And yet I must make the sacrifice. I loved you too well to ally you with my shame, to give you the mere wreck and ruin of a life. Nay, when you knew all, you would perhaps yourself turn from me; and yet a secret instinct in my heart tells me you would cling to me still. No matter, I will not linger over the contest. The right triumphed. I resolved that I would keep you from ever asking me to love you. I would retain you my firm, faithful friend. Your friendship should brighten the sunset of my day. This thought gave me inexpressible

comfort. You found me joyous, triumphant. You told me your love, and by so doing you have separated us.

"I have been all night lingering over this letter. The new day which is breaking now brings with it work for me to do. I can not trust myself to see you again. When you come, at evening, for my answer, you will find this letter here, and not me. Do not mourn for me. I am not worth your sorrow. Waste no time in seeking for me. It will be impossible for you to find me. Indeed, were it possible, it would be worse than useless, for I would then put sea and land between us. It would only bring upon me a new trial. Now I shall please myself by thinking that only a few streets separate us. Nay, sometimes I may even pass you in the street. I may see your eyes and hear your voice. And you will never be far away from me. When I am dying I will send for you. You shall have my last prayer, my last blessing. Until then we must not meet.

"Oh, Robert, how can I say good-by, even on this paper, which seems, while I am writing, to link me with you? And yet I must say it in its fullest sense. God be with you, Robert Payson; God be with you!"

This was all. I could see where her tears had fallen upon the pages. She had loved me, and I had lost her. No, not lost her. She was pure as one of Heaven's angels in my eyes, dearer to me than ever. I would not allow myself to despair. Could a few streets separate two souls which belonged to each other? I would find her, and she should not again tear herself from me. Her own heart, her loving, woman's heart, would second my prayers.

The next day I commenced my search. For three months I continued it. Sometimes I would see a figure far in advance of me which I thought was hers. I would hurry on breathlessly and overtake it, and some cold, strange face would meet my anxious look. I sought her every where. I asked after her at every picture-store and exhibition-room. No one answering my description had been seen in any of them.

At last, one evening, I sat alone in my room, thinking of her as usual. It was late autumn now and a fire had been kindled. While I sat looking musingly into the embers, with the suddenness of an inspiration a new device came to me. This it was:

I would take the sketch which I executed the day after I saw her first, and place it in the window of a well-known picture-dealer on Broadway, with my name under it. She had never seen it, but I knew its subject could not fail to move her deeply. There was true genius in it. Even I was convinced of that. The wild, turbulent stretch of waters—the one lone woman white and despairing upon the beach—the woman with a face so like Margaret's own that I could not bear to look at her. She could not see that picture unmoved. I would wait day

after day within that shop till she should come, as I never doubted she would come at last. Thus I would regain my lost treasure. When I think now what a wild, almost impossible scheme of chance was this which I adopted with such implicit faith, I wonder at myself; but it did not even seem strange to me then.

Early next morning I went to the picture-dealer. Without any explanation of my motives I easily procured permission to exhibit the sketch in his window, and to spend as much time as I wished in his establishment. Providing myself with a book of superb engravings for an ostensible occupation, I stationed myself where I could see all the passers-by without being observed by them; and there I sat from morning till night. Not until the middle of the third day was any particular interest excited by the picture. Then a woman stopped to look at it. She seemed bent by age and infirmity. Through her thick veil I could see that her hair was silver white. Any where else I should not have questioned for a moment that she was an old lady of at least sixty. But her emotion was unequivocal. She gazed with absorbing interest upon the picture. I could see that she trembled visibly and grasped a railing in front of the window for support. Was it Margaret? Had I penetrated her disguise at last? My heart beat audibly. At length she tottered away. I sprang to the door and looked out after her. She moved on for a few steps, and then she sank, fainting and helpless, upon the pavement. I called to the driver of an empty carriage which was passing slowly by. I sprang to her side, lifted her up and put her into the vehicle, giving the coachman the number of my lodgings. He shut the door, mounted the box, and drove away.

I think I was scarcely less pale than she, but my wild excitement gave me strength. I untied her veil and removed her bonnet. With it fell off the silver hair. It was indeed my darling, my life's darling, whom I held in my arms; but oh how changed, and worn, and wasted was her face now! All this time she had not opened her eyes, nor could I discover that she breathed. Had I recovered her but to see her die? I shouted to the coachman to drive faster. Almost before I had spoken the words we were at home. I tossed the man his fare. I lifted her out and carried her up the steps. My landlady herself answered my impatient ring. I told her, in a few words, that the lady was a near and dear friend who had fainted in the street. Her womanly sympathy was aroused, and she joined me in efforts to restore her consciousness. Soon she drew a long, deep breath. I whispered Mrs. Barker to leave us alone lest the sight of a strange face might startle her. She obeyed.

When my beloved opened her eyes they met mine. I do not know what story she read in them, but she turned her own away, and a quick crimson overspread her pale face.

"Where am I, Robert?" she asked, in feeble

tones. I told her the story of my search, and in what manner I had at last found her, and then I cried out, triumphantly,

"And now God himself has given you to me. You shall never leave me again. You have no other friend. You have no home in all the world but in my heart. My beloved, my beloved!"

She did not answer me. I saw that she had relapsed again almost into insensibility. I hurried to Mrs. Barker, and explained her story in a few words, begging her to send at once for a physician. She was a good, kind creature, and she proved, in my hour of need, a faithful friend.

After that a long, slow fever followed, which brought Margaret very near to the gates of death. The doctor said that only untiring care could have saved her. I did not know what fatigue was in those days. Night and day I watched over her. She was what Mrs. Barker called light-headed, and during three weeks she did not seem to recognize me. At length the fever turned, and the calm light of reason came back to her eyes. As soon as I thought she could bear it I plead with her again, not for her love—she had assured me that was mine long ago—but for her hand in marriage. I showed her how utterly joyless and lonely my life was without her—how she could be its crown and glory. I told her how faultless and how pure she was in my sight, and then I prayed her, wildly, passionately, to be my wife. A smile broke over her pallid, wasted face; a smile of perfect trust, of unutterable love. She put her thin hand into mine. She murmured,

"You have saved my life, Robert; you have a right to dispose of it. If it is worth any thing to you now, you shall have it."

I sank on my knees beside her. I bowed my head to conceal the rush of glad, heart-relieving tears that would come, and then her feeble arms dropped around my neck and clung to me closely. I felt her lips press upon mine her first kiss.

Thus love triumphed.

A few days after she became my wife. I had asked only this of Heaven, and it was granted me. I had reached the goal of my life.

In the years that followed all the pictures I had made for myself of life with her were realized fully. We lived humbly, but happily. Sunny landscapes and joyous faces smiled on my wife's canvas, and even in my efforts she found something of which to be proud.

At length old age stole upon us, and turned our hair white; our eyes lost their power; our hands forgot their cunning. But he could not chill or make old our hearts.

Then Death surprised us. He stilled my wife's pulses, and hushed the voice I loved to hear. He led her before me into the country of shadows; but our love triumphed over even him. Night and day, though I see her not, I know she walks or sits beside me; and before many months, kind friends—I have friends now—will lay down "what once was me" to a long sleep beneath the trees of Greenwood, beside the

grave in which her worn frame lies mouldering. But somewhere, far away, she and I shall rejoice together in immortal love and immortal youth. Some patient reader will pause, perchance, over this record of our two lives, but

"We shall be gone, past night, past day,
Over the hills and far away."

LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX," ETC.

LOOKING over the *Times*' advertisements, one's eye often catches such as the following: "Lost, a Youth" (while ships and schools exist, not so very mysterious); "Missing, an Elderly Gentleman" (who has apparently walked quietly off to his City office one morning, and never been heard of more).—Or merely, "Left his Home, John So-and-So," who, after more or less entreaties to return thereto, may have the pleasure of seeing, by succeeding advertisements of "Reward Offered," whether he is valued by his disconsolate kindred at ten, fifteen, or fifty pounds. Other "bits" there are at which we feel it cruel to smile; one, for instance, which appeared for months on the first day of the month, saying: "If you are not at home by" such a date, "I shall have left England in search of you;" and proceeding to explain that he or she had left orders for that periodical advertisement; giving also addresses of banker, etc., in case of the other's coming home meantime; all with a curious business-like, and yet pathetic providence against all chances, which rarely springs from any source save one.

All newspaper readers must have noticed in mysterious accidents or murders what numbers of people are sure to come forward in hopes of identifying the unknown "body." In a late case, when a young woman was found brutally shot in a wood, it was remarkable how many came from all parts of the country to view the corpse—persons who had missing relatives bearing the same initials as those on the victim's linen—parents with a daughter gone to service, and then entirely lost sight of—friends with a friend gone to meet her husband and embark for Australia, but who had never embarked or been heard of again; and so on: all seeking some clew to a mournful mystery, which may remain such to this day, for the dead woman turned out to belong to none of them.

But these things suggest the grave reflection—what a number of people there must be in the world who are, not figuratively or poetically, but literally "lost;" who by some means or other, accident, intention, carelessness, misfortune, or crime, have slipped out of the home circle, or the wider round of friendship or acquaintanceship, and never reappeared more; whose place has gradually been filled up; whose very memory is almost forgotten, and against whose name and date of birth in the family Bible—if they ever had a family and a Bible—stands neither the brief momentous annotation

"*Married*," etc., nor the still briefer, and often much safer and happier inscription, "*Died*"—nothing save the ominous, pathetic blank, which only the unvalued secrets of the Last Day will ever fill up.

In the present times, when every body is running to and fro—when, instead of the rule, it is quite the exception to meet with any man who has not navigated at least half of the globe—when almost every large family has one or more of its members scattered in one or two quarters of the civilized or uncivilized world—cases such as these must occur often. Indeed, nearly every person's knowledge or experience could furnish some. What a list it would make! worse, if possible, than the terrible "*List of Killed and Wounded*" which dims and blinds many an uninterested eye; or the "*List of Passengers and Crew*," after an ocean-shipwreck, where common sense forebodes that "*missing*" must necessarily imply death—how, God knows!—yet sure and speedy death. But in this unwritten list of "*lost*," death is a certainty never to be attained—not even when such certainty would be almost as blessed as life, or happy return—or more so.

For in these cases the "*lost*" are not alone to be considered. By that strange dispensation of Providence which often makes the most reckless the most lovable, and the most froward the most beloved, it rarely happens that the most Cain-like vagabond that wanders over the face of the earth has not some human being who cares for him—in greater or less degree, yet still cares for him. Nor, abjuring this view of the subject, can we take the strictly practical side of it, without perceiving that it is next to impossible for any human being so completely to isolate himself from his species that his life or death shall not affect any other human being in any possible way.

Doubtless many persuade themselves of this fact, through bravado or misanthropy, or the thoughtless selfishness which a wandering life almost invariably induces. They maintain the doctrine which—when a man has been tossed up and down the world, in India, America, Australia, in all sorts of circumstances and among all sorts of people—he is naturally prone to believe the one great truth of life: "*Every man for himself, and God for us all.*" But it is not a truth; it is a lie. Where every man lives only for himself, it is—not God—but the devil—"for us all."

It is worth while, in thinking of those who are thus voluntarily "*lost*," to suggest this fact to the great tide of our emigrating youth, who go—and God speed them if they go honestly—to make in a new country the bread they can not find here. In all the changes of work and scene many are prone gradually to forget—some to believe themselves forgotten—home fades away in distance—letters get fewer and fewer. The wanderer begins to feel himself a waif and stray. Like Dickens's poor Jo, he has got into a habit of being "*chivied and chivied*," and

kept "*moving on*," till he has learned to feel no particular tie or interest in any body or any thing, and therefore concludes nobody can have any tie or interest in him. So he just writes home by rare accident, when he happens to remember it—or never writes at all—vanishes slowly from every body's reach, or drops suddenly out of the world; nobody knows how, or when, or where; nor ever can know, till the earth and sea give up their dead—

"But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home,
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come."

Alas! how many a household, how many a heart, has borne that utterly irremediable and interminable anguish, worse far than the anguish over a grave, which Wordsworth has faintly indicated in "*The Affliction of Margaret*:"

"Where art thou, my beloved son?
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh, find me—prosperous or undone!
Or if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same,
That I may rest, and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?"

I look for ghosts, but none will force
Their way to me. 'Tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Betwixt the living and the dead;
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite."

It may seem a painfully small and practical lesson to draw from an agony so unspeakable; but surely it can not be too strongly impressed upon our wandering youth who go to earn their living across the seas—in the Australian bush, or the Canadian forests, or the greater wildernesses of foreign cities, east and west—that they ought every where, and under all available circumstances, to endeavor to leave a clew whereby their friends may hear of them, living or dead. That if, always, it is the duty of a solitary man or woman, while living, so to arrange affairs that his or her death shall cause least pain or trouble to any one else, surely this is ten-fold the duty of those who go abroad; that whatever happens, they may be to those that love them only the dead, never the "*lost*."

Sometimes under this category come persons of a totally different fate—and yet the same—whose true history is rarely found out till it is ended, and perhaps not then. People who have sprung up, nobody knows how—who have nobody belonging to them, neither ancestors nor descendants; though as soon as they are gone hundreds are wildly eager to make themselves out to be either or both. Of such is a case now pending, well known in the west of Scotland, where the "*next of kin*" to an almost fabulous amount of property is advertised for by government, once in seven years, and where scores of Scotch cousins, indefinitely removed, periodically turn up, and spend hundreds of pounds in proving, or failing to prove—for all have failed

hitherto—their relationship to the “dear deceased.” This was an old gentleman in India, who neither there nor in his native Scotland had a single soul belonging to him, or caring to “call cousins” with him; who, indeed, had never been heard of till he died, worth a million or so, leaving all the wealth he had labored to amass to—Nobody. Truly the poor solitary nabob may be put among the melancholy record of those “lost,” whose names have been long erased, or were never writ, on the only tablet worth any thing in this world—the register of friendship, kindred, home.

Similar instances of fortunes, greater or less, “going a-begging” for want of heirs, are common enough—commoner than people have the least idea of. Government annually pockets—very honestly, and after long search and patient waiting—a considerable sum, composed of unclaimed bank dividends, and real and personal property of all kinds, the heir or heirs to which it is impossible to find. Among these, the amount of dead sailors’ pay is said to be a remarkable item—thousands of pounds, being wages due, thus yearly lapsing to government, because all the ingenuity of the harbor-master, into whose hands the money is required to be paid, can not find any relative of poor departed “Bill” or “Jack”—whose place of birth has likely been never heard of—who has gone under so many aliases that even his right surname is scarcely discoverable, and often has lived, died, and been buried as simple “Jack” or “Bill,” without any surname at all.

This indifference to a hereditary patronymic is a curious characteristic of all wanderers of the lower class. Soldiers, sailors, and navvies engaged abroad, will often be found to have gone by half a dozen different surnames, or to have let the original name be varied *ad libitum*, as from Donald to M'Donald, and back again to Donaldson, possibly ending as O'Donnell, or plain Don. Frequently, in engaging themselves, they will give any new name that comes uppermost—Smith, Brown, Jones; or will change names with a “mate”—after the German fashion of ratifying the closest bond of friendship—thereby producing inextricable confusion, should they chance to die, leaving any thing to be inherited.

Otherwise—of course it matters not. They just drop out of life, nameless and unnoticed, of no more account than a pebble dropped into the deep sea; and yet every one of them must have had a father and a mother, may have had brothers and sisters, might have had wives and children, and all the close links of home. Much as we pity those who lose all these—the bonds, duties, and cares which, however heavy sometimes, are a man's greatest safeguard and strength, without which he is but a rootless tree, a dead log drifted about on the waters—still more may we pity those, in all ranks and positions of life, who are thus “lost.” Not in any discreditable sense, perhaps from no individual fault; but that fatal “conjuncture of circumstances,” far

easier to blame than to overcome—possibly from being “too easy,” “too good,” “nobody's enemy but their own.” Still, by some means or other—God help them!—they have let themselves drop out of the chain of consecutive existence, like a bead dropped off a string, and are “lost.”

Equally so are some—of whom few of us are so happy as never to have counted any—whom the American poet Bryant, already quoted, touchingly characterizes as “the living lost.” Not the fallen, the guilty, or even the prodigal, so hopelessly degraded that only at the gates of the grave and from one Father can he look for that restoration, to grant which, “while he was yet afar off, his Father saw him.” Not these, but others who bear no outward sign of their condition; whom the world calls fortunate, happy, righteous—and so they may be toward many, yet to a few, familiar with their deepest hearts, knowing all they were and might have been, still be irrevocably, hopelessly, “the living lost.” Lost as utterly as if the grave had swallowed them up, mourned as bitterly as one mourneth for those that depart to return no more.

Every body owns some of these; kindred, whom prosperity has taught that “blood” is not “thicker than water;” friends who have long ceased to share any thing of friendship but the name—perhaps even not that; lovers who meet accidentally as strangers; brothers and sisters who pass one another in the street with averted faces—the same faces which “cuddled” cozily up to the same mother's breast. These things are sad—sad and strange; so strange, that we hardly believe them in youth, at least not as possible to happen to us; and yet they do happen, and we are obliged to bear them. Obligated to endure losses worse than death, and never seem as if we had lost any thing—smilingly to take the credit of possessions that we know are ours no longer—or quietly to close accounts, pay an honorable dividend, cheat nobody, and sit down, honest beggars—but 'tis over! Most of us—as at this season of the year we are prone, morally as well as arithmetically, to calculate our havings and spendings, and strike the balance of our property—are also prone—and it may be good for us too—to linger a little over the one brief item, “Lost.”

But in all good lives, even as in all well-balanced, prudent ledgers, this item is far less heavy in the sum total than at first appears. Ay, though therein we have to count, year by year, deaths many, partings many, infidelities and estrangements not a few. Though if by good fortune or good providence we be not ourselves among the list of the lost, we have no guarantee against being numbered among that of the losers.

The most united family may have to count among its members one “black sheep,” pitied or blamed, by a few lingeringly, hopelessly, sorrowfully loved; coming back at intervals, generally to every body's consternation and pain;

at last never coming back any more. The faithful of friends may come one day to clasp his friend's hand, look in his friend's face—and find there something altogether new and strange, which he shrinks from as from some unholy spirit, which has entered and possessed itself of the familiar form. The fondest and best of mothers may live to miss, silently and tearlessly, from her Christmas-table, some one child whom she knows, and knows that all her other children know, is more welcome in absence than in presence, whom to have laid sinless in a baby's coffin and buried years ago would have been as nothing—nothing.

Yet all these things must be, and we must pass through them, that in the mysterious working of evil with good our souls may come out purified as with fire. The comfort is, that in the total account of gains and losses every honest and tender soul will find out, soon or late, that the irremediable catalogue of the latter is, we repeat, far lighter than at first seems.

For, who are the "lost?" Not the dead, who "rest from their labors," and with whom to die is often to be eternally beloved and remembered. Not the far-away, who, especially at this festival time, are as close to every faithful heart as if their faces laughed at the Christmas-board, and their warm grasp wished all "A happy new year." Never, under all circumstances that unkind fate can mesh together, under all partings that death can make, need those fear to be either lost or losers who, in the words of our English prayer-book, can pray together that "amidst all the chances and changes of this mortal life, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found." Where, whatever may be the "tongue of men or of angels" that we shall have learned to speak with then, we may be quite sure that there shall be in it no such word as "Lost."

THE VIRGINIANS. BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XVII. ON THE SCENT.

YOUNG Harry Warrington's act of revolt came so suddenly upon Madame de Bernstein that she had no other way of replying to it than by the prompt outbreak of anger with which we left her in the last chapter. She darted two fierce glances at Lady Fanny and her mother as she quitted the room. Lady Maria, over her tambour-frame, escaped without the least notice, and scarcely lifted up her head from her embroidery to watch the aunt retreating, or the looks which mamma-in-law and sister threw at one another.

"So, in spite of all, you *have*, madam?" the maternal looks seemed to say.

"Have what?" asked Lady Fanny's eyes. But what good in looking innocent? She looked puzzled. She did not look one-tenth part as innocent as Maria. Had she been guilty, she would have looked not guilty much more cleverly;

and would have taken care to study and compose a face so as to be ready to suit the plea. Whatever was the expression of Fanny's eyes, mamma glared on her as if she would have liked to tear them out.

But Lady Castlewood could not operate upon the said eyes then and there, like the barbarous monsters in the stage-direction in *King Lear*. When her ladyship was going to tear out her daughter's eyes, she would retire smiling, with an arm round her dear child's waist, and then gouge her in private.

"So you don't fancy going with the old lady to Tunbridge Wells?" was all she said to Cousin Warrington, wearing at the same time a perfectly well-bred simper on her face.

"And small blame to our cousin!" interposed my lord. (The face over the tambour-frame looked up for one instant.) "A young fellow must not have it all idling and holiday. Let him mix up something useful with his pleasures, and go to the fiddles and pump-rooms at Tunbridge or the Bath later. Mr. Warrington has to conduct a great estate in America: let him see how ours in England are carried on. Will hath shown him the kennel and the stables, and the games in vogue, which I think, cousin, you seem to play as well as your teachers. After harvest, we will show him a little English fowling and shooting; in winter, we will take him out a-hunting. Though there has been a coolness between us and our aunt-kinswoman in Virginia, yet we are of the same blood. Ere we send our cousin back to his mother, let us show him what an English gentleman's life at home is. I should like to read with him as well as sport with him, and that is why I have been pressing him of late to stay and bear me company."

My lord spoke with such perfect frankness that his mother-in-law and half-brother and sister could not help wondering what his meaning could be. The three last-named persons often held little conspiracies together, and caballed or grumbled against the head of the house. When he adopted that frank tone, there was no fathoming his meaning: often it would not be discovered until months had passed. He did not say "This is true;" but, "I mean that this statement should be accepted and believed in my family." It was then a thing *convenue* that my Lord Castlewood had a laudable desire to cultivate the domestic affections, and to educate, amuse, and improve his young relative; and that he had taken a great fancy to the lad, and wished that Harry should stay for some time near his lordship.

"What is Castlewood's game now?" asked William of his mother and sister, as they disappeared into the corridors. "Stop! By George, I have it!"

"What, William?"

"He intends to get him to play, and to win the Virginia estate back from him. That's what it is!"

"But the lad has not got the Virginia estate

to pay, if he loses," remarks mamma.

"If my brother has not some scheme in view, may I be—"

"Hush! Of course he has a scheme in view. But what is it?"

"He can't mean Maria—Maria is as old as Harry's mother," muses Mr. William.

"Pooh! with her old face and sandy hair and freckled skin! Impossible!" cries Lady Fanny, with somewhat of a sigh.

"Of course, your ladyship had a fancy for the Iroquois, too!" cried mamma.

"I trust I know my station and duty better, madam! If I had liked him, that is no reason why I should marry him. Your ladyship hath taught me as much as that."

"My Lady Fanny!"

"I am sure you married our papa without liking him. You have told me so a thousand times!"

"And if you did not love our father before marriage, you certainly did not fall in love with him afterward," broke in Mr. William, with a laugh. "Fan and I remember how our honored parents used to fight. Don't us, Fan? And our brother Esmond kept the peace."

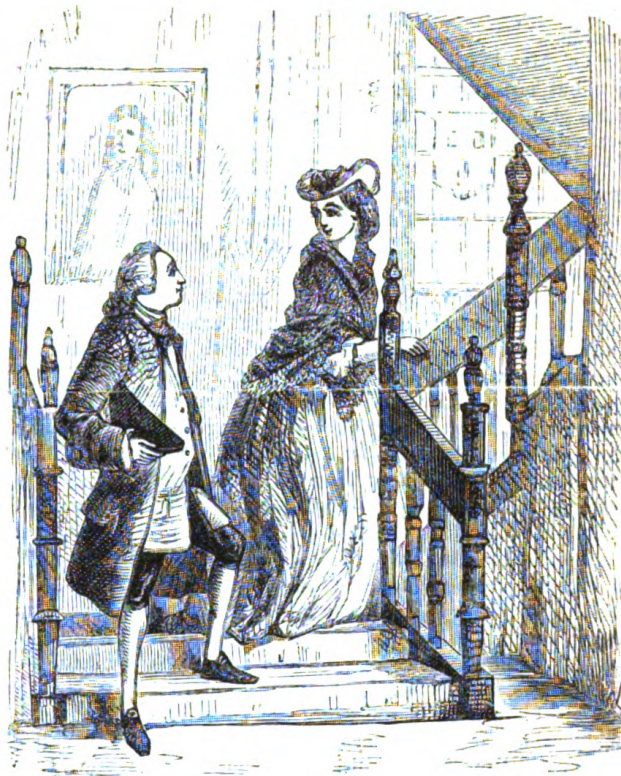
"Don't recall those dreadful low scenes, William!" cries mamma. "When your father took too much drink, he was like a madman; and his conduct should be a warning to you, Sir, who are fond of the same horrid practice."

"I am sure, madam, you were not much the happier for marrying the man you did not like, and your ladyship's title hath brought very little along with it," whimpered out Lady Fanny. "What is the use of a coronet with the jointure of a tradesman's wife?—how many of them are richer than we are? There is come lately to live in our Square, at Kensington, a grocer's widow from London Bridge, whose daughters have three gowns where I have one; and who, though they are waited on but by a man and a couple of maids, I know eat and drink a thousand times better than we do with our scraps of cold meat on our plate, and our great flaunting, trapesing, impudent, lazy lackeys!"

"He! he! glad I dine at the palace, and not at home!" said Mr. Will. (Mr. Will, through his aunt's interest with Count Puffendorf, Groom of the Royal (and Serene Electoral) Powder-Closet, had one of the many small places at Court, that of Deputy-Powder).

"Why should I not be happy without any title except my own?" continued Lady Frances. "Many people are. I dare say they are even happy in America."

"Yes! with a mother-in-law who is a per-



fect Turk and Tartar, for all I hear—with Indian war-whoops howling all round you: and with a danger of losing your scalp, or of being eat up by a wild beast every time you went to church."

"I wouldn't go to church," said Lady Fanny.

"You'd go with any body who asked you, Fan!" roared out Mr. Will: "and so would old Maria, and so would any woman, that's the fact:" and Will laughed at his own wit.

"Pray, good folks, what is all your merriment about?" here asked Madame Bernstein, peeping in on her relatives from the tapestried door which led into the gallery where their conversation was held.

Will told her that his mother and sister had been having a fight (which was not a novelty, as Madame Bernstein knew), because Fanny wanted to marry their cousin, the wild Indian, and my lady countess would not let her. Fanny protested against this statement. Since the very first day when her mother had told her not to speak to the young gentleman she had scarcely exchanged two words with him. She knew her station better. She did not want to be scalped by wild Indians, or eat up by bears.

Madame de Bernstein looked puzzled. "If he is not staying for you, for whom is he staying?" she asked. "At the houses to which he has been carried, you have taken care not to show him a woman that is not a fright or in the nursery; and I think the boy is too proud to fall in love with a dairymaid, Will."

"Humph! That is a matter of taste,

ma'am," says Mr. William, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Of Mr. William Esmond's taste, as you say; but not of yonder boy's. The Esmonds of his grandfather's nurture, Sir, would not go a-courting in the kitchen."

"Well, ma'am, every man to his taste, I say again. A fellow might go farther and fare worse than my brother's servants'-hall, and, besides Fan, there's only the maids or old Maria to choose from."

"Maria! Impossible!" And yet, as she spoke the very words, a sudden thought crossed Madame Bernstein's mind, that this elderly Calypso might have captivated her young Telemachus. She called to mind half a dozen instances in her own experience of young men who had been infatuated by old women. She remembered how frequent Harry Warrington's absences had been of late—absences which she attributed to his love for field-sports. She remembered how often, when he was absent, Maria Esmond was away too. Walks in cool avenues, whisperings in garden temples, or behind clipped hedges, casual squeezes of the hand in twilight corridors, or sweet glances and ogles in meetings on the stairs—a lively fancy, an intimate knowledge of the world, very likely, a considerable personal experience in early days, suggested all these possibilities and chances to Madame de Bernstein, just as she was saying that they were impossible.

"Impossible, ma'am! I don't know," Will continued. "My mother warned Fan off him."

"Oh, your mother *did* warn Fanny off?"

"Certainly, my dear Baroness!"

"Didn't she? Didn't she pinch Fanny's arm black and blue? Didn't they fight about it?"

"Nonsense, William! For shame, William!" cry both the implicated ladies in a breath.

"And now, since we have heard how rich he is, perhaps it is sour grapes, that is all. And now, since he is warned off the young bird, perhaps he is hunting the old one, that's all. Impossible! why impossible? You know old Lady Suffolk, ma'am?"

"William, how can you speak about Lady Suffolk to your aunt?"

A grin passed over the countenance of the young gentleman. "Because Lady Suffolk was a special favorite at Court? Well, other folks have succeeded her."

"Sir!" cries Madame de Bernstein, who may have had her reasons to take offense.

"So they have, I say; or who, pray, is my Lady Yarmouth now! And didn't old Lady Suffolk go and fall in love with George Berkeley, and marry him when she was ever so old? Nay, ma'am, if I remember right—and we hear a deal of town-talk at our table—Harry Estridge went mad about your ladyship when you were somewhat rising twenty; and would have changed your name a third time if you would but have let him."

This allusion to an adventure of her own

later days, which was, indeed, pretty notorious to all the world, did not anger Madame de Bernstein, like Will's former hint about his aunt having been a favorite at George the Second's Court; but, on the contrary, set her in good humor.

"*As fait*," she said, musing, as she played a pretty little hand on the table, and no doubt thinking about mad young Harry Estridge; "'tis not impossible, William, that old folks and young folks, too, should play the fool."

"But I can't understand a young fellow being in love with Maria," continued Mr. William, "however he might be with *you*, ma'am. That's *oter shose*, as our French tutor used to say. You remember the Count, ma'am; he, he!—and so does Maria!"

"William!"

"And I dare say the Count remembers the bastinado Castlewood had given to him. A confounded French dancing-master calling himself a count, and daring to fall in love in our family! Whenever I want to make myself uncommonly agreeable to old Maria, I just say a few words of *parly voo* to her. *She* knows what I mean."

"Have you abused her to your cousin, Harry Warrington?" asked Madame de Bernstein.

"Well—I know she is always abusing me—and I *have* said my mind about her," said Will.

"Oh you idiot!" cried the old lady. "Who but a gaby ever spoke ill of a woman to her sweet-heart? He will tell her every thing, and they both will hate you."

"The very thing, ma'am!" cried Will, bursting into a great laugh. "I had a sort of a suspicion, you see, and two days ago, as we were riding together, I told Harry Warrington a bit of my mind about Maria;—why shouldn't I, I say? She is always abusing me, ain't she, Fan? And your favorite turned as red as my plush waistcoat—wondered how a gentleman could malign his own flesh and blood, and, trembling all over with rage, said I was no true Esmond."

"Why didn't you chastise him, Sir, as my lord did the dancing-master?" cried Lady Castlewood.

"Well, mother—you see that at quarter-staff there's two sticks used," replied Mr. William; "and my opinion is, that Harry Warrington can guard his own head uncommonly well. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I did not offer to treat my cousin to a caning. And now you say so, ma'am, I know he has told Maria. She has been looking battle, murder, and sudden death at me ever since. All which shows—" and here he turned to his aunt.

"All which shows what?"

"That I think we are on the right scent; and that we've found Maria—the old fox!" And the ingenuous youth here clapped his hand to his mouth, and gave a loud halloo.

How far had this pretty intrigue gone? now was the question. Mr. Will said, that at her

age, Maria would be for conducting matters as rapidly as possible, not having much time to lose. There was not a great deal of love lost between Will and his half-sister.

"Who would sift the matter to the bottom? Scolding one party or the other was of no avail. Threats only served to aggravate people in such cases. I never was in danger but once, young people," said Madame de Bernstein, "and I think that was because my poor mother contradicted me. If this boy is like others of his family, the more we oppose him, the more *entêté* he will be; and we shall never get him out of his scrape."

"Faith, ma'am, suppose we leave him in it?" grumbled Will. "Old Maria and I don't love each other too much, I grant you; but an English Earl's daughter is good enough for an American tobacco-planter, when all is said and done."

Here his mother and sister broke out. They would not hear of such a union. To which Will answered, "You are like the dog in the manger. You don't want the man yourself, Fanny—"

"I want him, indeed!" cries Lady Fanny, with a toss of her head.

"Then why grudge him to Maria? I think Castlewood wants her to have him."

"Why grudge him to Maria, Sir?" cried Madame de Bernstein, with great energy. "Do you remember who the poor boy is, and what your house owes to his family? His grandfather was the best friend your father ever had, and gave up this estate, this title, this very castle, in which you are conspiring against the friendless Virginian lad, that you and yours might profit by it. And the reward for all this kindness is, that you all but shut the door on the child when he knocks at it, and talk of marrying him to a silly elderly creature who might be his mother! He *sha'n't* marry her."

"The very thing we were saying and thinking, my dear Baroness!" interposes Lady Castlewood. "Our part of the family is not eager about the match, though my lord and Maria may be."

"You would like him for yourself, now that you hear he is rich—and may be richer, young people, mind you that," cried Madam Beatrix, turning upon the other women.

"Mr. Warrington may be ever so rich, madam, but there is no need why your ladyship should perpetually remind us that we are poor," broke in Lady Castlewood, with some spirit. "At least there is very little disparity in Fanny's age and Mr. Harry's; and you surely will be the last to say that a lady of our name and family is not good enough for any gentleman born in Virginia or elsewhere."

"Let Fanny take an English gentleman, Countess, not an American. With such a name and such a mother to help her, and with all her good looks and accomplishments, sure, she can't fail of finding a man worthy of her. But from what I know about the daughters of this house,

and what I imagine about our young cousin, I am certain that no happy match could be made between them."

"What does my aunt know about me?" asked Lady Fanny, turning very red.

"Only your temper, my dear. You don't suppose that I believe all the tittle-tattle and scandal which one can not help hearing in town? But the temper and early education are sufficient. Only fancy one of you condemned to leave St. James's and the Mall, and live in a plantation surrounded by savages! You would die of ennui, or worry your husband's life out with your ill-humor. You are born, ladies, to ornament courts—not wigwams. Let this lad go back to his wilderness with a wife who is suited to him."

The other two ladies declared in a breath that, for their parts, they desired no better, and, after a few more words, went on their way, while Madame de Bernstein, lifting up her tapestried door, retired into her own chamber. She saw all the scheme now; she admired the ways of women, calling a score of little circumstances back to mind. She wondered at her own blindness during the last few days, and that she should not have perceived the rise and progress of this queer little intrigue. How far had it gone? was now the question. Was Harry's passion of the serious and tragical sort, or a mere fire of straw which a day or two would burn out? How deeply was he committed? She dreaded the strength of Harry's passion, and the weakness of Maria's. A woman of her age is so desperate, Madame Bernstein may have thought, that she will make any efforts to secure a lover. Scandal, bah! She will retire and be a princess in Virginia, and leave the folks in England to talk as much scandal as they choose.

Is there always, then, one thing which women do not tell to one another, and about which they agree to deceive each other? Does the concealment arise from deceit or modesty? A man, as soon as he feels an inclination for one of the other sex, seeks for a friend of his own to whom he may impart the delightful intelligence. A woman (with more or less skill) buries her secret away from her kind. For days and weeks past had not this old Maria made fools of the whole house—Maria, the butt of the family?

I forbear to go into too curious inquiries regarding the Lady Maria's antecedents. I have my own opinion about Madame Bernstein's. A hundred years ago people of the great world were not so straight-laced as they are now, when every body is good, pure, moral, modest; when there is no skeleton in any body's closet; when there is no scheming; no slurring over of old stories; when no girl tries to sell herself for wealth, and no mother abets her. Suppose my Lady Maria tries to make her little game, wherein is her ladyship's great eccentricity?

On these points no doubt the Baroness de Bernstein thought as she communed with herself in her private apartment.



CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OLD STORY.

As my Lady Castlewood and her son and daughter passed through one door of the saloon where they had all been seated, my Lord Castlewood departed by another issue; and then the demure eyes looked up from the tambour-frame on which they had persisted hitherto in examining the innocent violets and jonquils. The eyes looked up at Harry Warrington, who stood at an ancestral portrait under the great fireplace. He had gathered a great heap of blushes (those flowers which bloom so rarely after gentlefolks' spring-time); and with them ornamented his honest countenance, his cheeks, his forehead, nay, his youthful ears.

"Why did you refuse to go with our aunt, cousin?" asked the lady of the tambour-frame.

"Because your ladyship bade me stay," answered the lad.

"I bid you stay! La! child! What one says in fun, you take in earnest! Are all you Virginian gentlemen so obsequious as to fancy every idle word a lady says is a command? Virginia must be a pleasant country for our sex if it be so!"

"You said—when—when we walked in the terrace two nights since—O Heaven!" cried Harry, with a voice trembling with emotion.

"Ah, that sweet night, cousin!" cries the Tambour-frame.

"Whe—whe—when you gave me this rose from your own neck—" roared out Harry, pulling suddenly a crumbled and decayed vegetable from his waistcoat—"which I will never part with—with, no, by Heavens, while this heart continues to beat! You said, 'Harry, if your

aunt asks you to go away, you will go, and if you go, you will forget me.' *Didn't you say so?*"

"All men forget!" said the Virgin, with a sigh.

"In this cold selfish country they may, cousin, not in ours," continues Harry, yet in the same state of exultation, "I had rather have lost an arm almost than refused the old lady. I tell you it went to my heart to say no to her, and she so kind to me, and who had been the means of introducing me to—O Heaven!" . . . (Here a kick to an intervening spaniel, which flies yelping from before the fire, and a rapid advance on the tambour-frame.) "Look here, cousin! If you were to bid me jump out of yonder window, I should do it; or murder, I should do it."

"La! but you need not squeeze one's hand so, you silly child!" remarks Maria.

"I can't help it—we are so in the South. Where my heart is, I can't help speaking my mind out, cousin—and *you* know where that heart is! Ever since that evening—that—O Heaven! I tell you I have hardly slept since—I want to do something—to distinguish myself—to be ever so great. I wish there was Giants, Maria, as I have read of in—in books, that I could go and fight 'em. I wish you was in distress, that I might help you, somehow. I wish you wanted my blood, that I might spend every drop of it for you. And when you told me not to go with Madame Bernstein . . ."

"I tell thee, child? never."

"I thought you told me. You said you knew I preferred my aunt to my cousin, and I said then what I say now, 'Incomparable Maria! I prefer thee to all the women in the world and all the angels in Paradise—and I would go any where, were it to dungeons, if you ordered me!' And do you think I would not stay any where, when you only desired that I should be near you?" he added, after a moment's pause.

"Men always talk in that way—that is—that is, I have heard so," said the spinster, correcting herself; "for what should a country-bred woman know about you creatures? When you are near us, they say you are all raptures and flames and promises and I don't know what; when you are away, you forget all about us."

"But I think I never want to go away as long as I live," groaned out the young man. "I have tired of many things; not books and that, I never cared for study much, but games and sports which I used to be fond of when I was a boy. Before I saw you, it was to be a soldier I most desired; I tore my hair with rage when my poor dear brother went away instead of me on that expedition in which we lost him. But now, I only care for one thing in the world, and you know what that is."

"You silly child! don't you know I am almost old enough to be . . .?"

"I know—I know! but what is that to me? Hasn't your br . . . —well, never mind who, some of 'em—told me stories against you, and



GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY.

didn't they show me the Family Bible, where all your names are down, and the dates of your birth?"

"The cowards! Who did that?" cried out Lady Maria. "Dear Harry, tell me who did that? Was it my mother-in-law, the grasping, odious, abandoned, brazen harpy? Do you know all about her? How she married my father in his cups—the horrid hussy!—and . . ."

"Indeed it wasn't Lady Castlewood," interposed the wondering Harry.

"Then it was my aunt," continued the infuriate lady. "A pretty moralist, indeed! A Bishop's widow, forsooth, and I should like to know whose widow before and afterward. Why,

Harry, she intrigued with the Pretender, and with the Court of Hanover, and, I dare say, would with the Court of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey if she had had the means. Do you know who her second husband was? A creature who . . ."

"But our aunt never spoke a word against you," broke in Harry, more and more amazed at the nymph's vehemence.

She checked her anger. In the inquisitive countenance opposite to her she thought she read some alarm as to the temper which she was exhibiting.

"Well, well! I am a fool," she said. "I want thee to think well of me, Harry!"

A hand is somehow put out and seized, and, no doubt, kissed by the rapturous youth. "Angel!" he cries, looking into her face with his eager, honest eyes.

Two fish-pools irradiated by a pair of stars would not kindle to greater warmth than did those elderly orbs into which Harry poured his gaze. Nevertheless, he plunged into their blue depths, and fancied he saw heaven in their calm brightness. So that silly dog (of whom Æsop or the Spelling-book used to tell us in youth) beheld a beef-bone in the pond, and snapped it, and lost the beef-bone he was carrying. Oh, absurd cur! He saw the beef-bone in his own mouth reflected in the treacherous pool, which dimpled, I dare say, with ever so many smiles, coolly sucked up the meat, and returned to its usual placidity. Ah! what a heap of wreck lie beneath some of those quiet surfaces! What treasures we have dropped into them! What chased golden dishes, what precious jewels of love, what bones after bones, and sweetest heart's flesh! Do not some very faithful and unlucky dogs jump in bodily, when they are swallowed up heads and tails entirely? When some women come to be *dragged*, it is a marvel what will be found in the depths of them. *Cavete, canes!* Have a care how ye lap that water. What do they want with us, the mischievous siren sluts? A green-eyed Naiad never rests until she has inveigled a fellow under the water; she sings after him, she dances after him; she winds round him, glittering tortuously; she warbles and whispers dainty secrets at his cheek, she kisses his feet, she leers at him from out of her rushes: all her beds sigh out, "Come, sweet youth! Hither, hither, rosy Hylas!" Pop goes Hylas. (Surely the fable is renewed forever and ever?) Has his captivator any pleasure? Doth she take any account of him? No more than a fisherman landing at Brighton does of one out of a hundred thousand her-rings. . . . The last time Ulysses rowed by the Sirens' Bank, he and his men did not care though a whole shoal of them were singing and combing their longest locks. Young Telemachus was for jumping overboard: but the tough old crew held the silly, bawling lad. They were deaf, and could not hear his bawling nor the sea-nymphs' singing. They were dim of sight, and did not see how lovely the witches were. The stale, old, leering witches! Away with ye! I dare say you have painted your cheeks by this time; your wretched old songs are as out of fashion as Mozart, and it is all false hair you are combing!

In the last sentence you see Lector Benevolus and Scriptor Doctissimus figure as tough old Ulysses and his tough old Boatswain, who do not care a quid of tobacco for any Siren at Sirens' Point; but Harry Warrington is green Telemachus, who, be sure, was very unlike the soft youth in the good Bishop of Cambray's twaddling story. He does not see that the siren paints the lashes from under which she ogles him; will put by into a box when she has done

the ringlets into which she would inveigle him; and if she eats him, as she proposes to do, will crunch his bones with a new set of grinders just from the dentist's, and warranted for mastication. The song is not stale to Harry Warrington, nor the voice cracked or out of tune that sings it. But—but—oh, dear me, Brother Boatswain! Don't you remember how pleasant the opera was when we first heard it? *Così fan tutti* was its name—Mozart's music. Now, I dare say, they have other words, and other music, and other singers and fiddlers, and another great crowd in the pit. Well, well, *Così fan tutti* is still upon the bills, and they are going on singing it over and over and over.

Any man or woman with a pennyworth of brains, or the like precious amount of personal experience, or who has read a novel before, must, when Harry pulled out those faded vegetables just now, have gone off into a digression of his own, as the writer confesses for himself he was diverging while he has been writing the last brace of paragraphs. If he sees a pair of lovers whispering in a garden alley or the embrasure of a window, or a pair of glances shot across the room from Jenny to the artless Jessamy, he falls to musing on former days when, etc. etc. These things follow each other by a general law, which is not as old as the hills, to be sure, but as old as the people who walk up and down them. When, I say, a lad pulls a bunch of amputated and now decomposing greens from his breast and falls to kissing it, what is the use of saying much more? As well tell the market-gardener's name from whom the slip-rose was bought—the waterings, clippings, trimmings, manurings, the plant has undergone—as tell how Harry Warrington came by it. *Rose, elle a vécu la vie des roses*, has been trimmed, has been watered, has been potted, has been sticked, has been cut, worn, given away, transferred to yonder boy's pocket-book and bosom, according to the laws and fate appertaining to roses.

And how came Maria to give it to Harry? And how did he come to want it and to prize it so passionately when he got the bit of rubbish? Is not one story as stale as the other? Are not they all alike? What is the use, I say, of telling them over and over? Harry values that rose because Maria has ogled him in the old way; because she has happened to meet him in the garden in the old way; because he has taken her hand in the old way; because they have whispered to one another behind the old curtain (the gaping old rag, as if every body could not peep through it!); because, in this delicious weather, they have happened to be early risers and go into the park; because dear Goody Jenkins in the village happened to have a bad knee, and my Lady Maria went to read to her, and give her calves'-foot jelly, and because somebody, of course, must carry the basket. Whole chapters might have been written to chronicle all these circumstances, but *à quoi bon?* The incidents of life, and love-making especially, I believe to resem-



A MINISTERING ANGEL.

ble each other so much, that I am surprised, gentlemen and ladies, you read novels any more. Pshaw! Of course that rose in young Harry's pocket-book had grown, and had budded, and had bloomed, and was now rotting, like other roses. I suppose you will want me to say that the young fool kissed it next? Of course he kissed it. What were lips made for, pray, but for smiling and simpering and (possibly) humbugging, and kissing, and opening to receive mutton-chops, cigars, and so forth? I can not write this part of the story of our Virginians, because Harry did not dare to write it himself to any body at home, because, if he wrote any letters to Maria (which, of course, he did, as they were in the same house, and might meet each other as much as they liked), they were destroyed; because he afterward chose to be very silent about the story, and we can't have it from her Ladyship, who never told the truth

about any thing. But *cui bono*? I say again. What is the good of telling the story? My gentle reader, take your story: take mine. To-morrow it shall be Miss Fanny's, who is just walking away with her doll to the school-room and the governess (poor victim! she has a version of it in her desk): and next day it shall be Baby's, who is bawling out on the stairs for his bottle.

Maria might like to have and exercise power over the young Virginian; but she did not want that Harry should quarrel with his aunt for her sake, or that Madame de Bernstein should be angry with her. Harry was not the Lord of Virginia yet: he was only the Prince, and the Queen might marry and have other Princes, and the laws of primogeniture might not be established in Virginia, *qu'en savait elle*? My lord her brother and she had exchanged no words at all about the delicate business. But they understood each other, and the Earl had a way of

understanding things without speaking. He knew his Maria perfectly well: in the course of a life of which not a little had been spent in her brother's company and under his roof, Maria's disposition, ways, tricks, faults, had come to be perfectly understood by the head of the family; and she would find her little schemes checked or aided by him, as to his lordship seemed good, and without need of any words between them. Thus three days before, when she happened to be going to see that poor dear old Goody, who was ill with the sore knee in the village (and when Harry Warrington happened to be walking behind the elms on the green, too), my lord with his dogs about him, and his gardener walking after him, crossed the court, just as Lady Maria was tripping to the gate-house—and his lordship called his sister, and said: "Molly, you are going to see Goody Jenkins. You are a charitable soul, my dear. Give Gammer Jenkins this half-crown for me—unless our cousin, Warrington, has already given her money. A pleasant walk to you. Let her want for nothing." And at supper, my lord asked Mr. Warrington many questions about the poor in Virginia, and the means of maintaining them, to which the young gentleman gave the best answers he might. His lordship wished that in the old country there were no more poor people than in the new; and recommended Harry to visit the poor and people of every degree, indeed, high and low—in the country to look at the agriculture, in the city at the manufactures and municipal institutions—to which edifying advice Harry acceded with becoming modesty and few words, and Madame Bernstein nodded approval over her picket with the chaplain. Next day, Harry was in my lord's justice-room: the next day he was out ever so long with my lord on the farm—and coming home, what does my lord do, but look in on a sick tenant? I think Lady Maria was out on that day, too; she had been reading good books to that poor dear Goody Jenkins, though I don't suppose Madame Bernstein ever thought of asking about her niece.

"CASTLEWOOD, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND,
August 5, 1757.

"MY DEAR MOUNTAIN,—At first, as I wrote, I did not like Castlewood, nor my cousins there, *very much*. Now, I am used to *their ways*, and we begin to understand each other *much better*. With my duty to my mother, tell her, I hope, that considering her ladyship's great kindness to me, Madam Esmond will be reconciled to her half-sister, the Baroness de Bernstein. The Baroness, you know, was my Grandmamma's daughter by her first husband, Lord Castlewood (only Grandpapa really was the *real* Lord); however, that was not his, that is the other Lord Castlewood's fault you know, and he was *very* kind to Grandpapa, who always spoke most kindly of him to us *as you know*.

"Madame the Baroness Bernstein first married a clergyman, Reverend Mr. Tusher, who was so *learned and good*, and such a favorite of

his Majesty, as was my aunt, too, that he was made a *Bishopp*. When he died, *Our gracious King* continued his friendship to my aunt; who married a Hanoverian nobleman, who occupied a post at the Court—and I believe left the Baroness *very rich*. My cousin, my Lord Castlewood, told me so much about her, and I am sure *I* have found from her the greatest kindness and affection.

"The (Dowager) Countess Castlewood and my cousins Will and Lady Fanny have been described per last, that went by the Falmouth packet on the 20th ult. The ladies are not changed *since then*. Me and Cousin Will are very good friends. We have rode out a good deal. We have had some famous cocking matches at Hampton and Winton. My cousin is a *sharp blade*, but I think I have shown him that we in Virginia know a thing or two. Reverend Mr. Sampson, chaplain of the famaly, *most excellent preacher, without any biggatry*.

"The kindness of my cousin the Earl improves every day, and by next year's ship I hope my mother will send his lordship some of our best roll tobacco (for tennants) and *humms*. He is most *charatable* to the poor. His sister, Lady Maria, *equally so*. She sits for hours reading *good books to the sick*: she is most beloved in the village."

"Nonsense!" said a lady to whom Harry submitted his precious manuscript. "Why do you flatter me, cousin?"

"You *are* beloved in the village and out of it," said Harry, with a knowing emphasis, "and I have flattered you, as you call it, a little more still, further on."

"There is a sick old woman there, whom Madam Esmond would like, a most *raligious*, good, old lady.

"Lady Maria goes very often to read to her; which, she says, gives her comfort. But though her Ladyship hath the sweetest voice, *both in speaking and singeing* (she plays the church organ, and sings there *most beautifully*), I can not think Gammer Jenkins can have any comfort from it, being very deaf, by reason of her great age. She has her memory perfectly, however, and remembers when my honoured Grandmother Rachel Lady Castlewood lived here. She says, my Grandmother was the best woman in the whole world, gave her a cow when she was married, and cured her husband, Gaffer Jenkins, of the *collects*, which he used to have very bad. I suppose it was with the Pills and Drops which my honored Mother put up in my boxes, when I left dear Virginia. Having never been ill since, have had no use for the pills. Gumbo hath, eating and drinking a great deal too much in the Servants' Hall. The next angel to my Grandmother (N.B. I think I spelt *angel* wrong per last), Gammer Jenkins says, is Lady Maria, who sends her duty to her Aunt in Virginia, and remembers her, and my Grandpapa and Grandmamma when they were in Europe, and she was a little girl. You know they

have Grandpapa's picture here, and I live in the very rooms which he had, and which are to be called mine, my Lord Castlewood says.

"Having no more to say, at present, I close with best love and duty to my honoured Mother, and with respects to Mr. Dempster, and a kiss for Fanny, and kind remembrances to Old Gumbo, Nathan, Old and Young Dinah, and the pointer dog and Slut, and all friends, from their well-wisher

"HENRY ESMOND WARRINGTON.

"Have wrote and sent my duty to my Uncle Warrington in Norfolk. No answer as yet."

"I hope the spelling is right, cousin?" asked the author of the letter, from the critic to whom he showed it.

"Tis quite well enough spelt for any person of fashion," answered Lady Maria, who did not choose to be examined too closely regarding the orthography.

"One word—'Angel'—I know I spelt wrong in writing to my mamma; but I have learned a way of spelling it right, now."

"And how is that, Sir?"

"I think 'tis by looking at you, cousin," saying which words Mr. Harry made her ladyship a low bow, and accompanied the bow by one of his best blushes, as if he were offering her a bow and a bouquet.



CHAPTER XIX.

CONTAINING BOTH LOVE AND LUCK.

At the next meal, when the family party assembled, there was not a trace of displeasure in Madame de Bernstein's countenance, and her behavior to all the company, Harry included, was perfectly kind and cordial. She praised the cook this time, declared the fricassee was excellent, and that there were no eels any where like those in the Castlewood moats; would not allow that the wine was corked, or hear of such extravagance as opening a fresh

bottle for a useless old woman like her; gave Madam Esmond Warrington, of Virginia, as her toast, when the new wine was brought, and hoped Harry had brought away his mamma's permission to take back an English wife with him. He did not remember his grandmother; her, Madame de Bernstein's dear mother? The Baroness amused the company with numerous stories of her mother, of her beauty and goodness, of her happiness with her second husband, though the wife was so much older than Colonel Esmond. To see them together was delightful, she had heard. Their attachment was celebrated all through the country. To talk of disparity in marriages was vain after that. My Lady Castlewood and her two children held their peace while Madame Bernstein prattled. Harry was enraptured, and Maria surprised. Lord Castlewood was puzzled to know what sudden freak or scheme had occasioned this prodigious amiability on the part of his aunt; but did not allow the slightest expression of solicitude or doubt to appear on his countenance, which wore every mark of the most perfect satisfaction.

The Baroness's good-humor infected the whole family; not one person at table escaped a gracious word from her. In reply to some compliment to Mr. Will, when that artless youth uttered an expression of satisfaction and surprise at his aunt's behavior, she frankly said: "Complimentary, my dear! Of course I am. I want to make up with you for having been exceedingly rude to every body this morning. When I was a child, and my father and mother were alive, and lived here, I remember I used to adopt exactly the same behavior. If I had been naughty in the morning, I used to try and coax my parents at night. I remember in this very room, at this very table—oh, ever so many hundred years ago!—so coaxing my father, and mother, and your grandfather, Harry Warrington; and there were eels for supper, as we have had them to-night, and it was that dish of collared eels which brought the circumstance back to my mind. I had been just as wayward that day, when I was seven years old, as I am to-day, when I am seventy, and so I confess my sins, and ask to be forgiven, like a good girl."

"I absolve your ladyship!" cried the chaplain, who made one of the party.

"But your reverence does not know how cross and ill-tempered I was. I scolded my sister, Castlewood; I scolded her children, I boxed Harry Warrington's ears, and all because he would not go with me to Tunbridge Wells."

"But I will go, madam, I will ride with you with all the pleasure in life," said Mr. Warrington.

"You see, Mr. Chaplain, what good, dutiful children they all are. 'Twas I alone who was cross and peevish. Oh, it was cruel of me to treat them so! Maria, I ask your pardon, my dear."

"Sure, madam, you have done me no wrong!" says Maria to this humble suppliant.

"Indeed, I have, a very great wrong, child!

Because I was weary of myself, I told you that your company would be wearisome to me. You offered to come with me to Tunbridge, and I rudely refused you."

"Nay, ma'am, if you were sick, and my presence annoyed you"

"But it will not annoy me! You are most kind to say you would come. I do, of all things, beg, pray, entreat, implore, command that you will come."

My lord filled himself a glass, and sipped it. Most utterly unconscious did his lordship look. *This*, then, was the meaning of the previous comedy.

"Any thing which can give my aunt pleasure, I am sure, will delight me," said Maria, trying to look as happy as possible.

"You must come and stay with me, my dear, and I promise to be good and good-humored. My dear lord, you will spare your sister to me?"

"Lady Maria Esmond is quite of age to judge for herself about such a matter," said his lordship, with a bow. "If any of us can be of use to you, madam, you sure ought to command us." Which sentence, being interpreted, no doubt meant, "Plague take the old woman! She is taking Maria away in order to separate her from this young Virginian."

"Oh, Tunbridge will be delightful!" sighed Lady Maria.

"Mr. Sampson will go and see Goody Jones for you," my lord continued. Harry drew pictures with his finger on the table. What delights had he not been speculating on? What walks, what rides, what interminable conversations, what delicious shrubberies and sweet sequestered summer-houses, what poring over music-books, what moonlight, what billing and cooing, had he not imagined! Yes, the day was coming. They were all departing—my Lady Castlewood to her friends, Madame Bernstein to her waters—and he was to be left alone with his divine charmer—alone with her and unutterable rapture! The thought of the pleasure was maddening. That these people were all going away. That he was to be left to enjoy that Heaven—to sit at the feet of that angel and kiss the hem of that white robe. O Gods! 'twas too great bliss to be real! "I knew it couldn't be," thought poor Harry. "I knew something would happen to take her from me."

"But you will ride with us to Tunbridge, Nephew Warrington, and keep us from the highwaymen," said Madame de Bernstein.

Harry Warrington hoped the company did not see how red he grew. He tried to keep his voice calm and without tremor. Yes, he would ride with their ladyships, and he was sure they need fear no danger. Danger! Harry felt he would rather like danger than not. He would slay ten thousand highwaymen if they approached his mistress's coach. At least, he would ride by that coach, and now and again see her eyes at the window. He might not speak to her; but he should be near her. He should press the blessed hand at the inn at night, and feel it re-

posing on his as he led her to the carriage at morning. They would be two whole days going to Tunbridge, and one day or two he might stay there. Is not the poor wretch who is left for execution at Newgate thankful for even two or three days of respite?

You see, we have only indicated, we have not chosen to describe, at length, Mr. Harry Warrington's condition, or that utter depth of imbecility into which the poor young wretch was now plunged. Some boys have the complaint of love favorably and gently. Others, when they get the fever, are sick unto death with it; or, recovering, carry the marks of the malady down with them to the grave, or to remotest old age. I say, it is not fair to take down a young fellow's words when he is raging in that delirium. Suppose he is in love with a woman twice as old as himself, have we not all read of the young gentleman who committed suicide in consequence of his fatal passion for Mademoiselle Ninon de l'Enclos, who turned out to be his grandmother? Suppose thou art making an ass of thyself, young Harry Warrington, of Virginia! are there not people in England who heehaw, too? Kick and abuse him, you who have never brayed; but bear with him, all honest fellow-cardophagi; long-eared messmates, recognize a brother donkey!

"You will stay with us for a day or two at the Wells," Madame Bernstein continued. "You will see us put into our lodgings. Then you can return to Castlewood and the partridge-shooting, and all the fine things which you and my lord are to study together."

Harry bowed an acquiescence. A whole week of Heaven! Life was not altogether a blank, then.

"And as there is sure to be plenty of company at the Wells, I shall be able to present you," the lady graciously added.

"Company! ah! I sha'n't need company," sighed out Harry. "I mean that I shall be quite contented in the company of you two ladies," he added, eagerly; and no doubt Mr. Will wondered at his cousin's taste.

As this was to be the last night of Cousin Harry's present visit to Castlewood, Cousin Will suggested that he, and his Reverence, and Warrington should meet at the quarters of the latter and make up accounts, to which process Harry, being a considerable winner in his play transactions with the two gentlemen, had no objection. Accordingly, when the ladies retired for the night, and my lord withdrew—as his custom was—to his own apartments, the three gentlemen all found themselves assembled in Mr. Harry's little room before the punch-bowl, which was Will's usual midnight companion.

But Will's method of settling accounts was by producing a couple of fresh packs of cards, and offering to submit Harry's debt to the process of being doubled or acquitted. The poor chaplain had no more ready cash than Lord Castlewood's younger brother. Harry Warrington wanted to win the money of neither.

Would he give pain to the brother of his adored Maria, or allow any one of her near kinsfolk to tax him with any want of generosity or forbearance? He was ready to give them their revenge, as the gentlemen proposed. Up to midnight he would play with them for what stakes they chose to name. And so they set to work, and the dice-box was rattled and the cards shuffled and dealt.

Very likely he did not think about the cards at all. Very likely he was thinking: "At this moment my beloved one is sitting with her beautiful golden locks outspread under the fingers of her maid. Happy maid! Now she is on her knees, the sainted creature, addressing prayers to that Heaven which is the abode of angels like her. Now she has sunk to rest behind her damask curtains. O bless, bless her!" "You double us all round? I will take a card upon each of my two. Thank you, that will do—a ten—now, upon the other—a queen—two natural vint-et-uns, and as you doubled us you owe me so and so."

I imagine volleys of oaths from Mr. William, and brisk pattering of imprecations from his Reverence, at the young Virginian's luck. He won because he did not want to win. Fortune, that notoriously coquettish jade, came to him because he was thinking of another nymph, who possibly was as fickle. Will and the Chaplain may have played against him, solicitous constantly to increase their stakes, and supposing that the wealthy Virginian wished to let them recover all their losings. But this was, by no means, Harry Warrington's notion. When he was at home he had taken a part in scores of such games as these (whereby we may be led to suppose that he kept many little circumstances of his life mum from his lady mother), and had learned to play and pay. And as he practiced fair play toward his friends he expected it from them in return.

"The luck does seem to be with me, Cousin," he said, in reply to some more oaths and growls of Will, "and I am sure I do not want to press it; but you don't suppose I am going to be such a fool as to fling it away altogether? I have quite a heap of your promises on paper by this time. If we are to go on playing let us have the dollars on the table, if you please; or, if not the money—the worth of it."

"Always the way with you rich men," grumbled Will. "Never lend except on security—always win because you are rich."

"Faith, Cousin, you have been, of late, forever flinging my riches into my face. I have enough for my wants and for my creditors."

"Oh that we could all say as much!" groaned the Chaplain. "How happy we, and how happy the duns would be! What have we got to play against our conqueror? There is my new gown, Mr. Warrington. Will you set me five pieces against it? I have but to preach in stuff if I lose. Stop! I have a Chrysostom, a Fox's Martyrs, a Baker's Chronicle, and a cow and her calf. What shall we set against these?"

"I will bet one of Cousin Will's notes for twenty pounds," cried Mr. Warrington, producing one of those documents.

"Or I have my brown mare, and will back her red against your honor's notes of hand, but against ready money."

"I have my horse. I will back my horse against you for fifty!" bawls out Will.

Harry took the offers of both gentlemen. In the course of ten minutes the horse and the bay mare had both changed owners. Cousin William swore more fiercely than ever. The parson dashed his wig to the ground, and emulated his pupil in the loudness of his objurgations. Mr. Harry Warrington was quite calm, and not the least elated by his triumph. They had asked him to play, and he had played. He knew he should win. Oh beloved slumbering angel! he thought, am I not sure of victory when *you* are kind to me? He was looking out from his window toward the casement on the opposite side of the court, which he knew to be hers. He had forgot about his victims and their groans, and ill-luck, ere they crossed the court. Under yonder brilliant flickering star, behind yonder casement where the lamp was burning faintly, was his joy, and heart, and treasure.



CHAPTER XX.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

WHILE the good old Bishop of Cambray, in his romance lately mentioned, described the disconsolate condition of Calypso at the departure of Ulysses, I forget whether he mentioned the grief of Calypso's lady's-maid on taking leave of Odysseus's own gentleman. The menials must have wept together in the kitchen precincts while the master and mistress took a last wild embrace in the drawing-room; they must have hung round each other in the fore-cabin, while their principals broke their hearts in the grand saloon. When the bell rang for the last time, and Ulysses's mate bawled, "Now, any one for shore!" Calypso and her

female attendant must have both walked over the same plank, with beating hearts and streaming eyes; both must have waved pocket-handkerchiefs (of far different value and texture) as they stood on the quay to their friends on the departing vessel, while the people on the land, and the crew crowding in the ship's bows, shouted, "Hip, hip, huzzay!" (or whatever may be the equivalent Greek for the salutation) to all engaged on that voyage. But the point to be remembered is, that if Calypso *ne pouvait se consoler*, Calypso's maid *ne pouvoit se consoler non plus*. They had to walk the same plank of grief, and feel the same pang of separation; on their return home, they might not use pocket-handkerchiefs of the same texture and value, but the tears, no doubt, were as salt and plentiful which one shed in her marble halls, and the other poured forth in the servants' ditto.

Not only did Harry Warrington leave Castlewood a victim to love, but Gumbo quitted the same premises a prey to the same delightful passion. His wit, accomplishments, good-humor, his skill in dancing, cookery, and music had endeared him to the whole female domestic circle. More than one of the men might be jealous of him, but the ladies all were with him. There was no such objection to the poor black man then in England as has obtained since among white-skinned people. A hundred years ago more than a score thousand black people were servants in London. Theirs was a condition not perhaps of equality, but they had a sufferance and a certain grotesque sympathy from all; and from women, no doubt, a kindness much more generous. When Ledyard and Parke, in Blackmansland, were persecuted by the men, did they not find the black women pitiful and kind to them? Women are always kind toward our sex. What (mental) negroes do they not cherish? what (moral) hunchbacks do they not adore? what lepers, what idiots, what dull drivelers, what misshapen monsters (I speak figuratively) do they not fondle and cuddle? Gumbo was treated by the women as kindly as many people no better than himself: it was only the men in the servants' hall who rejoiced at the Virginian lad's departure. I should like to see him taking leave. I should like to see Molly housemaid stealing to the terrace-gardens in the gray dawning to cull a wistful posy. I should like to see Betty kitchen-maid cutting off a thick lock of her chestnut ringlets, which she proposed to exchange for a woolly token from young Gumbo's pate. Of course he said he was *regum progenies*, a descendant of Ashantee kings. In Caffraria, Connaught, and other places now inhabited by hereditary bondsmen, there must have been vast numbers of these potent sovereigns in former times, to judge from their descendants now extant.

At the morning announced for Madame de Bernstein's departure all the numerous domestics of Castlewood crowded about the doors and passages, some to have a last glimpse of her

ladyship's men and the fascinating Gumbo, some to take leave of her ladyship's maid—all to waylay the Baroness and her nephew for parting-fees, which it was the custom of that day largely to distribute among household servants. One and the other gave liberal gratuities to the liveried society, to the gentlemen in black and ruffles, and to the swarm of female attendants. A hundred years back the servile race was far more numerous than among us at present. A bachelor had two or three servants who now has one. A gentleman rode with a groom before and behind him, who now has none, and but the part share in a livery-stable hostler. Castlewood was the house of the Baroness's youth; and as for her honest Harry, who had not only lived at free charges in the house, but had won horses and money—or promises of money—from his cousin and the unlucky chaplain, he was naturally of a generous turn, and felt that at this moment he ought not to stint his benevolent disposition. "My mother, I know," he thought, "will wish me to be liberal to all the retainers of the Esmond family." So he scattered about his gold pieces to right and left, and as if he had been as rich as Gumbo declared him to be. There was no one who came near him but had a share in his bounty. From the major-domo to the shoe-black—Mr. Harry had a peace-offering for them all; to the grim housekeeper in her still-room, to the feeble old porter in his lodge, he distributed some token of his remembrance. When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every person connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself about the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives advice and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories which would make him break out in yawns, were they uttered by any one but papa; he drinks sweet port wine for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee of a club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano, and smiles when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt.

Harry Warrington, in his way, and according to the customs of that age, had for a brief time past (by which I conclude that only for a brief time had his love been declared and accepted) given to the Castlewood family all these artless testimonies of his affection for one of them. Cousin Will should have won back his money and welcome, or have won as much of Harry's own as the lad could spare. Nevertheless, the lad, though a lover, was shrewd, keen, and fond of sport and fair play, and a judge of a good horse when he saw one. Having played for and won all the money which Will had, besides a great number of Mr. Esmond's valuable autographs, Harry was very well pleased to win Will's brown horse—that very quadruped which

had nearly pushed him into the water on the first evening of his arrival at Castlewood. He had seen the horse's performance often, and, in the midst of all his passion and romance, was not sorry to be possessed of such a sound, swift, well-bred hunter and roadster. When he had gazed at the stars sufficiently as they shone over his mistress's window, and put her candle to bed, he repaired to his own dormitory, and there, no doubt, thought of his Maria and his horse with youthful satisfaction, and how sweet it would be to have one pillioned on the other, and to make the tour of all the island on such an animal with such a pair of white arms round his waist. He fell asleep ruminating on these things, and meditating a million of blessings on his Maria, in whose company he was to luxuriate at least for a week more.

In the early morning poor Chaplain Sampson sent over his little black mare by the hands of his groom, footman, and gardener, who wept and bestowed a great number of kisses on the beast's white nose as he handed him over to Gumbo. Gumbo and his master were both affected by the fellow's sensibility; the negro servant showing his sympathy by weeping, and Harry by producing a couple of guineas, with which he astonished and speedily comforted the chaplain's boy. Then Gumbo and the late groom led the beast away to the stable, having commands to bring him round with Mr. William's horse after breakfast, at the hour when Madame Bernstein's carriages were ordered.

So courteous was he to his aunt, or so grateful for her departure, that the master of the house even made his appearance at the morning meal, in order to take leave of his guests. The ladies and the chaplain were present—the only member of the family absent was Will; who, however, left a note for his cousin, in which Will stated, in exceedingly bad spelling, that he was obliged to go away to Salisbury Races that morning, but that he had left the horse which his cousin won last night, and which Tom, Mr. Will's groom, would hand over to Mr. Warrington's servant. Will's absence did not prevent the rest of the party from drinking a dish of tea amicably, and in due time the carriages rolled into the court-yard, the servants packed them with the Baroness's multiplied luggage, and the moment of departure arrived.

A large open landau contained the stout Baroness and her niece; a couple of men-servants mounting on the box before them with pistols and blunderbusses ready in event of a meeting with highwaymen. In another carriage were their ladyships' maids, and another servant in guard of the trunks, which, vast and numerous as they were, were as nothing compared to the enormous baggage-train accompanying a lady of the present time. It was no uncommon thing for a gala-gown to last a whole life, and to be transmitted from mother to daughter. Think of the superior civilization of our own days, when three ladies going on a week's visit to a country house will take two-and-forty dresses between

them, with hoops as big as any which our grandmothers wore! Mr. Warrington's modest valises were placed in this second carriage under the maids' guardianship, and Mr. Gumbo proposed to ride by the window for the chief part of the journey.

My Lord, with his step-mother and Lady Fanny, accompanied their kinswoman to the carriage-steps, and bade her farewell with many dutiful embraces. Her Lady Maria followed in a riding-dress, which Harry Warrington thought the most becoming costume in the world. A host of servants stood around, and begged Heaven bless her Ladyship. The Baroness's departure was known in the village, and scores of the folks there stood waiting under the trees outside the gates, and huzzaed and waved their hats as the ponderous vehicles rolled away.

Gumbo was gone for Mr. Warrington's horses, as my lord, with his arm under his young guest's, paced up and down the court. "I hear you carry away some of our horses out of Castlewood?" my lord said.

Harry blushed. "A gentleman can not refuse a fair game at the cards," he said. "I never wanted to play, nor would have played for money had not my Cousin William forced me. As for the Chaplain, it went to my heart to win from him, but he was as eager as my cousin."

"I know—I know! There is no blame to you, my boy. At Rome you can't help doing as Rome does; and I am very glad that you have been able to give Will a lesson. He is mad about play—would gamble his coat off his back—and I and the family have had to pay his debts ever so many times. May I ask how much you have won of him?"

"Well, some eighteen pieces the first day or two, and his note for a hundred and twenty more, and the brown horse, sixty—that makes nigh upon two hundred. But, you know, cousin, all was fair, and it was even against my will that we played at all. Will ain't a match for me, my lord—that is the fact. Indeed he is not."

"He is a match for most people, though," said my lord. "His brown horse, I think you said?"

"Yes. His brown horse—Prince William, out of Constitution. You don't suppose I would set him sixty against his bay, my lord?"

"Oh, I didn't know. I saw Will riding out this morning; most likely I did not remark what horse he was on. And you won the black mare from the parson?"

"For fourteen. He will mount Gumbo very well. Why does not the rascal come round with the horses?" Harry's mind was away to lovely Maria. He longed to be trotting by her side.

"When you get to Tunbridge, Cousin Harry, you must be on the look-out against sharper players than the Chaplain and Will. There is all sorts of queer company at the Wells."

"A Virginian learns pretty early to take care

of himself, my lord," says Harry, with a knowing nod.

"So it seems! I recommend my sister to thee, Harry. Although she is not a baby in years, she is as innocent as one. Thou wilt see that she comes to no mischief?"

"I will guard her with my life, my lord!" cries Harry.

"Thou art a brave fellow. By-the-way, cousin, unless you are very fond of Castlewood, I would in your case not be in a great hurry to return to this lonely, tumble-down old house. I want myself to go to another place I have, and shall scarce be back here till the partridge-shooting. Go you and take charge of the women, of my sister and the Baroness, will you?"

"Indeed I will," said Harry, his heart beating with happiness at the thought.

"And I will write thee word when you shall bring my sister back to me. Here come the horses. Have you bid adieu to the Countess and Lady Fanny? They are kissing their hands to you from the music-room balcony."

Harry ran up to bid these ladies a farewell. He made that ceremony very brief, for he was anxious to be off to the charmer of his heart; and came down stairs to mount his newly gotten steed, which Gumbo, himself astride on the parson's black mare, held by the rein.

There was Gumbo on the black mare, indeed, and holding another horse. But it was a bay horse, not a brown—a bay horse with broken knees—an aged, worn-out quadruped.

"What is this?" cries Harry.

"Your honor's new horse," says the groom, touching his cap.

"This brute?" exclaims the young gentleman, with one or more of those expressions then in use in England and Virginia. "Go and bring me round Prince William, Mr. William's horse, the brown horse."

"Mr. William have rode Prince William this morning away to Salisbury races. His last words was, 'Sam, saddle my bay horse, Cato, for Mr. Warrington this morning. He is Mr. Warrington's horse now. I sold him to him last night.' And I know your honor is bountiful. you will consider the groom."

My lord could not help breaking into a laugh at these words of Sam the groom, while Harry, for his part, indulged in a number more of those remarks which politeness does not admit of our inserting here.

"Mr. William said he never could think of parting with the Prince under a hundred and twenty," said the groom, looking at the young man.

Lord Castlewood only laughed the more "Will has been too much for thee, Harry Warrington."

"Too much for me, my lord! So may a fellow with loaded dice throw sixes, and be too much for me. I do not call this betting, I call it ch—"

"Mr. Warrington! Spare me bad words about my brother, if you please! Depend on

it, I will take care that you are righted. Farewell. Ride quickly, or your coaches will be at Farnham before you;" and waving him an adieu, my lord entered into the house, while Harry and his companion rode out of the courtyard. The young Virginian was much too eager to rejoin the carriages and his charmer to remark the glances of unutterable love and affection which Gumbo shot from his fine eyes toward a young creature in the porter's lodge.

When the youth was gone, the chaplain and my lord sate down to finish their breakfast in peace and comfort. The two ladies did not return to this meal.

"That was one of Will's confounded rascally tricks," says my lord. "If our cousin breaks Will's head, I should not wonder."

"He is used to the operation, my lord, and yet," adds the Chaplain, with a grin, "when we were playing last night, the color of the horse was not mentioned. I could not escape, having but one: and the black boy has ridden off on him. The young Virginian plays like a man, to do him justice."

"He wins because he does not care about losing. I think there can be little doubt but that he is very well to do. His mother's law-agents are my lawyers, and they write that the property is quite a principality, and grows richer every year."

"If it were a kingdom, I know whom Mr. Warrington would make queen of it," said the obsequious Chaplain.

"Who can account for taste, parson?" asks his lordship, with a sneer. "All men are so. The first woman I was in love with myself was forty; and as jealous as if she had been fifteen. It runs in the family. Colonel Esmond (he in scarlet and the breast-plate yonder) married my grandmother, who was almost old enough to be his. If this lad chooses to take out an elderly princess to Virginia, we must not balk him."

"'Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished!" cries the Chaplain. "Had I not best go to Tunbridge Wells myself, my lord, and be on the spot, and ready to exercise my sacred function in behalf of the young couple?"

"You shall have a pair of new nags, parson, if you do," said my lord. And with this we leave them peaceable over a pipe of tobacco after breakfast.

Harry was in such a haste to join the carriages that he almost forgot to take off his hat, and acknowledge the cheers of the Castlewood villagers, who were lingering about the green to witness and salute his departure. All the people of the village liked the lad whose frank, cordial ways and honest face got him a welcome in most places. Legends were still extant in Castlewood, of his grand-parents, and how his grandfather, Colonel Esmond, might have been Lord Castlewood, but would not. Old Lockwood at the gate often told of the Colonel's gallantry in Queen Anne's wars. His feats were exaggerated, the behavior of the present fami-

ly was contrasted with that of the old lord and lady, who might not have been very popular in their time, but were better folks than those now in possession. Lord Castlewood was a hard landlord: perhaps more disliked because he was known to be poor and embarrassed than because he was severe. As for Mr. Will, nobody was fond of him. The young gentleman had had many brawls and quarrels about the village, had received and given broken heads, had bills in the neighboring towns which he could not or would not pay; had been arraigned before magistrates for tampering with village girls, and waylaid and cudged by injured husbands, fathers, sweet-hearts. A hundred years ago his character and actions might have been described at length by the painter of manners: but the comic muse, nowadays, does not lift up Molly Seagrim's curtain; she only indicates the presence of some one behind it, and passes on primly, with expressions of horror, and a fan before her eyes. The village had heard how the young Virginian squire had beaten Mr. Will at riding, at jumping, at shooting, and finally, at card-playing, for every thing is known; and they respected Harry all the more for this superiority. Above all, they admired him on account of the reputation of enormous wealth which Gumbo had made for his master. This fame had traveled over the whole county, and was preceding him at this moment on the boxes of Madame Bernstein's carriages, from which the valets, as they descended at the inns to bait, spread astounding reports of the young Virginian's rank and splendor. He was a prince in his own country. He had gold mines, diamond mines, furs, tobaccos, who knew what, or how much? No wonder the honest Britons cheered him and respected him for his prosperity, as the noble-hearted fellows always do. I am surprised that city corporations did not address him, and offer gold boxes with the freedom of the city—he was so rich. Ah, a proud thing it is to be a Briton, and think that there is no country where prosperity is so much respected as in ours; and where success receives such constant affecting testimonials of loyalty.

So, leaving the villagers bawling, and their hats tossing in the air, Harry spurred his sorry beast, and galloped, with Gumbo behind him, until he came up with the cloud of dust in the midst of which his charmer's chariot was enveloped. Penetrating into this cloud, he found himself at the window of the carriage. The Lady Maria had the back seat to herself; by keeping a little behind the wheels, he could have the delight of seeing her divine eyes and smiles. She held a finger to her lip. Madame Bernstein was already dozing on her cushions. Harry did not care to disturb the old lady. To look at his cousin was bliss enough for him. The landscape around him might be beautiful, but what did he heed it? All the skies and trees of summer were as nothing compared to yonder face: the hedgerow birds sang no such sweet music as her sweet monosyllables.

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The Baroness's fat horses were accustomed to short journeys, easy paces, and plenty of feeding; so that, ill as Harry Warrington was mounted, he could, without much difficulty, keep pace with his elderly kinswoman. At two o'clock they baited for a couple of hours for dinner. Mr. Warrington paid the landlord generously. What price could be too great for the pleasure which he enjoyed in being near his adored Maria, and having the blissful chance of a conversation with her, scarce interrupted by the soft breathing of Madame de Bernstein, who, after a comfortable meal, indulged in an agreeable half-hour's slumber? In voices soft and low, Maria and her young gentleman talked over and over again those delicious nonsenses which people in Harry's condition never tire of hearing and uttering.

They were going to a crowded watering-place, where all sorts of beauty and fashion would be assembled; timid Maria was certain that among the young beauties Harry would discover some whose charms were far more worthy to occupy his attention than any her homely face or figure could boast of. By all the gods, Harry vowed that Venus herself could not tempt him from her side. (The heathen gods and goddesses were not as yet deposed from their places in poetry, school-boy exercises, and lovers' rhapsodies.) It was he who for his part had occasion to fear. When the young men of fashion beheld his peerless Maria they would crowd round her car; they would cause her to forget the rough and humble American lad who knew nothing of fashion or wit, who had only a faithful heart at her service.

Maria smiles, she casts her eyes to Heaven, she vows that Harry knows nothing of the truth and fidelity of woman; it is his sex, on the contrary, which proverbially is faithless, and which delights to play with poor female hearts. A scuffle ensues; a clatter is heard among the knives and forks of the dessert; a glass tumbles over and breaks. An "Oh!" escapes from the innocent lips of Maria. The disturbance has been caused by the broad cuff of Mr. Warrington's coat, which has been stretched across the table to seize Lady Maria's hand, and has upset the wine-glass in so doing. Surely nothing could be more natural, or indeed necessary, than that Harry, upon hearing his sex's honor impeached, should seize upon his fair accuser's hand, and vow eternal fidelity upon those charming fingers?

What a part they play, or used to play in love-making, those hands! How quaintly they are squeezed at that period of life! How they are pushed into conversation! what absurd vows and protests are palmed off by their aid! What good can there be in pulling and pressing a thumb and four fingers? I fancy I see Alexis laugh, who is haply reading this page by the side of Araminta. To talk about thumbs indeed! . . . Maria looks round, for her part, to see if Madame Bernstein has been awakened by the crash of the glass; but the old lady slum-

bers quite calmly in her arm-chair, so her niece thinks there can be no harm in yielding to Harry's gentle pressure.

The horses are put to: Paradise is over—at least until the next occasion. When my landlord enters with the bill, Harry is standing quite at a distance from his cousin, looking from the window at the cavalcade gathering below. Madame Bernstein wakes up from her slumber, smiling and quite unconscious. With what profound care and reverential politeness Mr. Warrington hands his aunt to her carriage! how demure and simple looks Lady Maria as she follows! Away go the carriages, in the midst of a profoundly bowing landlord and waiters; of country folks gathered round the blazing inn-sign; of shopmen gazing from their homely little doors; of boys and market-folks under the colonnade of the old town-hall; of loungers along the gabled street. "It is the famous Baroness Bernstein. That is she, the old lady in the capuchin. It is the rich young American who is just come from Virginia, and is worth millions and millions. Well, sure, he might have a better horse." The cavalcade disappears, and the little town lapses into its usual quiet. The landlord goes back to his friends at the club, to tell how the great folks are going to sleep at the Bush, at Farnham, to-night.

The inn-dinner had been plentiful, and all the three guests of the inn had done justice to the good cheer. Harry had the appetite natural to his period of life. Maria and her aunt were also not indifferent to a good dinner. Remember, this was the time when a fine lady, being pressed to drink more, artlessly said, "If I do, I shall be *muckibus*!" A hundred years ago the honest creatures did not disdain to clear the platter and drain the glass. Madame Bernstein had had a comfortable nap after dinner, which had no doubt helped her to bear all the good things of the meal—the meat pies, and the fruit pies, and the strong ale, and the heady port wine. She reclined at ease on her seat of the landan, and looked back affably, and smiled at Harry and exchanged a little talk with him as he rode by the carriage side. But what ailed the beloved being who sat with her back to the horses? Her complexion, which was exceedingly fair, was farther ornamented with a pair of red cheeks, which Harry took to be natural roses. (You see, madam, that your surmises regarding the Lady Maria's conduct with her cousin are quite wrong and uncharitable, and that the timid lad had made no such experiments as you suppose, in order to ascertain whether the roses were real or artificial. A kiss, indeed! I blush to think you should imagine that the present writer could indicate any thing so shocking!) Maria's bright red cheeks, I say still, continued to blush as it seemed with a strange metallic bloom: but the rest of her face, which had used to rival the lily in whiteness, became of a ghastly color. Her eyes stared round with a ghastly expression. Harry was alarmed at the agony depicted in the charmer's countenance; which

not only exhibited pain, but was exceedingly unbecoming. Madame Bernstein also at length remarked her niece's indisposition, and asked her if sitting backward in the carriage made her ill, which poor Maria confessed to be the fact. On this, the elder lady was forced to make room for her niece on her own side, and, in the course of the drive to Farnham, uttered many gruff, disagreeable, sarcastic remarks to her fellow-traveler, indicating her great displeasure that Maria should be so impertinent as to be ill on the first day of a journey.

When they reached the Bush Inn at Farnham, under which name a famous inn has stood in Farnham town for these three hundred years—the dear invalid retired with her maid to her bedroom: scarcely glancing a piteous look at Harry as she retreated, and leaving the lad's mind in a strange confusion of dismay and sympathy. Those yellow, yellow cheeks, those livid wrinkled eyelids, that ghastly red—how ill his blessed Maria looked! And not only how ill, but how—away horrible thought, unmanly suspicion! He tried to shut the idea out from his mind. He had little appetite for supper, though the jolly Baroness partook of that repast as if she had had no dinner; and certainly as if she had no sympathy with her invalid niece.

She sent her major-domo to see if Lady Maria would have any thing from the table. The servant brought back word that her ladyship was still very unwell, and declined any refreshment.

"I hope she intends to be well to-morrow morning," cried Madame Bernstein, rapping her little hand on the table. "I hate people to be ill in an inn, or on a journey. Will you play piquet with me, Harry?"

Harry was happy to be able to play piquet with his aunt. "That absurd Maria!" says Madame Bernstein, drinking from a great glass of negus, "she takes liberties with herself. She never had a good constitution. She is forty-one years old. All her upper teeth are false, and she can't eat with them. Thank Heaven, I have still got every tooth in my head. How clumsily you deal, child!"

"Deal clumsily, indeed!" Had a dentist been extracting Harry's own grinders at that moment, would he have been expected to mind his cards, and deal them neatly? When a man is laid on the rack at the inquisition, is it natural that he should smile and speak politely and coherently to the grave, quiet inquisitor? Beyond that little question regarding the cards, Harry's inquisitor did not show the smallest disturbance. Her face indicated neither surprise, nor triumph, nor cruelty. Madame Bernstein did not give one more stab to her niece that night: but she played at cards, and prattled with Harry, indulging in her favorite talk about old times, and parting from him with great cordiality and good-humor. Very likely he did not heed her stories. Very likely other thoughts occupied his mind. Maria is forty-one years old, Maria has false—oh, horrible,

horrible! Has she a false eye? Has she false hair? Has she a wooden leg? I envy not that boy's dreams that night.

Madame Bernstein, in the morning, said she had slept as sound as a top. *She* had no remorse, that was clear. (Some folks are happy and easy in mind when their victim is stabbed and done for.) Lady Maria made her appearance at the breakfast table, too. Her ladyship's indisposition was fortunately over: her aunt congratulated her affectionately on her good looks. She sat down to her breakfast. She looked appealingly in Harry's face. He remarked, with his usual brilliancy and originality, that he was very glad her ladyship was better. Why, at the tone of his voice, did she start, and again gaze at him with frightened eyes? There sat the chief inquisitor, smiling, perfectly calm, eating ham and muffins. Oh, poor writhing, rack-rent victim! Oh, stony inquisitor! Oh, Baroness Bernstein! It was cruel! cruel!

Round about Farnham the hops were gloriously green in the sunshine, and the carriages drove through the richest, most beautiful country. Maria insisted upon taking her old seat. She thanked her dear aunt. It would not in the least incommode her now. She gazed, as she had done yesterday, in the face of the young knight riding by the carriage side. She looked for those answering signals which used to be lighted up in yonder two windows, and told that love was burning within. She smiled gently at him, to which token of regard he tried to answer with a sickly grin of recognition. Miserable youth! *Those* were not false teeth he saw when she smiled. He thought they were, and they tore and lacerated him.

And so the day sped on—sunshiny and brilliant overhead, but all over clouds for Harry and Maria. He saw nothing: he thought of Virginia: he remembered how he had been in love with Parson Broadbent's daughter at Jamestown, and how quickly that business had ended. He longed vaguely to be at home again. A plague on all these cold-hearted English relations! Did they not all mean to trick him? Were they not all scheming against him? Had not that confounded Will cheated him about the horse?

At this very juncture Maria gave a scream so loud and shrill that Madame Bernstein woke, that the coachman pulled his horses up, and the footman beside him sprang down from his box in a panic.

"Let me out! let me out!" screamed Maria. "Let me go to him! let me go to him!"

"What is it?" asked the Baroness.

It was that Will's horse had come down on his knees and nose, had sent his rider over his head, and Mr. Harry, who ought to have known better, was lying on his own face quite motionless.

Gumbo, who had been dallying with the maids of the second carriage, clattered up, and mingled his howls with Lady Maria's lamentations. Madame Bernstein descended from her landau, and came slowly up, trembling a good deal.

"He is dead—he is dead!" sobbed Maria.

"Don't be a goose, Maria!" her aunt said.

"Ring at that gate, some one!"

Will's horse had gathered himself up and stood perfectly quiet after his feat. Harry gave not the slightest sign of life.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

IN Congress little apparent progress has been made toward a decision upon the leading measures under discussion. In the Senate the President's Kansas Message was referred to the Committee on Territories. A motion to instruct the Committee to inquire into the number and legality of the votes cast in Kansas, and authorizing it to send for persons and papers, was lost, by a vote of 28 to 22. On the 18th of February three reports from this Committee were presented. The majority report, presented by Mr. Green, of Missouri, states that the Abolitionists in Kansas have sought power by acts of violence, and not through the peaceful agency of the ballot-box; that while they claim to have a majority of voters, and are therefore able to elect a Legislature and Convention, they ask Congress to wrongfully do for them what they may, at legal times and in legal places, do for themselves; that is, to change or abolish their Constitution; and unless Congress will do for them what they profess to be anxious to do for themselves, but which they willfully refuse to do, they threaten to plunge the country into civil war. This conduct forces upon the mind a conviction that they are conscious that they are in a powerless minority,

and expect to accomplish their unwarrantable ends only by violence. The report concludes with a bill, reciting that the people of Kansas have, by their representatives in Convention, formed a Constitution and State Government, republican in form, and that the Convention has, in their name and behalf, asked the Congress of the United States to admit the Territory into the Union as a State; and that the people of Kansas have a right to admission into the Union, in accordance with the Constitution, and in virtue of the act of cession by France of the Province of Louisiana: it is therefore declared that Kansas shall be admitted into the Union, with its boundaries prescribed, and with the usual regulations relative to grants of public lands; and that until the next census and representative apportionment, the State shall be entitled to one representative in Congress. In the course of the debate which ensued, Mr. Green gave notice that he should present a substitute for this bill, providing for the admission of Kansas and Minnesota together, as had been done in the case of Florida and Iowa. The object of this was to expedite the business before the Senate, so that other important questions might come up for consideration. Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, gave notice that he should offer

an amendment to this substitute, to the effect that the people of the States of Kansas and Minnesota may alter or abolish their form of government as they may think proper, so that it be republican and in accordance with the Constitution of the United States.—Two minority reports from the Committee were presented. One of these, signed by Senators Collamer and Wade, asserts that the Territorial Government of Kansas was framed by the usurpation of a foreign force; that the Lecompton Constitution was the result of this usurpation, and is contrary to the will of the people, legally expressed; and that for Congress to consummate this outrage would be a violation of the principles of republican government, and could not produce permanent peace. In the late Territorial election the people had reclaimed their rights, and the Territorial Government was now, for the first time, moving peaceably in its legislative sphere.—The other minority report, presented by Mr. Douglas, takes the ground that there is no satisfactory evidence that the Constitution framed at Lecompton is the act of the people of Kansas, or embodies their will. The Convention had no power to establish the Constitution, but only to frame one to be submitted to Congress, with a memorial for admission, which should be granted or denied according as the Constitution embodied the will of the people; that the proceedings of the Convention should have been held in strict obedience to the authority of the Territorial Government; while, in fact, the Constitution was declared to be in force in defiance of the Territorial Government, as well as without the assent of Congress; and that the only lawful election upon the adoption of the Constitution was that held on 4th January, which was in accordance with the law passed by the Legislature. The report of Mr. Douglas discusses at length the question whether, in case the Lecompton Constitution should be sanctioned by Congress, the people would have the power, should they see fit, to alter or amend it, as suggested by the President in his Message. It argues that, in case Congress admits this Constitution to be the embodiment of the will of the people of Kansas, it has no right to annul or set aside the provision which forbids any alteration to be made previous to 1864; for in prescribing a certain manner in which amendments shall be made, the Constitution must be held to exclude every other manner; and when the Constitution has once become the fundamental law of the State, there can be no lawful manner of altering or abrogating it, except in accordance with its provisions. But, continues the report, which throughout assumes that the majority of the citizens of Kansas are opposed to the Lecompton Constitution, suppose that the policy indicated by the President should be pursued, and Congress, in the act of admission, should recognize the right of the Legislature already elected to submit to the people the question, whether they would have a Convention to amend their Constitution, it would be of no avail unless Mr. Calhoun should see fit to set aside fraudulent returns, in some cases, and go behind the returns in others, in order to insure a majority in the Legislature favorable to a change; and even should there be such a majority, it would be of no avail, since, in consequence of a large number of Anti-Lecompton votes having been returned to Governor Denver instead of Mr. Calhoun, it was well understood that the Lecompton ticket for Governor and State officers was to be declared elected; and any bill

for a change in the Constitution which might pass the Legislature would be vetoed by the Governor. In this case the people of Kansas could change their Government only by a revolutionary movement, against which the President would be bound by his oath of office to employ the army of the United States; or if the question were brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court would be compelled to decide that the Constitution must be obeyed until changed or annulled in pursuance of its own provisions.—Both the minority reports in the Senate complain of the delay of Mr. Calhoun in announcing the result of the election of January 4, and officially deciding which candidates are chosen. He has published a statement, in which he says that he has received and opened a return from the Delaware Crossing precinct, which gives to the Democratic party a majority of 379 votes, which would secure a majority to the Democratic legislative ticket for Leavenworth County, and a majority in the Legislature, upon joint ballot. But he had been informed that it could be proved by the sworn testimony of the judges of election that only 43 votes were polled at that precinct. If such should be the case, he should become a party to the fraud if he declined to be governed by the oaths of the judges. "It is," he says, "a question going to the legality of the returns. Of that I may judge and determine. I shall do so; and in my determination I shall be governed by justice and truth, and the right. If it shall, as it probably will, place the government of the State of Kansas in the hands of my enemies, no one will regret it more; but yet no one, not even a Black Republican, could perform the duty with more of the consciousness of right than I shall feel in the honest discharge of my official duties. I have written to Governor Denver to procure the sworn statements of the judges of this controverted precinct, and to have them taken under such circumstances as will secure a free and unbiased exhibition of facts. By sworn statements so procured I shall be governed in giving the certificates of election to the members of the Legislature from Leavenworth County." —In the House, the Special Committee on Kansas was composed of eight members in favor of the Lecompton Constitution, and seven against it. The majority of the Committee decided that it was unnecessary to send to Kansas for testimony, and prepared a report, which at the date when our Record closes had not been presented to the House, having been delayed in order to give the minority time to prepare their report. It is understood, however, to indorse fully the views of the President as developed in his Message, and to recommend the immediate admission of Kansas, as best for that State and essential to the peace and harmony of the whole Union.

The bill for the increase of the Army, prepared in accordance with the recommendation of the President, elicited a long debate in the Senate, and, after having been modified by various amendments, was finally rejected, by a vote of 25 to 16. The most noticeable feature in respect to the proceedings upon this bill is that Mr. Seward spoke and voted in favor of the Administration, while a number of the leading Democratic Senators opposed, upon various grounds, the Administration measure.—A bill has been reported in the Senate authorizing the President to settle the difficulty with Paraguay. Some eighteen months ago the United States

steamer *Water Witch*, Commander Page, conveying the Expedition sent out to explore the La Plata and its tributaries, while ascending the river was fired upon from a Paraguayan fort, under pretense that it was violating the territories of Paraguay; and no reparation having been offered for the outrage, it has been determined to send Commander Page to that country in command of an adequate force to secure indemnity.—Senator Houston offered resolutions in favor of establishing a protectorate over Mexico and Central America, which after debate were laid on the table. — In the House special committees have been appointed to examine into several reported cases of bribery and corruption. The most noticeable of these grew out of an alleged payment of \$87,000 by Messrs. Lawrence and Stone, a prominent manufacturing firm of Boston, to secure the passage of a bill concerning the importation of wool. As yet no facts of importance have been developed. Mr. Wolcott, a witness summoned before the Committee, refused to testify, and was committed to custody.—In the Senate a bill has been introduced by Mr. Toombs from the Judiciary Committee for a general and uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States. It will regulate voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy, provide against frauds and preferences, and compel an honest division of the bankrupt's property among all the creditors.

From *Utah* we have intelligence to January 4. The main body of the army was encamped at Fort Bridger, sufficiently provided with food and clothing, and comfortably sheltered under tents. Captain Marcy had been sent to New Mexico to procure mules and horses for the army. He left Fort Bridger on the 28th of November, and reached Taos, in New Mexico, on the 24th of January, having suffered greatly during the journey. "For two hundred and fifty miles," he says, "I encountered snow from two to five feet deep, and I thought for two weeks that we should never get through. We only made about three miles a day for about ten days. We exhausted our provisions long before we crossed the mountains, and had to live exclusively upon starved mules for eleven days. One of my men perished, and many others were badly frozen. I also lost forty-four mules out of sixty-six." It is reported that the Mormons have made arrangements to intercept him on his return. Colonel Johnston writes to the War Department that he has no doubt that the Mormons are resolved to try at least one engagement. The Grand Jury of the United States District Court have found bills of indictment for treason against Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and eighteen others specifically named, besides a great number of persons whose names are not known to the jury. The Legislature of Utah met on the 14th of December, Heber C. Kimball being chosen President of the Council, and John Taylor Speaker of the House. Brigham Young sent in a long Message, reciting the alleged wrongs inflicted upon the Mormons, denying that they had ever violated any principle of the Constitution, and inveighing bitterly against the President for sending the army to Utah. Upon learning the approach of this army—or rather mob, as he designates it—he had issued his proclamation forbidding all bodies of armed men to enter the Territory under any pretext whatever. This proclamation had been disregarded, and he asks the Legislature to take such measures as they may deem necessary to protect

the rights of the people of Utah. The Legislature, in reply, unanimously passed resolutions endorsing all the sentiments advanced by Young, and declaring that "neither the present nor any other administration of the General Government should enforce profane, drunken, and corrupt officials upon them at the point of the bayonet."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the movement against the dictatorship of Comonfort has proved successful. As noted in our last Record, the fighting in the capital was recommenced on the 19th of January. In the course of the day the pronunciados gained a decided advantage, and a panic ensued among the Government troops, who deserted in large bodies to the enemy. Comonfort, rendered powerless, left the city on the 21st, with the small body of troops that remained faithful to him. On the 2d of February he issued, from Jalapa, a proclamation detailing the events that had taken place, justifying his conduct in acceding to the plan of Tacubaya, as the only means to prevent civil war, and in accordance with the solicitations of influential persons from all parts of the country. A full understanding and agreement, he says, was entered into between him, Zuloaga, and the other leaders, which was violated by them. After hostilities had broken out on the 11th of January, he had made various propositions designed to prevent bloodshed, all of which had been rejected. He then details at length the proceedings in the capital which had resulted in his defeat; in consequence of which he had resolved to expatriate himself; but should always be ready to answer for his conduct. Comonfort then proceeded to Vera Cruz, whence he embarked for the United States. After celebrating his victory with great rejoicing Zuloaga convened a Council of the Notables, who elected him President. In his proclamation Zuloaga promises to watch that order and tranquillity be not disturbed, and that scenes of bloodshed and carnage shall no longer afflict the public conscience. The capital and the whole nation, he says, shall soon behold realized those principles which decided him to accept the Plan of Tacubaya with its subsequent modifications. Among the first measures of the new Government were decrees annulling the laws for the confiscation of Church property. The interior States of the republic seem disinclined to acquiesce in the summary overthrow of the Constitution, and various leaders are in arms against the new Government.

There is a strong probability of a war between *Brazil* and *Paraguay*. The dispute between these countries relates mainly to the right claimed by Brazil that her back provinces should have free access to the sea by the River Paraguay. This had been conceded by the Argentine Confederation, holding one bank of the river. Should Paraguay, which owns the other bank, persist in its refusal, Brazil has determined to go to war, having raised a considerable force for the purpose. The Paraguayan Government is also likely to be called to account for firing upon the American steamer *Water Witch*, while ascending the river, some months since.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament met on the 4th of February. Lord Palmerston asked leave to bring in a bill to amend the law in relation to conspiracy to murder by making it a felony. This proposition was made in consequence of the recent attempt upon the life of

the Emperor of France, which was the result of a conspiracy formed in England. This was opposed by several members, especially by Mr. Roebuck, who in a very sarcastic speech alluded to the addresses from the French army published in the *Moniteur*, in which England is designated as a den of conspirators. The French Emperor, he said, by whom these charges were made, had been a refugee in England, and while there had acted the part of a conspirator against the government of Louis Philippe. Lord Palmerston said that the offensive addresses in the *Moniteur* were not in the official part of the paper, and that the Emperor regretted their publication. Leave to bring in the bill was granted by a vote of 299 to 90. Before the bill came up for a second reading, a dispatch from the French Government was published, which was held to imply a charge that the English Government sheltered assassins who had placed themselves without the pale of humanity. Upon the second reading of the bill, Mr. Milner Gibson moved an amendment, that while the House heard with concern that an attempt upon the life of the Emperor had been devised in England, and expressed its detestation of all such guilty enterprises; and was also ready to remedy any defects that might exist in the criminal law; yet it regretted that Government, before recommending an alteration, at the present time, of the law of conspiracy, had not made some reply to the dispatch of the French Government. This amendment, involving a censure upon the Ministers, passed by a vote of 234 to 215.—A bill has been introduced for transferring the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown. It proposes to abolish the Court of Directors, and in their stead to appoint a council to be mainly composed of persons who had been in India, or were well acquainted with Indian affairs—the council to consist of eight persons, to go out in rotation every two years. The President of the Council to be one of the Secretaries of State, and be appointed by the Government.—The marriage between the Princess Royal of England and Prince Frederick William of Prussia was celebrated on the 25th of January. The royal couple left England on the 2d of February, and proceeded to Prussia, where they were received with great enthusiasm.—The *Leviathan* steamship was at length launched on the 31st of January, after some months of constant effort and many failures.—Dr. Livingstone has set out on another expedition to the interior of Africa. He is furnished with every means to facilitate his journey. A sum of £5000 has been placed at his disposal; competent assistants are provided for him; and a steam launch is to be employed to convey his party as far as possible up the River Zambesi.

FRANCE.

It appears certain that the plot to assassinate the Emperor of France was formed by refugees residing in England, where the bombs were manufactured by a mechanic who supposed them to be intended for some new experiment in warlike projectiles. The attempted assassination has called forth addresses from the army expressive of attachment to the Emperor, and plainly hinting at a war with England, on account of her alleged protection to conspirators. Thus, the Army of Lyons declares itself "ready to shed its blood in all places, to reach and annihilate the partisans of regicide." The 5th Lancers are "afflicted that powerful friends, whose brave armies so lately combated by our side, should cover

with their protection, under the name of hospitality, conspirators and assassins." The 19th Military Division is "indignant against those who become the accomplices of these sanguinary anarchists, by giving them an asylum." The 82d Regiment beseeches, "if his Majesty wants soldiers to get at these wretches even in their den, that he will choose this regiment as part of the advanced guard of that army." The 1st Regiment of Engineers ask, "Is your faithful army destined to remain forever, with its arms crossed, a peaceable spectator of those frightful plots, which, tolerated to-day, may be subsidized to-morrow?" These addresses, being published in the *Moniteur*, were considered to possess a semi-official character, and to indicate ill-feeling on the part of the Emperor against England. Several repressive measures have been adopted by the Imperial Government. The army is to be organized into five divisions, each under the command of a Marshal devoted to the Emperor. General Espinasse, one of the Imperial aids-de-camp, is appointed Minister of the Interior. The press is watched with increased vigilance. An addition has been made to the penal code, punishing with imprisonment those who have carried on any intrigue or correspondence at home or abroad with the object of disturbing the public peace, or exciting hatred or contempt against the Imperial Government; and those who without legal authority shall have made or sold any destructive machines, or fulminating powder of any description. Another article provides that any person implicated in the disturbances of 1848, '49, and '51, whose presence may appear dangerous to the public peace, may be transported to Algeria or banished.—The Emperor has issued letters patent appointing the Empress as Regent in case of his own death; she failing, the Princes in the order of hereditary succession are to be regents. A Privy Council is named, consisting of the Duc de Malakoff, Counts De Morny and Persigny, MM. Fould, Troplong, and Baroche, with the two Princes nearest to the crown, who are to form the Council of Regency in case of the accession of the Emperor as a minor; they will in the mean while be consulted in all great affairs of state, and are to prepare themselves for the important task which may devolve upon them in the event of the Emperor's death.

In *Naples* the trial of the prisoners implicated in the attempted insurrection of last July is in progress. As noted in our Record for September, the insurgents seized upon the Genoese steamer *Cagliari*, while on her voyage from Genoa to Turin, and forced the captain to land them upon Neapolitan territory. The crew of the vessel, including two English engineers, are also on trial, although the conspirators declare that the captain and crew had nothing to do with the plot, but acted under constraint. Some of the accused complained bitterly of the treatment they had received, and of having been robbed of all their clothes and money; and one declared they had been buffeted and knocked down with hatchets. They also stated that many of their companions had been massacred in cold blood after their surrender; that thirty-five had been murdered in this way at Padula, and twenty-seven at Sanza; that the bodies of the wounded were rolled over the cliffs, and their existence thus finished. Others complained that, though brought to the prison in carriages, to create the impression that they were well treated, they were dying of cold in the prison for want of bed or covering.

THE EAST.

From *India* we have news to January 26. Dispatches had been received from Sir Colin Campbell exonerating General Windham from all blame on account of his defeat near Cawnpore, and recommending him for a higher command. On the 24th of December the commander-in-chief set out from Cawnpore at the head of 10,000 men; he proceeded westward, clearing the country as he advanced, meeting with no opposition that was not easily overcome. He writes to the Government that "the neck of the business all over the country is broken. The Doab, which for so many months was abandoned to rebel chiefs and lawless soldiery, has been swept clean of the enemy. The petty rulers and landholders, if still at large, are fugitives in Rohilcund or Oude, and their lands have passed from them forever. The mutineers under Bahadoor Khan have next to be attacked, and here some resistance may be met with; but neither from them nor from the hordes whom Sir James Outram is holding in check at Alumbah, and whose destruction will be the latest event of the insurrection, do we look to receive any thing more than a momentary obstruction to the re-establishment of the benign and just rule of England." General Outram, who, with 4000 men, holds the post of Alumbah, between Cawnpore and Lucknow, was attacked on the 12th and 16th of January, but the assailants were repulsed with severe loss. It is reported that Nena Sahib was taken prisoner by General Outram on the 2d of January; that the insurgents proposed to exchange him for English officers whom they had taken; that Outram referred the matter to the Governor-General, who replied that no ransom would be received for him. Various engagements of minor importance have taken place, in all of which the British were victorious. Mohammed Bahadoor Shah, the ex-King of Delhi, has been put upon trial. The charges against him are, "that being a pensioner of the British Government," he had aided and abetted the officers and soldiers of the East India Company in the crimes of mutiny and rebellion against the State; that he had aided and encouraged his son, Mogul Mirza, a subject of the British Government in India, and others, to rebel and wage war against the State; that, "being a subject of the British Government in India, and not regarding the duty of his allegiance, he did, as a false traitor against the State, proclaim and declare himself the reigning king and sovereign of India," took possession of Delhi, and waged war against the British Government; that at Delhi he became accessory to the murder of forty-nine persons, chiefly women and children; encouraged the murder of European officers and others; and issued orders to different native rulers to murder all Christians in their dominions; "the whole, or any part of such conduct being an heinous

offense under the provisions of Act 15 of 1807 of the Legislative Council of India."

Hostilities have been vigorously resumed in China. The English and French plenipotentiaries sent in their ultimatum to Governor Yeh. They demanded that the treaty should be carried out; that Canton should be put upon the same footing as the other treaty ports, its gates being open to commerce; that compensation should be made for the damage to British merchants; and the occupation of the island of Honan, of which possession had been taken, should be acquiesced in, as a material guaranty, until all matters were settled. The Governor replied that the treatment of foreigners had been settled by decree of the Emperor, and advised Lord Elgin to follow the example of Sir John Bonham, who was made a baronet for respecting that decree; and as for compensation, he had himself demanded of the British Government indemnity for losses suffered by China. Mr. Reed, the American Commissioner, had just before solicited an interview within the city, to which Yeh had replied, that he would meet him outside; but that no foreigner should set foot within the walls of Canton.—The attempts at negotiation having failed, the English and French made preparations to attack Canton. On the 24th of December the city was summoned to surrender: this having been evasively answered, notice was given to the inhabitants of the intended operations, recommending them, in case the city was taken by assault, to remain within their houses, promising them protection from plunder and outrage, as far as was in the power of the commanders. The bombardment was opened on the morning of the 28th, and the town was soon on fire in several places. Five or six thousand troops were landed the next day, who succeeded in taking possession of the forts in the rear of the city, the Chinese making an obstinate resistance, but fleeing as soon as the Europeans effected an entrance. The English and French escalated the walls, and entered the city in spite of the opposition of the Chinese and Tartar troops. When the steamer left the firing was still going on, the Chinese suffering defeat in every quarter.—The bombardment seems to have been mainly directed against the walls and fortifications, sparing the dwellings as far as possible; but the letter-writers add, that as the Chinamen were shooting at the troops from the tops of the houses, it would probably be necessary to treat the city less leniently.—From the North, the Chinese officer in command upon the Amoor River sends to the Emperor an account of the measures he has taken to carry out the Imperial order to furnish gunpowder to be used "to protect the Amoor Territories against the encroachments of the Russian barbarians." This, having been published in the *Pekin Gazette*, is regarded as equivalent to a declaration of war against Russia.

Literary Notices.

A Text-Book of Church History, by Dr. J. C. L. GIESELER, edited by Professor HENRY B. SMITH. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The revised American edition of Gieseler's standard Church History, by Professor Smith, is continued by the publication of the present volume, which forms the third of the series. The accomplished and faithful editor is entitled to the thanks of the American

public for the diligence and good judgment with which he has performed his responsible task. In addition to numerous corrections of the English translation, he has carefully revised the text and notes of the original, which bristle with a formidable array of recondite learning, and enriched the bibliography of the work with frequent valuable suggestions of the most recent authorities. For the

earnest student of ecclesiastical annals Gieseler is surpassed by no modern historian as a trust-worthy and impartial, if not an attractive expositor of the succession of events in the development of the Church. He is never enthusiastic, never kindles into a pious glow, never betrays a vital sympathy with the glories of saintship or martyrdom, and contemplates the progress of Christian institutions rather in their bearing on secular politics than as the product and exponent of the spiritual experience of humanity. But he is always conscientious in his narrative, tracing the minute connection of events with wonderful patience, and presenting the solution of many complicated historical problems with equal sagacity of judgment and simplicity of expression. The most striking feature of his work, however, is the wealth of erudition which he has embodied in his notes. They consist mainly of quotations from contemporaneous authorities, selected often from sources equally rare and valuable, often presenting details of curious interest, and always appropriate in application and pregnant in instruction. The general reader will no doubt find the copious illustrations of Neander and the pithy statements of Hase more in accordance with his taste; but the votary of profound and substantial theological learning will delight to add to his stores from the large and almost exhaustless repository of these erudite volumes.

New York during the Last Half Century, by JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D. The exuberant reminiscences of a rich experience are here lavishly poured forth by the world-renowned Nestor of the medical profession in this city. Dr. Francis has happily availed himself of the occasion of inaugurating the new edifice of the Historical Society to bring forward many of the worthies of the olden time, in a series of lifelike pictures, which reproduce in brilliant colors the fading realities of the past. No portion of society escapes the touch of his comprehensive pencil. His portraiture embraces distinguished men of every profession, pursuit, and calling in life. Concerning many names which are known to the present generation only by tradition, he relates a variety of original anecdotes illustrative of their character, and presenting many curious traits of strongly-marked individuality. The lover of antiquarian lore and personal sketches will find an ample feast in the lively narratives of our time-honored chronicler.

Professor FOWLER has conferred an excellent service on the cause of education by preparing an abridgment of his large work on *The English Language*, intended as a practical manual for the use of schools and families. It contains a summary view of the historical elements and relations of language in general—an exposition of the stages and periods of the English language—its phonetic principles, orthographical forms, and its various grammatical characteristics. Several sections of the work have been contributed by Professor G. W. Gibbs, of Yale College, whose studies in the department of comparative philology entitle the productions of his pen on this subject to peculiar respect. One of his papers presents an admirable classification of the different American dialects, which vary from the prevailing use or standard authorities of pure idiomatic English. These are divided into: 1. Words borrowed from other languages with which the English language has come in contact in this country, like *succotash*, *moccasin*, from the Indian; *boss*, from the Dutch; *crevasse*,

bayou, from the French; *calaboose*, from the Spanish. 2. Words to express new ideas, growing out of the peculiarities of our situation, like *caucus*, *presidential*, from our political institutions; *associational*, to *fellowship*, from our ecclesiastical institutions; and *diggings*, *betterments*, from our condition as a new country. 3. Miscellaneous, like *back* and *forth* for backward and forward, from phrases which have become obsolete in England; *to wilt*, from words that are merely provincial in England; *publication*, *requirement*, formed by adding the French suffix *ment* to legitimate verbs; *vary*, *obligate*, to fill the gap between two approved words, as *vary* and *variation*, *oblige* and *obligation*; compound terms for which the English have a different compound, like *bank-bill* for *bank-note*, *book-store* for *bookseller's-shop*; certain colloquial phrases, like *to care in* (to give up), *to fork over* (to pay over), and others. The whole volume is recommended by its simplicity and completeness. It is founded on the most trustworthy English authorities, on philosophical analogies, the best literary and polite usage, and American common sense. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

First Book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, by WILLIAM A. NORTON. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) The rudiments of natural science are here illustrated in a series of well-devised questions and answers. The catechetical form has been adopted, as better suited to class recitation than the usual didactic form, especially for young pupils; and although objected to by many judicious teachers, is managed by Professor Norton in a manner to relieve it of some of its chief difficulties. His work has evidently been prepared with great care, and presents ample claims on the attention of instructors.

Scenes of Clerical Life, by GEORGE ELIOT. A reprint of the remarkable stories which excited so much interest on their original appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine*. They present a variety of scenes drawn from everyday rural life in England, and depicted with never-failing vivacity, delicate satire, and irresistible appeals to the sense both of the comic and the pathetic. (Published as No. 208 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.)

Annals of the American Pulpit, by WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. Vols. III. and IV. (Published by Robert Carter and Brothers.) Two more goodly volumes of this great biographical work are a signal illustration of the zeal which has prompted the enterprise, and of the vigor and fidelity with which it has thus far been executed. The present volumes are devoted to ministers of the Presbyterian Church, including, of course, copious notices of such prominent divines as Dr. Archibald Alexander, Dr. Miller, President Stanhope Smith, President Green, President Lindsley, Dr. Mason, Dr. Romeyn, Dr. Rice, Dr. Kollok, Dr. Palmer, Dr. Spencer, besides a great number of honored pastors whose names have obtained a less extensive celebrity. The annals of the Presbyterian Church are rich in subjects of biography. They comprise many sturdy pioneers of the faith in the heroic age of American history, numerous specimens of a commanding individualism, in some instances not without a certain quaint and erratic stamp, and not a few representatives of profound scholastic culture and noble pulpit eloquence. Dr. Sprague is to be congratulated on the successful prosecution, hitherto, of his arduous undertaking, and the public on the possession of an admirable monument of biographical research and catholic impartiality.

Editor's Table.

PANICS AND INVESTMENTS.—The financial storm which of late swept so pitilessly over the commercial world has, like all other calamities, produced reflection in producing ruin. Amidst the wreck of their property men began to meditate upon the laws of trade, and, if they could not pay their creditors, they were at least singularly fruitful in reasons why such payment was impossible. A note of hand falling due at a certain day was the occasion, not of the disbursement of money, but of profound speculations on the complications of the Currency Question and the fluctuations of values. Merchants became political economists, not when their obligations were incurred, but when they matured; and the connection between debtor and creditor assumed the character of an edifying interchange of philosophic thought, in which they were mutually improved, instead of being a cold and harsh relation of profit and loss. As nearly all creditors were likewise debtors, and as nearly all debtors were likewise creditors, the transition from mercenary to meditative relations between men of business was effected without that profuse expenditure of profane language which in ordinary times vulgarizes the passage from facts to ideas. It was seen that to take legal means to enforce the payment of debts would be, simply, to transfer the property that remained—if such a thing as property really existed—into the hands of lawyers, and as law is made by mutual assent, it was by mutual assent suspended. Meanwhile all the ethical and theological maxims relating to the evanescent nature of worldly goods were hunted out from the innermost recesses of memory, brightened into epigrams, and tossed about as good jokes from the banker who could not pay his bills to the merchant who could not pay his banker. "Base is the slave who pays!" was no longer a rhetorical flourish of Ancient Pistol, but a settled principle of modern finance. Property, deified but a short time before, was now a broken and prostrate idol. From being the one solid and permanent thing in the universe, it became the most visionary and elusive of all objects of contemplation. It was ten thousand millions of dollars a month ago—riant, exulting, glorying in its strength—and now it hid its face in shame before the abhorred spectacle of debt. The feeling of poverty shivered in every heart; and no person, in the skepticism provoked by the tumbling of values, had the impudence to call himself rich. Wealth, indeed, was an obsolete idea. Men eyed their debts with a comical horror, and the shriveled assets for which the debts were incurred with a comical contempt. The real sufferers and grumblers were those capitalists who had lent but had not borrowed, and it was but natural that disappointed greed should prevent them from viewing the matter in its wider relations and higher philosophical aspects. The fabric of our splendid prosperity rested, in a great degree, on credit. This, argued the debtor class, ought to have been known by those who supplied the credit. But credit, as Mirabeau says, is "*Suspicion asleep*." One fine autumnal day the fiend woke up; confidence fled at his first withering glance; each man believed at once in universal depravity, with but one honorable exception—himself; and persons reputed wise and cautious but a day before, forthwith acted in the spirit of those Hibernian thinkers on currency who, in their rage against a Dublin banker, could

hit upon no more felicitous method of wreaking their wrath than by burning all his bills they could find in circulation. If the crisis was produced by recklessness, it was met by timidity and folly. Indeed, one of the most mortifying characteristics of a panic is the feebleness of thought and nervelessness of will it reveals in those respectable mediocrities who occupy the summit of financial society, and who convert the storm into a hurricane by refusing to face it resolutely from the first.

In regard to the causes of what in after years will be known as The Great Panic, it seems to us that those which have been explored by the economist are merely subsidiary to those which force themselves upon the attention of the moralist. The laws of trade were doubtless violated; but the violation of the laws of trade was preceded by a violation of the laws of mind, and a violation of the laws of conscience. Political economy, in its appeals to the industrial and commercial classes, proceeds on the ground that selfishness may be intelligent, and avarice judicious; but selfishness and avarice have an instinctive antipathy to the general principles which promote self-interest by cooling the fever of its desires, by bringing its wishes into some harmony with its capacities, and by showing the limitations which reason imposes on its greed. The month which witnessed the anarchy and chaos of our industrial system found us plentifully gifted with selfishness and avarice, but found us deficient in the power of intelligent action. The characteristic of real intelligence is the capacity to discern objective facts and laws; but intelligence must feel the pressure of some moral impulse, in order to escape from the self-delusions which obstruct the clear view of objects which are independent of self. "Poetry," says Lord Bacon, "accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind;" and certainly, in this sense, we could have boasted many poets among our men of industrial enterprise, had the "desires" been as poetical as the "accommodation" of facts was complete.

Some thinkers on the subject find consolation in the thought that there has been no absolute destruction of wealth by the panic, but only a downfall of values. The injury to individuals, however, has been the same as if wealth, and not values, had been destroyed. A government which should violently take the property of some portions of the community and transfer it to other portions, would not destroy any of the wealth of that community, though such an act of monstrous wrong would justify a revolution. The practical result of our commercial revulsion has been a wholesale confiscation of property, which, had it been done by the Government, would have led to civil war; for it is not so much the characteristic of a good government that it protects the property of a nation, as that it protects the property of a nation by protecting its individual possessors. It is frightful to think of the number of individuals who have seen the hard earnings of a life of labor melt and mysteriously disappear in a single day, under the operation of merciless laws, which avenged on the whole community the disregard of their monitions and menaces by the improvident, ignorant, and knavish portion of it. The average honesty and intelligence of the country is also satirized in the indifference with which this individual spoliation is commonly regarded. In situations of financial re-

sponsibility, incompetency is a moral offense, and its good intentions are proverbially the pavement of hell; the wrong man in the right place is the plague and curse of modern society; but when recklessness and greed are united with incompetency, the wholesome wrath of all good men should be roused against the monstrous combination. Yet every panic in the money market is a revelation of presumptuous folly wielding and wasting the fortunes of credulous and trusting prudence. Wholesale robberies, which no professional thief would ever have the opportunities of perpetrating, are ranked among the necessary incidents and risks of capital invested in corporations. Haydon, the painter, tells us that, in one of his many Micawber-like financial entanglements, he applied to Coutts, the rich banker, for a loan of four hundred pounds. The banker, though he seems to have apprehended that the investment would be a permanent one, gratified the martyr of debt and "High Art" by graciously assenting to his request. As the painter was leaving the house, he noticed the footman spurning from the door a pauper who came to beg for bread. The supplicant for four hundred pounds was received as a distinguished visitor by the master of the house, in the gilded parlor; the supplicant for a penny was hooted by the master's flunky from the door-step into the street. This is the type of the American mode of dealing with big and little thieves.

There are some persons who think that the rascalities and follies of our business are referable to our paper currency—especially to bank bills of low denominations. In answer to this it might be said that in Hamburg, where they have a specie currency—in England, where they have no bank bills under five pounds—some of the worst abuses of the credit system have been developed. The most superficial examination of our own credit system will prove that bank bills form but a small portion of it. We have lately seen a careful estimate of the losses by the failures in the United States since the month of September, and the amount is considerably larger than the whole paper currency of the country. It is, indeed, but natural that men and corporations should issue bills payable on demand with more caution than bills payable in six or nine months. We doubt if excessive credits are produced by a paper currency, or could be prevented by a gold currency. We doubt if any law could be framed which would meet the evils and abuses of the credit system. As long as capitalists think they can make their capital remunerative and reproductive by giving credits—as long as borrowers think they can use capital profitably—so long will credits be given and received. The moment that capital becomes redundant new enterprises start up, more than sufficient to absorb it, and the brilliancy of their pretensions blinds avarice to their folly.

A person once asked Horne Tooke, the celebrated writer of political libels, how far a man could libel the Government and escape being hanged? "I have passed my life," replied Tooke, "in trying to find that out." So each man of business, in our country, seems to learn political economy, not through Adam Smith and Mill, but through experience of protested notes and ruinous speculations; and economic principles, of the most elementary character, are frequently purchased at the expense of whole fortunes. It costs some men a hundred thousand dollars to learn the relations which subsist between supply and demand. In-

deed, principles level to trade are clearly perceived only by minds which survey them from a higher level. Pure selfishness never generalizes. Its guiding idea is best expressed in the imperfect English of the French coxcomb, "Every man for myself."

We, therefore, are reluctantly compelled to believe that the notorious abuses of our credit system, the frightful commercial revulsions they occasion, and the agrarian laws they practically inaugurate, will continue to afflict the country as long as so much absurd and mischievous importance is attached to the idea of wealth, and as long as it is pursued with such ravenous intensity. The desire of wealth is the dominant desire of the larger portion of our population; a desire not so much to create wealth by industrial genius as to get it by speculative ingenuity. The morbid phenomena presented in our world of business only embody in palpable facts qualities of our national character. The intellect of the country is under the dominion of a low order of motives, which prevent it from exercising the higher functions of intellect. Smart men push themselves into the places of able men; and their only notion of progress is speed which trusts in luck, with no discernment of paths, and no foresight of the goal. Now, business can not be honestly and intelligently conducted when it is conducted under the simple impulse of getting money at any rate. That honesty is the best policy is a principle too large and general to influence the bargain or speculation of the hour; and so flashy and superficial is much of the mind engaged in trade, that it lacks thought sharply to discriminate between acuteness and knavery, a wise reticence and direct falsehood. Half of the light and airy swindlers whose schemes of business rapine end in failure, are unconscious of the true nature of their misdeeds, and are really surprised at the hard names sputtered out by the gruff honesty of the old fogies of commerce, when their equivocal modes of obtaining money are brought to light. At the worst, they probably conceived their creditors would indulge in language no harsher than that in which little Isaac, in the Duenna, chuckles over his sharp practice: "Roguish, perhaps, but keen—devilish keen!"

And if wealth and poverty are respectively the heaven and hell of our concrete religion, why wonder that men will do any thing to obtain the one and escape from the other? "Worth makes the man," says a character in one of Bulwer's plays; "and the more a man is worth the worthier he is." Sydney Smith once declared that, in England, "poverty is infamous;" and in the United States, where man was supposed to have achieved some victory "over his accidents," the accident of property domineers in the public mind over the substance of mind and virtue. To be poor is to be a "poor devil." It is pathetic to observe the moral prostration of our free and independent citizens before some affluent boor or well-invested booby; or to watch the complacent simper that comes over the face of scornful beauty as she listens to the imbecilities chattered by some weak stripling of fortune who presents to the eye of science nothing but "a watery smile and educated whisker." These follies proceed from no respect for what the rich are, but from a worship of what they possess. Indeed, the worship of the wealth is often combined with a secret contempt, hatred, or envy, of the possessor. Property makes a distinction between man

and man as arbitrary and artificial as aristocratic privilege; and our people feel that the doctrine of equality—the doctrine that one man is as good as another—can only be realized by striving to make one man as rich as another. For one person who pursues wealth as an end, from the impulse of avarice, there are hundreds who pursue it as a means, from the impulses of vanity, sensuality, egotism, and the desire to make a good appearance. If the capitalist asserts himself socially as an aristocrat, the democrat trades recklessly on what he borrows from the capitalist in order to be as good an aristocrat as he. A few affluent families, composed miscellaneously of millionaires vulgar and millionaires refined, of millionaires intelligent and millionaires stupid, combine together, and impudently attempt to confine the meaning of “good society” to the possession of a splendid establishment in a fashionable street, with a large income to support it; and it is curious to see with what ludicrous simplicity their pretensions are admitted, and with what wear and tear of brain and conscience, with what sacrifices of health, comfort, and honor, thousands aim to qualify themselves for entrance into that terrestrial paradise. Under this system the style of living quickly becomes of more importance than the pleasure of living or the object of living. Life means the appearances of life. It means houses, equipages, dress, dinners, a crowd of servants, reception into the awful company of fops and belles—every thing but human souls. A higher life—slightly changed from the definition of the idealist—means a life exalted from West Broadway to the Fifth Avenue. Without ten thousand a year it is impossible to be and know ladies and gentlemen. Existence is fretted away in desperate attempts to make it splendid, conspicuous, and uncomfortable; and after the object is reached, it is found to be a stupendous imposture. As regards any satisfaction in life, it is much better to adopt the theory of that unsophisticated mechanic who asserted that he was as rich as the richest man in town, and supported his assertion by this train of argument. The rich man, he said, had only what he wanted, and he had the same. In regard to luxuries, he doubted if the rich man could claim any superiority; “for at his house they had dough-nuts for dinner every day, whether they had company or not.” The ideal of good living may not have been high, but there was something sublime in the content.

Now one great result of such a panic as we have lately witnessed is, that it disenchant the mind of the illusions created by the hope of wealth, and the vanities created by the ambition for social position. People, at least sensible people, learn what substances they are and what “shadows they pursue.” Events preach to them truths which the most persuasive preachers would fail to convey. And among these truths there is none more important, or more fertile of sobering reflections, than the truth that what a man invests in trade and industry, in railroads and manufactures, is not merely his labor, or talent, or money, but himself; and that property, resting as it does on a deceitful basis of fluctuating values, is among the least solid and permanent of all the things in which a man can invest himself. This proposition would have been scouted as transcendental a year ago; but within a few months the most practical of men have been compelled to admit that wealth, with all its bullying solidity of appearance, has proved the most visionary, elusive, and transcendental of

abstractions. The idealists have convicted the materialists of mistaking the shifting sand for the immovable rock, and it is now their turn to dogmatize from the throne of common sense. Facts have demonstrated two of their propositions, which are most repugnant to selfishness and evident to reason: first, that the commercial world being a unit, shocks in one quarter are felt in all quarters, and that the whole body is made to suffer for the stupidities and rascalities of any of its individual members; second, that the good of all is bound up in the real good of each; and now, after thus indicating the identity of individual interests with the general interest, and placed political economy on its true foundation in the Christian religion, the idealists can further show the perfect practical sagacity of their great principle, that material possessions lack all the elements of permanency, certainty, and satisfying content which inhere in spiritual possessions.

We think the most rapid and superficial survey of the things in which men invest, and in which they are invested, will prove the proposition. In regard to the darling object to which American energy and intelligence are directed, the obtaining of property and social station, we have already shown its transitory and visionary character. All of us have seen men go up and down with Erie and Michigan Southern, with Cumberland Coal and Cotton, until the doubt insinuated itself whether they were not mere phantasms to which stocks and stones gave all the appearance of reality they possessed. Soul, manhood, vitality, dropped out of them as Erie fell twenty *per cent.*, or Cotton tumbled from its proud eminence of price and place. This fact shows that while these men were cunningly investing in Erie and Cotton, Erie and Cotton were far more cunningly investing in them. To say that they became bankrupt is not to express the whole tragedy of their lives. In the pursuit of material objects they were insensibly building up their characters, and becoming what they pursued. Mentally and morally they were “breeding in and in” with the transactions of their business. When they failed, their bankruptcy was not merely a bankruptcy of the purse but a bankruptcy of nature. Their souls were insolvent. They consented to be nothing in themselves in order to be every thing by the grace of the objects in which they dealt, and when these last proved deceptions they literally had nothing they could call their own. Wall Street bowed before them for the wealth which was in them. When the wealth vanished, neither civility nor servility could detect any thing in what was left to repay the trouble of a nod or a cringe. Fifth Avenue made them members of its society for their establishments. When these came under the auctioneer's hammer, no social qualities were left which “good company,” even by the aid of a microscope, could recognize. The universe, it is true, was still full of objects which wealth could neither purchase nor take away, but in them our ruined millionaires had never thought of investing any portion of their souls. We might have pardoned their venturing their whole fortunes in two or three securities, but it is difficult to tolerate their venturing also in them their whole natures, with a like oversight of the prudence which keeps on the safe side of the world's chances by a wise distribution of its resources. When we contrast the attitude of resolute scorn which these men formerly assumed toward the highest objects of human con-

cern with their present forlorn aspect, we can but murmur pathetically, "O Bottom! how art thou invested!"

But investments of the kind we are now considering, namely, investments of human nature, are not merely made in property; they are also made in politics and party, and when made in politics and party they rest on a foundation as insecure, and are liable to end in bankruptcies as fatal, as when made in business. Investment of the soul in politics is often investment in the changing caprice of the hour—in rage, envy, hatred, disappointed ambition, in lies, heartache, hypocrisy, and self-deception. The man is possessed by the delusions and passions, instead of possessing the realities, of political power. Even if he be so fortunate as to obtain an office, he finds that he has to undergo a larger amount of vituperation for a smaller amount of money than the holder of any other kind of office. No president of a railroad or manufacturing company would consent, for ten thousand a year, to be the subject of so much public abuse as is lavished on many a postmaster whose salary is hardly a thousand a year. Few voters will take the trouble to perform the necessary business of a political organization, but they are all willing to indulge in more or less contempt for those who do—for those who do the "dirty work," as they are too fond of calling the work which is done for their profit and success. There is enough sympathy for broken-down merchants, but who has any sympathy for a broken-down politician? The orange is thoroughly squeezed—who heeds the peel that is cast into the street?

It may also be doubted if the investment of the brain in partisan catchwords and declamation is a judicious investment of the mental powers. No more efficacious mode of dissipating the mind from a force into a vaporous phantom has ever been devised than the mode of cramming the minds of the young with political phrases, and then irritating their sensibilities to that pitch of enthusiasm which urges them to "utter all themselves into the air." The tendency of such speechifying is to make the mind incapable of observing a fact, analyzing a combination, grasping a principle, or thinking closely, accurately, and consecutively upon any subject. The vagabond thoughts and shreds of thought, decked out in faded finery selected from the "old clo'" of eloquence, reel from the orator's lips in jubilant defiance of order and sequence. Or, to change the figure, the brain is inflated to that extent which justifies the hope that the defects of a logic of wind will be overlooked in a rhetoric of whirlwind, and that the absence of ideas will hardly be noted in the terrific clatter of words. Such are the characteristics of many of those astonishing displays of juvenile political eloquence, which should be witnessed, not by citizens desirous of obtaining some facts and principles to guide them in voting sensibly and honestly, but by an audience composed of ladies whose lips are engaged in dissolving the organized perfume of peppermints, and gentlemen whose teeth are busy in penetrating into those appetizing "Aids to Reflection" which lie hid in the shell of the peanut. It is next to impossible ever to reclaim a young man who has once accustomed his mind to think vagrantly in order that he may spout "eloquently." But we still may be permitted to hope that every young person who has made a foolish speech, and been applauded therefor by his party, will consent, for his own good, to abandon his intention of being President of the United States.

That his qualifications for the office are undoubted, the peculiar style of his eloquence abundantly proves, but we would respectfully suggest to him the remote chance that some three or four millions of his countrymen may not be sufficiently familiar with his claims to select him for the post.

In regard to all the lower forms of politics, we much doubt the wisdom of the man who invests his nature in their perilous chances and changes. But politics have their higher ambitions and more splendid rewards—those which inflame the passions and stimulate the intellect of the statesman. Even here it is dangerous to invest in any thing lower than patriotism; for patriotism affords the only real compensations for that "laborious, invidious, closely-watched slavery which is mocked with the name of Power." It is the misfortune of the United States that few of our eminent statesmen can be content to serve their country and gain an honorable fame in those situations which, though really of the first, are seemingly of secondary importance. As Representatives and Senators, the clear perception of their duties is disturbed by a beatific vision of the Presidential Chair. This magnificent delusion, created by a visionary hope, is too often the bauble in which they invest their hearts and souls. Disappointed in that, they are stripped of all that makes life worth living. Now, for the real purposes of ambition and patriotism, the office of Senator is a nobler one than the office of President; and a Senator is certain to be an honest, wiser, and braver man, more likely to prove himself qualified for the Presidency, provided the hope of being President has not warped his convictions and complicated his patriotism with intrigue. But rub off the varnish which gives such a mischievous shine to the White House, and to the eye of reason the office of President has little in it to inflame an honorable ambition. Events daily tend to make the President little more than the Distributor-General of the spoils of office, and for every office he gives he turns ten sycophants into nine personal enemies and one lukewarm friend. Lord Brougham, in a passage black with bile, but which should be deeply meditated by every aspirant for executive office, has shown what a charming and dignified occupation that is which attempts to feed the hunger for place. Writing from his own experience of office-hunters, he says that "no one who has long been the dispenser of patronage among large bodies of his fellow-citizens can fail to see infinitely more numerous instances of sordid, selfish, greedy, ungrateful conduct, than of the virtues to which such hateful qualities stand opposed. Daily examples come before him of the most unfeeling acrimony toward competitors, the most far-fetched squeamish jealousy of conflicting claims—unblushing falsehood in both its branches, boasting and detraction—grasping selfishness in both kinds, greedy pursuit of men's own bread, and cold calculating on others' blood—the fury of disappointment when that has not been done which it was impossible to do—swift oblivion of all that has been granted—unreasonable expectation of more only because much has been given—not seldom favors repaid with hatred and ill-treatment, as if by this unnatural course the account might be settled between gratitude and pride—such are the secrets of the human heart which power soon discloses to its possessor; add to these that which, however, deceives no one—the never-ending hypocrisy of declaring that whatever is most eagerly

sought is only coveted as affording the means of serving the country, and will only be taken as a sacrifice of individual interest to the sense of public duty." Now, as much of Brougham's patronage, as Chancellor, was ecclesiastical, we may charitably suppose that our ex-Presidents could testify, in language at least as gloomy and bitter, of their experience of unclerical applicants. Is it not amazing that any sane man, who could pick up a subsistence in a country court, or even on the highway, should think it the highest of earthly honors to be engaged in this business of dispensing patronage?

But investments, truly considered, are made in literature, art, science, and philosophy, as well as in business and politics; and when made in beauty and truth, in laws, principles, inventions, ideals, they are among the most permanent and essentially real and remunerative of all investments of mind and character—provided always that the motives of the thinker are on a level with the subject-matter of his thought. The Swiss who sell their brains are of no higher rank than the Swiss who sell their swords; and it is doubtless true that the poet, the artist, the man of science, the philosopher, may be impelled by vanities, envies, jealousies, and hatreds, as ignoble as any which influence the action of the knavish trader in money or the knavish trader in political opinions and interests; but when the search for truth and beauty is inspired by a genuine love of truth and beauty, every thing that is gained is a possession forever. The mind is in harmonious relations with the great objective facts and laws it was created to discern, commune with, and possess; and whether we say that the mind invests in them or they invest in the mind, the result is equally beneficent. If we contrast a broken merchant or a defeated politician with a man of equal intellect who has invested in art and science, we shall see at once the difference between the property that panics can destroy and the property that panics can not touch. In regard to the joy, the ecstasy, even the solid, practical satisfaction, which come from the consciousness of intellectual wealth, who shall have the impudence to compare with them the delights which any material property can give? Who shall say that the chuckle of Rothschild, as he makes a lucky hit in the three per cents, represents a tithe of the inward ecstasy of Agassiz, as his conquering intelligence subjugates to his science some hitherto rebellious province of the animal kingdom? We doubt if all the money of the banker could purchase the transport that the naturalist finds even in his jelly fishes.

It is undoubtedly true that many amateurs who have mistaken "aspiration for inspiration," the power of enjoying beauty for the power of creating beauty, the faculty of apprehending what science has discovered for scientific genius, may have found that the attempt to invest their natures in literature, art, and science, has ended in mortification and disappointment—in mental bankruptcy and impossibility to pay the debt "which every man owes to his profession." This, however, comes from their own inability to acquire property in nature, and not from the inability of nature to confer property on the genius that can rightly claim it. They are miserable, not because they are engaged in the pursuit of truth, but because, through their vanity, they are pretenders to genius. They might have profitably invested in taste and knowledge; they failed only because they traded beyond their

capital, and attempted to introduce into the kingdoms of mind the worst abuses of that credit system which is the plague of the world of business.

And this brings us to the consideration of those investments which are not only the most solid and lasting in themselves, but which underlie and guide all others which give durable satisfaction to human nature. These are investments in moral principles. Property in moral principles is "real" property, in a higher sense than any legal sense; but these principles are only truly possessed when they are organized into virtues; and then they are good for both worlds. Let any man invest himself in justice, firmness, simplicity, patience, moderation, truthfulness, disinterestedness, charity, and he will quickly realize the truth of the Chinese proverb, that "Virtues, if they do not give talents, supply their place; while talents neither give virtues nor supply their place." Virtues act on the intelligence primarily by prompting the self-scrutiny which results in self-knowledge. The misery and fret of life proceed from immoderate desires. Appetite, passion, egotism, conceit, run away with the mind, corrupt all its processes of thought, and doom it equally to ignorance of self and ignorance of the real character of the vicious or flimsy externals of life for which, as well as to which, it madly abandons itself. "The sublime thought in the parable of the Prodigal Son is compressed in the simple words, "when he came to himself"—when exhaustion of all the pleasures of sensuality, and exhaustion of all its penalties, had brought him back to the awful personality lodged in his breast, from which he had been violently swept in the tumult and storm of his riot. In the same way, men learn from the revulsions of other forms of self-abandonment—from commercial panics, from mortified political ambition, from failures in achieving fame in the pursuits of literature, art, and science, from all forms of debauch, sensual, selfish, or mental—what is intrinsic and indestructible in themselves. Escaped for a time from the realities of their being, and investing their life in delusions, the period inevitably comes when they are compelled to confront the rebuking spirit within, and stand convicted of folly as well as sin. The virtues are then remorsefully recognized as the only sure possessions. It is seen that these teach economic principles, and give to business all it has of permanency by giving to it all it has of honesty. It is seen that these take selfish ambition out of politics, and keep states alive by patriotism. It is seen that these lift the sentiments of the man of letters and the man of science to the level of the beauty the imagination aims to embody, and the truth the intellect seeks to discover. It is seen, in short, that the peculiar combination of virtues which is called integrity, is the source of the peculiar combination of faculties we call wisdom. And it is this thorough integrity of nature, which implies integrity in business, integrity in affairs of state, integrity in sentiment, understanding, reason, and imagination,—it is this which is especially needed in an age like ours, whose activity and intelligence run so furiously in the direction of industrial and commercial occupations that nothing less than the austere ethics can overcome the frightful temptations to excess or to fraud by which those occupations are beset; and we trust that the country will not be compelled to learn through a series of regularly recurring panics, that virtues, ideal in their spiritual essence and power, but tremendously act-

ual in the consequences which follow their violation, are in their immense utility the most practical of all things, though they may draw their vitality from invisible fountains of influence, and refer to motives of action which self-styled practical men are wont to deride as too fine and abstract for the conduct of life.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"To the Easy Chair.

"CHICAGO.

"BUT the heart, L. P. H. ! the heart is of oak."

"Who ever heard of an Easy Chair having a heart? Not I, certainly, before; neither did I believe it possible, some time since, when no notice was taken by Easy Chair of a certain country girl's epistle—not dated at Chicago, however. But hers was not in thy praise, oh Easy Chair! like that of the loving and admiring L. P. H.: 'twas a brief bit of honest censure, else perhaps we might before this have been told of that royal heart 'of oak.' Well, 'tis a wooden one, or perhaps *nobody* would have heard of it. But one can not help thinking that oak-wood has become strangely sensitive to praise and blame—a newly-discovered and very peculiar quality of that hitherto unappreciated tree of the forest; demonstrating beyond a doubt that, however royal in the forest, when converted into a certain Easy Chair, 'tis not above the common weaknesses—*pardonnez*—of human nature generally.

"But we are severe almost beyond our intent.

"You *did* sit in the forest of Fontainebleau, and you *were* one of those who 'agreed that there could be no higher human pleasure than to be the inspiring and consoling friend of those you did not know, and who could never know you.'

"'Tis a long way back, doubtless, but memory has sped over the distance of time, and you were there again when you penned the paragraph.

"Is sympathy as fleet, and does it ever loiter kindly with others who have similar hopes or dreams, though not in the forests of Fontainebleau?

"From a friend truly, though without a name."

Age has its infirmities, O friend without a name! and makes its mark even upon wooden hearts. For the Easy Chair makes your ear its confessional, and declares that it has no recollection of any such "bit of censure"—appetizing, doubtless—to which you refer.

But as your letter is like many letters that are written to all who sit in Chairs more or less Easy, let us consider for a moment one question: Why do you assume that your letter was neglected because the vanity of the recipient was offended? Might not the letter have deserved to be neglected? Is it not your own vanity that cries out against that of the Easy Chair? It is a very common mistake, nameless friend. Sydney Smith, in one of his sermons, said that charity was so instinctive in men that A never heard of B's distress without instantly wishing C to relieve it. It is the eternal tendency to save ourselves at any hazard, by believing that somebody else is to blame, or ought to go forward, or ought to stay behind.

You, for instance, write a letter of reproof to the Easy Chair, which that venerable piece of furniture receives or does not receive. In either case it is not printed, which was your intention; and in-

stead of supposing that it was not worth printing, you only conclude that the Easy Chair is a vain, old, foolish piece of wood, upon whom every thing but praise is wasted.

Is that decent, not to say loyal, or lovely, or humane?

You, of course, the Easy Chair is to infer, are not susceptible to the sweet poison of flattery—you, of course, float in that superior realm—No, nameless! the Easy Chair will not affect a sarcasm which it does not feel. It will believe in the sincerity of your faith that nothing but the fact of your note's containing a censure prevented its publication.

With what, then, did you quarrel? Was the Easy Chair too light, and flippant, and careless? Did it too sedulously avoid the great themes of State and Church, and of morals mingled with politics, which interest every thoughtful mind in the country, and upon which you desired some expression of opinion? But do you gather corn from raspberry bushes, or wheat from mallows? Is it any objection to an Easy Chair that it is easy—to a rocking-chair that it rocks? Do you complain of a toilet-table that it is not a French-bedstead, or of an Æolian harp that it is not a trumpet?

Here, in this Magazine, in this store-house of pleasant and instructive literature, a new piece of furniture wheels itself and says, "I am not the dinner-table, nor the front door, nor the study, nor the bolts on the shutters, nor the dog on the porch, nor the pistol in the chamber; I am simply an Easy Chair. If you are tired, and want to loll, sit in me. If you want to smoke and chat, sit in me. If you have been fed with the strong meat on the Table, and have chirped and chatted and smiled over the nuts and sweetmeats in the *Drawer*, and now wish to muse a little with your eyes half closed—to criticise a little the spirit in which you have feasted, and to philosophize in a quiet and small way over the greater feast of Life—why, drop into me. Above all, if you want to drop asleep, fall into my arms," quoth the Easy Chair.

Now, if you wish to do none of these things, *don't* sit in the Easy Chair. You see how simple it is? You may complain that the wood from which it was carved was not made into a club, or a gun-carriage, or the stanchion of a ship—was not made subsidiary to some solid purpose in the world; but to compare small things with great, is that not like wishing that Benvenuto Cellini had been Michael Angelo? or that there had been no cups and vases, no exquisite gold work in the world, but only grand statues and cathedrals? Do you remember Wordsworth's stanza, written in the album of a nameless friend? Let the Easy Chair write it upon the heart (not, as it believes, wooden) of its nameless friend:

"Small service is true service while it lasts;

Of all thy friends, though humble, scorn not one;

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

And now, of course, you will have something more to say. You will grant that there must be thistledown and pond-lilies as well as barley and rye—there must be Benvenutos as well as Michael Angelos—Easy Chairs as well as Study Chairs, or Chairs of Professors or Senators, or great cathedrals and temples. But, you will say, how can I respect Angelo if he deliberately chooses to be Cellini—or Raphael, if he prefers to tint pretty flowers to painting the Madonna and cherubim—or the

potential plant, the essence and unorganized soul of vegetable growth, if it calmly chooses to gleam and whiten for a few summer hours upon a dark water-course, rather than to take form in the glorious society of grains, and develop into a blessing to the human economy as well as a blossom for the pleasure of the human eye?

That is fair again; but, nameless friend, the answer is here, that the grain has moments when it is only beauty, not use; when it is a pretty flossy flower, and not a fruit—that the artist who carries St. Peter's in his brain, has little sonnets and love-stories in his heart—that the brave gentleman who leads in the flashing front of the charge of death or victory, devoted to a great cause, has happy hours when he converses of other things than his great interest, when he gives himself to cheerful relaxation, as Luther and Milton to music. Is there no philosophy in the old German couplet,

"Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib, und Gesang,
Er bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang,"

Or, as old Thackeray used to thunder it out,

"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long."

And if any man interprets the couplet basely, the baseness is in him, not in the lines.

Now in this philosophy, if you choose to see it, is the reply of the Easy Chair to your possible question. Would you quarrel with Mr. Azote Mumm, the lecturer, or the Hon. Spread Eagle, the famous Senator, because they came and chatted with you, in a morning call, of books and pictures and society and little events at home and abroad, reserving their thunders and eloquence of principle, and persuasive argument, for the rostrum and the Senate Chamber? It does not follow that you are unfaithful to your convictions upon some subjects, because you sometimes talk of others without alluding to them. Nor is it necessary, in order to show your loyalty to them, to do as the old divine did who did not believe in the Apostolic succession, and scouted the theory of Bishops. He was one day reading the first chapter of Genesis to his flock, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," then, suddenly interrupting himself, he broke in, "but, my brethren, it doesn't say that he created Bishops!"

You may leave the bishops alone, sometimes, without the slightest detriment to your own honesty.

So much for what you might have asked the Easy Chair, friend without a name, in that letter which he can never see; and now a word for what you do ask him in the letter which he puts at the head of his column.

Whether he sympathizes still with the dreams and hopes of others who hope and dream as he did in the summers long ago in the forest of Fontainebleau?

Why, yes; how could he help it? What was his own feeling but sympathy with those who had done what he longed to do? Why should he have any jealousy or fear of other Chairs getting to be more Easy than he? If you, friend, succeed in your career, and find that your dreams and hopes have become real around you, then remember this, that your wreath remains however many new wreaths may be woven. If you have done or said something which men hold dear, it is not less dear to them because somebody else, also, has said and done a good thing. Fame is like love, and love is like light. Although the Mammoth Cave and the

Grotto of Adelsberg, and all the caverns of the earth were suddenly thrown open to the day, there would be still light enough to fill them all, without robbing your room of a single ray or bringing your noon nearer to twilight; or if, in the inconceivable depths of space, a new system of stars or new constellations of systems were created, they would all be fed with light from the undiminished and undiminishing fount of light—as, if the tenderest of mothers has many children, she loves the first as well as she can love any thing, and each succeeding one quite as well.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

So is it with fame and success; and so with the Easiness of Chairs. As for this one, it has no friend, to itself unknown, with whose hopes and ambitions it has not constant sympathy. Why not have as much for it—not for its own comfort, but for yours? Why believe that it must needs be a disagreeable, vain, cowardly, flippant puffer-doodle because it is an Easy Chair?

It does not speak for itself only, but for all who, as you choose to consider, have an easier life than they ought to have. Jealousy is only vanity. Are we really glad to hear of the faults of our best friends?

THE Easy Chair has been lately talking with Mr. Azote Mumm, the great lecturer, who has returned from his winter wanderings, and is now settling quietly down to prepare his next season's discourses.

"What, already?" demanded the Easy Chair. "Are you quite sure—hem!—ha!—of—of—of—the perpetuity of the Lyceum?"

You see the Easy Chair found itself upon the very verge of asking Mr. Mumm whether he thought he would be invited the next season, but recovered itself, with a little stuttering, enough to let the ignominy of the doubt fall upon the Lyceum itself, not upon the lecturer. That great man (see the notices of his lectures) replied with an air of lofty compassion, as if the Easy Chair had been an intellectual and moral Sandwich Islander:

"My dear Easy Chair, you don't understand these things. The arrangements are made in advance. If you choose, I will lay before you my views of the Lyceum in America."

The Chair shuddered a little, for there was an air of "firstly" in the tone with which this was said, and it had no wish to enjoy gratis that privilege of a lecture from Mumm for which fifty dollars was continually paid by intelligent societies—the obligation would have been too great, you see. But what was to be done? Mr. Mumm was evidently on the point of beginning, and it was foolish to hope to prevent him.

But you, reader, may really care to know what his experience had taught him, without the graces and coloring of his rhetoric—and you shall have it.

The Lyceum—or the course of miscellaneous winter lectures in towns and villages all through the country—has now become a fixed American institution. It has ceased to be a whim or a fancy, and the intelligent people in every place, who wish to have some occasion of social assembly which shall be entertaining, or suggestive, or instructive, have universally adopted the system of weekly lectures. It brings before the people of the town every variety of subject, treated with every degree of ability by every kind of mind. The lectures

are learned, light, scientific, literary, biographical, philosophical, social, critical, good, bad, indifferent. The lecturers are men of whom the town has heard, and whom it can now judge for itself—or they are unknown men to whom the audience may give the passports of success in other towns and throughout the land. The result is, that the people have something outside of themselves to think of and talk about; they expose themselves to the chances of being allured and incited toward things in which they did not know they had any interest; they may discover in the lecturer a secret sympathy for their own private lives and careers, and find in his words a cordial or a balm which will be of use forever. The lecturer is, in fact, a sower, scattering broadcast; and it is hard but some wheat shall follow his generous hand, and intellectual and moral plenty fulfill his chance suggestions.

Every body is skeptical every year about the Lyceum. But even this recent hard season has been less hard upon lectures than on any thing else. In some few towns they have been omitted; but generally they have remarkably flourished.

For what is the Lyceum, in fact, but a great lay-church? The lecturer is what Thackeray calls the humorist, a week-day preacher. He may joke and laugh in his sermon, however, and make his hearer do the same, if he can. He may take his text in any quarter, and discuss it with all the skill, and apply it with all the eloquent force he can; and of this he may be sure—that his best is best liked. The judgment of a general popular audience upon a man's performance is generally singularly correct. It may not be especially entertained, but it knows whether it ought to be. It may not go to hear him next time, but it is a little ashamed of staying away.

And as Americans are fond of hearing every thing discussed, and as they have engaged so many of their best speakers in the Lyceum, there seems to be no reason why they should tire of them until the preacher becomes dull. Stupidity in a speaker is the unpardonable sin. But as long as the lecturers are fresh and interested so long the listeners will be. Is Mr. Emerson heard with any less interest than he was twenty years ago?

This is something of what Azote Mumm, Esq., returning from a tour of seventy lectures* from Katahdin to Kansas, bestowed upon his faithful Easy Chair. But while he spoke an idea dawned upon the mind of his hearer which demands a separate section and thoughtful consideration.

THE Lyceum may be considered as fully and firmly established. But it has its limits as the pulpit has. It is understood that all literary, artistic, scientific subjects may be properly treated in the Lyceum, but nothing political. People are assumed to differ amiably about the merits of Socrates and the probable song of the Syrens, or the age of Andromache, as of theories of star-dust and the composition of water, and of the value of lying, thieving, and swearing, in the abstract. They will listen amiably and attentively also to the most animated discussion of the politics of Greece and Rome, and especially of Troy and early Egypt—provided always no inference is drawn farther down than the last century in some other country. At any political discussion within this century they

* $70 \times \$50 = \3500 —10 per cent. (ex.) = \$3150.
Caballistic figures noticed upon the back of Mr. Mumm's manuscript.—E. C.

begin to bristle: if in this country they bark; if of to-day, and here, they bite.

Now, if a Lyceum is good to interest and instruct in literature and science and morals, it is so much the better for political discussion and debate.

"What!" cries Solomon Gunnybags, President of the Æsthetic Union in the little town where he was born, and where he still has a house and an immense popular consideration among the inhabitants, although he resides in the city, "what! destroy the delightful proprieties of our weekly meetings in which, by general consent, we have eschewed political differences, and fall to talking the coarse ribaldry of pot-houses? No, Sir, never! The glorious union of our literary sympathies shall be preserved intact, or I, Sir, will fall among its ruins!"

It was part of a speech he made upon a proposition to enlarge the scope of the Society, and sounds a little, at the end, like a strain from those bursts of eloquence that so often gladden us in our cherished and dignified national Congress.

Also, the *Polysqueeler*, or the *Daily Vox Populi*, alluded to the same proposition in these terms:

"Why should the Lyceum be degraded to the level of the grog-shop and the ring? Is not a political caucus sufficiently rowdy and disgusting without endeavoring to turn the calm and classic lecture-room into a howling den of drunkards, liars, and scoundrels in general? Politics are too dirty already; let us, at least, preserve one retreat sacred from their defilement."

Now the Easy Chair, in the words of Gunnybag, plants itself just here. In this country, of all countries in the world, we want very clear ideas of political affairs, because we are all political actors—we all vote. To this clear comprehension of great public and national questions something more is necessary than the statements and instructions of a purely partisan press, whether calling itself independent or not, and if the caucus and the political meeting be what the *Polysqueeler* calls them, they are not very desirable schools of political instruction. Grave reports and speeches people can hardly be persuaded to read carefully. How, then, is a proper knowledge and a fair estimate of such subjects to be obtained half so easily and so well as in a political lyceum, in which, alternately, if the audience chose, champions and expounders of every side should appear, and, under the restraints of a large popular assembly of men and women, argue and discuss the commanding questions of the day?

The intelligent middling wealthy class, whose vast vote controls this government—who stand between the very rich and conservative on the one hand, and the ignorant voters on the other—who leave political meetings to the latter and stay at home, too often, with the former—constitute the lyceum audience every where, and in their presence political questions could be discussed without the filth and fury of the bar-room, or the partiality of a heated side. The presence of women would secure propriety, would inspire eloquence, and would deepen and strengthen their influence upon their husbands, and brothers, and lovers, and through them upon the state.

If, indeed, we are a nation which *can not* gravely and decently discuss its highest interests and profoundest questions, then we are not fit to be citizens of a republic. And that very fact would serve as a capital subject for the introductory lecture before the Political Lyceum. Who will start?

In what quiet and sensible town will the movement be made? Who does not see that such a Lyceum would help us in determining questions more according to reason than to passion? President Gunnybags begs to differ from the Easy Chair. He finds things very well as they are. He doesn't understand this new-fangled twaddling. Politics are one thing, morals and literature are two other things. The government of this country is confided to ignorant and unprincipled politicians who congregate in bar-rooms and engineer elections. Why should decent people dirty their fingers with the business? Principles! reason! the world! why, Sir, the public is an

ASS!!

There! it's all Gunnybags. The indignant reader needn't turn upon the Easy Chair. It had nothing to do with it, but hear it. The Easy Chair is part of the public; and so (*pianissimo*) is old Gunnybags.

But to the question itself—is the public an ass? Is there any generally understood maxim among those who have to deal directly with the public that it must be sopped with humbug, that it must be tickled, caressed, and flattered? Was Aristophanes right, two thousand and more years ago, in calling it an "ill-tempered, cross-grained, jealous-pated, self-indulgent old gentleman?" Gracious! is there the slightest possibility that Solomon Gunnybags himself might be taken as the most perfect type of what he so loudly calls an Ass!!!

Forbid it! all best emotions of our common nature!

And yet that the public is an ass is a matter of very frequent assertion. Azote Mumm, Esquire, the great lecturer, declares that he often returns to his hotel, after the delivery of one of his eloquent lectures, saddened by the remembrance that not the best or the most serious or beautiful or thoughtful parts of his discourse excited the attention and applause of the public, but only what he contemptuously calls *squirt*.

"Great orators popular, Sir!" says Azote Mumm, Esquire, addressing the Easy Chair. "Why, Sir, what sort of figure do you suppose Pericles would cut at Tammany Hall? How long do you think the Beetleville Lyceum would listen to Cicero lecturing upon Friendship, or Demosthenes upon Patriotism? Why, Sir, didn't Sheridan make Westminster Hall full of men and women cry, and didn't Burke empty the house? No, Sir (Mumm is very parliamentary in his style). *Squirt*, highly-colored twaddle, buffoonery, farce, and extravagant rhetoric, is the thing." (Mumm is not very grammatical just here, and certainly that is a very singular verb for such a plurality of nominatives.)

When he rested and breathed himself, the Easy Chair asked Mumm if he might not be regarded as a man who looked a gift-horse in the mouth. "Doesn't the public pay you generously, Mr. Mumm, for your highly-colored—lectures? Doesn't it throng your Exhibition-room, namely, the room in which you make a spectacle of yourself? Are you precisely the person to hold these doctrines and to say these things? Are you not a public teacher, and is not the character of the public to some degree a criticism of the quality of your teaching? Do you wish to come to blows with the public, and reprove it for not liking the best things in your discourses, or for neglecting them

altogether, if such an unlikely thing could be supposed?"

Azote Mumm smiled with ineffable sweetness.

"Dearest Easy Chair, Heaven forbid! I have one great principle which preserves me in this checkered career. That principle is *Silence*. Mr. Gunnybags may be right. He is a person of profound perspicacity and most discreet judgment. I should not venture to question his opinion upon this point. But he commits himself without occasion. He defines his position unnecessarily. You may think the public is an ass; but why should you say so? particularly if you happen to be sitting at the table of the Public drinking its *Chateau Margaux* of 1844? Does my venerable friend perceive?"

And thereupon Azote Mumm walked gently toward Wall Street to invest the proceeds of seventy lectures.

THE ardent letter of L. P. H. has awakened many echoes of very different kinds. The Easy Chair's "friend without a name" replies in one way—and here is another hand pointing a pendant to the Texan picture:

"IOWA.

"DEAR OLD LEATHER-BOTTOM; HARD-TO-WEAR-OUT EASY CHAIR,—Listen to my ravings. Way off in Iowa, reposing in a chair, in appearance a hoghead, in reality a perfect comforter to a lover of ease, I write; and why? Because a fair correspondent in Texas has filled my heart with a desire to picture to her the difference of an Iowa prairie in December, and one in Texas the same month. Her description of the prairie is lovely, fairly enchanting; and as my imagination wanders hence, methinks I see her standing, with folded arms, her eyes riveted upon the scene she has depicted, drinking in the charming beauties of Nature; or perhaps reclining beneath the leafy shade of a mighty tree, with *Harper* by her side—*Harper* her companion, her idol. And when she sees an answer to her letter, perhaps she will sigh for the poor frozen ones of Northern Iowa.

"But enough, L. P. H.; here is the contrast. As you emerge from the timber a long, undulating sea of snow bursts upon your vision; nothing is seen to break the monotonous view presented to your vision (enthusiast, how grand! how majestic! how beautiful!). Ah, here is the sad reality! Coldly beautiful, like the imperial belle who walks amidst the crowd of admiring gazers, regardless that her stern smile of triumph falls like an avalanche of snow upon the heart of her rival; regardless that her lavish smiles to admiring flatterers are freezing icicles to one who has a heart for her alone. Coldly beautiful; perhaps the south wind has been blowing from the fairy land of Texas, and a portion has strayed thus far, until it has reached the stern, ice-bound heart of Old Winter (who holds court in this region), causing a few tears (melting, of course) to appear upon his frozen cheeks. But alas to the weary traveler who witnesses this relenting scene!

"Suddenly a white cloud is observed miles away, at first hardly discernible, but increasing in volume and power until the face of the prairie is hid from view by the fearful storm which is raging all around. Old Winter's tears are gone, and his very bones crack with pleasure as he lets loose his destroying powers and gives himself up to revel in maddening frolic upon the prairies.

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"Woe to him who ventures into that mad tumult of snow and ice! Hundreds have ventured and lost, and their frozen bodies found victims of cold Winter, who reigns unrelenting and unmelting to-day.
W. W. A."

—Is it a wild fancy of the Easy Chair that the following is also an echo, in a somewhat different strain? Is W. probably a sarcastic man?

"CANADA WEST, 1858.

- "DEAR AND LONG-RESPECTED EASY CHAIR,—
Though one of the working ones of the literary age just past, or passing, and the proscribed of my country in days happily gone by, I am now unused to the gentle inspiration that fires the poet's brain, or to the ambition necessary to the *author's* fame, having long foregone the use of the 'public quill,' save when *compelled* to commit myself relative to some of the great political topics engrossing the deepest energies of Machiavelian man of the *pro tem*. Yet I feel in my heart the longings of yore, not only to read but to be read again. It then follows—To whom can I speak forth the warm gushings of a genial soul? and my heart answers, To none but thee, oh Easy Chair! whose rich and racy vein of humorous sentiment and quaint anecdote has been the ONE great object of my soul's covetousness for many, many years, twenty thousand miles from the genial soil I now inhabit, and which I claim as my birthright.

"Down by the rock-encircled mountain—beneath the rustling foliage of the gum and the wattle-tree—amidst the sweet-scented, thick-spreading fern—just within the kangaroo's range—I have found relief by seeking a change; and with ever-enlivening, ever-new, the *old* and often *torn* pages upon my knee, have I read and laughed, and read and sighed, and read and wondered if ever again the vicissitudes of a *world-wide* bellowous *fate* would bring me, freed from my iron bonds, within the monthly reach of thy always-envied, *Easy* lutations, oh Easy Chair!

The startling cry of the wattle-bird, the chattering, monkey mimicry of the beauteous parrakeet, the shrill screaming of the gorgeous rosella, the still shriller tumult of the multitudinous parrot, coupled with the mournful 'morepork' cadence so softly giving voice to its poverty and its wants, together with the lively, exhilarating meeting laugh of the black and the white cockatoo, so human in their voice and their action, and so varied in their appearance, yet so coquettish and so fond of each other's society; and the unearthly *bray* and mocking chatter of the modest-coated jackass, who hangs his home of homes high amidst the fragrant flowers of the wattle or the cones of the motley-decked honey-suckle, in all their harmony and all their discordance have failed to draw my attention from an utter engrossment in thy heart-consoling offshootings, my dear Easy Chair.

"I intended to say more, but have perhaps said enough for this time; and so, yours, in gratitude,
W."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SHARP, sudden winter has succeeded to the long luxury of a summer-like December. We see, from time to time, an ice-cake floating down the yellow current of the Seine, with its fable of colder weather in the woods where the Seine rises. We see the cabmen beating their arms about their clumsy coats, and the soup dinners which their daughters

bring them, and put down upon the balustrade of the quay, sending out light clouds of vapor which vanish presently in the cool, clear atmosphere that lies over Paris. There are no loiterers at the book-stalls; frost is on the windows at morning; the jingle of the stirrups and the sword-fastenings of the hussars who gallop by cheat one into memories of sleigh-bells; and galloping dances at the Porte St. Martin and the Opera are closing the year's Carnival.

But it has not been all so merry; great deaths, and great funerals, and a great escape have given great shadows to the Paris Carnival.

In the Grand Vizier's palace at Stamboul death has struck down suddenly, at his table—even while the coffee cooled and the sherbet grew warm in waiting—the great man of Byzantium, Reschid Pacha. It is not a name familiar to American readers, and our sympathy cools wandering as far as the Sea of Marmora; and yet Reschid Pacha wore a great and an active brain under his Fez cap, and a large and genial heart under his robe. To no man more is Turkey indebted for what advances she has made in the way of civilization in the last score of years; and to no man so much does she owe her position as equal and prime negotiator at the Paris Congress of 1856.

The Europeanizing of her armies, the growth of her navy, the regulation of her commerce, and the establishment of such municipal law as she possesses, have sprung from the counsels of Reschid Pacha. Five-and-twenty years ago, as he journeyed back from his house of ambassador in London to assume control of the foreign negotiations in Constantinople, he lingered in Paris; and, as he lingered, he unfolded to an eminent French statesman, who was then chief adviser of Louis Philippe, the great plans of reform for Turkey which he had conceived, and which, with large hope, he trusted might raise his nation to rank with the first of Europe. Those plans he never lost sight of; but "man proposes, and God disposes." Reschid Pacha is dead, and Turkey still—abject.

Field-Marshal Radetzky is dead, at ninety-two; his eulogy belongs rather to Russia or Austria than to America or America's representatives. He was a grand, bold type of the best military tools of despotism. Had he died earlier liberty might have been the gainer—possibly Hungary and Italy free. For in that crash of 1848, when men's hearts were in their mouths, and thrones crumbling in a day, all the hopes of Austria lay in the camp and courage of Radetzky. The revolutionary fever had reached Vienna; the Court had taken to flight; the army and people were one. Radetzky, in that time Military Governor of Lombardy, was surprised by the revolt of Milan; the tidings from Vienna and Paris had ripened into barricades through every street of the city. The Austrian soldiery were shot down from all the windows. For five days their cannon-shot plunged vainly upon the barricades of granite; for five days the old Field-Marshal, with eighty-two years upon his head, encouraged his officers, issuing his orders, from hour to hour, from a little chamber of the Citadel—in all that time neither throwing off his uniform nor finding other sleep than a chance doze upon his camp-stool.

Venice, meantime, had driven out its Governor; Charles Albert had entered Lombardy with an Italian army, and promises of Italian liberty.

Radetzky retired cautiously upon Verona. The retreat occupied ten days, and on every day there

was battle with the revolted Lombards. Still the old man faltered not; his supplies were cut off, his communication with Vienna was interrupted, his monarch was a fugitive, every throne of Europe was tottering; but he rallied the few garrisons which were left to him, and, in the face of revolted Italy, went out to meet the royal army of Piedmont. We know what was the issue of that fatal day of Novara; how Charles Albert, after fighting like a hero, was driven back over the mountains of Savoy; how, from that day forward, the Italian army of liberation faded like a mist; how Radetzky marched and counter-marched until all Lombardy felt again the iron heel of the conqueror, and the Austrian pennant streamed once more—where it streams now—from the citadels of Milan, of Verona, of Mantua, of Padua, and from the three masts of St. Mark.

If tyranny may have its heroes, then Radetzky was a hero. At the least we can not deny him the merit of great soldiership; and before we sneer, and before we pull down his image, let us bid the champions of Italian liberty to emulate his devotion, his courage, and his energy.

The next news makes us forget Radetzky. It comes over ocean, over the Persian Gulf, over the long reach of the Red Sea, over the Mediterranean waters, and over all the wires of Europe, the sad story flies with electric swiftness—"Havelock is dead!" In courts, in camps, in cabins, every where, it is repeated mournfully—"Havelock is dead!"

Here was heroism we may not doubt. A swift and splendid career with him closed a long life of quietly accomplished duty. Without that swift splendor at the end we might never have heard of the long years of quiet courage and of zeal which went before. Let us not forget that the real heroism lay in the steadfast character of the man from beginning to end, and not in the accidental but splendid accomplishment which blazed forth at last and went out. Let us not forget that the opportunities for heroism belong to every hour of a man's life; and that brilliant achievement is only its accidental illustration.

There is another reason why you on your side of the water, as well as we upon ours, have given glad homage to the name of Havelock. He was no creature of privilege. Titles and titled men had given him no reflection of favor. He was both type and earnest of that democratic (we might almost say, humanitarian) feeling which, through the Crimean days, cast its scoffings upon the lordly Barnacles of the war. My Lady Decimus knew nothing of Mistress Colonel Havelock; the Colonel himself was not known at the "United Service," save as the butt of certain jokes, brought home by a "distinguished cadet," about his "Methodism;" might never have been known further. But at last his opportunity came. You know what it was: Indian sun scorching; his hundreds growing weary; women crying for more than life; thousands of maddened monsters who kept no faith and showed no mercy hemming him in: you know how he marched from victory to victory; how titles and pensions asked his acceptance; how mothers blessed him in their hearts; how he died at last before title or pension or the hot thanks of English mothers had come to him, with no greater reward than the consciousness of duty performed. *That* cheered him.

He will probably rank, at least, with the Barna-

cles, in the new campaign where he has gone to report himself for service.

The British lion (in *Punch*) howls plaintively over his bier; as a dog might at the grave of a dead master.

After Havelock—Rachel.

Not only Rachel, but with her Corneille and Racine are dead again. Who cares now if Hermione slay Pyrrhus or Orestes? who will care if Camille lives or dies? who shall care if Polyeucte win Pauline, or Pauline win Polyeucte? The magnetic voice that lifted the tedious rhyme into living drama is still. These be only memories and echoes which come like stately music (over wide distance, over ranks of trees) broken to sighs.

Upon a certain night, years ago, when we who prate now from this ancient Chair were looking freshly upon the delights of Paris, it chanced that we made our first visit to the Royal Theatre of France, when Rachel was to appear as Virginie.

We knew nothing of the play; we cared nothing for it; but the Roman story, just then made lively again by the rare ballad of Macaulay, was tingling in our ears.

It was a full house. The curtain rose upon a street-scene in Rome; temples, lictors, slaves, soldiers, a Southern sky; every appointment perfect, the movements grave and slow, as became Romans; the very air from behind the scenes seemed to bring with it a classic odor.

Stout Appius Claudius wore short matted hair and a crisp beard, and stalked about threateningly, looking every inch a villain. And there may have been a Marcus, and a Sextus, and a Licinius for aught we know; we remember only, as the play went on in classic monotone, a tall, pale figure in white glided in, and, throwing one gaze around with her piercing black eye, began, with low, melodious speech, whose undulations flowed clear and cool to the farthest auditor, to give vitality to the scene and to the story.

No one had need to tell us whose was the tall figure in white; we saw no other—no Murena and no Lucretia. When she glided away, we waited; when she glided before us again, we gazed and listened. There seemed a Roman vestal under that robe. An atmosphere of traditionary lictors, tribunes, altars, hung about her. A bold Roman hope, and a grave Roman courage, lay in her tones and in her look. She became to us the interpreter of an epoch and of a nation. Our eye pierced the centuries, and saw the indomitable spirit which fed the old Vestal fires.

But as for the story of the persecuted Roman maid, trembling before the lictors of Appius Claudius, and finding refuge only in the death dealt her by a father, we grew into no sense of it. We saw a defiant and self-reliant individuality that forbade sympathy. "Poor Virginia!" never crept once to our tongue. And when at last the tall, pale figure swooned upon the father's bosom, and the death was dealt with a butcher's cleaver, we were less touched than we have been by the "Babes in the Wood." We knew it was an artist-death, and we went away wondering, but with no spark of pity.

So in Camille, and Hermione, and Phedre, her range and beat were above and outside our sympathies. She never asked them; she chose admiration.

Her tones and glances improvised a new chronology, where old dates stood out clear and fresh

as yesterday. Her genius lighted the mouldy rhymes of dead dramatists, just as the fires of Paris illuminations will, on the instant, outline marble temples by night: just now only a mesh of sooty gas-pipes; but the Promethean touch comes, and lo, a fiery splendor! The brain glows at sight of such wondrous effects, but the heart keeps cool.

She is dead now; carrying out of sight forever that pale, care-worn face. A more pitiable spectacle than that of Pauline pleading for a martyr-husband, or of Camille mourning the Curia, is this of the pale Jewish woman, racing swift and splendidly through life; with greed of gold and greed of adulation; winning both, and yet insatiate; and with convulsive, eager clutch upon the vanities which never relieved her care, and never satisfied her desire—passing away!

And shall we say any thing of the woman? Or shall we forget the gold-greediness and worse things, as the pale, cold figure glides before us, with the Greek tiara bound upon her forehead?

Shall we accept white robes for purity? Is not truth grander than any art-proofs of truth; and chastity something holier than its painting? If Aretino, choosing among his courtesans, paints a Madonna and says, "Behold the Virgin!" shall we ignore the lewdness and fall to worship? Shall we not look through the illusions of genius to the frailties which underlie it? Shall we gauge great character by an honest, homely sense of right; or shall we look at them always through the prism of a pretty, apologetic rhetoric?

Shall we fear daylight, and keep like bats in the ill-discerned region that lies on the border of night (if it be not night); uncertain of sympathy; reckoning the delusive, delicious dimness the *penumbra* of charity; and saying, softly and tenderly, "*Pec-cavit! sed non peccavit?*"

No. Crime is crime; impurity is impurity. Splendor does not hide it; genius can not conquer its odium. We will put the statue of the great actress, with a laurel crown, wherever histrionic art is honored; but as for the woman—no statue of her—no bust even, shall have a shelf in our homes.

—A Hebrew prayer, a speech or two, a garland of *immortelles* upon a coffin—all in a warm December sun, at *Père la Chaise*, and the curtain falls upon Rachel.

THE next scene upon the Paris stage shows us the slaughter of the Rue Lepelletier. Here was tragedy without a heroine.

A man and his wife drive to the Opera. Three bombs explode under his carriage, killing ten of the by-standers and wounding a hundred and fifty-seven. The man was the Emperor, and his wife the Empress.

That is our text: now what sermon shall we preach?—what sermon you have not listened to already?

Let us suppose for a moment that the aim of the assassins had been attained—Louis Napoleon lies in his carriage, dead. The officials try hard to conceal the fact, and the *debris* of the empire is hurried off to the palace. The hoarse, harsh rumor spreads like lightning; but the police and the army are advised even before the people. Every where the guards are doubled. Regiments march and counter-march. Malakoff, De Morny, and Rothschild are in close council. Men gather in

threatening knots at the street corners. Those who have gold conceal it. None breathe freely. The Reds rejoice, and flock to their secret club-rooms; their emissaries spread, and feed wild hopes in the men of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Before morning Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc are on their way toward Paris; the barricades have risen in twenty different quarters. But Pelissier batters them down: perhaps it is only a fight of a day, but it is bloody. The army and the marshals are triumphant.

The Empress is Regent; Jerome and his son are at the palace; but nobody counts upon the permanence of such a dynasty.

Emile Girardin, who has millions at stake, advises coolness and caution in hot, stinging periods. Business is at a dead-lock; the panic, which only executive energy and a despotic arm had averted, comes with a crash. Workmen are out of work. England and Russia watch and wait.

Pelissier and De Morny tremble and stagger with the load upon their shoulders; Baroche and Jerome do not agree about questions of administrative detail; Pelissier sides with one—drawing the army, and De Morny with the other—drawing after him the Rothschilds and the Pereires.

Insidious Republicans are busy with the sub-lieutenants and the sergeants. The army becomes the Power. Pelissier can guide it to-day, but tomorrow perhaps he can not. Bosquet is a favorite—and Bosquet is half Republican.

Meantime confidence is abating day by day; shops are shut; dangerous people are eager for bread. The poor Empress, clasping her fatherless boy, wishes she were only a Montijo, living on the banks of the Guadalquivir.

The Orleanists are busy; and the Count de Paris is hovering upon the borders of France. Thiers is *suspect*, and under watch. The Legitimists are trying to bargain with the Pope and with Russia.

The want and the suffering make good ground for the preachers of a Social Republic; where poverty stings agrarians flourish. The Reds rejoice in that measure of distress which can be relieved only by the guillotine.

This might come. Civilization has not advanced so far as to outlaw the sharp practice of a political guillotine. There are those who talk of it, even now, as the only means of curing the despotic tendencies of Europe. But if not the guillotine, and the Reds for its managers, who then?

A Napoleonic dynasty might stand, with a vigorous Bonaparte at its head; but neither Jerome, nor his son Napoleon, nor the son of the Montijo have the capability. Who, then?

If Pelissier should prove a Monk or a Cromwell he might assume their power; but, after him?

Before we fling our caps into the air at thought of an end to the present despotic rule in France, let us consider what might come. If, indeed, "you and I" were upon the ground, to establish ourselves as tribunes of the people, there might be hope of order, of republican zeal, of progress every way; but "you and I" have other duties (let us try hard to fill them!), besides being little known to those millions of country voters who desire only good crops and good prices.

Is it not strange that, in a country and in a capital toward which all the world comes to learn how to amuse itself—to learn how to extract the largest possible enjoyment out of a given sum of money, or of life—is it not strange that this country and

capital should be constantly threatened with anarchy?

To go back to Rue Lepelletier—it was the drop too much in the Emperor's cup. It seemed to make him strong, but it has made him weak; it has fatally disturbed that mental equilibrium which has enabled him thus far to balance himself with an admirable calmness and *sang-froid* against opposers of all sorts. With a nervous unrest he has now leaned so far to the Devil's side that the chances are against the recovery of that impassive and stony reticence of thought and word which has thus far saved him. An iron will, howsoever despotic, may have its way in France (as it has before) so long as it shows neither vindictiveness nor favoritism. Either of these bring down the tyrant (in the eye of these dramatic French people) to a common level, and straightway they scorn him; he may keep his *prestige* while they hate him, but when they scorn it is lost.

His Regency, and five commandments, and new police, are not the consolidation of a disturbed dynasty; they are the indications of its weakness, and the beginning of its fall.

These are steps which, once taken, can not be retraced. Pietri, too, the Corsican Chief of Police, is discharged; this is worse and worse. When such a master loses confidence in such a servant, such a servant loses confidence in such a master. Pietri will still wear devotion; with his Corsican blood he may feel it still; but he will also—ware the falling house!

And yet we lookers-on live here with the old quietude. There is the Seine; there is the sun lying mellow on the farther houses and on the palace roofs. The buds of the chestnuts through all the garden are swelling for their fleecy outburst of March. The children who are to make the citizen army of 1880 are frolicking and rejoicing upon the terraces.

Though Louis Napoleon be slain to-morrow the Café Riche will not lack a single dish to its dinner; the cabmen yonder will keep their stand; the omnibuses will plunge along, and the click of the annunciator will tell the same story of fares. In the great galleries and libraries, where the quiet stranger loves to lose himself—however dynasties may change—he finds only white in place of red upon the coat-cuffs of the servitors. Loud talking does not come in though a king may go out.

In short, there is an order within an order, and in all that regards the economies of domestic life, in literary or artistic growth, the Paris order is unchanging. It belongs to deeply-seated national habit. Its bases are simple, economic, and essentially democratic.

ARE you tired of hearing about the little bride of Balmoral? how she married the other day the heir to a throne, and has suddenly changed home and kindred, and cried bitterly at thought of it? As if the daughter of a queen should have no heart, and no ties that a great marriage should break! As if mothers were not mothers, and home home!

And then for the dresses and the flowers, let us not laugh so scornfully at Jenkins—we who read so eagerly what he tells us—we who have nourished a race of Jenkinses—we, who if we wear a pretty dress love so dearly to have it seen, and are so little offended to have it talked of!

It is easy to sneer, and say "twaddle!"—it looks dignified in small circles; but yet we "subscribe for the papers."

If we had no weaker and less worthy brides than Victoria's daughter at home, we might have cause to be thankful. Putting aside the Honiton and the jewels, how many of our young ladies of a certain age (who have the means in their hands) are good horse-women, good botanists, good sketchers, equal to a three hours' tramp over the hills—not afraid of the morning or morning dews?

And this brings up the whole story of that painful lack, belonging to our girls, of a good *physique*—which implies not mere brawn and muscle, but the resolution, the energy, the courage, the system which go to form them; nor only this, but glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, full figures, and light hearts!

Why will not our strong-minded women, who are over-eager for balloting and for abolishing slavery, turn their genius to an encouragement of those capital tastes which would develop healthy, hearty, honest, resolute girls, who, with the substratum of muscular energy, and the adornments of Nature's color, might sum up their ballots by scores? So long as our girls grow up into thin, painted, delicate shadows of women, there will be no fulcrum for any moral lever which the strong-minded may conceive.

Moral purpose is a grand thing, but it wants a strong body to make leverage good—else God would have made women angels.

But you know they are not, madame! Therefore make them perfectly-developed women first; after that, the angel comes.

—This little sermon out of the brown cheeks and the peasant face (if you will) of Victoria's eldest!

Editor's Drawer.

FREQUENTLY we have had occasion to express our thanks to the clergy who contribute to the Drawer. Amusing incidents often fall in their way, and they can not make a better use of them than to send them here. A clerical correspondent in a distant State writes to us that an original love-letter has recently come into his possession, and he is right in supposing that others will be as much entertained with its perusal as he has been. On his account, therefore, as well as for our readers, we shall copy *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, the original as received:

Miss E. S. pardon my audacity of interrogting you on the all important supeJেকে of matrimony Deare Miss if you knew, the love that I harbor in my breaste fore you you woulde not be made, with me bute I throughts I hade loved before I saw bute I wase mistaken You are the puttiest and the hamsomest young lady I have mete withe in my travols Miss E I would have not writen to you bute I have bine to see you dide not gete to tauke to you by our selves, I do not alope without dremeing about you you are my stoudy in day O that you did now how I love you there is no time Miss E when consensous thrilling Cords of love and friendship give such delights as in the Pensive hour of whate our calls Philosofhic melancholy the world in some degree Perhaps condemned by themselves they feel the full enjoyment of ardent love delicate tender endearments mutual esteem and mutual Reliance in this light I have often admired marriag life O there is nothing Could give me more haPiness if I Coulede call you mine bute if to the Contrary this world will be hell I fore got I oute to aske your permissione please write to

me as soone as you gete this excuse my bad writeing and
had spealing I come to a close
Remain your best lover until death

THE Rev. Peter Sharp, of Michigan, was once a member of the Ohio Annual Conference. At one of their sittings a brother had been tried for heresy, and, finally, the charges were considered proved, and he was duly convicted. The members sat silent, perhaps revolving in their own minds what punishment ought to be meted out to this erring brother, who did not understand the Book just exactly as they did. At length the presiding bishop asked,

"What will the Conference do with the brother?"

Up rose Peter Sharp, and, with great gravity, said, "I move that he be burned at the stake."

The motion was a strong one, and it brought into such a glaring light the folly of punishing men for errors of judgment, that the Conference made the sentence as gentle as they possibly could.

DEACON BROWN is not a deacon, but as odd a specimen of the genus *homo* as you may meet in a day's travel—part peddler, part preacher, holding forth occasionally on the Sabbath in the village churches round about; belonging to no religious sect in particular, not so much "varied in larnin as in human natur," and conceded to be "some" at a bargain; in fact, owing to his trading peculiarities, many have come out second best in their dealings with him. It so happened the Deacon was in search of a tenement, and hearing of one to let belonging to Mr. Rogers—who, by-the-way, was pretty well acquainted with the Deacon's tactics—called on him. After some conversation on the subject, Rogers agreed to let him the premises, on the condition, however, that the Deacon should *pay the rent at the end of the quarter, or else move*; to which he agreed, and moved in accordingly. Time passed on, the rent was over-due, and Rogers thought it time to call on his tenant for the same; which he did, reminding him at the same time of the agreement, and presenting his bill. The Deacon ran his eye over the same, and remarked, "A bargain's a bargain, Squire, honor bright! I'm rather short of money, but I'll *move*;" and move he did, "cordin to greement," leaving Rogers minus the quarter's rent.

SQUIRE FORD, who held a bill long past due against the same Deacon, which had been presented time and time again for payment, but without success, finally met him in the street, and threatened to sue the bill unless settled forthwith. The Deacon, however, coolly walked off muttering, "Well, Squire, if you get the money before I do, I hope you'll let me know it." Now Squire Ford is part owner as well as agent of a packet plying between this and the good city of York, carrying for the most part farmers' produce and such like. Deacon Brown, not being aware that Ford was the agent of said packet, and having a quantity of vegetables to send to market, placed them on board in the captain's care, to be disposed of on his arrival at the city. In due time the same were sold, and on his return, the captain, as customary, placed the proceeds in Squire Ford's hands, as agent for the packet. The next day the Squire meeting the Deacon in the street, accosted him with, "Well, Deacon, I've got the amount of my

bill, and thought I'd tell you of it." The Deacon, aware that he had found his match, acknowledged the corn, and requested the Squire to keep dark about the matter: but the story leaked out after a while, and it was many a day ere the Deacon heard the last of that bill.

WILSON and Phinney are the leading members of the Washington County bar. Sitting opposite one another at dinner-table—they are always opposite in practice at the bar in the Court-house, and agreed as to the bar in the hotel—Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before in a great political meeting in the village where Phinney resides.

"Indeed," said he, "I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm!"

"Filled with what?" cried Phinney.

"With enthusiasm," repeated Wilson.

"Oh, ah!" says Phinney, "I understand; but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it *rum*!"

THE names of Jones, Brown, and Smith are often used as fictitious names; so common are they, that when one is mentioned it is fair to suppose that man in general, and nobody in particular, is referred to.

"In one of the Southwestern States, a short time since," writes a friend, "the Rev. Dr. Hanson was addressing a large congregation, and asking a contribution for the missionary cause. He argued that every man should give according to his means, and to illustrate, he said:

"Now, there is Colonel Smith, with a hundred thousand dollars, and raising a hundred bales of cotton every year. He ought to give a hundred dollars at least."

"It so happened that there was a Colonel Smith in the house; and as soon as the sermon was finished and the collection begun, he rose and said he would give the hundred dollars cheerfully if the reverend gentleman would correct that statement about the cotton, as he didn't raise but half the amount mentioned."

A FARMER in the old country by the name of M'Natt had some fine sheep stolen one night, and immediately sent handbills throughout the neighborhood, offering a reward as usual in such cases. One morning there was discovered on one of them the following lines:

"Mr. M'Natt,
Your sheep were very fat.
I thank your good *grams* for that.
Out of three score and seven,
I took but eleven.
You may thank me for that.
If you knew me, for the favor
You'd hang me for my labor,
But I'll take care of you for that."

A CHARMING correspondent in the Green Mountain State sends "more last words" of that rascally old Quaker, Wing Rogers. She says:

"I noticed in the December Drawer several anecdotes of the old Quaker, Wing Rogers, and, living in the neighborhood where he was well known, I have collected a few remembrances of the eccentric man, which I forward.

"It was while his third wife was living, I think, that he used to go to meeting on the trundle-bed. He would get out that family fixture, attach a

stout pair of cattle, take his family on board, and start off, much to the mortification of his wife, and the merriment of the spectators.

"He employed a man to assist him in logging. The hired man drove the team while Wing was busy with a lever rolling logs, and sometimes got in the way of the team. Of course the man would stop to allow his employer a chance to save himself. This did not please Wing, it was a waste of time; so he ordered his help to drive on, and he would take care of himself. He obeyed, and before long the old Quaker found himself flat on the ground with a log rolling over him. The consequence was, a broken leg and three months on his back; but, said the sufferer, 'Gideon, *thee* wasn't to blame; *thee* did just as I told *thee*.'

"His astonishing avarice sometimes got him into difficulty. Being on the road one day, and meeting a stranger, he told a pitiful tale of poverty and suffering, and finished by asking alms. His shabby habiliments seemed to verify the story, and the stranger being strangely benevolent, gave him several dollars. The pretended sufferer then passed on; but in the evening called at a tavern not far from his residence. By the stove sat the benevolent stranger. Several of Wing's debtors accosted him as soon as he entered, assuring him they would pay as soon as possible.

"Of course he was recognized by the stranger, who forced him to return his money and foot his hotel bill besides.

"On one occasion he attempted to play the same game in Vergennes, but was recognized by some acquaintance, and received a severe flogging.

"It was, I think, the last of his four wives who proved herself his equal, and paid him in his own coin. One day he went out, turned the cows into the meadow, and returning, addressed his wife, 'My dear, the cows are all in the meadow; I want *thee* should go and drive them out.' She started at once like a dutiful wife, and opening the bars between the meadow and the corn-field, hurried the cows through, and then returned, saying, 'My dear, the cows are in the corn-field; I want *thee* should drive them out.' This was too much for Wing's acquisitiveness, and he drove them back to the pasture at once.

"His wife bought a cheap set of dishes, which were set out on the table when he came in. He knew they did not cost much, and thought it necessary to teach his better half not to make purchases without his knowledge or consent, so he deliberately kicked them over. She said nothing, but quietly cleared away the broken crockery, and next day brought home a more expensive set, which she spread on the table as before.

"These were smashed also. Wife cleared away the fragments without a frown, and next day brought home a costly set of china, and the third time set out the table. Her husband surveyed them with a troubled countenance, and muttering 'It won't do; they cost too much,' he went to the merchant and forbade his trusting his wife. He had hardly got home again when a writ was served on him, and he was obliged to fork over the money for the three sets of dishes."

A RELIGIOUS paper in the Southwest, the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*, Rev. H. N. M'Tyeire, editor, states, that "A presiding elder in Walker County, Alabama [he told us this himself], was examining an applicant for preaching license—one

who felt ambitious at 'splaining and 'spounding the Scriptures—' Brother,' said our friend, the presiding elder, 'are you a Unitarian or a Trinitarian?'

"After studying a while, repeating in under-tone, 'U-n-i-t-a-r-i-a-n—T-r-i-n-i-t-a-r-i-a-n—Un—' the applicant answered, 'Well, I always voted the Union ticket, and I'm a *Union* man; so, I reckon I'm a Unitarian.'

"The Quarterly Conference didn't think it a *sufficient* case; though the brother is on hand, on election days, for saving the Union."

THE same paper records the narrow escape of Bishop Capers's Catechism from being annihilated by a Hard-Shell opponent in Russell County, Alabama:

"That excellent missionary, Brother —, was teaching the colored people out of Catechism No. 1—teaching them at the plantations and at Andrew Chapel—a good work, which he did well, and the people appreciated it. We say the people—not all, however. A Hard-Shell Baptist preacher, Elder W—, got wind of strange doctrine, and raised the alarm. He made an appointment, and the Methodists (as they always do) gave him the use of their chapel to use up the Catechism. The elder took it into the pulpit and hammered it well, especially on the fleshly revelations.

"Several of the Methodists were on hand. Sister G— spiritedly declared that her mind was not changed at all. The missionaries should still teach her servants out of the Catechism, if they would. But the elder had things his own way against the Catechism until Brother B—, seated away back, a wide-awake and very shrewd man, spoke out:

"Sir, do you know that you are speaking and inveighing against the laws of your country? You have read the title-page of the Catechism; now read what's on the other side of that leaf, if you please."

"Reads: 'Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord 1847, by John Early.' 'There,' continued B—, who saw the confusion and dismay of the elder, and followed up his advantage before the congregation, 'you see that book has passed *both Houses of Congress*, and been duly authorized, and here you are trying to raise up the people against it.'

"The elder felt his position an awkward one for a good citizen—gave it up—the Catechism was victorious! It was a paper bullet, but brought down the game.

"Afterward B— was complimented, in company of friends, on having found an argument which, though no argument at all, fitted the calibre of his antagonist, and saved the case. 'Hush! now,' said he, imploringly; 'I really thought at the time it was a sound argument, and that both Houses of Congress *had* approved the Catechism.'"

NEW BOOTS.

"THESE boots were never made for me,
They are too short by half;
I want them long enough, d'ye see,
To cover all the calf."

"Why, Sir," said Last, with stifled laugh,
"To alter them I'll try;
But if they cover all the calf,
They must be six feet high."

A GENIUS in Ohio, who has a fancy for words

in the right place, has recently been visited with several specimens of the possessive case so curious that he sends them to the Drawer for the use of teachers.

"1. In traveling the other day with a friend we met a man on horseback, and as my friend knew him, he gave me some facts in his history. Shortly afterward we came to a fine house and grounds, and my companion remarked, 'This is the man we met on horseback's house.'"

"2. My mother had a young woman sewing for her. The interesting topic of chilblains being under discussion, the seamstress remarked, 'The girl that lives at Mrs. Johnson's heels' are frozen.'"

"3. My tenant, Billy Dixon, justly boasts of a very fine horse that he owns, which was raised by old Sammy Briggs, a great man for raising fine horses, and who had the misfortune to be killed by lightning. I remarked to Billy one day, 'That's a fine horse of yours; of what stock is he?' Billy replied, 'This horse is old Sammy Briggs who got killed by the thunder's best breed.'"

LIZZIE MAPLE sends to the Drawer these very neat lines:

I CAN NOT FORGET.

"Oh, thy dark eye gleameth brightly,
And thy footstep springeth lightly,
When it comes to meet me here;
And thy low soft whisper falleth,
As the gentle dew descendeth,
To the drooping flower; it bringeth
Sweet music to my ear.
The pleading love-light dancing,
In thy dark eye sadly glancing,
Would melt my heart of stone;
And thy proud form bowed before me,
Asking only that I love thee,
Had its labor nearly done;
But a pale face ever gleameth,
And a blue eye ever streameth,
With the holy rain of tears;
And a low, sad voice is breathing
Ever in my ears,
'Thou didst pledge thy love undying
Through all coming years.'
And that pale face ever rising
Between thyself and me,
And those blue eyes ever beaming
With their holy rain-drops streaming,
Draw away my heart from thee.
Go! thy love with thee remaining,
Ask not love of me!"

THE following article was copied from a newspaper in 1800, where it stood without reference to its author or origin. It sounds like Peter Pindar, or, perhaps, more like George Colman; but I am not able to find it in the acknowledged works of either. Does the Drawer contain the author's name?

[The Drawer would not dare to know what our contributor does not. May he live a thousand years, and always remember the Drawer!]

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Habits are stubborn things;
And, by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passion's grown so naughty
There is no clipping of its wings.
This truth will best be shown
By a familiar instance of our own.

Dick Strype
Was a dear friend, and lover of the pipe;
He used to say, "One pipe of Kirkman's best
Gave life a zest."

To him 'twas meat and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapor
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So still he smoked and drank, and cracked his joke;
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke,

But—Richard married.

His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice;
And, thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scoured from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubbed so bright
You dared not walk upright,
For fear of sliding;
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else, Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe;
She railed upon the filthy herb, tobacco;
Protested that the noisome vapor
Had spoiled her best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then she quoted old King James, who saith
"Tobacco is the Devil's breath."
When wives will govern, husbands must obey;
For many a day
Dick mourned, and missed his favorite tobacco,
And cursed Rebecca.

At length the day approached his wife must die.
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, and aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens:
The undertakers, men and mutes,
Stood at the gate in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.

Now cakes and wine are handed round:
Folks sigh and drink, and drink and sigh,
For grief makes people dry:
But Dick is missing, nowhere to be found;
Above, below, about.
They searched the house throughout,
Each hall and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In every cupboard, corner, nook, and shelf,
And all concluded he had hanged himself.
At last they found him—Reader, guess you where?
'Twill make you stare:—
Perched on Rebecca's coffin, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best!

THE following morsels of wit have been often published in plain prose, but in rhyme they are less familiar. If they secure a passage through the Drawer they may appear *as good as new*:

As two Divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,
In merry mood o'er Boston Neck were riding,
At length a simple structure met their sight,
From which the felon takes his hempen flight,
When, sailor-like, he squares accounts with hope,
His all depending on a single rope.
"Ah! where, my friend," cried one, "where now were you,
Had yonder gallows been allowed its due?"
"Where?" said the other, in sarcastic tone,
"Why where, but riding into town alone!"

OMENS.

To Cato once a frightened Roman flew—
The night before a rat had gnawed his shoe—
Terrible omen by the gods decreed:
"Cheer up, my friend," said Cato, "mind not that;
Though if, instead, your shoe had gnawed the rat,
It would have been a fearful sign indeed!"

DR. WALLACE writes to the Drawer and relates

the following as having recently occurred in his practice as a physician, in which of the States we do not care to say:

"Not long since I called to see a patient at the house of Mr. Peter Johnson. He was absent, but his wife was at home and received me kindly; it was my first visit here, and I had not been long in the region. 'Dr. Wallace,' she said, 'I am mighty glad to see you. Our fathers fit together in the old regulator war, and I shall never forget the song the poet writ on your father's death. It begins, you know,

"'Scots who have with Wallace bled!
Scots whom Brutus often led!"

"Of course, I did not deny the reminiscences, and a model friendship has been established."

A PHILADELPHIA lawyer sends the following capital thing—an instance of a goose escaping a plucking, the only instance of the kind on record. Will it become a precedent in the profession?

"Mr. Alston, a rich old gentleman residing in one of the interior counties of this State, had some trouble with a neighbor who lived in the adjoining county, and having applied to his lawyer for advice found that he must commence suit in the county in which his neighbor resided. In order to facilitate his movements, his friend, the lawyer, gave him a letter of introduction to a brother chip practicing at D—, the county town, where the suit had to be brought. One fine morning Mr. Alston rose with the lark, and, mounting his horse, rode to D—, which was within an easy hour's ride. He found the attorney at his office and handed him the letter. While the letter was being read the attorney was summoned to breakfast. Excusing himself to Mr. A. for a few minutes, he laid down the letter on his table and retired. During his absence, Mr. A. felt curious to know what his lawyer had said about his case. He approached the table, picked up the letter, read it through to the P.S., which was as follows:

"'Mr. A. is a fat goose, pluck him well.'

"Mr. Alston was quick enough to seize a pen and to add,

"'P.S. No. 2. The goose has flown, feathers and all.'

"And hastening from the office, mounted his horse, rode home, settled the case, and has never troubled a lawyer since."

THE State of Maine, and Bangor, the seat of a school for the education of Ministers, is responsible for the following:

"Young Penuel Gray was determined to be a minister. His father let him go to the Academy to pick up some Latin and Greek, for the boy was a man now, and would go to the Theological Seminary, and skip College. At the Academy he was learning English grammar, and the class were parsing in Pope's Essay on Man. Penuel refused to touch the book or parse in it. He was very decided, and when the reason for his obstinacy was demanded, he said, with great spirit, 'I guess I know; that are Pope's the biggest old tyrant that ever sot onto a throne.'

Poor Penuel had got the little man of Twickenham mixed up with the Pope of Rome, and wouldn't have any thing to do with him, not a bit of it.

MR. BRANDYTODDY'S three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman.

"Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. B.

"No! why not?" inquired his friend in great amazement.

"In the first place," returned Mr. Brandytoddy, "I am Secretary of a Temperance Society that meets to-day, and I must preserve my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something."

OUR Rhode Island friend tells a very amusing story of a Connecticut lady living just over the line. She is the notable wife of Colonel Wilson, a wealthy farmer, and though the Colonel devotes a reasonable share of his time to the farm, his wife is the chief manager of the stock, and is specially enthusiastic in the matter of sheep. She attends to the wool, and being a good judge of the article, has imported stock to improve the breed, and understands all about South Downs and Merinos and the most choice varieties. She has also made much use of cotton-wool, and had long been annoyed at the necessity of purchasing it, as none of her sheep yielded the article. Captain Hanson was going to Europe; he was a friend of hers, and had an eye upon her daughter and the flocks withal. He offered to serve Mrs. Wilson in the matter of stock, if she wished him to do so, while he was abroad.

"So you can," said Mrs. Wilson; "you can serve me greatly."

"And that I shall be most happy to do," said the gallant Captain.

"Well, Captain," continued the good woman, "I want you to get me a cotton-ram, that I may raise this new wool."

"Certainly," said the Captain; "have you any choice about the color?"

"Well, I should prefer a blue one, to save the trouble of dyeing it."

The Captain promised to do his best, but was obliged to write to the Colonel from old England that the cotton stock was very nearly the same as South Downs and was plenty Down South.

SOME rogues broke into a store in the neighborhood of Stonington, Connecticut, the keeper of which was well known for the extravagant prices he put upon his goods. Having no rival in the vicinity, he charged up most abominably. The rogues pitched every thing about, but did not appear to have carried any goods away; and the owner found the following apologetic note on his counter in the morning:

"DEAR SIR,—We entered your store last night for the purpose of making a haul, but we find your goods marked so confoundedly high we thought we could not afford to take any thing.

"Yours, respectfully,

"A FEW OF US."

"YOUR story, in a late Number, of the ship-builder who was to be considered in the settlement, reminds me of an old neighbor of mine named Smith—you've heard of Smith—who made a bargain with a farmer in the neighborhood to do up his chores and small jobs about the farm when not elsewhere engaged, the farmer promising to pay him what was right at the end of the season. On

footing the books, and deducting the pork, potatoes, etc., had by Smith, a very small balance indeed was found due, and he vented his indignation in terms unusual among polite people, closing off by saying he would be hanged if he ever worked for what was *right* again."

A BOSTON friend writes to us that he copied the Epitaph below from a stone in the cemetery at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and sends it as one of the curiosities of "Old Mortality" literature.

ELISABETHA

BALDNER:

dead	26 th ea	August
old	1848	3. F.

HENRIETTE BALD

old	NER:	1 F. S. M.
dead.	30 th ea	Aug ^t .
	1848	

"Weep not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give thy heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet."

AN Ohio correspondent regales the Drawer with a last fall's pleasantry in that State that escaped our notice at the time of its occurrence:

"Governor Chase issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being right on the subject in hand, the Governor composed his proclamation almost exclusively of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognize them and admire the fitness of the words as well as his taste in their selection. A learned editor of a Democratic paper (the Governor is on the other side) pounced upon the proclamation—declared that he had read it before—couldn't exactly say where—but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end! That would have been joke enough for one while, at least, and perhaps longer; but the next day the Republican paper came out valiantly in defense of the Governor, pronounced the charge false and libelous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had ever been in print before!!! A pair of them, don't you think so, Mr. Drawer?"

We do, that's a fact.

HERE is one more specimen of Indian cunning, and quite as good as any instance in the books:

Mr. King, of Camillus, Onondaga County, New York, had the misfortune to have his harness stolen; and, pursuing his inquiries, became convinced that a certain drunken Indian in the neighborhood was the thief. He charged the Red man with the theft, and, finally, the Indian admitted that he knew where it was. After much persuasion he named the place, but when the owner looked where it was, it wasn't there. Now he had the fellow arrested, and was taking him off to jail, when he promised to tell where it was if they would give him a pint of whisky. Mr. King gave him the liquor, and the stolen property was produced.

"Now," said the owner, "you must go to jail for stealing."

"Whaf fur? White man got um harness!"

"Yes, but you stole it, and must go to jail."

"Injun tell old chief white man give Injun whisky; white man pay fifty dollar!"

This was a new wrinkle. That was the law, sure enough, and Mr. King had made himself liable to the fine by giving the Indian the liquor, and he told the fellow to go. But he wouldn't go.

"Give Injun money, he no tell!" And the fellow stuck to it that he would inform; and, finally, the white man had to hire him to hold his tongue.

"THE ruling passion strong in death" had never a more striking illustration than in the following incident, communicated to the Drawer, and vouched for by one of the most eminent names in this city:

"Many New Yorkers remember Major Farlie, for many years clerk of the Supreme Court of this city, his kind heart, and his inexhaustible fund of humor. On his way from the City Hall to his house in Dey Street he slipped on the ice, and, falling, broke his thigh. Mortification ensued. Poultrices of fresh yeast were plentifully applied. He was a member of Dr. Spring's church, and the good Doctor called to see him, and asked him how he felt. The Major, motioning toward the poulticed part, with a look of his old humor, answered, 'Well, Doctor, I think I shall *rise at last*.' He died six hours afterward; and no one doubts of his anticipations being realized."

THE following Inscription "To a Happy Man" was copied from a tablet erected to his memory in St. Peter's Church, Cheltenham, England:

THE HAPPY MAN

was born in the City of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life; was educated in the School of Perseverance, worked at the trade of diligence, and sometimes performed acts of self-denial; he is clothed in the plain garb of Humility, and has a better suit to appear in at Court, called the robe of Christ's righteousness. He breakfasts every morning on Spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has meat to eat which the world knows nothing of, and his drink is "the sincere milk of the word." He has a large estate in the Country of Christian contentment, and his delightful mansion is called the House of God. His associates are the excellent of the Earth, such as those who excel in virtue and piety; and where truth inhabits, there is he. On his life is written the law of kindness, on his tongue the dictates of truth. His breast is fortified with the armor of Christ's righteousness, and in his heart there is no guile. Faith bears a shield before him, while Mercy presides at his right hand, and Justice at his left. Should darkness at any time envelop his goings, God's word is a lamp unto his path, and none of his steps shall slide. Thus he pursues the noiseless tenor of his way through the wilderness of this world to the Celestial Canaan, where only righteous men inhabit, and where the spirits of just men made perfect are ever with the Lord. In a word, he has Sin under his feet, the world behind his back, grace in his heart, Heaven in his eyes, and a Crown of Glory for his head. Happy is the life of such a man, and happy is his death.

To attain which strive earnestly, work diligently, pray fervently, persevere to the end, live holily, die daily, watch your heart, guard your senses, redeem your time, Love Christ.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of *that* Man is peace."

FOUR capital stories come from one Western correspondent, who has more of the same kind left.

"Judge Moore, who many years ago presided in the courts of several of the western counties of Pennsylvania, was frequently finding fault with the lawyers for bringing unimportant suits in his courts. On one occasion he thus sharply addressed

the plaintiff's counsel, a young and hopeful limb of the law :

"Mr. R—, why did you bring this suit to court? Why did you not leave it out, to be decided by three honest men of the neighborhood?"

"Yer Honor," replied R—, "I preferred that honest men shouldn't try it."

"JUDGE BENJAMIN TAPPAN, at one time United States Senator from Ohio, was remarkable for two piercing eyes, whose line of vision crossed so closely above the bridge of their owner's nose that each appeared to be endeavoring to surmount that obstacle to have a combat with the other. The Judge was holding court in one of the newly-organized counties of the State in which there was not, as yet, any jail, except a log stable fitted up for that purpose. During the sessions of the court a 'green un from the country' sat, with eyes and mouth wide open, listening intently to the proceedings. At length two of the attorneys got into a personal altercation, at which the Judge reproved them sharply, at the same time giving them such a look as no one with ordinary optics could command. This was decidedly a rich scene for 'green un,' who instantly shouted, 'That's right! give it to 'um, gimblet eyes!' A burst of laughter succeeded, and the Judge, not yet perceiving who it was that had so offended the dignity of the court, looking out upon the crowd, called out, 'Who was that?' At which the same voice, in an effeminate, drawling tone, responded,

"It was this 'ere old boss."

"Sheriff," exclaimed the Judge, "take that horse and put him in the stable!"

"HON. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE and Hon. Joshua Reed Giddings used to be constant competitors at the bar in 'old, benighted Ashtabula,' their present place of residence. In the early part of his practice Wade was defending a man against an action of slander, and after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel-table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his slandered client. Old Gid, as he was familiarly called, had a little smattering of Shakspeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' said he, with much ardor,

"He that steals my purse, steals trash;
But he that robs me of my good name—"

Ahem! At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakspeare deserted him. He repeated—

"But he that robs me of my good name!"

But the Bard of Avon, as if unwilling to aid either him or his client, proved treacherous. Again he repeated—

"But he that robs me of my good name!"

(Another pause.) 'Takes that I never had,' whispered Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard by all in the room.

"Amidst the laughter, and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a 'lame and impotent conclusion,' that his client recovered but six-and-a-fourth cents for his lost character."

THE Drawer has the vouchers for the literal truth of the following:

"In the town of T—, in the goodly State of Connecticut, the legal voters of a School District were, one evening, gathered in annual meeting at

the school-house, 'for choice of officers for the year ensuing, and to do any other business proper to be done at said meeting.' The meeting having been organized, and a new District Clerk duly elected, it became a legal necessity that the clerk should be sworn to the faithful discharge of his duty. Here was a dilemma; for no copy of the statute was at hand, with its form of the oath, and no one present was sufficiently familiar with the science of *swearing* to put the newly-chosen functionary through the regular and requisite course.

"After much parleying and no little persuasion, good old Deacon Smith undertook the work, and finished it after this fashion. Turning to the clerk, who with uplifted right hand awaited his commission, the Deacon said:

"*You solemnly swear that you will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for the year to come!*"

This world is so given to lying, it would be a good plan to add the Deacon's oath to the "qualification" of every office-holder in the land.

IN Greenmount Cemetery is a marble slab from which is copied for the Drawer the following inscription. The Epitaph tells its own 'quaint but tender story:

TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR DEAR LITTLE FOUNDLING,
JNO. VALENTINE WATCHMAN,
DIED AUGUST 1, 1853,
AGED 7 MONTHS.

It was upon the second month
Of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty Three
This dearest little stranger
Was left alone with me.

We were all sitting happy
By the cheerful fire bright,
When all at once the door-bell rang,
At eight o'clock at night.

We took him in and clothed him well,
And watched him day and night,
Until our blessed Lord thought fit
To take him from our sight.

By his tender age, anxiety, and care,

And finding him upon our step,
Made him to us so dear.

He grew to us most beautiful;
But he was only given,
As the fair bud to Earth,
But to blossom in Heaven.

"WHEN I taught school in York State, I told the young ladies they might select their own copies, and write what they pleased. One of them filled a page with the repetition of these lines:

"I am so unacquainted with man,
His tameness is shocking to me."

"THE late Judge David Daggett, of New Haven, though universally admired for his legal knowledge, logical acumen, and the mathematically demonstrative turn of his mind, had no taste for poetry, and, indeed, affected to despise it, as something childish.

"Many years since, on a fine May morning, he and M'Fingal Trumbull and Parson Strong were journeying together, on horseback, on the beautiful banks of the Connecticut River, above Hartford, when Strong and Trumbull commenced rally-

* A line is wanting on the stone.

ing him on his aversion to poetry, and attributed it to his own want of the gift of poetry. Daggett, in turn, ridiculed them for condescending to 'make verses,' and averred that, if disposed thus to demean himself, he could make as good poetry as they.

"This friendly banter finally ended in a bet of a bottle of wine for that day's dinner, whereby each was to extemporize a couplet, and the one who, by the voices of the other two, was adjudged to have come off 'third best' was to pay the wine.

"Strong and Trumbull having each 'perpetrated his rhyme,' Daggett, in looking round for a subject, espied a woman paddling a canoe across the river; and immediately checking his horse, rising in his stirrups, and pointing toward her with his whip, exclaimed,

"Behold yonder nymph, sailing on the ocean!
And who knows how she'll come out in the quotient?"

"SPEAKING of Judge Daggett reminds me of an occurrence that took place many years since, in my presence, at one of the dinners—or, more properly, suppers—of our Yale Commencement.

"The substantial of the feast were already discussed, and the 'dessert' was being served up, when Professor Benjamin Silliman, then in the full possession of manly beauty—and I have seldom seen a handsomer man—asked Daggett if he should help him to 'a piece of mince-pie?"

"A part of a piece, if you please," said Daggett.

"Silliman immediately commenced dividing, subdividing, and redividing a bit of a pie, and continued the operation so long, that Daggett at length noticed it, and inquired what he was doing.

"I was trying," said Silliman, 'to get you part of a piece of pie; but, cut as I will, I can still find nothing but a whole piece.'"

"In the early days of the settlement of the old town of Whitestown, which then embraced a larger territory than is now contained within the entire County of Oneida, Nathan Kelsey, an inveterate stammerer, or stammerer, had located himself on a lot of 'wild land,' three-fourths of a mile from the then infant village of New Hartford. It is a well-known peculiarity of the stammerer that if, on any sudden impulse, he changes what he was trying to say, he speaks with perfect fluency.

"Kelsey was one day busily engaged by the roadside in cutting up a large tree which he had just cut down, when he was accosted by a passing traveler on horseback, who desired to be informed how far it was to the village of New Hartford.

"To this inquiry he received from Kelsey the following response:

"Th-th-th-three q-q-q-q-q: go along! and you'll get there before I can tell you."

"ELIAS GUMAER—commonly pronounced Gumaer—descended from an ancient Dutch family, and born and bred in 'the Valley of the Mohawk,' had, at an early day, located himself in the town of Manlius, in the State of New York, and become a 'well-to-do' farmer. During the campaign of 1814, when every American heart throbbed with frequent changes of hope and anxiety, on account of the stirring military events then transpiring on the 'Niagara frontier,' Mr. Gumaer was one day accosted by an acquaintance with the question, 'What do you think of the times?"

"Wall, den," was the reply, 'I really don't know vat I dinks. But I'll tell you vat it is; I'se

goin down pon de Mohawk Rivers next winter, and I shall find out vat dey dinks dere, and den I shall know vat I dinks.'"

THE MOSS ROSE.

"The angel of flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree lay
(That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dew of heaven):
Awaking from his slight repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
'Oh, choicest object of my care!
Still fairest found when all is fair—
For the sweet shade thou'st given me
Ask what thou wilt—'tis granted thee.'
'Then,' said the rose, with deepened glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws:
And, clothed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

JOE MARSH is the justly-celebrated proprietor of a hotel in the pleasant village of Binnington, in this State. But while Joe provides a good table, and acts the host to universal satisfaction, he, like most others, has his peculiarities—which peculiarities, by-the-by, furnish frequent amusement for bar-room visitors, though not always to his profit.

Joe is not celebrated for a superabundance of either native or *acquired talent*, while his sharp sayings are characterized by a peculiar nasal *accent*, entirely his own. He was once kicked on the head by a horse; he says it helped his eyesight, but hurt his business faculties.

One cold day Joe sat by his warm bar-room stove, indulging at once his notorious indolence and literary taste—the former in the natural way, and the latter in reading a History of Napoleon.

Joe read a page or two, when he yielded to a desire to sleep. One of those roguish boys (of which Binnington has not a few) who were making Joe one of their regular calls, conceived the idea of turning back leaves to where he first commenced. Joe wakes up in the process of time, and renews his reading; reads as far as it continues interesting, when he again falls asleep, and the boys turn back the leaves as before. This is repeated *four* times, when a bright idea effectually wakes Joe up.

"Gosh, boys! that Napoleon's the smartest feller ever lived; *crossed the Alps four times in one day, and dragged a heavy cannon after 'im!*"

To his bar he adds a store of candies, in which the boys invest all the cents and eggs, etc., they can hook for the purpose of trade. Joe winks at their wickedness, and puts their pilferings into his till. One evening a big boy brought in a hen and sold it to Joe for a pound of candy. Joe gave him the candy, and told him to put the hen in the barn, which he did. Soon another boy, encouraged by the success, brought in a hen and got the same price, and this set the thing going—the boys always carrying the hen to the barn at Joe's direction. In the morning he found he had been sold badly, having bought the same hen six times, and one of his own at that!

A YOUNG lawyer in Arkansas was arguing a case before a judge whose self-conceit was in inverse proportion to his knowledge of the law. The counsel offered to quote Blackstone, and proceeded to read from him, when the Court ordered him to de-

sist, adding: "It is presumed, Sir, that this Court knows the law, and it will not be dictated to with impunity; if such an infringement be made again on the dignity of the Court it will immediately order the offender to jail!"

The lawyer quietly replied, "If it please your honor, I was just reading this to show what a great fool Blackstone was!"

"Ah! well, that alters the case; you can proceed," said the judge—and he proceeded.

JOHNSON was the conductor on a Western road, a very pompous official, so much above his business as to appear to be a passenger whenever he could. Leaving the door open one cold day as he entered the cars, Mr. Bangs cried out to him,

"I say, shut that door!"

The elegant Johnson was greatly offended at being spoken to so rudely, and stepping up to him said, "I am the conductor of the train."

"That's the very reason," roared out Mr. Bangs, "why I told you to shut that door!"

The man shut the door.

THE only point to the following, from a correspondent in Tennessee, is the truth of it, though it is very well, as showing how a man may be learned in the law and innocent as a babe of everyday lore:

"Judge Benson had long presided with great dignity and ability on one of the chief circuits of the State. In one of the cases that came before him from a lower court, a flock of geese made a considerable figure as trespassers on the premises of one of the parties. One of the lawyers, a wag, and now in fine feather, spoke of the pranks of a *gander*, and always called it *he*, until the Judge corrected him, by saying that the gander is the female goose that lays the eggs, and should be spoken of as *she*. The lawyer submitted to the correction until the Court adjourned, when he proposed to the Judge, and the Judge agreed, to refer the gender of the gander to the landlady of the house where they were to dine. Mrs. M'Queen was as fond of fun as the rest, and was willing also to please the Judge; and when the case was stated to her she put on her gravest face, but with a roguish laugh in the corner of her eye, she said,

"Why, yes; every goose knows that the gander is the female, and lays the eggs!"

"There! there!" shouted the Judge. "I told you so; you think you can teach me, do you? I knew the gander lays the eggs!"

WHEN James C. Jones was canvassing the State of Tennessee in the exciting campaign of 1839, in which he finally beat James K. Polk, after a very successful effort in one of the counties of the Western District, his friends gathered round him as he was about to leave town, among whom was Squire Grover, who, though indifferently dressed, could yet control at least fifty votes in his neighborhood. As the colored boy who drove the Governor's buggy was about to start, he recollected having left something in the hotel, and stepping out of the buggy to return for it, he looked round for a servant to hold the reins, but none was at hand.

Squire Grover, however, only too happy to render assistance, immediately took the reins. Dr. I——, a most inveterate wag and Democrat, watching his chance for a joke, followed the boy into the hotel, and informed him that the man who was holding

the horse made his living by little jobs about town, and would expect a dime, at the same time handing the boy a dime to give him. The Doctor gave the wink of mischief to a squad of his political friends, who crowded up. The colored boy soon returned, dropped the dime into Squire Grover's hand as he took the reins, stepped nimbly into the buggy, and the restive horse was off in a jiffy, amidst the roars of the Democrats and the dumb-founded looks of Squire Grover, who stood gazing at the dime which had been given him by Governor Jones's nigger!

A TEXAS gentleman writes: "I am no lawyer, but a few days ago I had a suit before Squire Goodwin, of this place, which I undertook to manage without the aid of counsel. In the course of the examination I asked a witness an out-of-the-way question, when Mr. Jones, the lawyer on the other side, objected to the question; and, rising, addressed the Court as follows: 'If it please your Honor, that question is altogether out of place. I have heard *lawyers* ask such questions in court, but this is the first time I ever heard such a question from a *gentleman*!'"

THE schoolmaster has more work to do before the merchants of the country will be posted up in the art of writing. Here is a genuine letter from one in the country to his mercantile correspondent in the city. We copy literally, verbally, and punctuatedly:

"Mr B—— H—— I will state to you a few lines About some tobacer that you sent mee hit is to Bad for mee to youse or to sell I think I had best send hit back to you thar was 17lbs pounds of hit by the Utica waits I will send hit back by the first oportunity Never received any bill for hit would like you to send mee Abill for hit all—whischa tobacer and coffey the whischa you send is VURY Good the coffey wald 25lbs pounds all you have sent me has been Good but the tobacer I am much pleased with your kindness all—but the tobacer I would be much oblgt to you if you would send mee the primes of Cottin and every of every cerrynt primes of the day every week

right to Utica H—— County Miss yours. &c

"I septembur 17, 1836

"to Mr B—— H—— and
Company"

"I SEND you a couple of anecdotes, illustrating the ready wit of the late Chief Justice Daggett, of Connecticut, who has often been in the Drawer:

"Soon after the war of 1812, and when party politics ran very high between the Federalists and Democrats, the Rev. Mr. H—— published, in a newspaper edited by him, a libelous article on a Democrat who stood high with his party.

"An action was brought against Mr. H—— by Lawyer Smith noted for his coarseness and vulgar abuse of parties against whom he was employed.

"Mr. Daggett was retained to defend the action. In the course of his argument to the jury Smith went off into a harangue against the defendant, and clergymen generally; remarking that the latter were continually fomenting quarrels, and were, upon the whole a very powerful and dangerous class. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'they are corrupt now, and always have been; we find, as far back as the Sacred records extend, that the priest Balaam was so corrupt that even his own ass rebuked him.'

"Mr. Daggett, in reply, after alluding to the

character of his client, and presenting the clergy in a different light from his antagonist, in referring to the remarks of the latter about clergymen, told the jury that the learned counsel had traveled out of the record and inveighed against the corruptions of the clergy. 'Why, gentlemen,' said he, 'he has searched among the records of Scriptural history, and adduced the case of Balaam and his ass; but, gentlemen, the counsel need not have gone back so far, for even in our own day' (turning to Smith) 'there are plenty of asses to rebuke the clergy; but, unlike Balaam's ass, they don't seem to be very much inspired!'"

"It seemed to have been the delight, as well as the fortune, of Mr. Daggett, while at the bar, to come in conflict with his brother Smith. The latter was not without talent, but it run in low channels, and Mr. Daggett loved to pester him. On one occasion, during an argument to the Court upon a point of law involving nice questions, Mr. Smith attempted to draw distinctions which did not exist; and, in allusion to his subtlety, Mr. Daggett, in reply, addressed the Court as follows: 'The opposing counsel has been very nice in his points of law, and has assumed differences where none exist. As for myself, I am not disposed to follow the gentleman into the refinements of his argument, but I can assure him I will split hairs with him, if need be;' whereupon Mr. Smith, who sat near (and who, by-the-way, was, in his personal appearance, rather porcine), drew from his head a hair, and handing it toward Mr. Daggett, said 'Split this, Brother Daggett.'

"The latter turned upon him with a keen look, and replied: '*I said hairs, not bristles!*'"

THERE is no poetry, but there is much sense—which is much better—in these lines:

A youth, well-known, in triumph lately said,
 "No 'mount of liquor can affect my head;
 I've drank from night 'til morn, from morn 'til noon,
 And yet as sober as the placid moon;
 Who, though she's sometimes said to fill her horn,
 Was never known by any to be corn.
 Myself under a 'quart' I can command:
 The more I drink the firmer do I stand."
 "Are you a man?" cried I, in much amaze.
 "I have the honor to come in that phrase,"
 Said he. "Methinks your query strange, Sir; say,
 Do I look like a cow or beast of prey?"
 "No: rather like a jug, which, empty, placed
 Upon the floor, is easily displaced;
 But once let liquor (brandy, if you please)
 Be pour'd within it, and it stands at ease.
 But could this jug, if it had brains and blood,
 Or e'en was any thing besides baked mud,
 Could it receive this mass of liquid fire,
 And yet not falter, or at once expire?
 Therefore consider, when you fill the mug,
 The more you hold the more you're like a jug."

THERE is a moral, as good as preaching, to this story, which comes from a new hand:

"Aunt Jenny was a very exemplary colored woman, and always felt and showed much concern for the future welfare of her numerous children. But little Nicholas had so much of the 'Old Nick' in him, that, with all her persuasions and threats, she could not bring him into the good way of saying his prayers. One afternoon Aunt Jenny was startled by hearing loud cries from the barn-yard—'O Lord! O Lord!' and, hastening out, she saw young Nick pinned to the fence with the horns of

a cow, one on each side of him, and now and then she would let him out, but only to 'bunt' him back again. Nick kept up his cries—'O Lord!' and all the louder when he saw his mother coming. But she didn't interfere. She stopped, took a good look, set her arms a-kimbo, and sang out, 'Oh yes! you's mighty willin' to call on de Lord now you's got into trubul; but you couldn't pray wid your mudur like a 'spectable chile!' And turning to the kitchen she left Nick to the tender mercies of the cow, being quite sure, however, that no serious harm would come to him."

THERE lived in Smith County, Mississippi, a man by the name of Cole, who had employed an old, one-eyed, knock-kneed Irishman, by the name of Lockridge, as a school-teacher. Lockridge was but a very limited scholar, and a loose disciplinarian, and withal had the weakness of his nation—admiration of woman generally. Cole, with whom he boarded, had two daughters, and Lockridge could not allow so favorable an opportunity to pass unimproved, so he began to breathe soft and witching words into the ears of the elder, and wished to marry her. Cole soon found out what was going on, and became exceedingly indignant. He told Lockridge he must leave his house, as he had offered an insult to his family. Lockridge saw that remonstrance was vain, so he began to speak to Cole in the calmest manner, rather denying, as decently as he could, the imputation: "Misther Cole, I have thought well of ye; and, Misther Cole, as to yer biggest girl, she is, to be sure, a very large, stout, and good-looking wench, but she isn't quite as nate a woman as meself would like to call Misthress Lockridge. As for the youngest, Misther Cole, she is a slatternly, empty-headed, ill-mannered, and lazy thing, that nobody, Misther Cole, could think well of. And, Misther Cole, ef it was not that I've always liked you as a gentleman, and would not hurt yer feelins, I'd tell you how mighty mane yer wife was!"

Lockridge left the neighborhood; but Cole always thought he came very nigh insulting him the way he talked.

COLONEL JONES is a gentleman and a wit. The other day he was showing the town to some ladies from the steeple of the Court-house. One of them asking him why the lightning-rod, where it was attached to the building for support, was incased in a piece of horn, the Colonel replied that horn was a non-conductor.

"Oh, indeed!" says the lady; "I never knew that before."

"To be sure," says the Colonel. "Have you never observed that when the boys have had a horn or two they can't conduct themselves properly?"

The great height from the ground prevented the lady from fainting.

ON another occasion the Colonel was asked by some ladies if it was not worse for the gentlemen to drink than for the ladies to use snuff? The Colonel replied that both were very bad; and that if his wife should ever take to snuff, he'd like, certain!

YEARS ago, when Cherry Valley was still a city of refuge from the incensed Red man, Judge Cooper, the father of our great novelist, entered, and be-

came in process of time "seized and possessed," of certain tracts of land lying about Otsego Lake, parcels of which he, from time to time, leased at low rates to good occupants.

Among other applicants appeared one Johnson, rather a wag in his way, who wished a well-known farm bordering on the lake. The Judge proposed that fresh fish, in certain amounts and at stated times, should constitute the rent of the farm.

To this proposition Johnson, who had a seine, was willing to accede; but stated a repugnance, shared by every member of his family, toward eating fish from which the best had been selected. "But, Judge," continued he, with great apparent candor, "I'll tell you what it is; if you will agree to take the fish *just as they run*, you may bring on your documents."

The Judge assented, remarking that a seine would not catch the small fry; and the lease was duly drawn up and signed by the parties. Nothing further was heard from Johnson, and some months elapsed, when the Judge, feeling a little "fishy," proceeded to hunt him up.

"I am after my fish!" shouted he, as he saw Johnson busy at a log pier.

"Ah, yes; just help yourself, Judge," was the reply; "there they all are in the lake, and you know you agreed to take them *just as they run*!"

The Judge was fairly "sold;" and it is said Johnson kept the premises some time rent free, simply agreeing that he would not "let on."

A MINISTER, not long ago, delivered a sermon in which he charged some of his hearers with stealing preaching. In answer to this declaration the following was penned:

A *frugal* minister, while teaching,
Rebuked the sin of stealing preaching!
And coolly, without hesitation,
Charged certain of the congregation
With this base act. But the accused,
To steal had, all their life, refused—
True, they had naught this preacher paid—
(Perhaps for *that* the charge was made!—)
They took advice in proper time,
To learn if they had done the crime.
There must be with the taking joined
Some value in the thing purloined;
Or, common law and common sense
Will make no theft of the offense.

THE Drawer acknowledges the receipt of a monody on the death of the distinguished Captain O—, who was killed on the rail track. We can make room for two verses only:

"That cast-steel sword once sportive play'd
In our dear Captain's hand;
But he no more that sword shall see,
For he's gone to a far-off land.

"The Captain was walking on the track,
Regardless of the foe;
When the engine hit him in his back,
And knock'd him into eternity."

SOME time since, being in "The Dundee Country," a region not a thousand miles from Seneca Lake, we found ourselves drawn with the crowd into a Court-room, where a civil suit was progressing.

It seems the defendant had hired a buggy, which, the plaintiff alleged, had met its fate rather prematurely through carelessness and unusual hard driv-

ing. We were not acquainted with the parties, and, of course, not as interested as the "natives;" but an axiom which the judge laid down we shall long remember—as Yellowplush says—"whiz."

"Gentlemen of the jury, in sifting this evidence you will bear in mind, and in no case forget, *that the greater the circumstance of the wheel, the greater the felicity of the motion.*"

BIDDY was bad with the colic. She was sure she was going to die, and that she was. Various remedies were suggested to her, and among them oil, which she was asked if she would take. "Indeed," said she, "I would take any thing to make me well, if I knew it would kill me."

THE correspondent in Boston who favors us with this splendid burst of Eastern eloquence will be expected to communicate with this Drawer, when any thing half as rich comes in his way again. This is true to the letter:

"We dropped into the Middlesex County Court a few days ago, and found a cause pending before a jury which was brought by a party against the town of W—, for damage sustained by loss of a cow impounded in the said town pound. There was a sharp rock, it appeared from the evidence, which juttied out from the pound on the inside, against which the cow ran and killed herself. Cow worth \$14 25. Third day of trial, evidence all in, and the town argument had been made. The closing argument for the plaintiff was nearly concluded; in fact, the peroration was just reached as we dropped in; and in all candor, and what is more, seriousness, and an inflexible confidence in the plaintiff's recovery of damages, our learned Belario actually delivered himself as follows—remember, that it was done in sober earnest:

"Gentlemen," said he, "gentlemen, the parish pound should be a safe asylum alike for the roaring bull and the gentle heifer. . . . I appeal for no inflated damages. If I asked for them, or *tried to hurry you beyond the evidence and the law*, I should prove a traitor to my own home. I live in the town of W—, and it has my unqualified respect. So the love of country conspires with my love of justice to demand, that for this injury to this cow, whereby, to be sure, her tender bowels were let out, no vindictive damages should be assessed. But, gentlemen, let the majesty of the law be vindicated. Let Nemesis, who holds the scales on the top of this court-house alike through the long days of summer and throughout the cold night-watches of mid-winter, smile with satisfaction on your verdict. Gentlemen, the blood of that cow cries out from that pound to be avenged."

"He so delivered himself, and retiring to an adjoining lobby, threw himself on a lounge in complete exhaustion."

A DOWN-EAST friend of ours was weather-bound at Lockport a few days ago, and improved his time by writing to the Drawer. A sensible man our friend is, with the root of the matter in him. Hear him:

"Some time ago I had charge of a department in one of the Eastern custom-houses. Holmes was an officer in the same room with me. On the monthly pay-day it was necessary for him to make oath to two pay-rolls—one, the account of the officer himself, and the other of the sum due to his assistant. One day Holmes signed his own pay-roll, received his money, after making oath to its cor-

rectness and walked out, without signing that of his assistant. When the omission was discovered, I sent for him, and he bustled in with a

"What do you want of me?"

"To sign the pay-rolls."

"But I have already."

"You signed and swore to one, but not to the other."

"Well," said Holmes, "I knew I swore to something, I didn't know exactly what."

Such swearing is said to be quite customary in the custom-house.

"WHEN the present auditor came to his office, in the same custom-house, several years ago, he found considerable looseness in the machinery by which the fishing bounties were paid. He determined to correct the proceedings, and then return with joy to the original and honest state of things. The oath required of an applicant for bounty is a long, rude, complication of solemnities, and had usually been sputtered over with indelicate and unmanly haste.

"One day a blustering and confident-looking skipper came to the desk with his bundle of papers, looking as if he had robbed the circumlocution office, and wanted some bounty. The auditor rose to a tall majesty, took the great book of oath in his hand, fixed his keen eye on Mr. Skipper, requested him to uncover his head, hold up his right hand, and repeat after him the oath as he read it. They had not traveled more than half-way through the serious business, when the hand of the skipper fell as quick as if his arm had been struck by a chain-shot. 'You may stop there,' he exclaimed; 'I can't swear to any more of that. Give me back the papers.' He nervously grasped the package, hurried out of the office, and to this day his fate is unknown."

THE little ones have a fine chance in the Drawer this month. This is very neat:

The Rev. Dr. Greatwind has a remarkable gift of continuance. He was holding forth for a friend the other evening, and *drawing out* the argument after his usual manner. A little bright-eyed urchin in the congregation watched the good old doctor for a while, but at last keeled over and went to sleep. A quiet pinch from his mother brought the little fellow up "wide awake." The same thing was again repeated; but to no purpose, the lad was soon asleep again. This time his mother let him sleep on. Some time later in the exercises, the little fellow awoke suddenly and exclaimed, in a tone loud enough to be heard by more than were altogether pleased at it, "Ma, Ma! is it *this* Sunday night or *next* Sunday night?"

AND here comes a little one all the way from Illinois. If the Western children are as smart as little Toa when she is only six, what will young America get to be when full grown? Toa's mother writes:

"Permit me to offer for your Drawer some of the sayings and doings of our daughter, six years of age. Being an only child, she is *very* remarkable, at least in her parents' opinion. About two years ago, when she was four years old, her father bought a yoke of oxen, and as she had never seen them in use before, she was amused in hearing her father cry 'Whoa, whoa!' to them when making them work. Turning to me, she asked,

"Which did God make first, oxen or men?"

"I answered, 'Oxen.'"

"Well, then," she added, 'who *whoa'd* 'em till he got men made?'

"Since she has been six years old she has been quite ambitious to write something for publication. Her mother has tried to repress the fond desire; but the poet is born, and who can stay the fiery tide within the burning soul? Cora—her nickname is Toa—was out playing with the chickens, and came running into the house with sparkling eyes, and hopping and dancing, said, 'Now, Ma, Toa guesses Toa's thought of something good enough to put in the paper; see if it ain't! It's to Toa's little white chicky:

"Good morning, my dearest, laid down beneath a tree,
A-trimming your feathers and looking at me;
How soft and plummy your feathers do lie!"

And here she came to a full stop. Mamma told her it was very good, but that she needed another line, the last word of which should rhyme with 'lie.' Toa looked thoughtful. Mamma suggested 'eye.' Upon that hint she made several attempts, but the measure wouldn't come right. Finally, mamma proposed

"How merrily twinkles your little red eye!" which she joyfully accepted, and ran back to the chickens to seek further inspiration, I suppose, for she soon came dancing in again, saying she had thought of some more. So mamma stopped to listen, and Toa opened her mouth to begin, but it wouldn't come. Her face began to look thoughtful, and her fingers to twine more nervously around each other. Mamma advised her to run out till she could recall it. She obeyed; and when she came in again, it was with a sedate step and graver face; and her voice faltered slightly as she repeated,

"The half of your mates are running around,
And picking their living off of the ground;
And we've a nice little kitten up to the house,
Who runs all around after a spool tied to a string
and thinks it's a rat!"

"Her confidence returning as she approached the end of the stanza, the last line was uttered with gleeful impetuosity, and closed with a peal of triumphant laughter. Of course, mamma joined the chorus, but, after a little, suggested that the last line would be improved by making it read,

"Who runs after a spool and thinks it's a *mouse*."
"Oh, Toa meant *mouse*," she cried. And thus amended, you have Toa's first attempt at poetry."

N.B. We expect to hear from Toa again.

CHARLIE was five years old, full of fun and mischief, and so much of the latter that he had to be whipped for it sometimes. "Oh, Charlie, dear!" said his mother, when giving him a dose of Solomon's oil, "you must not do so again, it makes me sick to whip you." Charlie promised to be good; but the next day he was in hands again for another dose of the same medicine, to be applied outwardly, and well beaten in. As his mother was laying it on, Charlie remonstrated; "Don't do it, mother, don't; it will make you sick, you said it would."

"Well, will you remember and not do so again?"

"Yes, I will," said Charlie, "if I *can think of it*!"

Private Galleries.—1. Collection of Moses Levi, Esq.



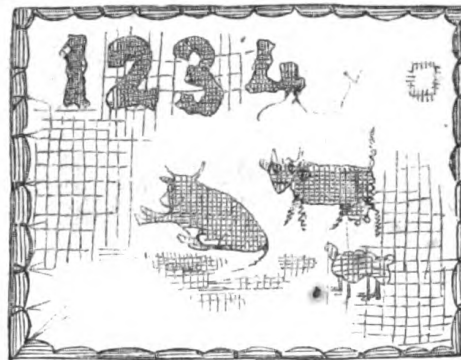
1. Eruption of Vesuvius.—MURILLO.



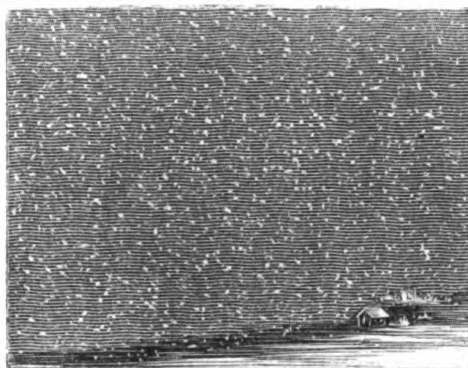
29. Taking of Moscow.—HORACE VERNET.



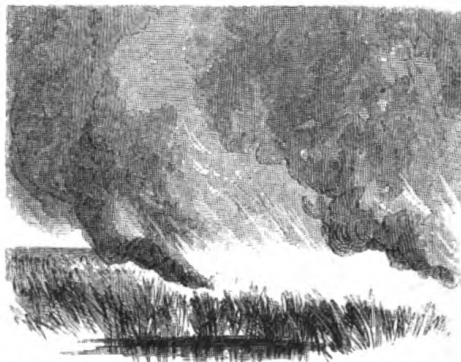
148. Return from Market.—LANDSEER.



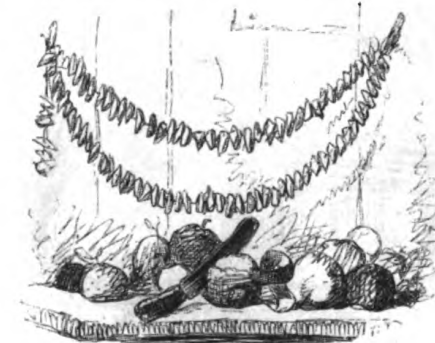
199. Figures and Cattle.—ROSA BONHEUR.



217. Snow-Storm.—CLAUDE LORRAINE.



314. Destruction of Sodom.—POUSSIN.

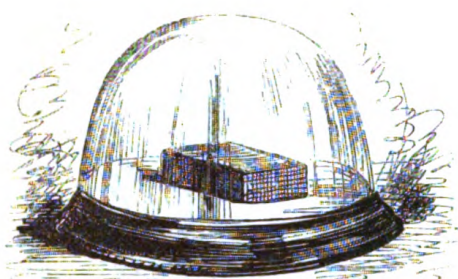


338. Fruits and Vegetables.—OSTADE.



374. Declaration of Independence.—WEST.

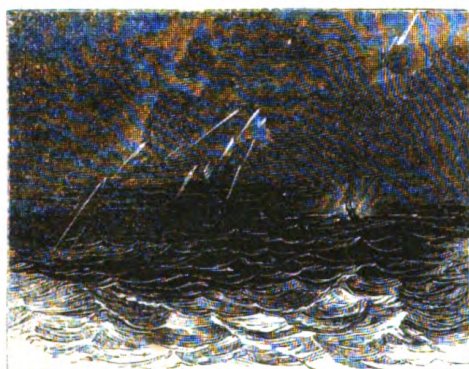
VOL. XVI.—No. 95.—Y Y*



401. Model of a Brick.—MICHAEL ANGELO.
(From the Pitti Palace. Undoubtedly genuine.)



432. Study of a Piece of Chalk.—RUSKIN.
(A characteristic Specimen of the Artist.)



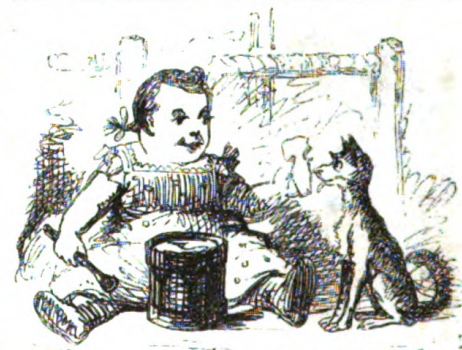
477. Storm at Sea.—TURNER.
(Painted in his second Style.)



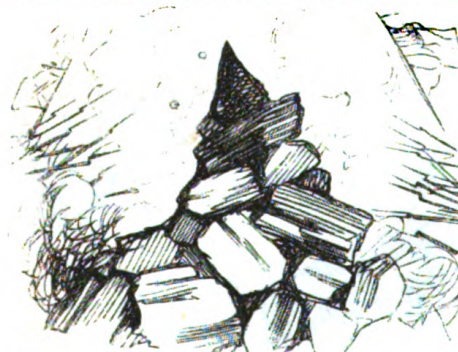
478. Moonlight on the Alps.—REMBRANDT.
(Compare with Turner's Masterpiece, No. 477.)



490. Innocence.—MILLAIS.
(Wonderfully true to Nature.)



508. Childhood.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
(The Dog is the Artist's Masterpiece.)



728. Battle of Stony Point.—TRUMBULL.



999. Battle of New Orleans.—LEUTZE.

Fashions for April.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*

FIGURES 1, 2, AND 3.—PROVENANCE COSTUMES: MANTELETTE, SCARF, TAILA.





FIGURE 4.—WALKING DRESS.

WE anticipate the season of our Northern latitudes, and present a series of out-door costumes adapted to the more genial climate of the South. In illustration of the plate on the preceding page, it is necessary only to say that the styles there given are all *en appliqué*. For children or for traveling the white Marseilles Talma challenges especial favor.

The WALKING DRESS above given is decidedly unique. The jacket is high in the neck, buttoning in front on one side, forming a breast-piece, which crosses from right to left. The waist is long, and very much drawn in. The sleeves have elbows, are wide, with Louis XV. cuffs. The pockets are at the sides, with flaps waved at the edge, and wider at the bottom than at the top. The upper

skirt, which reaches to the knee, opens all the way behind as well as in front, the left side lapping a little over the right. In the hollow at the bottom of the back are two galloon cockades, with tassels. The skirt is very full behind, the stuff being laid on in three plaits, which are united below the cockade. A rich figured galloon is sewed flat all around the upper garment, which is likewise ornamented with galloon points running up the back, and upon the corners of the jacket, which also has cockades, *en suite* with those at the back. The material of this jacket and dress is a Louis XV. *matelasse*, a colored ground with medallions worked in black.

BONNETS, which are still small, reach a little more forward at top—*à la Marie Stuart*.



FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XCVI.—MAY, 1858.—VOL. XVI.



TRAVELING.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

Fifth Paper.

"Nurse of a people in misfortune's school,
Trained up to hardy deeds—a manly race
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave."

THOMSON.

EAST TENNESSEE is one of the most delightful countries in the world. Possessing a genial climate, a fertile soil, abounding in all those natural resources whose development and use constitute the true wealth of a state, her virgin forests, lovely rivers, and majestic mountains, offer, at the same time, a rich and varied feast to the romantic tourist. Her annals, although they might now be comprehended within the memory and experiences of a single life extended but a little beyond the allotted term of threescore years and ten, are swelled with many a page wherein the statesman and philosopher may find food for thought and theme for speculation. They furnish us the records of a people who, having won a fair heritage by their courage, have cultivated it with industry and governed it with wisdom—a people who have fought their own battles, plowed their own land, and made their own laws. We may also find there names, familiar as household words, of men, types of their race, who, sustained by native force alone, have led in war and peace, and attained the highest distinctions in the camp and in the cabinet, whose fame, too large for the narrow limits of a State, now belongs to our national history.

In these days one may see a great many queer sights in Tennessee. He may discern the prints of the deer-skin moccasin and the French kid slipper side by side. Overlooking the mud-chinked cabin of the pioneer, carefully imitated

from the handiwork of Daniel Boone, he may see the elegant villa from a design by Downing or Vaux. Strangely contrasting with the simple garb and manner of the olden time, he meets every where the luxury and polish of modern refinement. There are colleges, railroads, piano-fortes, electric telegraphs, and fancy stores. Old folks have already begun to shake their heads at these things, but old folks are always shaking their heads at something. Whether or not they will be of any advantage to the State, we can't presume to say; yet, after a rambling visit to the soil, and a cursory glance at the records of our recent battle-fields, we can not perceive that the Tennessean of the present day is in any way unworthy of his gallant ancestry

"For every virtue, every worth renowned,
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provoked—
The dread of tyrants, and the sure resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan."

Driven by the storms of fate to seek a refuge on our shores, the exiled Mitchell was charmed by the appearance of this fair and peaceful land, and found a temporary home in one of its most secluded districts. The advent of such a man naturally excited the curiosity of his uninformed and unlettered neighbors, and numerous speculations as to the why and wherefore of his coming were indulged in. It was suggested that he might be a land-jobber, "one o' them book-larnt fellers in sarch of metals;" maybe a counterfeiter. But the life of the stranger seemed to justify none of these surmises, and the wiseacres remained for a long time completely mystified. At length one of them, whose business had carried him as far as Knox-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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ville, obtained the clew to the mystery. At the next log-rolling it was duly promulgated. "Their quare neighbor had had a quarrel with the British Government, and had come to Tennessee to git shut of 'em."

"Well, forever!" exclaimed an old hunting shirt; "British Government, did you say? Why, is that blasted old concern a-standin' yit? Well, may I never! British Government! Now I thought old Jack Sevier and Ginerall Jackson had busted hit up long 'go."



WELL, FOREVER!

But we must turn again to our legitimate business, and look after the welfare of our adventurous travelers.

Immediately on the return of the gentlemen from the mountains, the whole party set about preparing for their departure from Jonesborough. The trunks were all packed, shawls and bonnets on, and the ladies had even gone through their preliminary leave-taking, when the coach which they had expected to convey them drove up hopelessly and disgustingly crowded. Those who have been placed in similar circumstances will not be surprised to learn that Squire Broadacre left the room where the ladies were discussing their disappointment, himself looking red and vexed, and that a few moments thereafter he fell upon Jim Bug, loading him with abusive epithets, and flourishing his cane over his head in an awfully threatening manner.

To this Jim submitted with respectful deference, looking as unconscious of the cane as an Italian dog when menaced with a stone. When the Squire got through, however, Jim spoke up:

"I think, master, it's 'bout time you was leavin' me that coat you got on—it's all ripped under the arms."

The Squire's eye twinkled, and, examining the coat, he exclaimed, in a milder tone, "Why, you observant rascal, so it seems; but hark ye, if you wish to save your mistress's life, go immediately and hire a carriage that will take us

to Russellville; any thing with wheels will answer, even though it were an ox-cart."

Their friend, Tom Dosser, was again appealed to, and, through his civility, they were presently provided with a vehicle of the tin cart species for the passengers, and a dismantled buggy to carry the baggage. With this substantial but not particularly elegant equipage, they took the road next morning, hoping, as they bade adieu to Jonesborough, that they had left behind as agreeable impressions as they carried with them.

Their journey to Greenville, twenty-five miles distant, was not signalized by any event worthy of record, except that the younger folks got their mouths puckered up eating persimmons, which are very plentiful along the route. They entered this cozy little town about sunset, and were comfortably entertained at an old-fashioned country tavern. As Russellville, the point where they expected to take the cars, was only twenty-five miles farther, they made themselves easy, and did not resume their journey next morning until after ten o'clock.

Notwithstanding their previous experiences in mud, they had made no calculations for such a day as this proved to be. Long before their journey was accomplished night overtook them, and with it a cold, driving rain. In spite of this and the pitchy darkness, they worried on until at length their vehicle was stuck so fast in a mud-hole that every effort of their horses to extricate it was unavailing.

Larkin, who has a noble voice, now commenced hallooing at a venture, and, to their joyful surprise, the signal was presently answered by the barking of dogs and the appearance of a light near at hand. Bob immediately started off through the mud and darkness to communicate with the signal, and in a short time returned, accompanied by a gentleman bearing a light, followed by a couple of stout negroes.

With this timely assistance they were delivered from the mud-hole, and, following the lantern, they presently halted before the door of a comfortable country mansion. The necessity of the case was so evident that ceremony was entirely forgotten. Without question or explanation the travelers and their baggage were transferred to the house, while the horses, snorting with delightful anticipation, trotted off to the stables.

The ladies were, without delay, ushered into the warm and cheerful precinct of the family room; while the gentlemen, less fortunate, were shown into a handsomely-furnished parlor, where two or three fussy negroes were engaged in kindling a fire. A glass of gooseberry cordial, if it did not facilitate the burning of the fire, served at least to quicken the blood of the benumbed and wearied tourists, and warm their thoughts into cheerfulness.

Their host was a tall, fine-looking man between thirty-five and forty years of age, with an uncommonly intelligent face and a frank and



JIM BUG.

easy bearing, which indicated at once acquaintance with the world and a position of superiority among those by whom he was habitually surrounded. His family consisted of an amiable and comely wife and four children, the eldest a boy about thirteen years old. At the supper-table our friends ascertained that they had wandered several miles from their road, and were still a considerable distance from their journey's end; but beguiled by the hospitable attentions of their entertainers, they soon ceased to regret the accident, and at length went to bed forgetting that they were under the roof of a stranger. As the next day was cold and rainy and Mrs. Broadacre slightly indisposed, the Squire easily yielded to the warm solicitations of his host, to tarry with him for several days.

As the travelers were recently come from the realms of fashion, the ladies were soon immersed up to their eyes in the discussion of modes and patterns; while the gentlemen, with lighted cigars, retired to another room discoursing on the weather, the roads, crops, and public improvements. Then as these themes (hackneyed, indeed, but both convenient and necessary in the incipency of social acquaintance) were disposed of, and as each began more properly to estimate the character and capacities of the other, the conversation between the Squire and his host became more genial and interesting. The discussion of temperance societies and public education drew from the Colonel some reminiscences of his school-boy days so pleasant and instructive that we can not refrain from giving them at length.



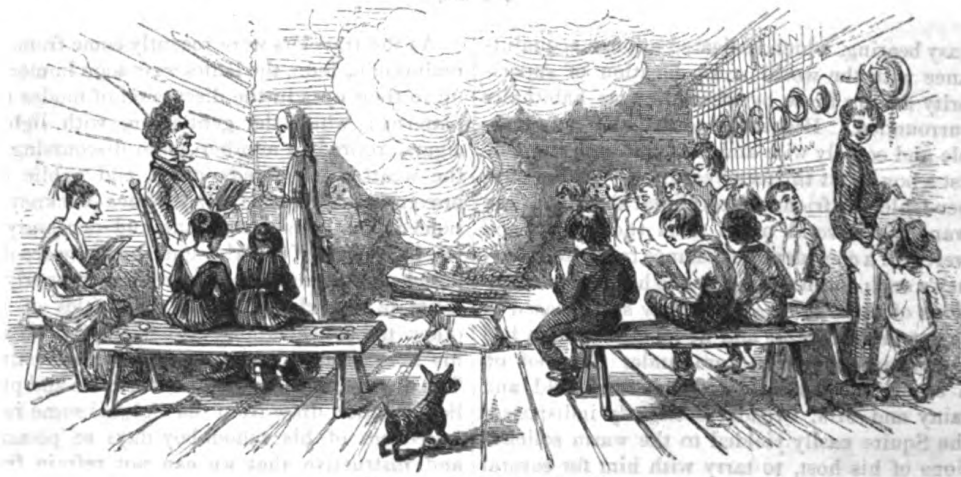
THE FARM-HOUSE.

"I learned to read and write," said he, "in an old school-house on Indian Creek under the shadow of the Bald Mountain. You have no doubt seen similar ones in your travels—a rude log-pen, floored with puncheons, with a single opening, which served as a door, but entirely without windows or chimneys. In the centre of the room was a hearth formed of stones and earth, where, in winter, a huge log-fire blazed and fumed, the smoke (when it was not blown in our eyes) rising and gathering in a dense cloud under the high pitched roof, and escaping through the wide crevices at the eaves. Ranged in a hollow square around this fire the scholars sat on rough-hewn benches conning their well-thumbed primers, or blue-backed spelling-books, with vociferous diligence.

"Our school was divided into three classes—big boys, little boys, and girls—and presided over by a pig-nut-faced professor, who maintained his state on a split-bottomed throne, and with a sceptre of hickory, tough, limber, and far-reaching. In this wigwam of science, deep-hidden in the shade of primeval forests, did I acquire the rudiments of learning, and

experience the incipient sorrows of knowledge.

"When I grew older I was sent to the academy in the town of X—, where I boarded for several years with an affectionate and credulous relative, and chiefly distinguished myself for idleness and audacious mischief. When I was about sixteen the academy boys organized a literary society of which I became a member. The idea was a capital one. We were required to read, deliver select orations, write original compositions, and take part in debating such questions as were selected by the society. What though our speeches were not models of elocution nor our essays of composition? our efforts were sincere. What though we often discussed questions which we were about as capable of understanding as a litter of blind puppies might be? in that we did not greatly differ from most of our grown-up public assemblies. Yet it was surprising to see with what superior zeal those who had been most idle and derelict in the school set about the accomplishment of these self-imposed duties, and what meek and ready submission the most rebellious school-



INDIAN CREEK INSTITUTE.



YOUNG AMERICA.

boy accorded to the laws which he himself had helped to make. Of this my own case, perhaps, furnished the most striking example:

“The genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and sturdy as a wild ass' colt.”

“From earliest boyhood a recognized leader in mischief, marauding, and rebellion, in my class an habitual bungler and defaulter, I entered the society with but an humble estimate of my own capacities, and no very exalted reputation among the more orderly and studious of my fellows. To the surprise of all, however, I showed myself punctilious in the observance of order, and exhibited in the performance of my allotted exercises a sprightliness of mind for which my best friends had not given me credit, and I had the satisfaction of perceiving that from week to week I was growing mightily in the estimation of my companions, and ambition for distinction in my new career was gradually awakened within me. To astonish where I had formerly been laughed at, to lead where it was believed I could not follow, to alarm the jealousy or conquer the admiration of those who, in the good-natured confidence of superiority, had pitied me—this was stimulus enough. I forsook my idleness and rowdiness, and labored night and day. I labored successfully; for in a short time I began to be spoken of for president of the society.

“In the mean time the society was going on most prosperously: its meetings were conducted with the greatest order and decorum; its constitution and by-laws were observed with religious reverence, and were frequently the theme of animated discussion. Its presiding officer, elected every four weeks, was treated with punctilious deference, and was on his part jealously exact in requiring the observance of parliamentary forms, and stern in rebuking every thing that savored of levity or disrespect.

“The result of these elevating influences could not fail to be observed in the conduct of the boys both in and out of school. Parents and elders remarked and approved of it; sev-

eral young gentlemen who had already embarked in the learned professions solicited membership, and were admitted. We were invited to march in a Fourth of July procession, and the nimble fingers of many a bright-eyed lass were busied with the blue rosettes that distinguished our body on that day. Thenceforth the title to membership of the Literary Club was a distinction not so easily obtained, and the adopted badge (a blue ribbon in the upper button-hole of the left lapel) was worn with a becoming pride which effectually refutes the ignorant philosophy of those who affect to despise the pomp of dress and ceremony.

“At the next meeting it was proposed, and warmly urged, that the ladies should be admitted to our sittings as listeners and spectators. Notwithstanding the recent effusion of feeling consequent on the blue rosettes, the motion was laid on the table. This failure excited much indignation among the girls and some feeling in the bosom of our society, but the high predominance of law stilled all murmurs there.

“At length I was nominated for the presidency, and next week the election was to come off. My opponent was Jack Loring, a keen, pragmatical little fellow, older than I; a better scholar, and a favorite with the teachers, but too conceited to be popular among the boys. Jack lived in the country and brought apples to school; how he must have sweated under the loads he brought that week! He could also flatter the clever and assist the dull in their tasks. I didn't know how to electioneer, and, under the circumstances, pride made me more reserved than usual. Fortunately I was not before a community of grown-up voters. The boys appreciated my manliness and rewarded it. I was elected by a handsome majority. I received the honor with a calmness of manner that belied the tumultuous pleasure of my soul. I did not sleep that night for thinking of it, and the preparation of my inaugural address robbed me of my usual rest during the whole week. A sense of my prominence took such complete

possession of me that I could neither eat nor study.

"When the evening of my inauguration arrived, the older boys were forced to smile as they entered the room. The two tallow dips, stuck in wooden blocks, which had hitherto illuminated the President's desk, were replaced by tall spermacetis in polished brass candlesticks. The desk itself was raised a foot above its usual level, on a sort of dais made of a flat dry-goods box covered with a strip of carpet. I had on a clean shirt and a new neck ribbon, a bit of foppery that I seldom indulged in. The address went off charmingly. I had practiced carefully on the coarse tones of my voice, and got through without a squeak. The glory and usefulness of our society were set forth in a manner to excite enthusiasm; certain improvements were hinted at. There was a disposition to disregard forms, an unbecoming familiarity in the speech and manner of some members toward the society: those from the country generally erred in that way. They were reminded of how much 'the divinity that doth hedge about a king' depended on ceremony, and how the dignity and permanent greatness of all associations were based on the respect yielded to their chosen leaders. As all the other inaugurations had been composed of pretty much the same materials, no particular significance was attached to mine; but as it was smoothly worded, and delivered with spirit, it was considered a handsome and creditable effort. Thereafter there was more of pomp and gravity in our proceedings than ever, and I had the satisfaction of hearing it admitted on all sides that the chair had never been so admirably filled. For my part I was indefatigable in devising schemes for the aggrandizement and glorification of the body over which I presided. A flourishing notice of it appeared in the village newspaper, and the question of admitting the ladies was again revived.

"I was deeply interested in the success of this movement. The presence of the fair sex would add lustre to my reign. Then I had a private reason—Molly Morninglory—but this is not pertinent to my story. The proposition was put to the vote and rejected. I was vexed, and under the irritation dignity swelled into arrogance. I fined right and left, and stretched the prerogative of my place to the utmost limit. There was some rebellious murmuring, but in the main the meeting passed quietly. To me it was any thing but satisfactory. I was outraged to perceive that my elevation had not increased my influence; that position had not brought with it corresponding authority. My nature was aroused on the girl question; while



MOLLY MORNINGLORY.

pride forbade electioneering in my own behalf, as the champion of the ladies I found no difficulty in playing the demagogue. Many of the younger members had been my companions in mischief; and, recognizing my leadership in good as well as evil, had followed me into the society. These I could command, but it was necessary to gain other interests. I knew the sweet-hearts of several of the elder boys, and found means to engage their influence. In short, by the next Saturday night I had worked my wires so well that I felt assured of the success of my measure.

After the regular exercises one of my partisans, whom I had previously stuffed, rose, and in a set speech again introduced the question. It was debated with a fury worthy of the ancient factions of Guelf and Ghibelline. Its supporters appealed to the well-known chivalry of East Tennessee; no society was complete without the presence of the fair; her companionship banished rudeness; her approbation stimulated to higher efforts, and was the noblest reward of success. In fine, the society was assured, on undoubted authority, that

"The earth was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man a hermit sighed till woman smiled."

"The opponents of the motion professed to yield to none in their admiration of the 'fair sect,' but they had joined the society with the honest intent of improving themselves in speaking and writing; and while they were willing to submit to the criticisms of their school-fellows, they had no idea of being snickered at by a parcel of girls, nor of having their blunders tattled all over the country. 'They went agin it tooth and toe-nail.'

"The question was at length called, and on counting the votes there was a tie. The consti-



IN FAVOR OF MOTION.

tution provided 'that, in cases of a tie, the presiding officer shall have the casting vote.'

"'But,' said Jack Loring, 'the chair voted on the question in the first place, and the constitution does not give him two votes.'

"With a supercilious nod to the speaker, I replied, 'The chair does not need to be instructed in regard to its rights and duties. The question is decided in the affirmative.'

"'It's unconstitutional!' cried Jack, with spirit.

"'Sit down, Sir! the question is decided'—

"'I won't sit down!' he retorted; 'I know my rights here, and intend to stand up for them. I appeal to the society.'

"My face reddened. 'Your manner, Sir, is disrespectful to the society over which I preside. Secretary, record a fine of one dime against Mr. Loring.'

"'I'll not pay it!' persisted Jack; 'I'll appeal.'

"Now several members rose:

"'Mr. President, I would beg leave to suggest—'

"'Mr. President, please to consider—'

"'Take your seats!' I cried, haughtily; 'the question is settled, and I'll hear no more.'

"'Why, Mr. President,' persisted a big chap of the *anti-gunaic* faction, and the son of a noted Whig, 'this conduct is rather tyrannical. It reminds me of General Jackson.'

"The allusion to this great name overthrew the little of self-command and common-sense that passion had left. With an imperial frown and voice of thunder I commanded silence.

"Loring gave a contemptuous whistle: 'Gentlemen, the elevation is too much for him. That store-box is unconstitutional, anyhow. I move it be carried out—'

"'You mutinous scoundrel!' I cried, choking with passion, 'I'll pay you for this!'



OPPOSED TO IT.

"Jack haw-hawed. 'Go it, Rex! He's practicing now to show off before Mary Morninglory next Saturday evening!'

"The next moment Jack Loring and myself were rolling over the floor, sputtering, scratching, and swearing like a pair of tom-cats across a pole. As soon as practicable we were separated; covered with dust, shirt torn, the blood oozing from several scratches on my face, breathless and pale with rage, I mechanically resumed my official seat, while my antagonist was led off to the door to wash his bloody nose.



A CATAGLYPH.

"As the excitement and confusion subsided there was an interval of silence, and I could perceive in the faces around a prevailing expression of regret and mortification that cut me to the heart. Presently a leading member arose and proposed a committee, to report on the affair, and advise what steps should be taken to

vindicate in a proper manner the outraged peace and dignity of the assembly. Upon this, with as much calmness as I could command, I tendered my resignation; but the leaders shook their heads, and I was politely requested to await the action of the committee. While that body was deliberating in an adjoining room, I had full leisure to give heed to the proceedings of a tumultuous assembly in my own breast. The fiercer passions were all there, aroused and clamorous, and it was long before the moderator Reason could obtain a hearing, or bring the house to tolerable order. Should I seize the poker and run a-muck, lathering indiscriminately at friend and foe? Should I take my hat and leave the society, whizzing a few stones through the windows by way of a parting salutation? Though fallen from my high estate, could I descend to such boyish and vulgar resentment? Would not the exhibition of angry defiance be an acknowledgment of my mortification, and resigning my membership an advertisement of my disgrace? After all, was my reputation so hopelessly wrecked that it might not be retrieved? Would not a frank acknowledgment of my error, and a manly submission to the penalties, whatever they might be, win back, at least in part, the esteem I had lost?

"The committee at length returned, and its chairman proceeded to read a formal bill of impeachment against me. I was charged with high misdemeanors in office—arrogance, abuse of prerogative, tyranny, and, finally, a violent and disgraceful assault upon a member. It was admitted that his conduct had been improper, offensive, meriting rebuke; but while it might palliate, it could not in any manner justify my greater offense. It was then proposed that I should be deposed from office, and receive a reprimand from my successor; or, in case I refused to submit to these penalties, that I should be expelled from the society, and resign my blue-ribbon badge before leaving the room.

"This was harder to bear than I had anticipated. The extra circumstance of humiliation attached to either penalty seemed to me wanton and uncalled-for; and I fancied I could trace the motive which prompted it in the triumph and gratified malice which shone in the faces of some, despite their efforts at concealment. The desire to disappoint them as much as possible nerved me to a still greater show of magnanimity. In a lively, good-humored speech, I acknowledged the propriety of the proceedings in my case, lauded the firmness and decency of the committee's report, expressed my entire willingness to submit to laws which I had assisted in making, determined to continue an orderly and interested member of the society, and so to deport myself in the future as to regain the position which, in an unguarded moment, I had forfeited. I wound up by making a formal apology to the house, and offering my hand to Jack Loring. Such magnanimity took every body by surprise, and almost disarmed my enemies.

"The society, however, proceeded to execute sentence. I was regularly deposed by vote, and a successor elected (the chairman of the committee). I was then called upon to rise and receive the reprimand, which I did with as much *nonchalance* as I could assume. It was administered with such mildness that it might have been mistaken for a compliment.

"Now all this seemed very pretty while it was passing, but after I went home that night the enthusiasm of magnanimity cooled off, and a sense of my humiliation returned upon me, burning and rankling like the sting of a venomous reptile. Instead of yielding to time, this feeling increased from day to day until it obtained entire possession of me. The society became hateful; every allusion to it revived the drama of my disgrace. The very attempts of my companions to ignore the events of that unlucky night tinged my cheek with the blush of mingled shame and anger. I had no individual enemies upon whom I might wreak my vengeance, nor could I now recall my submission or withdraw from the society without exposing myself to justifiable ridicule and contempt; yet, in its prosperous and orderly existence, it stood a monument to perpetuate my ignominy. From suffering I was at length relieved by the suggestions of subtlety. I do not know whether a snake is conscious of its power, or whether it is moved to use its venom solely by a blind instinct. Even as a boy I was endowed with a stinging wit, a power of ridicule, a shrewd insight into character and motive that was hardly boyish; yet I was then scarce conscious of its power, and in bringing it to bear upon my mortal enemy was certainly led more by instinct than reflection. Thenceforth I became uncommonly busy and officious in the affairs of our society. My essays took a humorous turn; I was continually poking fun into the gravest debates, and our pompous observance of parliamentary forms furnished me with an unfailing theme for ridicule. The older members bit their lips, the president would rebuke me with a smile, but the boys generally received my sallies with uproarious mirth, pleased with any apology to escape the restraints of dignity too rigidly enforced. As the fun was good-humored and spicy, I soon had imitators who could not discriminate between wit and buffoonery, nor fairly draw the line between liberty and license.

"One stormy night, immediately after our adjournment, I visited my overcoat pocket and exhibited a bottle of whisky, with a package of sugar and lemons. Their appearance was hailed with applause. It was a capital idea. Water was heated in the tin bucket, and we brewed punch enough to make us all sociably boozey. At the close of the next meeting the punch was repeated; and, at length, it came to be considered one of the regular exercises; other business was hurried over that we might get at it; and our proceedings gradually degenerated into broad farce. Committees were appointed to heat

the water and squeeze the lemons while the essays were read; another committee brewed the drink while the debate was going on. In the midst of a discussion a waggish lad would present a dipperful to his excellency the president, asking his opinion of its flavor; another would insist that it was unconstitutional for the presiding officer to take a drink during the time of meeting—and so we went on from bad to worse.

"At our meeting during Christmas week, Black Bob brought in a roasted turkey and a bucket of egg-nog, prepared at my instance. His entrance was greeted with tumultuous applause; the thanks of the society were formally tendered, and the treasurer ordered to pay him half a dollar on the spot. Business was suspended until egg-nog was served round. When resumed, I read a funny essay. The boys laughed. More nog was handed round. Some of the members began to exhibit signs of obfuscation. The name of Black Bob was proposed for membership, to be appointed a standing committee on egg-nog.

"More nog.

"During the debate one asked leave to lean against the wall while he spoke. Another stopped short in his harangue, and, with owlish gravity, asked permission to go out and puke. In short, it was evident from that night that the *morale* of our society was defunct. Its reputation soon followed. People insinuated that there was something more than speechifying carried on at the Academy of Saturday nights; and although our proceedings were kept strictly secret, parents began to feel suspicious, and some went so far as to prohibit their boys from attending our meetings.

"But things had not reached this point without remonstrance and resistance. A strong party had earnestly endeavored to stem the current. Frequent efforts were made to prohibit the introduction of refreshments altogether, and by wordy appeals to our honor and public spirit, to lead us back to that pride of decorum and deference for law which had formerly characterized us. Vain and futile efforts! What chance have virtue and dullness in a contest with fun and frolic? How can a society or a nation ever recover the self-respect once lost?"

"Ay, ay," groaned the Squire. "*Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum*—You understand, Sir. Go on; go on."

"Some of our steadiest and brightest members had left in disgust; others, formed of more stubborn stuff, resolved to see it out, and continued to meet, zealously performing their exercises, and sturdily refusing to take any part in our disreputable proceedings. Hitherto I had taken pains to appear more as an easy follower than an instigator in this downward pro-

gress. I had even pretended to lament it, and sometimes rebuked the most forward; but now, aware of the bad repute of our society externally, and the feebleness of the decency party within, I determined to strike a decisive blow.

"The town, like most others, was infested by a gang of idle, lawless boys, notorious for rowdiness and rascality. Of this troop I had formerly been the acknowledged and admired chief. Since the rise of the Debating Society my myrmidons, headless and spiritless, had disbanded, and were forgotten. One Saturday afternoon I called upon my old Lieutenant, whom I found up a narrow alley sawing boards.

"'Tad,' said I, 'what are the boys about now?'

"'Cap'en,' replied Tad, 'them fellers often talks 'bout you; but they thinks you've deserted 'em, and they don't like it.'

"'Couldn't you parade them for me to-night, Lieutenant?'

"Tad's face brightened. 'What fur, Cap'en?'

"'Never mind that, old friend. But couldn't you muster them out behind the stone wall near the Academy?'

"'Bust up that durned 'Bating Siety?' exclaimed the Lieutenant, with prophetic eagerness. 'Them fellers is in for that job, certain.'

"'Perhaps there will be some fun,' said I, with a knowing wink. 'When I meet you there I'll tell you more about it.'

"Tad winked in return. 'All right, Cap'en—honor bright!'

"'And my old uniform and sword?'

"'Up in the shop-loft, Cap'en. They'll be on hand.'

"'All right—all right.'

"My friend and myself then hooked little



THEM FELLERS.

fingers, and, after half a dozen mysterious wags, we parted.

"In arranging my plans I wished to avoid a resort to extremities, if possible. I expected to have a majority of my friends in the meeting to dissolve the society by a formal vote, destroy the records, and then satisfy the outside band by leading it off to a husking that I was aware of in the neighborhood. When we convened I was startled and disappointed. The decency party was in full force, and wore a resolute, defiant air, as if it had been advised of the meditated blow. I did bethink me then of an indiscretion—a weakness that I had been guilty of. Ah! Molly Morninglory, who would have thought it? But it was too late for vain regrets. My partisans, who had been fierce enough in caucus, I thought looked cowed and undecided. We were short in numbers, too; several on whom I counted surely having purposely absented themselves. These things made me savage; and while the exercises were progressing I slipped out to look after my banditti. At the appointed place, behind the stone wall, I found the faithful Tad, with full five-and-twenty ragamuffins at his back. They were diversely accoutred in reversed jackets, woolen shirts, and military coats belonging to fathers or elder brothers, and armed as variously—with clubs, old swords, rusty bayonets fixed on broom-sticks, and several lockless guns. As I passed along the line, saluting my old comrades, I observed that some had their faces painted, and wore other disguises. Among these I recognized several whom I was surprised to see there—boys of a better class, some of whom had formerly belonged to the society, and had been expelled; and others, whose application for membership had, for some cause, been unsuccessful. As I reviewed this formidable host, burning for action, and only waiting my orders to begin, all qualms of conscience and sickening indecision vanished. The Captain of the Forty Thieves was not prouder of his band than was I at that moment.

"'Cap'en,' whispered my Lieutenant, 'I've brung your muster coat and sword.'

"'Well done, old fellow; but keep the boys quiet till you hear me whistle.'

"'That I will, Cap. But hit's mighty cold out here; hurry 'em up!'

"With a promise to do so, I quickly returned to my seat in the society. My old rival, Jack Loring, occupied the chair, and during my absence the question of abolishing refreshments and reforming our morals was again introduced. A member was in the midst of an harangue, depicting with great feeling the difference between our present rather equivocal position and our past glory—



TAD.

"'Oh, blast such stuff!' cried I. 'Let's adjourn.'

"The president flashed up like gunpowder. 'Your motion is an outrageous breach of order. I fine you one dollar.'

"'Will you take an order on your granny for the money?' I asked, contemptuously.

"Jack attempted to reply, but his wrath choked him.

"I continued, 'There's a husking out at Slowman's to-night. The majority, I am sure, want to go; and as this society has got to be rather a disreputable concern, it's time we had smashed it up. So I again move we adjourn *sine die*.'

"The president recovered his power of speech at length. 'This is a gross contempt of the society,' he exclaimed—'a premeditated insult. I know that man now; he's been at the bottom of all this disorder and indecency from the beginning. Ever since a certain evening which he well remembers he has been scheming to ruin us. He ought to be expelled instantly.'

"I put my thumb against my nose and facetiously waggled my fingers at the excited speaker.

"He screamed with rage. 'Gentlemen, shall we put up any longer with the insults of this monkeyfied blackguard?'

"I answered, with provoking merriment,

'The only monkey I see here, Mr. President, has his head sticking out of your cravat.'

"Those in favor of his expulsion will rise," yelled Jack.

"Most of the members had already risen, in anticipation of a row.

"Expelled unanimously—expelled with contempt and contumely. Secretary, record it. Go out of the house, you disgraced buffoon; you are no longer a member of this society!"

"With a bow of mock humility I took my hat and went to the door. There was no need for the signal. No sooner had I crossed the threshold than Tad handed me my coat and sword, and facing about I marched in at the head of my ruffians. After the command, 'Halt! Front face!' there was a dead silence. This uncouth, many-headed apparition, so sudden and unexpected, struck the conservatives dumb.

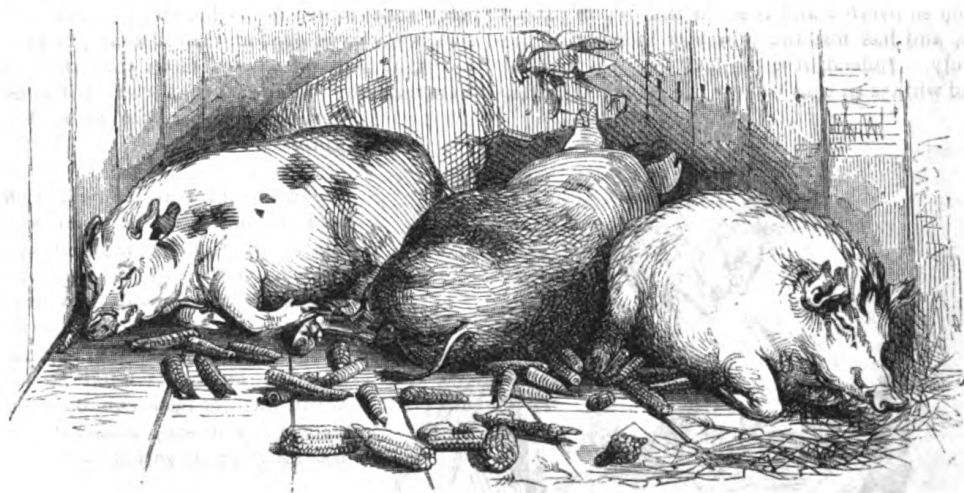
Waving my sabre above my head, I cried out, 'Three groans for the dissolution of the Literary Humbug of X——!' A yell followed, as if young Pandemonium had broken loose. In the mean time the society's adherents had rallied around the president, and mounting on benches and forms, armed themselves with books, billets of wood, inkstands, or whatever missile first came under their hands.

"At the command to sweep the room a spiteful volley was hailed upon my troops. My lieutenant was flogged by a thump from Ainsworth's Dictionary—the first pang, I'll warrant, that learning had ever cost him. Another sunk under the blows of a Cæsar, while the sable stream from a pewter inkstand mingled with the blood that spun from the nose of a

third. Jack Loring fought like a madman, whizzing his missiles with unerring aim at me wherever I appeared. The minute-book of the society took me between the eyes, and made me see stars. Seizing it eagerly I thrust it into the stove, and there perished the record of my deposition and disgrace. The engagement was becoming serious. Throwing aside the useless and cumbersome guns and swords, several parties clenched and went tumbling over the floor, overthrowing desks and benches, wooling, gouging, and fisticuffing in downright earnest. Their ammunition spent, and giving up all for lost, the society boys began to escape by the windows; but the president and some of his adherents whipped out their apple-peelers, and threatening death to all who approached, heroically stood their ground.

"Believing that I had fully accomplished my object, and wishing to prevent more serious mischief, I had managed by a dexterous use of my sword to put out all the lights but one, which stood upon the president's desk. With another blow I brought down twenty feet of hot stove-pipe, which, as it fell, extinguished the last candle, and left the combatants in total darkness. This, with the stifling smoke that presently filled the room, put an end to the battle.

"My company, swelled in numbers by the addition from the society, was again paraded on the Green. We gave three cheers for victory, and then marched off to the husking, singing, 'Oh, wha did you come from?' in full chorus. As we withdrew, a brass candlestick struck me in the back, and we were followed for some distance by stones and curses from the indomitable Jack Loring."



OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

When the rain ceased, the gentlemen, escorted by the proprietor, walked around the farm, where every thing that met their eyes betokened plenty and fatness. While they stood admiring a pen of plethoric grunners, Larkin observed a greasy-faced negroling peep-

ing through the boards, and thus addressed him—

"Well, youngster, what do you think of these fellows?"

The youngster grinned admiringly. "We gwine to kill next week, Sir."

"Indeed! and what good will that do you?"
 "I allers gits de blathers, Sir."



HAPPINESS.

"Ah! Robert," sighed Squire Broadacre, "I well remember the time when that was a source of happiness to me—quite as real, quite as substantial as the more expensive bubbles I have blown since."

"I've no doubt of it," replied Bob, remembering some of the Squire's Western land speculations; "but I should never have thought of moralizing upon pig bladders."

But what doleful sound is that we hear? That's Aunt Charity's hog. The creature has been so overfed and is so fat that it can't stand up, and has lost the power of locomotion entirely. Indeed, it is too lazy to grunt, but lies and whines in that way by the hour. The fear

is that it will die of a surfeit before killing-time.



AUNT CHARITY.

"I've never been able to account for the fact," said Squire B., "that the negroes' hens always lay more eggs and hatch more chickens, and their hogs are always fatter than those of their masters. 'Fat as a nigger's hog' has become a proverb with us in Virginia."

On the third day it cleared off, and, taking leave of their kind hosts, our friends made their way to Russellville, where they took the cars for Knoxville, fifty miles distant. In due time they arrived at their destination, with bag and baggage all safe. That all the world has not been equally fortunate, the following authentic and touching epistle will show:

Mr J—— D—— R. Road Agent
 or J—— S—— thay manager of thay
 carse

Russellville

Es' Tennessee

Mr S—— as i have ritan To you onst A
 bowt my trunk And you hav not Anssered
 my leter i am in great nead of my things
 And am A going to hav them or thay
 worth of them if you Wwill drop Mee A



YOUR TROUBLED FRIEND.

line if i hav To come To rusilville i Wwill could I B
sheure you ort To tak pitea on mee And send hit To mee
A poare disilut Woman you ort mind your mamy was A
Woman i Am perising for thay nead of my cloahs this
coald Weathr I Am a going to sue for that trunk if i
cant git hit Any other weay i caried hit so fare And lost
hit at home i met say that negro i think sot hit down or
Mr S— were mistak my things I nead i cant say my
preares out of my book til i git my Blak Trunk that
trunk of mine you hav of mine in thay deapo or Wear
leaft in they carse i Ast S— to cheak my trunks And
hee Would not doe hit And then I Would hav bean
sheure of them i Am giting mad And that will in Jure
caus

In hast
your Trobled freand
Sary ann Locks.

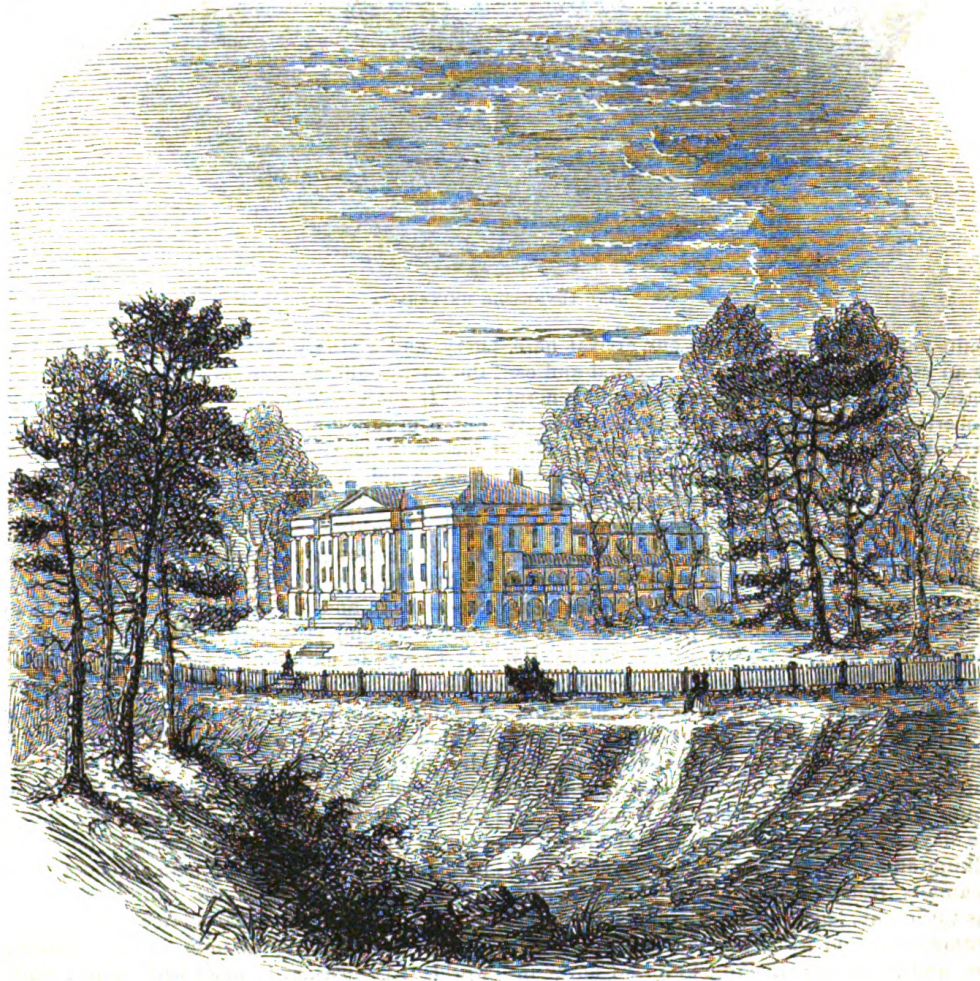
Knoxville was laid off in the year 1792, and named in honor of General Henry Knox, then Secretary of War at Washington. It was fixed upon by Governor Blount as the seat of the territorial government; and after the admission of Tennessee into the Union, in 1796, it continued to be recognized as the capital of the State, until 1817, when the seat of government was finally removed to Nashville. The town is beautifully situated on several high bluffs, on the right bank of the Holston, and contains some five or six thousand inhabitants. It is

substantially built, with handsome store-houses, hotels, and private residences, while, among its public edifices, the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb is especially worthy of note.

The University of East Tennessee, more remarkable for its beautiful location than architectural elegance, stands on an eminence commanding an extensive view in every direction. Although the political sceptre has departed from Knoxville, it is still regarded in East Tennessee as the great centre of commerce, learning, and the arts, and when the system of railroads, now in progress, connecting it with the Atlantic and the Mississippi, shall have been completed, and the capacities of the country around it fully developed, the most sanguine hopes of those now interested in its prosperity will doubtless be fulfilled.

In conclusion, we will insert some extracts from a letter written by Bob Larkin to his friend J— R— :

"MY DEAR R— : I gave you an account of our glorious trip to the Black Mountains in my last from Jonesborough. We got here several weeks ago, and, finding ourselves very comfortable at the Lamar House, will probably re-



ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.



EAST TENNESSEE UNIVERSITY.

main some time longer. On our arrival here, as an especial honor, we were received and escorted to our hotel by the celebrated General Roberts, a gentleman whose amiable notoriety extends all over the Southern country. Notwithstanding his formidable title, I am not aware that our General ever wore a chapeau in the tented field, but believe he has earned the sounding prefix in a service equally arduous and not less glorious—the service of the ladies, who, in gratitude, have dubbed him Beau General. But our Republican Beau must not be confounded with those who have made the dainty appellation notorious in other countries and other times. Beau Brummel, for example, only invented the commonplace art of starching shirt-collars; Beau Roberts has acquired the more difficult and *recherché* art of doing without them entirely. Brummel was the slave of his washer-women, and ended by bilking and cheating them; superior to such meanness, Roberts, having once been wronged, has turned his back on the whole class forever. Brummel wasted his estate on perfumers, tailors, and gluttony; Lycurgus himself never inculcated more sublime contempt for soap, tog-

gery, and victuals than is daily manifested in the austere life of General Roberts.

“If these external peculiarities do not win our admiration at first sight, a better acquaintance with the General develops qualities which make ample amends for all apparent deficiencies. His life is merged in the love of the beautiful. Scorning the vile pursuits of muck-rakes and place-mongers, his time is occupied in the Chesterfieldian accomplishment of elegant letter-writing, and his income absorbed in fancy stationery and post-office stamps. He pricks his fingers in gathering roses for the fair, and wears out his boots in running useful errands. Yet not, like Jacob, does he serve for one fair Rachel, nor, like some besotted knight of chivalry, does he insult the whole sex to flatter the pampered vanity of one Dulcinea; but rather like the beneficent sun, his admiration shines equally on all; and for his devotion he seems to claim no other reward than an occasional smile of recognition, or the consciousness of having rendered agreeable service.

“In this selfish, gouging, money-making world, it is pleasant to meet with such a character.



WATER-WORKS.

“Beginning with so notable an acquaintance, we could hardly fail to find a sojourn here very agreeable. I have already attended two balls, and find the ladies eminently handsome and intelligent, and pretty good dancers in the reel. They entirely ignore hoops and the polka, to the great delight of Uncle Broadacre;

and even our ladies, yielding to the prevailing sentiment, have lessened the circumference of their skirts by a foot or so, and figure only in reels and cotillions.

“The city is lighted with gas, and well watered, although but scantily supplied with other liquids. While the water-works of Phila-



WINTER SPORTS.

delphia have long challenged the admiration of the world, it must be acknowledged that their machinery is complicated, and maintained at vast expense. At Knoxville, although the quantity of water required is less, it must be raised to a greater height than at Fairmount; and the plan adopted reflects infinite credit on its originator, as being equally remarkable for its ingenuity, economy, and simplicity. I send an imperfect diagram of the machinery, which your knowledge of hydraulics will, doubtless, enable you to comprehend.

"Although there is no Opera-house here, they expect to have a custom-house very soon; and in the mean time the city is not wanting in public amusements, especially during the winter. That most fashionable at present is the same that is so much in vogue at St. Petersburg and Paris, known as *Les Montagnes Russes*. Nature here has furnished facilities for this elegant amusement on the grandest scale; and the citizens lose no opportunity of improving their advantages. But the artificial slides of Paris are mere child's play, when compared to these; while danger and broken bones only give additional zest to the sport—for, whether in a fight or a frolic, a Tennessean, you know, does not stop for trifles.

"And now, my dear fellow, I have a great deal to tell you about myself, and what a quandary I am in. But I can't trust that to paper, and must wait until we meet. . . ."

FROM SINAI TO WADY MOUSA.

THE morning was high up before the party who slept in the Bedouin tents awoke, so late had been their talk the evening previous. Achmed, the son of Houssein, was not astir as usual. He lay rolled up in his bournouse, dreaming of fat sheep and long stories—the Bedouin's ideal of the employments and enjoyments of Paradise. Strong was sleeping with sonorous voice, and the others were apparently lulled to profounder slumber by his steady refrain.

As the sun came up in the east they were roused from their sleep by a sudden outcry in the neighborhood of the tent. The sheik sprang to his feet, and all the party followed, shaking slumber from their stiff limbs, and dashing it out of their eyes with their knuckles, as they stumbled out of the black tents and stood in the sunshine, which contrasted forcibly with the gloom and storm of the previous night.

A boy was visible crossing a ridge of the hill a full half mile off, and his shouts came faintly to the ears of our friends. But the Arabs heard and understood all that he said, so keen is their sense of hearing at incredible distances.

"What is he saying, Ali?"

"He says that the Oulad-Said have attacked the men who were taking care of the camels, and have stolen seven of the delluls."

"Yes. Well, now, make yourself intelligible, and let me understand who are the Oulad-Said, and what are the delluls?"

"The delluls are the fast camels; the Ou-

lad-Said are the Sons of Said, a tribe that live mostly here near Jebel Moosa. I don't know what has induced this attack, for they are usually at peace with these people."

The camp was instantly in commotion, and in a few minutes thirty men were in the saddle. The Franks could not resist the temptation to see the coming fray; and, sending first a messenger to the valley in which their own camels were probably to be found, and directing their people to wait there over the day, they accepted horses which were readily offered them, and accompanied the Bedouins down the valley toward the eastern branch of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Akabah.

Their entertainers were very willing to accept their company. The presence of four well-armed Franks was no small addition to their party, and indeed the moral force which that presence exerted was vastly greater than the numerical addition would seem to justify. But the Bedouins have great respect for the arms and ability of Christian nations.

They rode swiftly down the ravine, turned short to the left through a cross-valley, and then wound, now up, now down—now east, north, west, south—until they came to a deep, narrow wady, where the sheik said the enemy would pass within an hour.

Posted in safety behind a rock where he could overlook the fray, Strong waited impatiently for the appearance of the enemy. He had not long to wait. They came, hastening down the valley, driving furiously their stolen camels, and shouting as if no enemies were in the Sinaitic peninsula. But when they caught sight of the band of Arabs awaiting them, their shouts suddenly ceased, and every man, swinging his long gun from his back, or shaking his spear, made ready for the battle, into which they rushed with all the willingness of boys into a mock combat.

The first charge was like the ancient charges of which we read in histories of battles of the cross. Gallantly did the red riders come down on the foe, brandishing their lances in the air, and shouting their cries of defiance. The camels fell in the rear—only the horsemen charged.

Magnificent riders are those Bedouins. They sit on their saddles with short stirrups, which raise their knees too high for our ideas of graceful horsemanship; but when they rise in their stirrups and swing their lances over their heads, plunging forward at full speed, their *coofeas* streaming on the wind, they look like desert princes, verily.

The Franks looked to see a dozen men roll from their saddles, and held their breath, stretching eagerly forward from their safe retreat behind the rocks. Probably the Oulad-Said saw the Franks, for before they reached the ranks of the enemy, by a hundred yards or so, they wheeled like hawks and fled back to the spot where their captured camels stood waiting the result of the battle.

Pierre Laroche had with difficulty restrained



BASE OF SINAI AND PLAIN OF THE ISRAELITES' CAMP.

himself before. Pierre was a valorous Frenchman. He had fought at the barriers in 1848; but the least said of that the better for his reputation just now. Nevertheless, he was no child in a fight, and now with a shout he drove the shovel-stirrup into the side of his horse, and sprang after the enemy. Of course, the American and Englishman followed, each man carrying a revolver at arm's length, and of course their Arab allies followed in the rear. The scene was changed in a twinkling, and the Oulad-Said, looking but one moment at the coming storm, fled ingloriously from the field, leaving their prey to be retaken by the rightful owners without a blow.

It was a sad disappointment to Laroche. He declared that he had been traveling in the East for three months, with the constant desire to get into a row with the Bedouins, and have a shot at one of the dogs, in a good cause. He couldn't resist the temptation to send one ball up the wady at the fast-flying Sons of Said, but it produced no other effect than to quicken their pace, and in a moment more they were gone around a bend in the valley. So ended

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the skirmish between the Sons of Said, the son of Ishmael, and the sons of—who can say who is the father of the Franks?

"I say, Strong, isn't it jolly?" said Hall, as he pulled up, out of breath, among the recaptured camels.

The owners of the capture were now loud in their vociferations of gratitude to the Christians, and expressed their willingness to repay them by service, even unto death, for the valorous aid they had afforded. The poor wretches had indeed anticipated no such bloodless victory. Their entire fortunes were in these camels, and the loss of them would have been like the loss of a navy to England, leaving them to be the prey of all the wandering tribes.

A brief consultation resulted in determining that it was necessary for some of the Bedouins to accompany the party until they should find their own people, and, without retracing their steps to the camp, they now followed the track of the retreating Arabs for an hour or more, until they came out suddenly on a ridge of the hills which commanded a view of the Mountain of the Law, the convent, and the great

plain on which the children of Israel were encamped. Coming thus unexpectedly on the view, it startled them even more than it did before, and they paused, long and earnestly gazing on the holy ground; for if there be any on earth, surely that which the voice of God hallowed is holy still; and then they turned off and rode rapidly to the northeast until they reached the camp where their men were awaiting them.

Without further adventure the party reached the shore of the Gulf of Akabah, on the eastern side of the Peninsula of Sinai, and followed this up to the fortress of Akabah, which stands at the head of the Gulf, on the eastern shore, a lonesome fortress with a few palms to break the sultry sunshine.

All along the way their camel's hoofs crushed in the masses of shells that covered the shore of the lonesome sea. Perhaps no water of the salt ocean is so desolate as this arm of the Red Sea, that runs up among the hills of Arabia. The ships of Ezion Ghaber are gone. No sail is seen on the wave; no white wings of commerce fan the air. A stillness, like that of the Sea of Death itself, rests on the Gulf, while the

moan of its waters on the shell-covered shore has a more mournful sound than any surf on other shores.

The track of the travelers, for the principal part of a day, lay up the coast, on the gravel plain that separates it from the lofty hills of the Sinaitic Desert. Toward evening they passed an island, lying a short distance from the shore, known to the natives as El Ghuria, on which there were visible ruins of an ancient fortress and castle.

Romance has not as yet made famous the Castle of Ghuria, but there are stories of it that would furnish material for bard or novelist, and that may, perhaps, one day be written. It was famous in the days of the Crusades for some of the most valiant deeds of Reginald of Chatillon, that fierce knight, the story of whose last battle is related in "Tent-Life in the Holy Land," and of whose adventurous career a hundred tales are sung and told. But Ghuria has older interests than this, if it be, as has been supposed, the Ezion Ghaber of the days of the Israelites. It is more likely that this was the case than that either Elath or Ezion Ghaber was farther up the Gulf. The water shoals rapidly above here,



ISLAND OF GHURIA. IN THE GULF OF AKABAH.

and little commerce could have been carried on with safety farther north.

Passing the island in the last rays of the setting sun, the travelers pushed on as the day closed. The weary camels groaned and grunted their satisfaction at the approach to Akabah, for they knew well the places of rest and food. Nevertheless Laroche was destined, as usual, to a mishap, and "Mashallah," as Achmed expressed it, or "unfortunately," as a Christian would say, his camel stumbled on a mass of conglomerate shell and sand close by the shore, and threw the unlucky Gaul into the depths of the Gulf of Ailah; not very deep, indeed, for there was but six inches of water on the pebbly bottom, and he was nearly killed by the fall. They were in sorry plight, therefore, an hour later, when they presented themselves at the entrance of the fortress of Akabah, bearing their wounded friend.

The reader hereof will remember that in a former article I described my accompanying the party as far as Suez, and parting from them there, with a promise to meet them in Rome. It so happened that, on my return to Cairo, I met with a friend from America, who demanded my company to the Holy Land in terms so peremptory that I could not say him nay, and I yielded.

But I made it a condition of the consent that we should go directly across the desert by the great Pilgrim Road to Akabah, and there meet Strong and his friends, who would arrive there about the same time that we could.

We accordingly arranged our plans without delay, and left Cairo on horseback, in the delightful company of a party of Mograbbins pilgrims (Moors from Northern Africa), who had fast camels, and were as anxious as we to travel rapidly. We distributed our little baggage and horse-feed among them, and made, on the whole, a cheap bargain for the ride as far as Akabah, where we proposed to join the other party.

We reached the head of the Gulf of Ailah, and entered the old fortress of Akabah, on the sixth day from Cairo, which we thought doing pretty well, under the circumstances.

The Governor in charge of the station, who is an appointee of the Egyptian Viceroy, was remarkably civil; the more so, as we were able to furnish him with some fresh fruits and other dainties that we brought with us. He gave us a good room, in which we found only two scorpions the first night, and one the second; but as to the fleas and lice, we did not count them, and said little about them. Akabah is one of the stations of the armies of the King of Fleas, whose residence, I believe, is understood to be fixed at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee. We broiled ourselves in the sunshine of the first day, doing nothing. The second day we drifted down to the island of Ghuria, and wandered among the ruins of its old fortress and castle. The third day we looked at mounds that indicate an ancient city—perhaps

Elath—a little way down the western shore of the Gulf, but not as far as Ghuria. We discovered nothing of interest; and the fourth day we were nearly worn out with the stupidity of Akabah.

What a governor or a soldier lives upon here I can not imagine. A fortress, with a few palm-trees, in the desolation of the desert, offers no inducement to an active military man. The annual passage and return of the Hadj from Cairo to Mecca is the sole interruption to the monotony of life where Elath and Ezion Ghabar once sent forth their ships.

By a most fortunate accident we found a fish-hook on the fifth morning. It was rusty, but a stone cured that. Lines were scarce, but we found twine and pack-thread; and the fish of the bay of Akabah are foolish animals, as they soon learned to their cost. We caught a boat-load of them; and in the afternoon we got up a small landing-net, and went crabbing—on my honor we did! Where the bones of Joseph once rested, where the camp of Moses was pitched, we modern sinners caught crabs. They were abundant and lively, and the sport was not bad; and in the twilight, pulling our heavy boat up the Gulf, we saw a slow procession of travelers winding around the head of the sea, and approaching the door of the fortress, which turned out to be our expected friends, bearing their wounded companion.

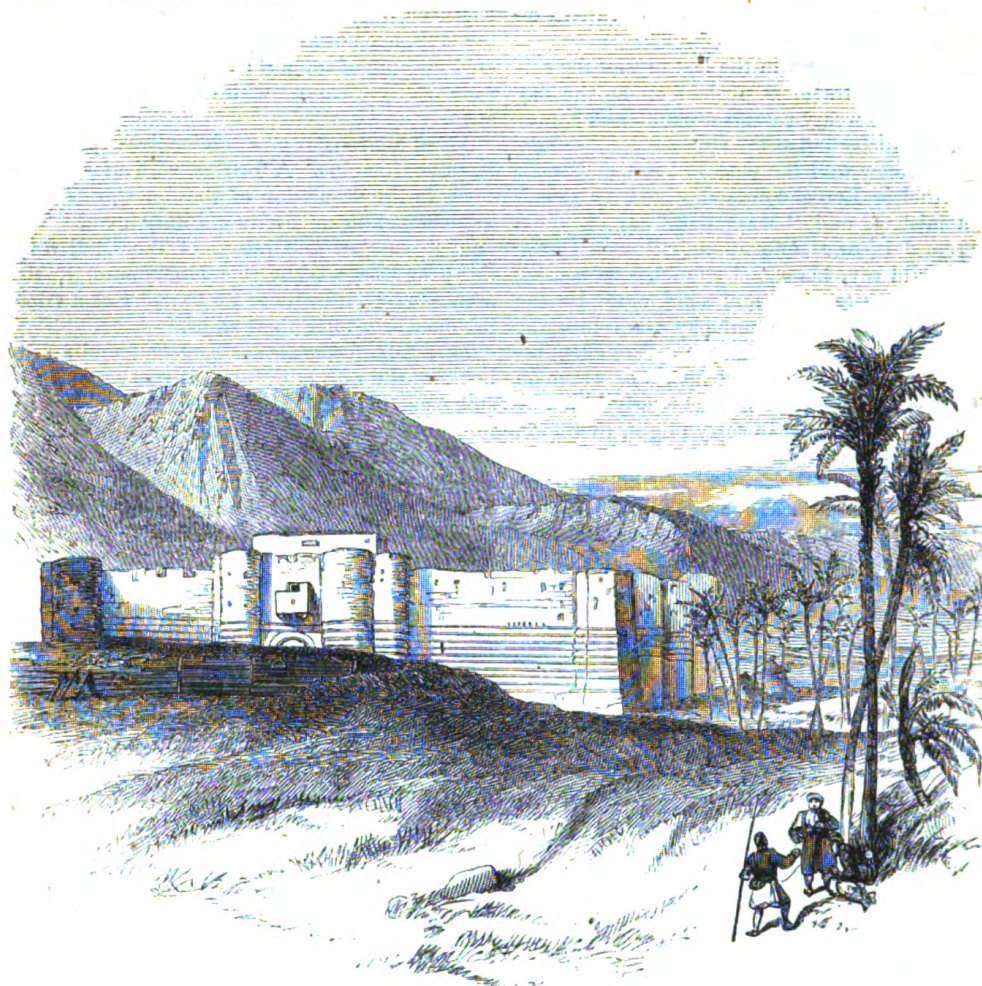
Laroche was in condition to travel the next day but one. I think I know Akabah tolerably well, and that hereafter there will be no danger of my pausing there on any journey I may take. I have seen enough of it.

The caravan was now increased by our horses and two camels that we hired at Akabah to carry our traps. Altogether we presented a grand front to any enemy. Six Franks, every man carrying a revolver, and some of us carrying two or three rifles, and sundry other arms, besides those carried by our Bedouins, made us a formidable army.

But we had no reason to apprehend danger now.

Petra was, of course, our destination after leaving Akabah. Of late years the enormous demands of the Alaween guardians of Petra have operated to almost exclude travelers from the Rock City. But Sheik Achmed was the very man for our purposes. He was at home in Wady Mousa, and his presence insured our admission to the valley without any of the usual chaffer with its guardians for the amount of bucksheesh.

A day before we reached it we met the first party of Alaween from the valley, who, on recognizing Achmed, were loud in their welcome, shouting their guttural "Salamee" as they rode past us, and left us to pursue our journey. The wildness of the mountain country into which our march now advanced exceeded all description. Vast precipices, lofty and terrible in their aspect, overhung the narrow passes through which the route lay. Occasionally there were



THE FORTRESS AT AKABAH.

open places, where a few palms grew around feeble springs, and sometimes groves of the acacia, from which the gum-arabic is obtained, offered for a little a grateful shelter under their thorny branches.

In the evenings, when the camp was pitched, the scene around us was always exceedingly impressive. At such times our Arabs gathered in a group close to the tent in which our dinner-table was set, and listened, wondering, to the fire of talk which we carried on in English or in French, until the coffee came on, and our pipes were alight. Then, in the fragrant air, we turned to our swarthy followers, who lay on the sand outside, and one or another would recount a story of the old times, a crusade legend, or a history of love and war, which Ali would again repeat to the sons of the desert. This love of story-listening is one of the remarkable traits of Bedouin character. But it is no common story that tickles their literary palates. It must be garnished with abundance of rhetorical figure, loaded with imagery, and sonorous with words. Therefore more depends on the interpreter than on the relater in such a case.

The Bible furnished material for many of

these tales; and the stories of the patriarchs given in the Jewish version of them differ so entirely from the Mohammedan version, that they had to the listeners the freshness of new relations. Sheik Achmed would lie on the sand for hours listening to Strong's relation of the events in the life of Joseph; and I could see his keen eye light with the story at its salient points, and show his full appreciation of it.

"I'll try Achmed this evening on a story out of the New Testament," said Strong, one day as he rode by my side; and in the evening, when the stars were looking down on us in a deep gorge between two lofty rocks, Stephen told the story of the Fall of Man and the Passion of the Son of God.

It was a weird scene, that group of Bedouin listeners, with flashing eyes hearing the history of the King of a far country, who ransomed his subjects at such cost. They understood the story well. Every point told on their keen intellects, and they exchanged glances of intelligence at every new passage in the history.

The next morning, as we were riding slowly up a valley toward the northeast, Achmed closed up by my side, and began a conversation.

"The story that Howajji Stephano told last night—"

"Yes, Sheik Achmed."

"Do you think it a true story as well as the Howajji Stephano?"

"I? Why, how know you that he thinks it true?"

"By his eye and his voice. Besides, I have heard it before."

"Where, and when?"

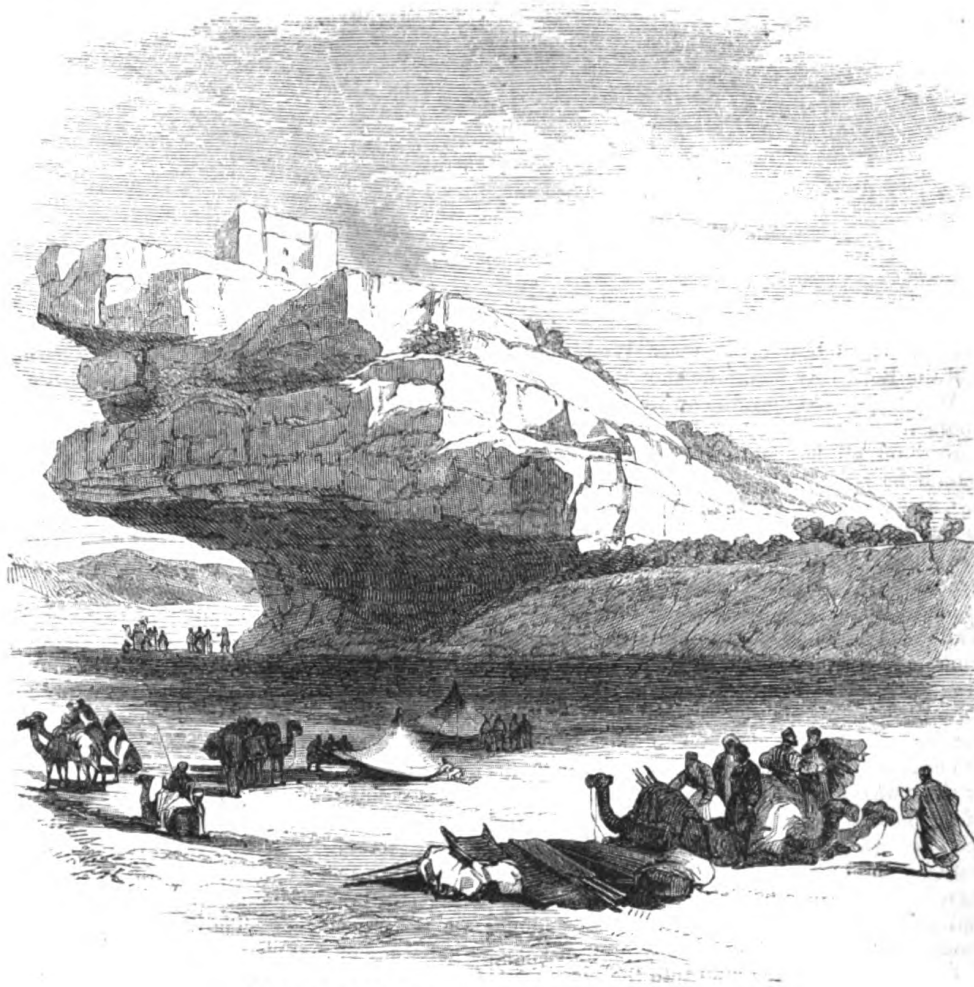
"From Father Paul, at the convent at Jebel Mousa. He told it to me one evening when he was shut out, for he had been to see a sick man in the tents of the Oulad-Said. He found the convent closed, and he slept that night in my tent. He was a good man, and he believed the story. I sometimes wish I knew more about Isa, the son of Mary."

Our conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance, on a hill commanding our route, of a party of hostile Bedouins, whom Achmed recognized on the instant, but who fled as we advanced. One of their number, however, stood for a long time defiantly on the brow of the hill, and the sheik, lifting his mare to her full speed, crossed the valley, and commenced the ascent

of the rocky hill on which his foe stood. The latter coolly swung his gun from his shoulder, and covered his approaching enemy. In vain we shouted to Achmed. In vain we sent a volley of balls from our revolvers, which carried not half-way to the hill. A puff of smoke against the blue sky, a rattling echo down the ravine, and Achmed reeled in his saddle.

It was all over in an instant. The enemy vanished as if in the smoke of his gun, and our leader lay on the rocky hill-side, his faithful mare standing over him. We were at his side in a few moments. He was badly wounded, but already endeavoring to stanch the fast-flowing blood. Lifting him carefully from his bad position among the rocks, we carried him down to the sandy plain, and laid him on his own soil, the earth to which it was soon evident he must return.

There was no good material with which to form it, but Achmed insisted that a rude camel's litter should be made, and with the aid of some of the baggage a sort of half-hammock half-Taktarawan was made, in which for four hours of the day he swung in great pain, and yet, with the firmness of a Roman, determined



ANCIENT WATCH-TOWER NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO PETRA.



ARCH OVER THE RAVINE AT PETRA.

that he would bear all to reach Wady Mousa and the Rock City before he should die.

When the evening came on we were still six hours from the Valley of Petra. But it was agreed on all hands that the sheik's wishes should be strictly observed even at any sacrifice, and we rested only half an hour to eat and to let the camels rest, then pushed on in the twilight. The moon rose, and shone on our strange procession, and by her light we reached at length the narrow entrance of the far-famed Valley of Petra. We had sent messengers in advance, and our coming was expected. A swarthy group were waiting for us at the door of a chamber in the rock which had once been, perhaps, the hall of a palace, or mayhap the tomb of a prince; for it is difficult to say what was tomb or what was habitation of the living in this city of the ancient mighty. Houssein, the father of the wounded sheik, with the old men of his tribe, were gathered here to await our arrival, and received us in silence but with perfect cordiality, and gave us the words of welcome so seldom pronounced to strangers in Wady Mousa.

Lifting the wounded man into the place prepared for him, and making him as comfortable

as the circumstances of the case would permit, we sat down around him, resting on our baggage here and there, to await the change which we knew was fast coming over the Bedouin.

Have I, or have I not, said that Hall, the Englishman, was a surgeon in the navy? He had pronounced the sheik's wound incurable from the beginning, and now said that he had but a few hours to live.

As the gray dawn began to course up the eastern sky he was manifestly dying. His dark countenance, thin and hollow-faced at the best, was now almost spiritual in appearance. Think it not strange that I apply to a Bedouin this phrase, which is more frequently applicable to the dying features of Christian girls in Western homes.

His countenance was noble always. There is a head of Christ, by Titian, in the Pitti Gallery at Florence, which, mayhap, you have seen. The features are delicately outlined; the coloring not Titianesque at all, but rather uncertain and undecided. The face of Achmed reminded me of that picture when I met him first in Cairo, and on this morning it was unearthly in its serene splendor.

One might have thought him his father Ishmael, dying on the desert that was his sole inheritance. No trappings of royalty were around him, such as surround the couches of princes of more wealthy lands. The lands of this Duke of Edom were the barren desert, stretching away in its wastes of rock and sand. His palace was the ruined palace of a Roman governor, down through the shattered front of which the blue sky reflected the light of the coming day before the sun came up to shine in Wady Mousa. The poor bournouse—the rough camel's-hair cloak that inswathed his form—was the substitute for the purple of a kingly death-bed; but more majestic countenance never shone on living men than was his as the dawn lit its thin features, and his father bent over him to say that he was dying.

I know not what thoughts had possession of his mind, or whether his countenance were indeed a fair indication of his soul; for his words were simple enough, but sublime enough withal to express a consciousness of his noble origin, and the splendor of his exit from the land of his fathers on a sunny morning in the Valley of Petra.

"The Hakim saith you are not to live longer, my son Achmed."

"It is well. The will of God and his prophets be obeyed."

"What shall I do for you before you depart? for it is written, 'Let him order his affairs before he die, lest his children have trouble in their tents.'"

"I have no children to be troubled, and nothing to cause them trouble if I had. I give Houssein my spear, and Khalifa my gun. The mare is yours, O my father! She will bear you well until you and I are together again. Howajji, you are going to El-Khuds. I would have gone with you to the Holy City myself, but since I can not, here is my shawl; there is in the folds of it a sum of money, and the shawl itself is worth ten thousand piastres. Take the money to the priests that guard the tomb of Isa Ben Mariam, and give the shawl to Mohammed Dhunnounf, sheik of the Mesjid el Akssa. Do this for me, Howajji Stephano, and add to the money you give the priests so much as you owe me for this journey, making it as large an amount as your love for me will warrant. I trust you fully, for you have been kind."

"Why divide the money and the cashmere, Sheik Achmed? Were it not better to give both to the sheik of the Dome of the Rock?"

"Not so. We Bedouins have little knowledge of religion, though we call our faith the faith of Islam. But I know not whether, after all, there may not be some error in all this, and some truth in your faith in Isa, the son of Mary. My possessions are small. I am of the Beni-Ismahil; but our father had no lands other than the desert, and we had nothing from his father Ibrahim. That which I have is the gift of God. I would give it back to him directly.

I know no better way than this. Deny me not, O Effendi!"

"Nay, nay, Sheik Achmed—I will do as you wish."

"It is well. I am content."

The conversation had wearied him. The eyes that had been fixed with imploring gaze on those of the American closed for a few moments. The older sheik was silent, and now several of the tribe came to the door, and looking in, asked if he were yet at peace. All their questions were put in the poetic language of the desert. It was remarkable that no man asked in simple words, "Is he better?" or "Is he worse?" but every one inquired in metaphoric phrases, the most frequent of which was that touching inquiry, "Is it peace?"

No shudder or convulsion marked the instant when Achmed Ben Houssein passed into the presence of Ishmael his ancestor. The sun came up over the eastern hill, and the soft light fell on the front of the ruin in which he lay, and a single beam of light coming through the door-way at the side of the curtain touched his countenance. That mild touch awoke him.

He had known the sunshine on his countenance better than we know it in cold western countries. He and the sunshine were old friends, and the morning light on his forehead was like the familiar caress of a mother.

He raised his heavy eyelids and met the gaze of the old man who stood over him, looking intently on his face, and a smile, I verily believe the first smile that had crossed his countenance in years, took complete possession of it as he murmured, "La Illah il Allah" (There is no Deity but God); and then he hesitated, and the smile became almost a laugh of delight as he added, "Isa Ben Mariam rasoul Allah!" (Jesus the son of Mary is the prophet of God!)

Sheik Houssein did not indicate, by look or sign, that he approved or disapproved the creed in which his son was dying, thus announced in his last breath. Achmed gazed into his father's eyes longingly and steadfastly, as if seeking some approval or dissent; but finding neither, the smile on his countenance changed to a look of anxiety, even of pain, and then he stretched his tall form on the floor, and without sigh, or moan, or utterance of any kind, the son of the desert was dust like the old dust around him.

In the afternoon the Alaween dug a grave for their dead brother in the burial-place of his people, and, wrapping around him the clothes in which he died, they carried him out to burial. The procession was not large. The women rent the air with their occasional shrill cries, but this was only formality. He had left no wife or children, and his father was too old to mourn for such events. Seven tall sons had he buried like this one, and the eighth grave was filled up in the afternoon sunlight.

As might be supposed, the Alaween Arabs, especially those in the neighborhood of Petra, became in no small degree attached to our party by reason of the incidents we have related, and



EL KHUSNE (THE TREASURE) IN THE RAVINE AT PETRA.

we remained some days among them before taking our departure for Holy Land. We had thus a more full and complete opportunity of examining the ruins of the ancient city than perhaps any traveler has had of late years.

The valley in which Petra lies has been so often described that I shall not take the space allowed here for minute accounts of it. Coming from the south, travelers are accustomed to enter the valley by crossing a ridge to the southward of Mount Hor. Our guides had preferred to lead us by a more eastern route. The Wady Arabah is the great valley which extends from the Dead Sea to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, and along which some have supposed that a river once flowed. At present it would be difficult to effect such a flow, since the general inclination of the ground slopes both ways from a point intermediate between the two seas. The Red Sea is, of course, much above the level of the Dead Sea. The difference in the elevation of the water-surface must be some 1250 feet, if I correctly remember Lynch's level run from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea.

We had left the Wady Arabah before we

came in sight of Mount Hor, and our first view of that hill was on the morning after our arrival at Petra. By the diversion thus made from the usual route we had entered Petra through the grand gorge which forms the eastern approach. Nowhere on earth is there a more wild and imposing mountain-gorge than this. The perpendicular rocks that overhang it approach in one place within thirteen feet of each other, and for a long distance there seems scarcely room to pass by the side of the stream of water that finds its way through the passage.

An ancient arch, springing across the chasm, indicates the position of an ancient gateway which once defended the approach. In the night, as we entered the ravine, this arch had a remarkable beauty, but there can hardly be imagined so splendid a sight as that which we saw a little farther in. There is a point where the ravine turns short to the right. At the angle of the passage, and facing directly up the path by which the visitor approaches, is the splendid ruin known to the natives as El Khusne, the Treasure.

A treasure it is of superb beauty, though



REMAINS OF A TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT PETRA.

such is not their meaning in the name. They imagine a golden treasure to be contained in the large urn which surmounts the pediment, and which is a hundred feet or more from the ground. This urn is battered and blackened with the marks of bullets sent up to it by treasure hunters.

In the moonshine that stole up the valley almost as if it were afraid to enter, we paused an instant before the glorious front of this temple, and looked to see robed priests come out and demand our names and nationality. The night covered imperfections and hid decay. But in the day, when I revisited it, there was a sad difference, for the glory of Petra has departed, and the "line of confusion and the stones of emptiness" are here.

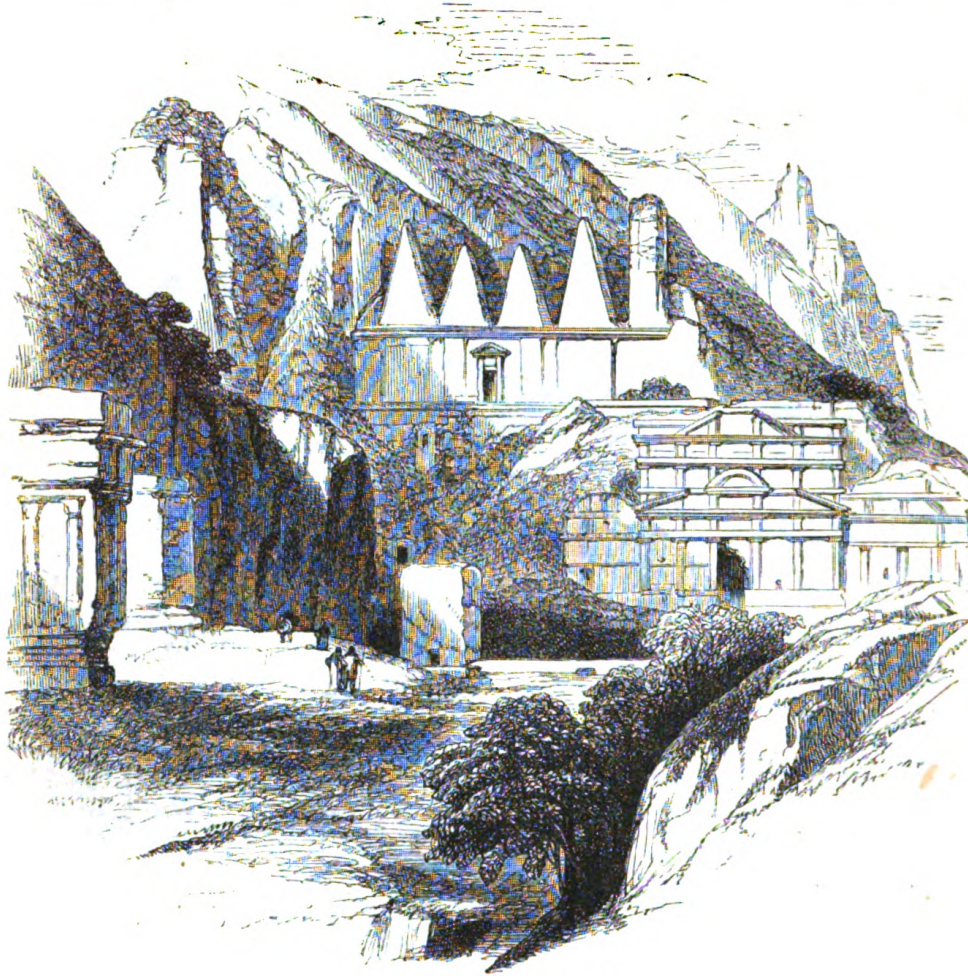
The ravine by which we have thus entered is perforated on both sides with tombs more or less elaborately carved and ornamented. It must, in the days of its splendor, have been like the grand hall of statuary in the Vatican at Rome—an avenue of works of art.

A little farther in the heart of the mountains is the ruin of the Theatre, the seats remaining hewn out of the solid rock. Directly after pass-

ing this the valley begins to widen, and at length the visitor is in a basin some two miles in circumference, which is filled with the ruins of the ancient city. The cliffs, to the height of a thousand feet, are honey-combed with tombs, or "dwellings in the clefts of the rocks;" for to this day men dispute whether the excavations at Petra were for the occupation of the living or the dead. It has even been suggested that they were for neither, but were only ornamental decorations of the rude hills to make them better fitted for the eyes of the luxurious Petreans to rest on.

Doubtless the splendor of Petra surpassed all the rest of the Eastern world. Here luxury had her abode. In this wild valley humanity lived and was human even as now.

"It is vain, O Howajji Strong!" said I, in the morning, sitting on the ruins of a triumphal arch that once flashed back the sunlight; "it is vain to resist the force of these old trite thoughts that will come over one among such ruins as these. Why, Stephen, there were people here that counted the days of the years of their lives as you and I count them, and marked them off by the music of the hour-balls dropping in sil-



THE NECROPOLIS AT PETRA.

ver basins. There were mornings like this, O Effendi! when young maidens leaned on the casements of their windows, and looked up at yonder sky hanging over that cliff in the same blue beauty as now, and sighed over the memories of the last night's revel. There were houses here, my friend, and the houses had chambers, and the chambers had firesides, and there were little thoughts and great thoughts, troubles and pleasure, jealousies and loves, stolen kisses and open frank affection, and all sorts of human employments going on here. What of all that, you say? Why, nothing; only—only—I can't tell you exactly what it is, but there is a feeling which comes over me sitting here when I remember all this—a feeling I can't precisely describe, a sort of consciousness that I am living in the middle of the ages—that many have gone before me and many are to come after me, and that I may some day yet meet these people face to face among the races of eternity. Who knows! Do you know that I slept last night in the chamber of a Roman girl? How do I know? Because I saw her there. She haunts it to this day. No, I was not dreaming. I was wide awake. I always

believed in ghosts, and I believe in them now more than I ever did. The moon was shining full into the door-way. It was open, for the air was fine, and I love to sleep with plenty of it. I went to sleep at eight o'clock. At twelve I woke. Standing in the door-way I saw the impersonation of Terpsichore herself. She was a tall, finely formed girl, with a loose robe thrown over her, leaving one shoulder and one knee exposed. The moonlight glanced on the round arm, and it gleamed like ivory. The night-wind threw back the robe from her leg, and I saw the dimpled knee, the firm tread of the sandaled foot, the high instep, and all that bespoke the noble Roman girl. I tell you, Stephen, she had come to know who was sleeping in her chamber."

"Nonsense, Peter! It was Besharah's Georgian wife. I have seen her by daylight myself. She was looking for the dog, I suppose, for he is drunk on arrakkee every night, and she takes care of him."

"You astonish me, Stephen! Where did he get her?"

"I don't know. Let us ask him to-night."

"Better ask her. She is magnificent by

moonlight; I would like to see her in sunshine."

"You will have the chance. She is coming yonder."

I can't say that my expectations were fully realized. Still she was a very fine-looking woman; and her presence in a Bedouin tent was a matter of no small surprise. She was, in the daylight, less like Terpsichore and more like Hagar. Nobly formed and finely developed, she walked along with a queenly step, though she was in rags, and carried a sick child in her arms, which she was bringing to have cured of incipient blindness.

Hall prescribed and gave her medicines, and we heard her story. It was the foundation of a romance, the history of that poor girl, and her fate had been as various as the most discontented citizen of one place could desire.

Seated on one of the fallen pieces of the ancient arch, the sunshine falling on us as we listened to her story, that story had a force and a pathos that I can not attempt to give it here.

She was born in Georgia, and early carried to Constantinople and sold. She became the property of a pasha of considerable wealth, and in his harem she grew up to womanhood. He was sent over to the Euphrates Valley, and carried his harem with him, as usual. She was presented to a favorite of the pasha, but never became his wife. He fell in a skirmish with some Persians on the frontier, and she was captured and taken to Ispahan, where she lived royally with her captor for two years, when his wives drove her out of the harem during the absence of their lord, and she escaped to Bushire and the coast. Alone in the world—having no relatives and no affections drawing her in any particular direction—she turned her jewelry into money, and found her way by vessel to Aden, and thence to Mecca, where she was taken under the protection of a Turkish gentleman from Damascus, who, having made a pilgrimage, felt that he could afford to sin.

On the route northward the small caravan in which they traveled was attacked and robbed. She, chief prize of the whole, fell to the lot of one Besharah, a Bedouin of the Alaween, a petty sheik, and a very decent fellow when sober, but of late he had begun to behave badly.

She smiled sadly when her story was told, and I know of no picture of desolation so complete in all the earth as she presented to me at that moment. A woman without an affection, unloving and unloved, alone in God's great world, who never knew father, mother, sister, or husband—who loved no one on the face of the world, and who was never loved by human being—such a woman, beautiful, noble in her sad beauty, sitting on the stones of a fallen arch in Petra, with her blind and dying baby on her lap, and looking calmly into the deep sky over her head, hopeless—by the creed she had been taught—utterly hopeless of any life beyond this, which to her was bounded by the cold, barren

cliffs of Petra and the brassy heavens over her! Can more utter desolation be conceived? .

When our examination of the Rock City was satisfactorily concluded, we announced to our hosts that we should depart in the morning.

Our treatment had been cordial and kind in the extreme. The influence of Sheik Achmed lived after him, and, as we were regarded as his guests and friends, our wishes were laws to our rude entertainers. I venture to say that such hospitality was never known in Wady Mousa since the Roman days.

In the afternoon we bought of the shepherds in the lower part of the valley four sheep and two kids, wherewith to have a feast with our friends in the evening. They honored it in the most hearty manner, and ate to suffocation. They sang strange, quaint, monotonous songs, droning them out with the most melancholy gayety. They listened silently while Pierre Laroche chanted the "Marseillaise," and applauded it with guttural utterances of "Tieb, tieb!" at the end. And then all was silent; and the moon lay on the cliffs and in the open tombs, and moon and sky, and Bedouin and Englishman, listened while Stephen Strong's rich voice trolled that old, worn song, "Oft in the stilly night." I shall never hear it sung again without remembering that moony night in the City of Rock.

The next morning, before day fairly broke, we were off for Mount Hor, on our way to Hebron.

It can not be necessary to remind a reader in Christian countries that Mount Hor is a sacred hill, as being the burial-place of Aaron. Few spots are more definitely located, and there remains no room for doubt that this is the hill up which the two old prophets climbed, and on which they parted, but only for a little, till Moses should ascend Mount Nebo, and thence rejoin his brother.

Of the sublime scene which here took place we have no record save the brief account of Moses, nor can the pen of man, aided by his imagination, convey any adequate idea of the occurrence.

The caravan rested in the valley while Strong and myself, with my special comrade, S—, climbed the lofty hill, and reached the ruined wely, or dome, on the round summit, which marks the resting-place of Aaron. The ascent was not only difficult but exceedingly dangerous. In many places we had to climb on our hands and knees, clinging for life to the barren rock. Once I thought S— was gone, for he slipped slowly along to the edge of a precipitous fall of two hundred feet.

"Hold on for your life, John!"

"Throw me your shawl, Peter—quick, or I'm a dead man!"

His fingers were sliding along, though he buried the nails in every crevice of the stone. He caught the end of my silk shawl just in time, and with its help crept back to safe footing.

On the summit we found the so-called tomb in ruins, and could without obstruction slide



EASTERN END OF THE VALLEY, PETRA.

down into the excavation which tradition has honored as the place of Aaron's repose. It is now a mere ruinous shed, with little resemblance to chapel or tomb.

It would seem that there can not be much doubt as to the truth of this tradition. No other place on the hill-top could have given him a grave, and therefore one may as well admit that here the first of the great line of priests of the Tabernacle and the Temple found his lone-some resting-place.

I am a believer in tradition, when tradition is uniform and probable. I am not one of those—who too much abound at this day—who reject tradition because it is tradition. Many travelers, in visiting Holy Land, believe that places pointed out as the localities of great events are false merely because monks point them out, and they are taught to regard all that monks claim as necessarily monkish lies. Not so I. If I believe—as all men agree—that this is Mount Hor, I can not doubt that this spot on it is where Aaron once lay buried.

We did not remain long on the mountain. As we descended and struck out into the Wady Arabah, our guides raised suddenly a shout,

and went off at a swift gallop toward a party that were approaching from the south. I had no doubt that these were some persons who had left Cairo shortly before myself, whose arrangements had been none of the best, to my notion, and for whom we had prophesied a journey of no little discomfort in the desert. I was not unwilling to learn how they had enjoyed it, and we accordingly waited their approach.

The party consisted of three persons, English, who shall be nameless. They were a lady and two gentlemen. The latter were the husband and the brother of the former, but the former was the head of the party. She was not precisely what you call a strong-minded woman, but she was, nevertheless, strong in the mind as well as in the body. She was one of your “Now, Thomas, is the baggage all checked?” sort of women. On the desert she was looking after the Bedouins with incredible pertinacity. No grain of rice was missing out of her canteen. No piece of cold mutton found its way to the dry mouths of her guides. Their contract was to find themselves, and they found themselves. If they found any thing to help them in her arrangements they must have been very sharp.

"Holy Prophet, what a woman she is, Howajji!" said the Sheik Abd-el-Kerim, her principal guide, as he recognized me for a person he had seen in the bazars at Cairo, and forthwith began to unburden himself of his load of sorrow.

"She is Ayesha, the wife of the Prophet, herself. Verily she is that daughter of Sheitan, returned to be my curse. I have vowed, and I will perform it, O Effendi! I will go to Mecca in the next Hadj; I will take seven pounds of gold to the Kaaba with my own hands. She has starved me. See, I am a shadow. The wind of the desert howls through my bones. Not a sheep, not a kid have we eaten since we left Musr. She slept in her tent at Jebel Mousa, and went up the mountain by the Pasha's new road that she might not pay the priests for a guide. And she failed half-way up, and I brought her to the tent on my back. Bismillah, she is heavy, and her bones are sharp;" and so he ran on while I shouted with laughter at his lugubrious story.

"Where are you going now? Will you try to get into Wady Mousa?"

"So she orders."

There was a twinkle in his eye that I didn't half like, and I demanded again what he meant to do.

"Where does the Howajji make his camp to-night?"

"Four hours hence in the Wady Arabah on the way toward El Khalil."

"It is well; we will be there."

"You!"

"Even so. Know you whether Sheik Houscin is in Wady Mousa?"

"I left him there this morning."

"Then my people may not think of seeing the city in the rocks. He will demand a buck-sheesh that they will not pay, and we shall be driven off."

While I was talking with the sheik the others of the party had ridden up to the travelers, and a general interchange of notes was going on. I perhaps ought to confess that my reasons for knowing the character of the lady had somewhat more foundation than this afternoon meeting and greeting on the desert. We had met in the City of Victory and exchanged acquaintance. It happened this way.

I had been at the palace of Achmed Pasha one evening with a party of gentlemen, who were accustomed to pass an occasional evening together, in a convivial way, in that same city of Cairo. For be it known to you that there are in Cairo many gentlemen of wit, wisdom, and hilarity, both native and foreign gentlemen, who make occasional parties for each other, to which strangers are introduced, and in which they are astonished at the mingling of Oriental magnificence with Western ways.

I had come home—that is, to my room in the English hotel—an hour earlier than usual, for I had letters to write; but I was missed soon after I left the house, and Achmed, my host (I

need not tell you that now I give a false name), not willing to trust a messenger, followed me himself, intent to bring me back, that I might be present at the opening of a case of Champagne, which he swore would have made a Christian of the Prophet himself.

But Achmed had been tasting the forbidden juice already, and so had Hamilton, who had volunteered to accompany him. It was but a step across the Ezbekiyeh Square from his palace to the hotel, but they plunged into the canal on the way, and nearly broke their necks. A villainous trap that canal is, devised by the Egyptian Government for the express benefit of Dr. Abbott, and the other surgical gentlemen of Cairo, who set a dozen broken legs a month—all the work of the canal, into which the unlucky or the unknowing plunge headlong at low Nile, breaking their bones in the dusty bottom.

When the two reached the hotel they were in curious plight. But they rushed headlong up the broad stair-case and along the hall to the passage where my room-door opened. Now be it known that adjoining my rooms were others, opening into mine by a door that I supposed was locked. My friends plunged at the outer door of these rooms, and finding it closed proceeded to wake me to a sense of their presence.

They pounded, and shouted, and kicked the oak or the pine until the hotel rang again, and at last—for locks will yield to persevering efforts—the door gave way, and the two went rolling into the room, their tarbouches flying off, and leaving their shaven bullet-heads exposed as they endeavored to regain their feet.

Imagine the horror, all this time, of a lady who had recently arrived from England, knew nothing of the natives, imagined them all as "savage as Turks," and whose mind was made up that she was to be captured for the harem of the Viceroy long before the door yielded.

Achmed Pasha describes her appearance when he did regain his feet, and his description would make my fortune as a writer could I but give it. It was irresistible. I shall not attempt it. There were half a dozen shrieks, and then she rushed for my door, and—judge of my surprise when she sprang into my room, for the door was not fastened!

I had heard the row in the hall; but it was a common affair there, and I supposed I had nothing to do with it. The lady's exclamation was sufficient to tell me what had happened, and I hastened into her room to expel the intruders, who, to my astonishment, proved to be my friends, whom I found in the hall, half sobered by the occurrence, and intent on a plan of escape from the vengeance to be inflicted by the lady's protector, whoever he might be.

It was, of course, all over in an instant, and I apologized to the lady for my friends. But the indignant female, when she discovered that after all the attack was not meant for her, not only would not forgive my friends, but included



HALT AT THE BASE OF MOUNT HOR.

me in her list of offenders, and next morning demanded that I should leave the hotel. This I was not disposed to do. Having a jolly friend who would come to my room, on fun intent, when I was writing quiet letters, was not such a terrible offense in Cairo that I must be banished to that intolerable Oriental Hotel for it, where Madame Rachel and her crowd of lacqueys and blackies made the atmosphere intolerable. So I staid at the English house; and she circulated my name and deeds among all new-comers that were within reach of her tongue.

Such is the history of my acquaintance with the lady whom I have left standing in the sunshine while I have gone back to tell this story.

I thought it now a fair chance for a reconciliation, and I advanced to offer her what I was certainly under no obligation to do—a pass into Petra under favor of our acquaintance with the guardians. I bowed as I rode up, but she did not recognize me. Scorn sat resplendent on her lip!

“If you think of going into Petra, we can perhaps aid you. It is doubtful whether you will obtain access without paying enormously. But if you will wait here, we will send for our

tents, and camp with you to-night, have a conference here with the Wady Mousa people, and doubtless procure you admission by to-morrow at a moderate price.”

Words can not express the frigidity of the smile which assured me that they were in no need of our assistance. They had means of procuring access to Petra, which rendered it quite unnecessary that we should trouble ourselves. So I rode off at a gallop, and waited on the desert for my friends.

“What’s the matter with the lady?” asked Strong, as he joined me. “She is telling Hall a horrible story of your heading an attack on her room in the hotel at Cairo.”

I laughed, and related the history. But I felt anxious for the safety of the party, and I therefore advised a bivouac on the desert where we then were till we learned the result of the attempt to enter Wady Mousa. Accordingly we sent one of the men on to bring back the camp equipage, which was now an hour or so distant from us, and we remained at the foot of the mountain.

The afternoon passed slowly on, and we watched the sun go down over the western

hills. A soft flood of light followed—a glory that can not be described—that is never seen except on the desert. An atmosphere of heaven seemed to have escaped to the earth.

Night was falling before we had any intelligence from the party who had attempted the pass of Wady Mousa, and we began to think it possible that, after all, they had succeeded in bringing the old sheik down to their terms, or that he had brought them up to his ideas of the fair price of admission to the desolate Rock City. The stillness of the desert was indescribable. No voice of insect, nor of man, broke the silence that seemed to befit the atmosphere around the burial-place of the great Priest and Prophet.

I lay at the door of my tent on the sand, with my eyes fixed on the double peak of the hill where the Lawgiver parted from his brother, and I endeavored to recall the scene to my imagination.

That last longing gaze toward the Land of Promise must have been sad and solemn beyond imagination. To Moses it was permitted to look over the Jordan, and behold the valleys and the hill-sides which his people were to possess. The great priest saw not the Land of Promise. He knelt on the summit of Hor, and looked northward, straining his dim old eyes to catch some distant view of the hills of Holy Land. He bared his forehead, and threw back the white hair, and felt on his cheek the soft breeze that came down from the land of his adoring wishes, and in that breeze from Canaan he felt the air of heaven. He heard the voices of Abraham, and Isaac, and Israel from the cave of their solemn companionship at Hebron. He knew not the music of Galilee—he knew not the perfume of Sharon—he knew not the glory of Moriah, and Zion, and Olivet. But the old man felt all these in the wind that kissed his forehead before he died.

My reverie was interrupted.

"Stephen, my friend, was not that a cry in the valley?"

"I think not."

"It was. And there again! By Jove, there is a row in the glen! To horse! to horse! let us ride up."

We could now hear the voices of contending parties not less than a mile away, and in a few moments we met the party hurrying along in a confused mass, bag and baggage, surrounded rather than followed by the inhabitants of Wady Mousa. The sheik of the traveling party was especially valorous to all appearances, and vociferous beyond all the rest. But the same sly twinkle in his eye showed me that he was enjoying the defeat of his charge, and they were in the utmost horror of mind. In point of fact they were thoroughly frightened; and if my excellent acquaintance, Mrs. —, imagined herself in danger of becoming the captive of a Turk on the occasion when I became acquainted with her in Cairo, it was quite plain, when I now met her, that she believed herself already

captured and sacrificed. More profound terror could not be expressed by human or by woman features.

When we met them they halted around us, and the din that rent the very sky was a contrast to the silence which had a few moments before reigned around the foot of Mount Hor. A few words restored comparative quiet, and we then adjourned to the tents for a more formal council.

The tents of the other party were pitched with ours, as we had before proposed, and the lady was glad to find her canvas between mine and that of her companions. The camp-fire was kindled; three sheep from Wady Mousa were sacrificed to mutual amity; we reduced the demands of the guardians of Petra fully seven-eighths; and so the evening went by merrily to all parties. The Arabs grew somewhat uproarious as the feast advanced. They danced, they shouted, they made the rocks echo with their insane music.

I strolled away from the camp, and, at a little distance, watched the strange scene. For, let me tell you, it was a strange scene, that view of the descendants of Ishmael on the plains at the foot of Mount Hor, singing wild songs, dancing furiously around the fire, rending the sky with their fierce shouts, while, stern and magnificent, the mountain of the Prophet's death stood in the air above them, and his burial-place, lonesome, silent, and solemn, was far up among the stars.

TIGER-HUNTING ON FOOT IN INDIA.

THE Royal Bengal tiger! His very name has a ferocious sound, and creates expectation, interest, curiosity. To penetrate the jungles of India, and track the magnificent brute to his lair, is a most exciting, because it is a most perilous, undertaking. The natives seldom attempt it, and the Government reward of ten rupees for every tiger slain can not overcome the fear in which they stand of their hereditary enemy.

It is generally supposed that an elephant is absolutely necessary to take the field against tigers; but Lieutenant Rice, of the Bombay Army, who was engaged for several years in the chase of these "large game," gives practical evidence to the contrary. His "Hunting Experiences on Foot in Rajpootana," one of the northeast provinces of India, are filled with incident, and his information regarding the habits of the tiger is often new, and always entertaining.

It is only during the hot season—from the beginning of March to the end of June—that tiger-hunting can be carried on with any hopes of success. The heavy rains that commence early in July, and last for four months, completely swamp the land; and the dense foliage and grass that afterward spring up prevent all progress through the forests and jungles. In the hot season the great scarcity of water, the comparatively open appearance of the country,



TIGER KILLED BY A CHANCE SHOT NEAR MAIDAH.

and the intense heat, which drives the beasts, during the daytime, to the shadiest and most secluded retreats, are all so many chances in favor of the sportsman.

In 1850 the native regiment to which Lieutenant Rice belonged was stationed at Camp Neemuch, Rajpootana, within reach of a hunting-ground abounding in large game. Our adventurer's first expedition nearly cost him his life at the outset. He arrived at the hills, properly equipped, and accompanied by some twenty native attendants, known as Bheels; but after a week's work, though sundry bears were "bagged," no tiger had been found. One day, however, while riding across the country, the hopes of the disappointed hunters were revived by the reports of two travelers, who stated, in tones of genuine alarm, that they had just seen a tiger lying near the road-side. Lieutenant Rice quickly dismounted, and gave chase. As he was approaching a large bush, about sixty yards off, the tiger, to his surprise, jumped out from the opposite side, and, in a few bounds, crossed the dry bed of the river which was close by. Directly the Lieutenant's dog, "Wull," saw the tiger, which he probably mistook for

some new species of deer; he set off after him, barking all the while, and keeping within two or three yards only of the brute's heels. Onward the two animals rushed through the reeds and bushes, and were soon lost to sight. Presently one of the Bheels called out that the tiger was coming back. His brother Bheels did not require to be informed twice of the fact, but vanished on the instant. Sure enough the tiger *was* coming back, and, worse than that, was making directly for the spot where Lieutenant Rice stood. There was no chance to escape; so when the beast had nearly recrossed the river, and was within thirty yards of the hunter, Rice pitched up his rifle, and, in the excitement of the moment, fired without any particular aim. Then flinging down his gun, he dived among the dense thorn-bushes, convinced that the wounded tiger was after him. His fancy, on this occasion, was more terrible than reality; for finding, after a while, that he was not really pursued, he crept cautiously back to recover his rifle that had been thrown down, and saw, to his astonishment and delight, on reaching the spot, that the tiger was quite dead. It had been killed by the merest accident; the bullet,



PANTHER CHARGING.

without entering his skull, had grazed the surface, leaving a long wound, more like a cut from an axe than a ball. This tiger measured eleven feet six inches, and was very stout.

Upon beating the jungles where large game are found, hares, partridges, and peacocks are started in swarms. The peacock is the most valuable guide to the hunter, from the peculiar note of alarm it invariably utters if there is a tiger or panther moving in the vicinity. Perhaps, when the noise of the beaters commences, a single warning sort of call of "h-a-u-k—h-a-u-k" (like a note from a trumpet) is heard, at intervals, from one or more peacocks, answering each other from different parts of the cover. At this sound the heart of the sportsman beats high, for he has then good reason to expect that he will soon sight his game. If the call is followed by the rapid rising of peacocks in succession, each uttering its loud cry of "tok-tok, tok-tok!" as it flies off, evidently in the greatest fright, the hunter's hopes amount to a certainty—sometimes, however, to be dashed by the appearance of a sneaking wild-cat. But the peacock will rarely sound the alarm if merely a bear, or any number of hogs or deer,

should be rushing through the bushes. This is easily accounted for by the fact that they are chiefly preyed upon by the cat tribe. Peacocks, during the day, are in the habit of hiding themselves under cool, shady bushes and rocks, where they are often caught by wild-cats and very young tigers.

The hunter has also a valuable friend in the common monkey. Troops of these creatures abound in every forest or jungle in the country. Being considered sacred by the natives of India, they are never molested. A crowd of monkeys are frequently seen perched upon trees above a cover. When this occurs, the tiger, if there be one in the jungle, is probably asleep under some shady bush—resting after the fatigue of the previous night's foraging. The monkeys then are silent enough; but directly the beast stirs they commence making a peculiarly harsh kind of noise, very different from their ordinary chatter; and this they repeat with great vehemence as long as the tiger is in sight. Monkeys will only give their preparatory warning at the approach of a tiger or a panther.

Soon after his first successful adventure, Lieutenant Rice, while passing through the

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KILLING TIGRESS AND BEAR.

small village of Rajghur, was told that a tiger lived in a cover of korinda bushes, on the borders of a large tank, or lake, in the vicinity. The korinda is a very thick evergreen bush, which attains a great size, and offers a cool, shady retreat to the tiger. After collecting about twenty men from the village—all of whom seemed eager enough for the sport—Lieutenant Rice, upon arriving at the ground, ascended a tree that overlooked the path down which the tiger would probably pass. The men then went round to the other side of the cover, and began making as much noise as possible—beating drums and firing pistols; for with these implements of the tiger-hunt a good sportsman will always be provided. Presently the tiger came bounding by the tree in which his enemy was concealed. Rice quickly discharged two barrels, and both balls entered the animal's side. Nevertheless the brute sprang into the bushes, and was out of sight before the hunter could exchange his empty for a loaded gun. The tiger had now to be followed up, and the task was commenced and carried on with spirit, but without success. At nightfall it was, of course, impossible to track the wounded animal, and

the search was reluctantly abandoned. Several days afterward some one, passing that way, discovered the corpse of this tiger by the putrid smell. It had fallen down a deep hole, half filled with dead leaves, and was thus overlooked.

A singular incident is recorded by Lieutenant Rice as having occurred during this campaign. While passing by an old, ruined fort, near the village of Panghur, he heard a tiger roar, and, advancing with his men to the spot, he soon discovered whence the roars proceeded. The tiger lay in some thick patches of high grass and bushes scattered around the top of a steep hill. The scouts tried hard to turn him out, so that the Lieutenant might get a clear shot at him, but nothing would move the beast. He only roared the louder as each volley of stones was flung into the thicket by the Bheels. Lieutenant Rice at length crept cautiously round, and climbed up a tree overlooking the patch of jungle in which the tiger was lying. From this eminence he saw the animal crouching under a thorn-bush. A shot, rapidly fired, struck him somewhere in the face, upon which he bolted off, with loud roars. An at-

tempt was at once made to follow him up. The Bheels tracked him to a deep ravine, and then made a circuit, with the view of driving him toward the Lieutenant. But as soon as they reached the opposite bank they saw the tiger stretched out at full length, and seemingly dead, on the bank they had just left. Upon a small tree, immediately overhead, were perched about twenty vultures, and others were arriving every moment. This certainly was convincing evidence that the tiger was dead; and the spectators, therefore, were not a little astonished when the beast suddenly jumped up, and, roaring hideously, made off. He was still within rifle-shot of Lieutenant Rice when that enthusiastic sportsman fired, but surprise at the incident unsteadied his aim; both balls missed, and the tiger escaped. This gathering of vultures over a merely wounded animal was a very extraordinary fact. Next morning the same tiger was again started from the cover, but did not again escape. The marks of the previous day's bullets were found on his body.

During this his first campaign in tiger-shooting, Lieutenant Rice "bagged" a fair quantity of game. Much time, however, was occupied in searching out the particular districts where wild animals most abounded. Lieutenant Rice was only absent from his regiment about ten weeks; yet his "bag" consisted of four tigers killed, and one wounded; six bears killed, and one wounded—a result sufficiently successful to induce an enthusiastic hunter to start again as soon as the proper season reappeared.

During his campaign of the following year Lieutenant Rice made Jaat his head-quarters. Upon his arrival there he learned that an unfortunate woman had just been carried off by a celebrated tiger known as the "Jaat man-eater." The woman, at the time, was cutting grass, in company with several other people, close to the town. The whole place was very much excited by the intelligence, and a large crowd volunteered to accompany Lieutenant Rice in pursuit of the tiger. It was no difficult work to follow the course the brute had taken with his victim, for bits of clothing and hair and stains of blood were plentiful enough on the bushes through which he had dragged his prey. Every one was nervous with expectation, hoping, and yet dreading, to catch sight of the tiger among the high grass. At length, after following the tracks for nearly two miles, the party came upon the body of the poor woman, which the animal had dropped at the entrance of a long, deep cave, or rather of one of the abandoned iron-pits that were scattered around. She was quite dead, and must have been killed instantly, as her skull was completely flattened. But the people, now that the woman's body was found, insisted on returning with it to town, and would not prosecute the search, which had, in consequence, to be given up. It was not till the following season that the "man-eater of Jaat" was killed. Lieutenant Rice organized a company for the express purpose of hunting the murderer; and

one morning they all started from camp at break of day, in order to cut off the tiger from its stronghold among the iron-pits before it returned from the night's foraging on the adjacent plain. Having arrived at the place, the men spread themselves over a large extent of ground, and commenced beating toward the tiger's den, the precise position of which had been tolerably ascertained. It was hoped that the tiger, upon hearing the noise, would make for his retreat, and this hope, as the sequel showed, was well founded. Lieutenant Rice stood at a point which the animal would be compelled to pass; and scarcely was the first sound of drums and pistol-shots heard, when, at a long distance, he recognized the tiger making directly toward him. He allowed the brute to come within ten yards, and then, with two well-directed shots, dispatched it. The people were overjoyed at such good fortune. Runners started off with the news that the terrible man-eater was slain, and the whole population of Jaat turned out to meet the hunters on their return. The body was carried in triumph on small trees hastily cut down for the purpose. At their tent the hunters were received by a bevy of females, the youngest and fairest of whom advanced and presented them with bunches of gay flowers, while the rest sung verses in praise of tiger-killers in general and the heroes of the hour in particular, a custom, by-the-way, that seems to be commonly practiced in Indian villages.

Before the process of skinning this tiger was undertaken the people desired that the ceremony might be delayed until a Bheel, who lived at a distance, and whom they had sent for, should arrive. It appeared, upon inquiry, that some months before, while this man was cutting grass in company with his brother, a tiger suddenly appeared, sprang upon the latter, and carried him off—though not before the poor fellow had given the brute a severe cut over the face with his small sickle. The incident was distinctly seen by the surviving brother, who, on his arrival at Jaat, pointed out a scar, now healed up, across the tiger's forehead. This removed all doubt as to the identity of the noted "man-eater;" and if further confirmation were needed, it might be derived from the fact that, for three years after the death of the "man-eater," no person was killed in the neighborhood. During the two preceding years forty inhabitants of Jaat alone had been murdered by this single tiger. Thus, then, ended the reign of terror.

The petty chiefs, who are thick as blackberries in India, are very jealous of the Europeans who hunt over their districts, and use their influence to prevent them from obtaining assistance, or even the commonest supplies. This difficulty, however, can be surmounted with money. The chiefs sometimes hunt themselves after they have obtained the most certain information of a tiger's whereabouts. Their method of tiger-shooting is rather amusing. In the first place, several stands are built high up in the loftiest trees that command a view of



TIGER WOUNDED.

the cover below. Upon these stands the chief and his principal followers, armed with double-guns and match-locks, perch themselves. The whole party is very conspicuous, being dressed in white or gaudy-colored clothes. Furthermore, they are great talkers, and keep up a continued conversation at the top of their voices. At length the beating commences. For this purpose a number of men—pressed most unwillingly into the service—instead of being kept together, in which alone their safety lies, are spread out in a long, single line, as if they were merely going to beat up a hare or a deer. Thus they continue to advance, beating drums, blowing horns, and firing off match-locks, in order to drive the tiger past the position taken up by the chief and his followers on the high tree. The tiger, of course, is soon roused, and at first, perhaps, allows himself to be driven in the proper direction; but soon catching sight of his enemies above, he halts, and, perceiving the trap laid for his destruction, turns round and dashes back, with loud roars, through the thin line of beaters in his rear, often knocking down and mangling, if not killing, one or two

unfortunate men who have not had time to get out of his way. Should the tiger, however, prefer to run the gauntlet of the fire from his foes in the trees, he generally escapes, though he is always pronounced to have been riddled with balls. To ascertain the fact, however, no steps are taken. "Following up" the prints or blood of a wounded tiger is a proceeding utterly unknown among the native princes. Occasionally they manage to kill their game, but he rarely dies unavenged. According to the accounts of the natives, at least "one man killed and several wounded" is the rule, and not the exception, at each day's sport. Such "accidents" are so common that no one expresses surprise at them. The native grandees have a horror of a blank day; and to insure sport, at short distances from their palaces, the tigers are, in many places, actually preserved, as game are in England, no one but "princes" being allowed to kill them.

It is not often that a tiger is caught napping. While at a small village called Koree, where he had made a brief halt, Lieutenant Rice persuaded two Bheels to accompany him on a tour



WATCHING A TIGER.

of inspection in the immediate neighborhood. He had scarcely gone four hundred yards from the village, when, walking through a grove of dates, he came upon a tigress reclining in the shade of a palm-tree not a dozen paces off. She appeared to be dozing during the great heat of the day, and lazily turned her head to look at the hunter. This gave him an opportunity to take good aim, and a couple of shots through the skull quickly finished her. The Bheels, who had also seen the tigress, had sprung into the nearest trees in their terror; nor could they be persuaded to descend until thoroughly satisfied that the animal was dead.

The tenacity of life which a tiger will sometimes possess is extraordinary. An illustration is given in the following narrative: Having arrived at the village of Deypoora, Lieutenant Rice was there told that a tiger had lately killed very many bullocks in the vicinity. He immediately started with several men to hunt him up. The animal was discovered in a ravine on the plains. As the hunters, who had cautiously advanced, were looking over the steep bank in search of their game, they caught sight of him stretched out at full length and not more than

three yards below. The brute turned up his eyes and grinned horribly, and on receiving a couple of bullets sprang into the cover with a fierce roar. Upon descending the bank the hunters discovered drops of blood and tracked them a long distance down the ravine, when all at once they were no longer visible. The ground was formed of bare sheet rock or slabs of flat stones, so no foot-prints could be discerned. After a prolonged examination, attention was directed to a cave formed by a large ledge of rock that had fallen from above. One of the men declared that the animal was concealed there. Lieutenant Rice and a friend who was with him knelt down at an unpleasantly close distance, and having placed their spare guns before them in readiness for a second shot, if necessary, prepared to fire. After steadily gazing into the cave for a few moments, they at last saw the tiger's two eyes shining in the dark, and were able to make out an indistinct outline of his head. At this mark they fired, and when the smoke cleared away they were delighted to see their foe stretched out stiff on his back—the white of his belly being uppermost and very visible. The hunters now ap-



HUNTING PROCESSION.

proached, and found two holes in the skull of the tiger, one over each eyebrow, from which copious streams of blood were flowing.

There was every indication that the animal was dead, but to the surprise and no little alarm of those standing around it presently moved one of its legs. This was merely regarded as a muscular action; nevertheless, to remove all doubt, Lieutenant Rice placed the muzzle of his rifle against the brute's chest and fired. He had no sooner done so than up jumped the tiger, with a terrific roar, as lively as ever! A panic seized all present, and every man made a dash for the nearest tree. Some ran clear out of sight without stopping to look behind. In the mean time the tiger was roaring awfully, and from the noise he made every listener thought he must be mangling some one of the party. Luckily, however, the animal was so confused that he only kept walking round and round his den, apparently unable to find his way out. Finally Lieutenant Rice having regained possession of his gun, which he had thrown down in his flight, climbed up a small tree just in front of the den. From this point, at a distance of only twelve yards, he fired as

many shots into the tiger before he was effectually quieted. Then he lay still, and this time was really dead, being riddled with balls.

The escape was a lucky one for the whole party. The tiger, when he lay in the cave, was merely stunned; for it was afterward discovered that the shots had not entered his brain. If the hunters, supposing him dead, had dragged him out, and had commenced taking off his skin, as they intended, the operation would have revived him, and probably the loss of more than one life would have been the consequence.

In tiger shooting on foot there appears to be, comparatively speaking, but little danger to any one, if all are kept in a compact body. Lieutenant Rice invariably insisted on the observance of this rule. His hunting procession, as described by himself, presented a singular spectacle: In front, and stooping down beside him, is the head *shikaree*, or chief huntsman, who, by carefully observing each foot-print or slightest drop of blood, points out the direction in which the wounded game has gone. Keeping guard over the shikaree, with full-cocked rifles, the Lieutenant himself leads the wedge-shaped procession. Immediately behind follow

the best and steadiest men carrying the spare loaded guns. Then comes the band, consisting of four or five kettle-drums and one big drum, a man ringing a tremendous bell, with perhaps others, either blowing horns, beating cymbals, firing pistols, or doing any thing else to make the most horrible din that they can. On either side of the band are men with halberds, or formidable looking spears; their duty is to keep the beaters well together while passing through grass that is often high over head. Last of all come a number of men who are constantly engaged in throwing large stones, which fall just in front and on all sides of the party, and which will start a wounded tiger when he would not otherwise move from his place of concealment. Generally, however, the noise is sufficient to rouse the animal. Overlooking the whole procession is a man in a tree, which he climbs from time to time in the progress of the march, and keeps a good look-out on all sides for any large game. The whole party move at a snail's pace and yell with all their might. No tiger will face such a mass of men and noise. Sometimes one will charge to within a few yards of the procession, but he then invariably turns off and is wounded or shot dead before he can escape.

Under this system of tiger-shooting there is perfect safety to every one. Not so, however, to stragglers who lag behind, or who are imprudent enough on any pretense to separate themselves from their comrades. Thus, during one of these marches, a Bheel, whose bullocks had been destroyed by a particular tiger, vowed he would alone turn him out of the jungle where he lay concealed, and with this object he rushed into the dense bushes sword in hand. The poor fellow was immediately seized by the tiger, and though he was saved by his companions from death, he was, nevertheless, severely mauled.

Two tigers in the same bush are sometimes dangerous customers even to such a strong party as the one we have just described. One day a report was brought to Lieutenant Rice, then in camp near Dorae, that the prints of two large game had been seen in the bed of a river where there were dense covers of corinda bushes, willow-trees, and reeds. He tried, and for a long time without success, to discover these beasts. At length one of the men suggested that the tigers might be in a dark, suspicious-looking mass of corindas which it was found impossible to penetrate, and so, to test the matter, a volley was fired into the bush. A dead silence followed; presently a slight movement was observed among the trees; the firing was continued, and the tiger finding his retreat becoming uncomfortably hot, made his appearance and was easily secured.

The men, thinking that the sport was over, were standing round the body of their fallen foe, when all of a sudden an appalling roar was heard, proceeding, as it were, from the very midst of the party. The effect was ludicrous

in the extreme—with one accord they precipitated themselves into the river, and gained the opposite bank in the utmost terror. Lieutenant Rice, who had taken off his clothes in order to dry them, made a dash for the nearest tree, and, in his hurried ascent, got tolerably well scratched. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, a man was reported killed, but, on examination, it was found that he was only severely clawed. This man, after the first tiger had been slain, had gone to examine the bush in which, as he little expected then, another brute still lay concealed. On seeing him approach alone, the beast rushed upon him with loud roars, knocked him down, and actually ran off with his turban, which, fortunately, was a very large one, and no doubt saved his head from the tiger's blows. The animal then galloped away at a racing pace and was not again seen.

Bull buffaloes are rarely killed by tigers. These animals are almost tiger-proof, unless it be some solitary straggler that is attacked. When a buffalo is seized by a tiger all the others immediately hasten to the rescue, and either drive off the tiger, or trample and gore him with their hoofs and horns. The men and boys who herd buffaloes are well aware of this; and fearlessly seated on the backs of these enormous creatures, they do not hesitate to drive them for pasture into any swamp or dense cover, though well aware that tigers are lying in the same spot. It is the habit of buffaloes to lie for hours together in the water, during the intense heat of the Indian summer, soaking and chewing the cud—their eyes and noses alone visible, and their bodies perfectly free from the annoyance of flies. They get rabidly excited on smelling the blood or hearing the roar of a tiger, and, with loud bellowings, will rush into the dense cover, crushing down the bushes on all sides, and madly butting with their horns at every thing in their way.

The cows, on the other hand, directly they hear the first roar of a tiger, will scamper off in the greatest alarm with tails in air and heads down; nor will they stop in their precipitate flight until they are far from the scene of their panic. Unlike the bulls, they will not assist any member of their herd that has been seized. The tiger, who watches closely, and well knows where the cattle are daily driven out to graze, will secrete himself in some patch of grass hard by, and wait until a herd passes his hiding-place. Then, with a roar, he springs out, strikes the unlucky bullock with his fore-paws about the head, neck, or shoulder, and at once fells it to the earth. Next, tearing open the animal's throat, he sucks the blood that flows fast from the wound. This finished, he retires to some shady bush and waits until the cool of the evening, when he creeps out to dine on the beef. Hair, skin, bones, entrails, and meat are all swallowed in turn. He only stops eating to visit some piece of water near at hand, and then returns to his meal. While dining he in-

dulges in low grumbings, and after he has finished his repast he will probably lie up in some secluded spot for the next three days without stirring abroad except to drink water. At the end of that time, having thoroughly digested the food, his appetite returns, and he is on the look-out for another meal.

The cow-herds have an ingenious method of revenging themselves upon the tiger. Directly he leaves his victim, the herdsman, who perhaps has been watching the proceeding from some tree close by, quietly descends, and with his knife cuts several long gashes in the dead bullock's hind-quarters. In these wounds he rubs a quantity of powdered arsenic, and when the tiger returns at dusk to dine he swallows the poison. This creates such excessive thirst that he soon betakes himself to the nearest stream, which he seldom leaves, and drinks till he dies.

Lieutenant Rice relates an anecdote of an extraordinary leap made by a tigress. He happened to be near the city Bhampoor, and was preparing to examine a large ravine in the vicinity, when word was brought that a tigress had been seen creeping out of a thick patch of cover that had been already beaten. The beast had cunningly remained hidden in spite of the noise made by the men; and, thinking the danger over, was attempting to sneak off unobserved to some distant jungle, when she was espied by a man who had been stationed near the spot as a look-out. Lieutenant Rice and his companion took up their position on the slope of a hill, and sent the beaters round to the opposite side for the purpose of driving out the game. Presently the animal came bounding along at a tearing pace. At a distance of seventy yards she received a couple of shots, but, seemingly uninjured, continued her rapid course for about a hundred yards farther, when she suddenly made a tremendous spring in the air, clearing a small tree in her path seven feet high, and fell dead on the other side. The leap, according to measurement, was over eight yards, and blood was found on the topmost boughs of the tree. She seemed to drop dead in the air. She was very old, and had one tusk broken. When her skin was removed some small pieces of lead were discovered beneath it. The experience of these old wounds had taught her to behave so cunningly.

According to Lieutenant Rice's observations the proportion of sexes in these animals is about two tigresses to every tiger. The Bheels account for the scarcity of males by asserting that an old one will always kill a young one of his own sex whenever he can catch him unawares. There is no doubt of the fact that these animals often have most desperate encounters. One night the whole population of Nundwass were kept awake by the roaring of two tigers who were fighting over the body of a bullock. None of the inhabitants had courage enough to go out and witness the combat; but the next morning a tiger was found dead at the

bullock's side, and a little farther off another one, also dead. Their bodies were covered with marks from each other's claws and teeth.

The only method of ascertaining the age of tigers is by their size, discolored appearance of their teeth, or faintness of their stripes; and these by no means give accurate information. The tusks are not much of a criterion. They are sometimes solid ivory and sometimes quite hollow, without any regard to the size of the animal. Twenty years appear to be the greatest age that a tiger reaches. The cubs live with their mother till quite half-grown. They are first seen by the hunter who happens to be beating a jungle; and it would seem as though the mother sent them out to draw the fire of her foes, and then make her own escape. But this unnatural conduct of the parent may be explained on the supposition that the cubs rush out in alarm at the strange noises of the men, while the tigress, more cunning, waits to see whether the coast is clear before leaving her strong-hold.

Lieutenant Rice's third campaign in tiger-shooting was commenced under unfavorable auspices. A serious and well-nigh fatal accident happened to Mr. Elliott, one of his party. They were beating at the time a ravine in the vicinity of Dowlutpoora, and to overlook the high grass around, both Elliott and Rice had mounted a small thorn-tree. Presently a fine tiger appeared, walking straight toward them. As ill luck would have it, a man who had climbed another tree called out at the moment, and the noise alarmed the tiger, who at once stopped, and then, like lightning, bounded off in another direction. Rice and Elliott both fired, and wounded the brute before he escaped, but not very severely, as the distance was too great for an effective shot. They immediately began to follow him up. After making their way through a dense patch of thorn bushes and high grass they arrived at an open space, where all traces of the tiger abruptly ceased. The two hunters had advanced a few steps in front of the men to examine the ground more minutely, and while thus engaged they were startled by a loud roar, which proceeded from a small ditch some two or three yards to their right. The roar was instantly followed by the tiger, who came charging down upon the party. Rice had barely time to discharge the contents of both barrels of his rifle into the animal's chest; these shots made him swerve from his course and spring upon Elliott, who had no opportunity to get his weapon ready, and who was irresistibly borne back by the shock. The shikarees quickly handed Lieutenant Rice his spare guns, and he as quickly fired two shots into the beast's shoulder as he stood over Elliott, but the wounds had little effect. The tiger commenced dragging its prey backward by the upper part of his left arm, which it had seized in its jaws. The ground was uneven, and covered with broken pieces of rock, and Lieutenant Rice was nervous about firing, lest he should hit his



ELLIOTT AND THE TIGER.

friend, whose face was touching the brute's head. Elliott, in the mean time, had fainted. At last, after aiming two or three times in vain, Lieutenant Rice took advantage of a favorable chance that was luckily presented; his ball struck the tiger on the top of the skull, whereupon it dropped its victim and rolled over dead. Another shot was fired to make certain, and Elliott was then pulled out from under the tiger. He was quite sensible, and asked for water, which was at once given him. His arm was frightfully bitten, but beyond this he had suffered no serious injury. When first seized, he had narrowly escaped a blow which the tiger had aimed at him with its paw, but which he had fortunately warded off with his uplifted rifle. The stock of the weapon was marked with the animal's claws, and the triggers and guard were completely flattened.

The tiger-hunter on foot should under no circumstances advance alone into a cover after he has wounded his game, even though he has every reason to believe that it has been killed. Appearances are often very deceptive. In one of his explorations, near Janodeep, Lieutenant

Rice discovered a beautiful cover, with plenty of fresh tiger-prints in its neighborhood. From this spot a tiger was started, but, being wounded in the chest, the animal, instead of making for the open country, retreated to the densest part of the jungle. Every effort to discover him proved ineffectual, and, as a last resort, the long dry grass of which the cover was composed was set on fire at both ends. The flames raged violently, and had almost met, when Lieutenant Rice, thinking the tiger must be dead, or he would never have lain so close, walked forward in the hope of being able to save his skin. He had only advanced a few paces when the brute, with an awful roar, sprang from his concealment, dashed through the flames, and made off. Our hunter was too much staggered to take a very successful aim, and the smoke soon concealed the tiger from his view. Nevertheless, the fright gave him a sufficient warning never to advance alone into a jungle under an impression, however well founded, that his game was dead.

In these districts of India panthers of great boldness, ferocity, and strength are frequently



THE TIGER AT OOMURCHEE.

encountered. Lieutenant Rice states that one night a panther visited his camp while all the inmates were asleep, and after killing a goat in the very midst of the tents and servants, carried off two large greyhounds that lay coupled together by the side of the cot in which he himself was sleeping. The panther dragged both these dogs for about three hundred yards, through some very dense jungle of high thorn-bushes. Guided by their loud cries and barking, the men hastily followed in pursuit, and soon arrived at the spot where the panther had dropped his prey. One of the dogs, whose skull had been smashed by a blow of the panther's paw, was dead; the other was uninjured. To give some idea of this panther's strength, it is stated that these greyhounds had, on more than one occasion, successfully encountered full-grown wolves.

Panthers are in the habit of preying upon the unfortunate dogs that are to be seen in swarms in every village of India. The panther manages to catch these curs by making an unusual noise at night near the walls of the village. On hearing the noise the dogs run out, and the foremost is sure to fall a victim to the lurking foe.

The panther is both bold and cunning. Being able to see in the dark, it will venture even among sleeping men, and creeps so stealthily and so noiselessly that his movements could not be heard by persons awake and on the watch.

Lieutenant Rice records a curious illustration of the number of bullets which a tiger will carry about his body before he finally succumbs. The hunters were beating a small, rocky ravine close to the village of Oomurchee, when they started the tiger in question from his den. He was pursued and overtaken. Lieutenant Rice fired twice, and both shots took effect. His two companions also discharged their weapons, though at a greater distance from the game. The tiger made off, and, after a while, was again started. Two more shots were now fired, and one of them rolled the beast over, but still he got up and ran away apparently uninjured. An hour afterward, as our hunters were standing upon the edge of a ravine, looking into the cover below, and waiting the approach of the beaters, out jumped the self-same tiger from the high grass at their very feet, and made for the opposite bank. Several unavailing shots were fired, and the pursuit was hotly continued.

Again the animal was seen, and again he received the contents of a formidable battery; but this time, instead of flying, he wheeled round and charged his enemies. Their guns being empty, it was now *their* turn to run, and they hastily ascended the nearest trees. The wounded animal having reached the trees, walked round and round them, looking up at his tormentors, growling terribly, and lashing his tail with fury. Luckily he was too much hurt to make a spring, and, thinking prudence the better part of valor, he walked slowly back to the jungle. Efforts were once more made to rouse him; but it was getting dark, and the chase had to be postponed. The hunt was, however, resumed on the next day, and upon the first start the tiger received a well-directed volley which completely finished him. No less than twelve of the bullets fired on the day previous were lodged in his body. They were known by the marks the animal had made in licking them with his tongue; he had thoroughly cleared away the hair round each shot-hole. A tiger's tongue is remarkably rough; it is covered with innumerable short, stout points of hard flesh, resembling thorns, and closely packed together. With these he easily scrapes off every atom of flesh adhering to the bones of his prey.

Lieutenant Rice spent five seasons hunting in Rajpootana; and during that period he killed sixty-eight tigers, three panthers, and twenty-five bears, besides wounding thirty tigers and twenty-six bears.

NANCY BLYNN'S LOVERS.

WILLIAM TANSLEY, familiarly called Tip, having finished his afternoon's work in Judge Boxton's garden, milked the cows, and given the calves and pigs their supper—not forgetting to make sure of his own—stole out of the house with his Sunday jacket, and the secret intention of going “a sparking.” Tip's manner of setting about this delicate business was characteristic of his native shrewdness. He usually went well provided with gifts; and on the present occasion, before quitting the Judge's premises, he “drew upon” a certain barrel in the barn, which was his bank, where he had made, during the day, frequent deposits of green corn, of the diminutive species called *tucket*—smuggled in from the garden, and designed for roasting and eating with the widow Blynn's pretty daughter. Stealthily, in the dusk, stopping now and then to listen, Tip brought out the little milky ears from beneath the straw, crammed his pockets with them, and packed full the crown of his old straw hat; then, with the sides of his jacket distended, his trowsers bulged, and a toppling weight on his head, he peeped cautiously from the door to see that the way was clear for an escape to the orchard, and thence, “cross lots,” to the widow Blynn's house.

Tip was creeping furtively behind a wall, stooping, with one hand steadying his hat, and the other his pockets, when a voice called his name.

It was the voice of Cephas Boxton. Now if there was a person in the world whom Tip feared and hated, it was “that Cephe;” and this for many reasons, the chief of which was that the Judge's son did, upon occasions, flirt with Miss Nancy Blynn, who, sharing the popular prejudice in favor of fine clothes and riches, preferred, apparently, a single passing glance from Cephas to all Tip's gifts and attentions.

Tip dropped down behind the wall.

“Tip Tansley!” again called the hated voice.

But the proprietor of that euphonious name not choosing to answer to it, remained quiet, one hand still supporting his hat, the other his pockets, while young Boxton, to whom glimpses of the aforesaid hat, appearing over the edge of the wall, had previously been visible, stepped quickly and noiselessly to the spot. Tip crouched, with his unconscious eyes in the grass; Cephas watched him good-humoredly, leaning over the wall.

“If it isn't Tip, what is it?” And Cephas struck one side of the distended jacket with his cane. An ear of corn dropped out. He struck the other side, and out dropped another ear. A couple of smart blows across the back succeeded, followed by more corn, and at the same time Tip, getting up, and endeavoring to protect his pockets, let go his hat, which fell off, spilling its contents in the grass.

“Did you call?” gasped the panic-stricken Tip.

The rivals stood with the wall between them—as ludicrous a contrast, I dare assert, as ever two lovers of one woman presented.

Tip, abashed and afraid, brushed the hair out of his eyes, and made an unsuccessful attempt to look the handsome and smiling Cephas in the face.

“Do you pretend you did not hear, with all these ears?” said the Judge's son.

“I—I was huntin' fur a shoe-string,” murmured Tip, casting dismayed glances along the ground. “I lost one here som'eres.”

“Tip,” said Cephas, putting his cane under Master Tansley's chin to assist him in holding up his head, “look me in the eye, and tell me—what is the difference 'twixt you and that corn?”

“I d'n' know—what?” And liberating his chin, Tip dropped his head again, and began kicking in the grass in search of the imaginary shoe-string.

“That is lying on the ground, and you are lying—on your feet,” said Cephas.

Tip replied that he was going to the woods for bean-poles, and that he took the corn to feed the cattle in the “back pastur,” ‘cause they hooked.”

“I wish you were as innocent of hooking as the cattle are!” said the incredulous Cephas. “Go and put the saddle on Pericles.”

Tip proceeded in a straight line to the stable, his pockets dropping corn by the way, while Cephas, laughing quietly, walked up and down under the trees.

"Hoss 's ready," muttered Tip, from the barn-door.

Instead of leading Pericles out, he left him in the stall, and climbed up into the hay-loft to hide, and brood over his misfortune until his rival was gone. It was not alone the affair of the stolen corn that troubled Tip; but from the fact that Pericles was ordered, he suspected that Cephas likewise purposed paying a visit to Nancy Blynn. Resolved to wait and watch his departure, he lay under the dusty roof, chewing the bitter cud of envy, and now and then a stem of new-mown Timothy, till Cephas entered the stalls beneath, and said, "Be still!" in his clear, resonant tones, to Pericles.

Pericles uttered a quick, low whinny of recognition, and ceased pawing the floor.

"Are you there, Cephas?" presently said another voice.

It was that of the Judge, who had followed his son into the barn. Tip lay with his elbows on the hay, and listened.

"Going to ride, are you? Who saddled this horse?"

"Tip," replied Cephas.

"He didn't half curry him. Wait a minute. I'm ashamed to let a horse go out looking so."

And the Judge began to polish off Pericles with wisps of straw.

"Darned ef I care!" muttered Tip.

"Cephas," said the Judge, "I don't want to make you vain, but I must say you ride the handsomest colt in the county. I'm proud of Pericles. Does his shoe pinch him lately?"

"Not since 'twas set. He looks well enough, father. Your eyes are better than mine," said Cephas, "if you can see any dust on his coat."

"I luf to rub a colt. It does 'em so much good," rejoined the Judge. "Cephas, if you're going by 'Squire Stedman's, I'd like to have you call and get that mortgage."

"I don't think I shall ride that way, father. I'll go for it in the morning, however."

"Never mind, unless you happen that way. Just hand me a wisp of that straw, Cephas."

Cephas handed his father the straw. The Judge rubbed away some seconds longer, then said, carelessly,

"If you are going up the mountain, I wish you would stop and tell Colby I'll take these lambs, and send for 'em next week."

"I'm not sure that I shall go as far as Colby's," replied Cephas.

"People say"—the Judge's voice changed slightly—"you don't often get further than the widow Blynn's when you travel that road. How is it?"

"Ask the widow," said Cephas.

"Ask her daughter, more like," rejoined the Judge. "Cephas, I've kind o' felt as though I ought to have a little talk with you about that matter. I hope you ain't fooling the girl, Cephas."

And the Judge, having broached the subject to which all his rubbing had been introductory,

and his remarks a prologue, waited anxiously for his son's reply.

Cephas assured him that he could never be gully of fooling any girl—much less one so worthy as Miss Nancy Blynn.

"I'm glad to hear it!" exclaimed the judge. "Of course I never believed you could do such a thing. But we should be careful of appearances, Cephas. (Just another little handful of straw; that will do.) People have already got up the absurd story that you are going to marry Nancy."

Tip's ears tingled. There was a brief silence, broken only by the rustling of the straw. Then Cephas said,

"Why absurd, father?"

"Absurd—because—why, of course, it isn't true, is it?"

"I must confess, father," replied Cephas, "the idea has occurred to me that Nancy—would make me—a good wife."

It is impossible to say which was most astonished by this candid avowal, the Judge or Master William Tansley. The latter had never once imagined that Cephas's intentions respecting Nancy were so serious; and now the inevitable conviction forced upon him, that, if his rich rival really wished to marry her, there was no possible chance left for him, smote his heart with qualms of despair.

"Cephas, you stagger me!" said the Judge. "A young man of your education and prospects—"

"Nancy is not without some education, father," interposed Cephas, as the Judge hesitated. "Better than that, she has heart and soul. She is worthy to be any man's wife!"

Although Tip entertained precisely the same opinions, he was greatly dismayed to hear them expressed so generously by Cephas.

The Judge rubbed away again at Pericles's flanks and shoulders with wisps of straw.

"No doubt, Cephas, you think so—and sartin I haven't any thing agin' Nancy—she's a good girl enough, fur's I know. But just reflect on't—you're of age, and in one sense you can do as you please, but you ain't too old to hear to reason. You know you might marry most any girl you choose."

"So I thought, and I choose Nancy," answered Cephas, preparing to lead out Pericles.

"I wish the hoss 'd fling him, and break his neck!" whispered the devil in Tip's heart.

"Don't be hasty; wait a minute, Cephas," said the Judge. "You know what I mean—you could marry rich. Take a practical view of the matter. Get rid of these boyish notions. Just think how it will look for a young man of your cloth—worth twenty thousand dollars any day I'm a mind to give it to you—to go and marry the widow Blynn's daughter! a girl that takes in sewing! What are ye thinking of, Cephas?"

"I hear," replied Cephas, quietly, "she does her sewing well."

"Well, suppose she does? She'd make a

good enough wife for some such fellow as Tip, no doubt; but I thought a son of mine would ha' looked higher. Think of you and Tip after the same girl. Come, if you've any pride about you, you'll pull the saddle off the colt and stay at home."

Although the Judge's speech, as we perceive, was not quite free from provincialisms, his arguments were none the less powerful on that account. He said a good deal more in the same strain, holding out threats of unforgiveness and disinheritance on the one hand, and praise and promises on the other; Cephas standing with the bridle in his hand, and poor Tip's anxious heart beating like a pendulum between the hope that his rival would be convinced and the fear that he would not.

"The question is simply this, father," said Cephas, growing impatient: "Which to choose, love or money? And I assure you I'd much rather please you than displease you."

"That's the way to talk, Cephas! That sounds *like*!" exclaimed the Judge.

"But if I choose money," Cephas hastened to say, "money it shall be. I ought to make a good thing out of it. What will you give to make it an object?"

"Give?—Give you all I've got, of course. What's mine is yours—or will be, some day."

"Some day isn't the thing. I prefer one good bird in the hand to any number of fine songsters in the bush. Give me five thousand dollars, and it's a bargain."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Judge.

"Very well; then stand aside and let me and Pericles pass."

"Don't be unreasonable, Cephas! Let the colt stand. What do you want of five thousand dollars?"

"Never mind; if you don't see fit to give it, I'll go and see Nancy."

"No, no, you sha'n't! Let go the bridle! I'd rather give ten thousand."

"Very well; give me ten, then!"

"I mean, don't go to being wild and headstrong now! I'll give you a thousand dollars, if nothing else will satisfy you."

"I'll divide the difference with you," said Cephas. "You shall give me three thousand, and that, you must confess, is very little."

"It's a bargain!" exclaimed the Judge. And Tip was thrilled with joy.

"I'm sorry I didn't stick to five thousand!" said Cephe. "But I wish to ask, can I, for instance, marry Melissa More? Next to Nancy, she is the prettiest girl in town."

"But she has no position; there is the same objection to her there is to Nancy. The bargain is, you are not to marry *any* poor girl; and I mean to have it in writing. So pull off the saddle and come into the house."

"If I had been shrewd I might just as well have got five thousand," said Cephas.

Tip Tansley, more excited than he had ever been in his life, waited until the two had left the barn; then, creeping over the hay, hitting

his head in the dark against the low rafters, he slid down from his hiding-place, carefully descended the stairs, gathered up what he could find of the scattered ears of *tucket*, and set out to run through the orchard and across the fields to the widow Blynn's cottage. The evening was starry, and the glittering edges of the few dark clouds that lay low in the east predicted the rising moon. Halting only to climb fences, or to pick up now and then the corn that persisted in dropping from his pockets, or to scrutinize some object that he thought looked "pokerish" in the dark; prudently shunning the dismal woods on one side, and the pasture where the "hooking" cattle were on the other, Tip kept on, and arrived, all palpitating and perspiring, at the widow's house, just as the big, red moon was coming up amidst the clouds over the hill. He had left a good deal of his corn and all his courage behind him in his flight; for Tip, ardently as he loved the beautiful Nancy, could lay no claim to her on the poetical ground that "Only the brave deserve the fair."

With uncertain knuckles Tip rapped on the humble door, having first looked through the kitchen window, and seen the widow sitting there, sewing by the light of a tallow candle.

"Good-evening, William," said Mrs. Blynn, opening the door, with her spectacles on her forehead, and her work gathered up in her lap under her bent figure. "Come in; take a chair."

"Guess I can't stop," replied Tip, sidling into the room with his hat on. "Hew's all the folks? Nancy to hum?"

"Nancy's up stairs; I'll speak to her. Nancy," called the widow at the chamber-door, "Tip is here! Better take a chair while you stop," she added, smiling upon the visitor, who always on arriving "guessed he couldn't stop," and usually ended by remaining until he was sent away.

"Wal, may as well; jest as cheap sittin' as standin'," said Tip, depositing the burden of his personality—weight, 146 lbs.—upon one of the creaky, splint-bottomed chairs.

"Pooty warm night, kind o'," raising his arm to wipe his face with his sleeve, upon which an ear of that discontented *tucket* took occasion to tumble upon the floor. "Hello! what's that? By gracious if 'tain't green corn! Got any fire? Guess we'll have a roast."

And Tip, taking off his hat, began to empty his stuffed pockets into it.

"Law me!" said the widow, squinting over her work, "I thought your pockets stuck out amazin'! I ha'n't had the first taste of green corn this year. It's real kind o' thoughtful in you, Tip; but the fire's all out, and we can't think of roastin' on't to-night, as I see."

"Mebby Nancy will," chuckled Tip. "Ain't she comin' down? Any time to-night, Nancy!" cried Tip, raising his voice, to be heard by his beloved in her retreat. "You do no what I brought ye!"

Now, sad as the truth may sound to the reader sympathizing with Tip, Nancy cared little what he had brought, and experienced no very ardent desire to come down and meet him. She sat at her window, looking at the stars, and thinking of somebody who she had hoped would visit her that night; but that somebody was not Tip; and although the first sound of his footsteps had set her heart fluttering with expectation, his near approach, breathing fast and loud, had given her a chill of disappointment—almost of disgust; and she now much preferred her own thoughts, and the moonrise through the trees in the direction of Judge Boxton's house, to all the green corn, and all the green lovers, in New England. Her mother, however, who commiserated Tip, and believed as much in being civil to neighbors as she did in keeping the Sabbath, called again, and gave her no peace until she had left the window, the moonrise, and her romantic dreams, and descended into the prosaic atmosphere of the kitchen, and of Tip and his corn.

Tip's mouth, which had been watering in anticipation of the roasted *tucket*, watered more than ever at sight of Nancy's exquisite eyes and lips. Her plain, neat calico gown, enfolding a wonderful little rounded embodiment of grace and beauty, seemed to him an attire fit for any queen or fairy that ever lived. But it was the same old tragic story over again—although Tip loved Nancy, Nancy loved not Tip. Well for him had his mouth watered only for the corn! However he might flatter himself, her regard for him was on the cool side of sisterly—simply the toleration of a kindly heart for one who was not to blame for being less bright than other people.

She took her sewing, and sat by the table. Oh, so beautiful! Tip thought; and enveloped in a charmed atmosphere which seemed to touch and transfigure every object except himself. The humble apartment, the splint-bottomed chairs, the stockings drying on the pole, even the widow's cap and gown, and the old black snuffers on the table—all, save poor, homely Tip, stole a ray of grace from the halo of her loveliness.

Nancy discouraged the proposition of roasting corn, and otherwise deeply grieved her visitor by intently working and thinking, instead of taking part in the conversation. At length a bright idea occurred to him.

"Got a slate and pencil?"

The widow furnished the required articles. He then found a book, which happened to be a Testament, and using the cover as a rule, marked out the plan of a game.

"Fox and geese, Nancy; ye play?" And having picked off a sufficient number of kernels from one of the ears of corn, and placed them upon the slate for geese, he selected the largest he could find for a fox, stuck it upon a pin, and proceeded to roast it in the candle.

"Which'll ye have, Nancy?"—pushing the slate toward her; "take your choice, and give

me the geese; then beat me if you can! Come, won't ye play?"

"Oh dear, Tip, what a tease you are!" said Nancy. "I don't want to play. I must work. Get mother to play with you, Tip."

"She don't want'er!" exclaimed Tip. "Come, Nancy; then I'll tell ye suthin' I heard jist 'fore I come away—suthin' 'bout you!"

And Tip, assuming a careless air, proceeded to pile up the ears of corn, log-house fashion, upon the table, while Nancy was finishing her seam.

"About me?" she echoed.

"You'd ha' thought so!" said Tip, slyly glancing over the corn as he spoke to watch the effect on Nancy. "Cephe and the old man had the all-firedest row—tell *you*!"

He hitched around in his chair, and resting his elbows on his knees, looked up, shrewd and grinning, into her face.

"William Tansley, what do you mean?"

"As if you couldn't guess! Cephe was comin' to see you to-night—but I guess he won't," chuckled Tip. "Say! ye ready for fox and geese?"

"How do you know that?" demanded Nancy.

"'Cause I heard! The old man stopped him, and Cephe was goin' to ride over him; but the old man was too much for him; he jerked him off the hoss, and there they had it, lickety-switch, rough-and-tumble, till Cephe give in, and told the old man, rather'n have any words he'd promise never to come and see you agin if he'd give him three thousand dollars; and the old man said 'twas a bargain!"

"Is that true, Tip?" cried the widow, dropping her work and raising her hands.

"True as I live and breathe, and draw the breath of life, and have a livin' bein'!" Tip solemnly affirmed.

"Just as I always told you, Nancy!" exclaimed the widow. "I knew how it would be. I felt sartin Cephas couldn't be depended upon. His father never'd hear a word to it, I always said. Now don't feel bad, Nancy; don't mind it. It'll be all for the best, I hope. Now don't, Nancy; don't, I beg and beseech."

She saw plainly by the convulsive movement of the girl's bosom and the quivering of her lip that some passionate demonstration was threatened. Tip meanwhile had advanced his chair still nearer, contorting his neck and looking up with leering malice into her face until his nose almost touched her cheek.

"What do ye think now of Cephe Boxton?" he asked, tauntingly; "hey?"

A stinging blow upon the ear rewarded his impertinence, and he recoiled with such sudden impetuosity that his chair went over and threw him sprawling upon the floor.

"Gosh all hemlock!" he muttered, scrambling to his feet, rubbing first his elbow, then his ear. "What's that fur, I'd like to know—knockin' a feller down?"

"What do I think of Cephas Boxton?" cried Nancy. "I think the same I did before—

why shouldn't I? Your slander is no slander. Now sit down and behave yourself, and don't put your face too near mine, if you don't want your ears boxed!"

"Why, Nancy, how could you?" groaned the widow.

Nancy made no reply, but resumed her work very much as if nothing had happened.

"Hurt you much, William?"

"Not much; only it made my elbow sing like all Jerewsaalem! Never mind; she'll find out! Where's my hat?"

"You ain't going, be ye?" said Mrs. Blynn, with an air of solicitude.

"I guess I ain't wanted here," mumbled Tip, pulling his hat over his ears. He struck the slate, scattering the fox and geese, and demolished the house of green corn. "You can keep that; I don't want it. Good-night, Miss Blynn."

Tip placed peculiar emphasis upon the name, and fumbled a good while with the latch, expecting Nancy would say something; but she maintained a cool and dignified silence; and as nobody urged him to stay, he reluctantly departed, his heart full of injury, and his hopes collapsed like his pockets.

For some minutes Nancy continued to sew intent and fast, her flushed face bowed over the seam; then suddenly her eyes flamed, her fingers forgot their cunning, the needle shot blindly hither and thither, and the quickly-drawn thread snapped in twain.

"Nancy! Nancy! don't!" pleaded Mrs. Blynn; "I beg of ye, now don't!"

"Oh mother," burst forth the young girl, with sobs, "I am so unhappy! What did I strike poor Tip for? He did not know any better. I am always doing something so wrong! He could not have made up the story. Cephas would have come here to-night—I know he would!"

"Poor child! poor child!" said Mrs. Blynn. "Why couldn't you hear to me? I always told you to be careful and not like Cephas too well. But maybe Tip didn't understand. Maybe Cephas will come to-morrow, and then all will be explained."

"Cephas is true, I know—I know!" wept Nancy, "but his father—"

The morrow came and passed, and no Cephas. The next day was Sunday, and Nancy went to church, not with an undivided heart, but with human love, and hope, and grief mingling strangely with her prayers. She knew Cephas would be there, and felt that a glance of his eye would tell her all. But—for the first time in many months it happened—they sat in the same house of worship, she with her mother in their humble corner, he in the Judge's conspicuous pew, and no word or look passed between them. She went home, still to wait; tortured with the wasting anguish known only to those who love and doubt. Day after day of leaden loneliness, night after night of watching and despair, succeeded, and still no Cephas. Tip also had dis-

continued his visits. Mrs. Blynn saw a slow, certain change come over her child; her joyous laugh rang no more; neither were her tears often seen or her sighs heard; but she seemed disciplining herself to bear with patience and serenity the desolateness of her lot.

One evening it was stormy, and Nancy and her mother were together in the plain, tidy kitchen, both sewing and both silent; gusts and rain lashing the windows, and the cat purring in a chair. Nancy's heart was more quiet than usual; for, albeit expectation was not quite extinct, no visitor surely could be looked for on such a night. But is it not true that the spirit loves surprise; and that, when least expected, grace arrives? This truth applies alike to the seeming trifles of life and to matters of the greatest moment; and it was made manifest to Nancy that night; first when, amidst the sounds of the storm, she heard footsteps and a knock at the door. She need not have started and changed color so tumultuously, however, for the visitor was only Tip.

"Good-evenin'," said young Master Tansley, stamping, pulling off his dripping hat, and shaking it. "I'd no idee it rained so! I was goin' by, and thought I'd stop in. Ye mad, Nancy?" and he peered at the young girl from beneath his wet hair with a bashful grin.

Nancy's heart was too much softened to cherish any resentment, and with suffused eyes she begged Tip to forgive the blow.

"Wal! I do'no' what I'd done to be knocked down fur," began Tip, with a pouting and aggrieved air; "though I s'pose I deu, tew. But I guess what I told ye turned out about so, after all; didn't it, hey?"

At Nancy's look of distress Mrs. Blynn made signs for Tip to forbear. But he had come too far through the darkness and rain with an exciting piece of news to be thus easily silenced.

"I han't brought ye no corn this time, for I didn't know as you'd roast it if I did. Say, Nancy! Cephe and the old man had it agin to-day; and the Judge forked over the three thousand dollars; I seen him! He was only waitin' to raise it. It's real mean in Cephe, I s'pose you think—mebby 'tis; but, by gracious! three thousand dollars is a 'tarnal slue of money!"

Hugely satisfied with the effect this announcement produced, Tip sprawled upon a chair and chewed a stick, like one resolved to make himself comfortable for the evening.

"Saxafrax—ye want some?" he said, breaking off with his teeth a liberal piece of the stick. "Say, Nancy! ye needn't look so mad. Cephe has sold out, I tell ye; and when I offer ye saxafrax, ye may as well take some."

Not without effort Nancy held her peace; and Tip, extending the fragment of the sassafra-root which his teeth had split off, was complacently urging her to accept it—"Twas real good"—when the sound of hoofs was heard; a halt at the gate; a horseman dismounting, leading his animal to the shed; a voice saying, "Be still, Pericles!" and footsteps approaching the door.

"Nancy! Nancy!" articulated Mrs. Blynn, scarcely less agitated than her daughter, "he has come!"

"It's Cephe!" whispered Tip, hoarsely. "If he should ketch me here! I—I guess I'll go! Confound that Cephe, anyhow!"

Rap, rap! two light, decisive strokes of a riding-whip on the kitchen door.

Mrs. Blynn glanced around to see if every thing was tidy; and Tip, dropping his sassafras, whirled about and wheeled about like Jim Crow in the excitement of the moment.

"Mother—go!" uttered Nancy, pale with emotion, hurriedly pointing to the door; "I can't."

She made her escape by the stair-way; observing which, the bewildered Tip, who had indulged a frantic thought of leaping from the window to avoid meeting his dread rival, changed his mind and rushed after her. Unadvised of his intention, and thinking only of shutting herself from the sight of Cephas, Nancy closed the kitchen door rather severely upon Tip's fingers; but his fear rendered him insensible to pain, and he followed her, scrambling up on to the dark stair-case just as Mrs. Blynn admitted Cephas.

Nancy did not immediately perceive what had occurred, but presently, amidst the sounds of the rain on the roof and of the wind about the gables, she heard the unmistakable perturbed breathing of her luckless lover.

"Nancy," whispered Tip, "where be ye? I've 'most broke my head agin this blasted beam!"

"What are you here for?" demanded Nancy.

"'Cause I didn't want him to see me. He won't stop but a minute; then I'll go down. I did give my head the all-firedest tunk!" said Tip.

Mrs. Blynn opened the door to inform Nancy of the arrival of a visitor, and the light from below, partially illuminating the fugitives' retreat, showed Tip in a sitting posture on one of the upper stairs, diligently rubbing that portion of his cranium which had come in collision with the beam.

"Say, Nancy, don't go!" whispered Tip; "don't leave me here in the dark!" For the widow had closed the door, and Tip was suspicious of bugbears.

Nancy had too many tumultuous thoughts of her own to give much heed to his distress; and having hastily arranged her hair and dress by the sense of touch, she glided by him, bidding him keep quiet, and descended the stairs to the door, which she opened and closed again, leaving him to the wretched solitude of the place, which appeared to him a hundred-fold more dark and dreadful than before.

Cephas in the mean time had divested himself of his oil-cloth capote, and entered the neat little sitting-room, to which he was civilly shown by the widow. "Nancy'll be down in a minute." And placing a candle upon the mantle-piece, Mrs. Blynn withdrew.

Nancy, having regained her self-possession,

appeared mighty dignified before her lover; gave him a passive hand; declined, with averted head, his proffered kiss; and seated herself at a cool and respectable distance.

"Nancy, what is the matter?" said Cephas, in mingled amazement and alarm. "You act as though I was a peddler, and you didn't care to trade."

"You can trade, Sir—you can make what bargains you please with others; but—" Nancy's aching and swelling heart came up and choked her.

"Dear Nancy! what have I done? What has changed you so? Have you forgotten—the last time I was here?"

"'Twould not be strange if I had, it was so long ago!"

Poor Nancy spoke cuttingly; but her sarcasm was as a sword with two points, which pierced her own heart quite as much as it wounded her lover's.

"Nancy," said Cephas, and he took her hand again so tenderly that it was like putting heaven away to withdraw it, "if we love each other, let us be true with each other. Can you not trust me? Has not your heart assured you that I could never stay away from you so without good reasons?"

"Oh, I don't doubt but you had reasons!" replied Nancy, with a bursting anguish in her tones. "But such reasons!"

"Such reasons?" repeated Cephas, grieved and repelled. "Will you please inform me what you mean? For, as I live, I am ignorant!"

"Ah, Cephas! it is not true, then," cried Nancy, with sudden hope, "that—your father—"

"What of my father?"

"That he opposes us; that he has offered you money—"

A vivid emotion flashed across the young man's face.

"How—what have you heard, Nancy?"

"Is't true?" said Nancy; her rigid features, her intense look, her unnatural tone of voice, all betraying the painful and dangerous tension of feeling with which she awaited his reply, "tell me! tell me quick!"

"I would have preferred to tell you without being questioned so sharply," replied Cephas. "But since hearsay has got the start of me, and brought you the news, I can only answer—he has offered me money."

"To buy you—to hire you—"

"Not to marry any poor girl—that's the bargain, Nancy," said Cephas, with the tenderest of smiles.

"And you have accepted?" cried Nancy, quickly.

"I have accepted," responded Cephas.

Nancy uttered not a word, but she sat like one frozen by despair, her eyes, full of hopeless passion, fixed intent and tearless upon her lover.

"I came to tell you all this; but I should have told you in a different way, could I have had my choice," said Cephas, with profound

pity and affection. "What I have done is for your happiness as much as my own. My father threatened to disinherit me if I married a poor girl; and how could I bear the thought of subjecting you to such a lot? He has given me three thousand dollars—I only received it to-day or I should have come to you before—for Nancy—dear Nancy! do not look so strange! it is for you, for you, this money—do you hear?"

He attempted to draw her toward him, but she sprang indignantly to her feet.

"Base! base!" she exclaimed, trembling with emotion. "Cephas, had you struck me dead it would have been less cruel than this! To offer me money!" And she covered her burning face with her hands.

"Dearest, dearest Nancy!"—Cephas caught her and folded her in his arms—"do you not understand? It is your dowry! You are no longer a poor girl. I promised not to marry *any poor girl*, but I never promised not to marry *you*. Accept the dowry, then you will be a *rich* girl, and—my wife, my wife, Nancy!"

"Oh, Cephas! is it true? Let me look at you!" She held him firm, and looked into his face, and into his deep, truthful eyes. "It is true! Forgive me! forgive me!"

What more was said or done I am unable to relate; for about this time there came from another part of the house a dull, reverberating sound, succeeded by a rapid series of concussions, as of some ponderous body descending in a swift and irregular manner from the top to the bottom of the stairs. It was Master William Tansley, who, groping about in the dark with intent to find a stove-pipe hole at which to listen, had lost his latitude and his balance, and tumbled from landing to landing, in obedience to the dangerous laws of gravitation. Mrs. Blynn flew to open the door; found him helplessly kicking on his back, with his head in the rag-bag; drew him forth by one arm; ascertained that he had met with no injuries which a little salve would not heal; patched him up almost as good as new; gave him her sympathy and a lantern to go home with, and kindly bade him good-night.

So ended Tip Tansley's unfortunate love-affair; and I am pleased to relate that his broken heart recovered from its hurts almost as speedily as his broken head.

A month later the village clergyman was called to administer the vows of wedlock to a pair of happy lovers in the widow Blynn's cottage; and the next morning there went abroad the report of a marriage which surprised the good people of the parish generally, and Judge Buxton more particularly.

In the afternoon of that day Cephas rode home to pay his respects to the old gentleman, and ask him if he would like an introduction to the bride.

"Cephas!" cried the Judge, filled with wrath, smiting his son's written agreement with his angry hand, "look here! your promise! Have you forgotten?"

"Read it, please," said Cephas.

"In consideration..." began the Judge, running his troubled eye over the paper, "I do hereby pledge myself, never, at *any* time, or in *any* place, to marry *any* poor girl."

"You will find," said Cephas, "that I have acted according to the strict terms of our agreement. And I have the honor to inform you, Sir, that I have married a person who, with other attractions, possesses the handsome trifle of three thousand dollars."

The Judge fumed, made use of an oath or two, and talked loudly of disinheritance and cutting off with a shilling.

"I should be very sorry to have you do such a thing," rejoined Cephas, respectfully; "but, after all, it isn't as though I had not received a neat little fortune by the way of my wife."

A retort so happy, that the Judge ended with a hearty acknowledgment of his son's superior wit, and an invitation to come home and lodge his lovely encumbrance beneath the parental roof.

Thereupon Cephas took a roll of notes from his pocket. "All jesting aside," said he, "I must first square a little matter of business with which my wife has commissioned me. She is more scrupulous than the son of my father, and she refused to receive the money until I had promised to return it to you as soon as we were married. And here it is!"

"Fie, fie!" cried the Judge. "Keep the money. She's a noble girl after all—too good for a rogue like you!"

"I know it!" said Cephas, humbly, with many tears in his eyes; for recollections of a somewhat wild and wayward youth, mingling with the conscious possession of so much love and happiness, melted his heart with unspeakable contrition and gratitude.

AN EDITORIAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THERE has been but one Boswell. Biographers do not often succeed in placing before us their subject just as he lived and moved in his own day and generation. They place their figure on the canvas fairly enough; the outlines are generally correct; the colors are sufficiently glowing; but touch it as they may, they can not communicate to the sketch that vital spark which shall make it live again for us; and it is only an icy ideal that is presented for the inspection and admiration of posterity. The hero lives: the man dies.

The story of the battle from the lips of the old veteran who bore his part in the charge interests us more than the most brilliant account of the greatest historian. The rude yarn of shipwreck and disaster spun by fore-castle Jack lives longer in our memory than the finest page of Cooper. And the most trivial anecdote of Washington told us by one who has seen him affords more subject for lasting thought, and is more keenly relished than the best half dozen pages in any volume of his numberless Lives. Hence it is that the philosopher, as well as the

general reader, pounces with peculiar avidity upon the volumes of reminiscence which from time to time drop from the pens of the old worthies who remain to us from another day, hoping here to find that which the biographer's picture lacks.

In the year in which Nelson, Pitt, and Fox were buried Mr. Cyrus Redding left his peaceful home in Cornwall, and came up to enter on the battle of life in London. He had been in infancy dandled on the knee of Howard, the philanthropist; was in early youth the school-fellow of Henry Martyn, the devoted missionary, then "a meek, studious, delicate youth;" remembers Sir Humphrey Davy (whose father was a carpenter at Penzance) going as assistant to a school kept by a relative of Mr. Redding; and when a child, heard John Wesley preach on a heap of Norway timber on the quay at Falmouth. On his way to London Mr. Redding stopped at Bath, and there saw William Pitt, a tall, thin, prematurely old man, sour-looking, walking with his nose in the air, speaking to no one, drinking great quantities of wine, and taking laudanum to excess. "D—n him," said Tierney, when raising his pistol to fire at him, in the duel on Wimbledon Common, "it is as well to fire at a devil's darning-needle!" It is related that an official in attendance at the House of Commons used to be ready with a full beaker of port wine when Pitt arrived. Of this he drank off nearly a pint before entering; repeating the draught in the course of the evening.

The great man's legs were cased in brown top-boots—then the fashion—the boots sustained by a strap behind from the knee-band of the greenish-colored cloth breeches; and the breeches secured to the boot-tops by buckles, the white cotton stocking showing conspicuously between the two. He wore powder, and showed marks of feebleness.

At Pitt's funeral attended, as nearest relative, his brother, the incapable commander of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, who earned himself the *sobriquet* of the *late* Earl of Chatham, by a habit he had of coming to his office when half the business of the day was over, his nights being spent in play.

In our days William Pitt would scarce have been a great man. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, had read little but the classics before that time, and afterward had leisure only to raise coalitions and taxes to pay them. It is related that he once answered a speech of Sheridan's, speaking for an hour and a half, and then asked Sheridan what *his* speech was about; the fact being that he had been speaking against time—and for Buncombe. So Sheridan, when Fox once quoted Greek in a speech, after complimenting the honorable member on his quotation, remarked that he should have added the remainder, and thereupon himself gave a pretended quotation of the passage said to have been omitted, but in fact a jargon of his own invention; the House taking it, with

wonderful simplicity, for the genuine thing. After the battle of the Nile, Dr. Rennels, of Winchester, who was to preach the congratulatory sermon after the victory of the Nile, anxious to please the donors of his loaves and fishes, asked Pitt to select a text for him. "And the Lord smote the Egyptians in the hinder parts," quoted the Minister; and the Doctor really preached from this verse, to the intense amusement of all who heard him.

Rowland Hill was at this time preaching in London, and his eccentricities drew houses only to be compared to those of Mr. Spurgeon, in our day. The two men seem to have been not unlike—in the quaintness of their comparisons, at least. Hill compared a sinner to an oyster, which opened its shell, all mouth, to take in the water; just as the sinner, with his mouth at full stretch, took in the tide of iniquity. "Heavenly grace," he said, was "like a rump of beef—cut and come again—no meagre fare, my dear brethren."

Mr. Redding shortly attached himself to several literary circles, and became a contributor to various of the newspapers and periodicals of the day; and hence so many pleasant reminiscences of ministers, lawyers, and literary men.

The *Sun* about this time was edited by John Taylor, poet, punster, and play-goer. John was possessed of a fair share of information, but had most absurdly incorrect ideas about geography. His wife was on a visit to Edinburgh, and during her absence the worthy man desired to gratify her by a poetical apostrophe in his paper. He accordingly wrote, commencing

"Hail, Caledonia! sister isle!"

whereat the wits were in ecstasies.

Judge Best, another oddity, was presiding in a trial wherein one of the lawyers for the defense impugned some of the doctrines of the Church. Best's piety was outraged, and he silenced the barrister with "I'll be d—d if I will sit here and hear the Christian religion reviled in this way!"

Mr. Jekyl, a barrister, was also a wit. An apothecary had a suit in court. He kept a villa near the town where he practiced. Jekyl, who was on the other side, contended that he should have lived near his business. "Methinks, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I see this modern *Æsculapius* retired to his Sabine farm, cultivating his plants with his spatula, watering them with his syringe, and reclining under the shade of his Peruvian bark!"

Some years before the war of 1812 Mr. Redding went down to Plymouth. Those were the days when men were pressed into the naval service; and it is curious to read the statement of a British captain that "he had not a good man in his ship that was not a Yankee." Yankee sailors are not so plenty nowadays. They do not man even our own navy. Dueling was the mode then. Dining one day in company with some officers, a peppery little marine officer took offense at some joke of a tall, stout, brawny, good-tempered Lieutenant. The little

man rose from the table, evidently intent upon sending a challenge.

"Don't go—don't go," said the Lieutenant, coolly; "I am your commanding officer. I'll put you under arrest if you do. I won't consent to be murdered."

"I am not in a jesting mood, Sir," replied the marine.

"Nor I," said the Lieutenant. "I have more at stake than you can have. I'll be *chalked*, if you must have satisfaction."

"Chalked?"

"Yes; you shall be chalked out full size upon my body, and if you hit outside it will be murder."

This plan raised a laugh, and the matter was hushed up.

There were men in those days who contended that Nelson was no sailor; by which they meant, however, only that he was no martinet. His ship was never in crack order. He permitted ropes to hang around, and things were slovenly on board. But then he knew how to fight the enemy; and probably his men fought all the better for not being worked up.

In Plymouth lived Sir Massey Lopez, a Jew millionaire baronet, once money shaver, then half politician, half miser, of whom some good stories are current to this day. He was purchasing land around his seat, Mariston, and had concluded a bargain, after much higgling. Sir Massey professed to have no ready money, and the seller consented to take the Baronet's notes at four months.

"Now you will want these bills discounted?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will discount them for you. How will you have the money?"

A stationer had been burned out. A subscription was opened in the town to reimburse him. One day the Baronet entered the new shop, saying,

"I have not subscribed any thing for you, Mr. Rogers. Give me a stamp to draw a bill for thirty pounds."

The stamp was given, the bill drawn, signed, and presented to the grateful stationer, and the Baronet said good-day. Presently he returned, breathless.

"But, Mr. Rogers, you did not pay me for the stamp."

The money, about eighteen pence, was handed over to him, and Sir Massey was satisfied.

Of a piece with this was his taking a pine-apple, worth a guinea, as a gift for dessert to a public dinner, and exchanging it on the way for a smaller one, pocketing half a guinea by the operation. With all his quaint niggardliness, however, his word was his bond. He had promised to vote, in the India House, for the friend of a half-pay lieutenant who sometimes dined with him. When the time came Sir Massey was two hundred miles from London; yet he actually rode down post-haste, cast his votes for a man he had never seen, and quietly returned without informing any one of the act.

To Plymouth and its neighborhood, too, resorted occasionally Haydon and Wilkie, the painters. There is a comical story of Wilkie, who was very desirous of learning to swim, and one day, at dinner, asked Haydon to teach him.

"Can't I learn a little now?" said he, and immediately began sprawling upon the drawing-room carpet. A table was procured for him, and he got upon it, with his face downward, moving his limbs like an awkward frog. He was very much afraid of the water.

And here comes in a bit of American romance. A young American named Graham, born at Catskill, the son of a New York merchant, was detained in England by the war of 1812. He became destitute in Plymouth, and, after various struggles, went up to London, where he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Burdon, a gentleman of wealth and standing. Graham was well read and talented, and Mr. Burdon sent him to Cambridge to complete his studies, with a view to entering the bar. Here Graham became dissipated, and, on leaving, took to gambling. He wrote for various of the periodicals of the day, was the intimate friend and—so says Mr. Redding—the forensic rival of Talfourd, "whom he far surpassed in natural talent," but was totally untrustworthy. He went to France, dipped deeper into play, and came back more than ever confirmed in his gambling propensity. For a while he made a living by translations, then acted as amanuensis to Ugo Foscolo, whom he insulted and drew into a bloodless duel; Graham, who had the first shot, firing wide, from a sentiment of honor, he being the aggressor, and Foscolo refusing to fire, and insisting on arguing the point. After this he was editor of the *Literary Museum*; lost this connection, and finally, in desperation, forged a check, and succeeded in getting off to New York. Here he became editorially connected with the *New York Enquirer*, and bade fair to retrieve his career; but, finally, lost his life in a duel with a Mr. Barton, whom he struck in return for some personal observations. Mr. Barton, we believe, is living still. In a letter to the editor of the *Evening Post*, written the evening before the duel, Graham said: "I admit that I am in the wrong; that, by giving him (Mr. Barton) a blow, I have forced him into the position of a challenger. * * * I will not hear of any settlement short of some abject and craven submission from him. * * * After he is perfectly satisfied, I may, perhaps, apologize—that is, in case I am fatally wounded."

Thus ended the life of one who, had he possessed homely virtues equal to his talents, might have attained almost any eminent position he had chosen. The intimate friend and rival of the great Talfourd lived and died a castaway.

The blind Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar) was one of the noted men of those days. The Doctor—under his *nom de plume*—bitterly satirized the second and third of England's Georges. An old lady once asked him if he did not think he was "a very bad subject of our pious King?"

"I do not know any thing about that, Madame," was the reply; "but I *do* know that the King has been a devilish good subject for me."

Of the Earl of Liverpool's writings he said, but too truly, that they never showed a spark of fire till they were put into the grate.

He had a curious trick of mnemonics. When he wished to recall the name of a person or place, he would begin to repeat the alphabet till he came to the first letter of the required word, when the whole name invariably came to him.

In his youth the Doctor had been jilted by a country belle. He told the story himself.

"'Betsy,' said I, 'will you take me for better for worse?'"

"'Impossible, Doctor, unless you will wait; I am in six deep already.'"

Which he called "the most comfortable assurance a man in love ever received."

In his youth he had met Johnson—the great Samuel. He determined to try what Johnson would say in the way of contradiction; and looking, with him, at one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest paintings, observed, "I think, Doctor, that picture of Sir Joshua's is one of the best he ever painted."

"I differ from you, Sir," answered the great man; "I think it one of his worst."

There the conversation dropped.

Wolcott admired a Miss Dickenson, and has handed down her name in this neat epigram:

"In ancient days, great Jove, to show
To gazing mortals here below
The loves, the virtues, and the graces,
Was forced to form *three* female faces.
But (so improved his art divine)
In one fair female now they shine.
Aloud I hear the reader cry,
'Heavens (to the poet!) what a lie!
Now, as I hate the name of liar,
Sweet Dickenson, I do desire
You'll see this unbelieving Jew,
And prove that all I've said is true!"

He told a characteristic story of a sailor in church. The divine was reading the passage, "Then, fearing lest we should have fallen upon the rocks, they cast four anchors into the sea." A fisherman cried out, to the astonishment of the congregation, "All wrong—all wrong! put about—put about! lubberly fellows! d—n me, if I would not have saved ship and cargo!"

There came sometimes to Wolcott a Colonel Thornton—a *Munchausen redivivus*. Among other tough stories—all which he believed himself—he declared that once, when hunting, he fell with his head on the edge of a scythe, which cut it smoothly in two, the halves falling over his shoulders like a pair of epaulets.

"And what then, Colonel?"

"Why, fortunately enough, the huntsman came up, and in a quarter of a second clapped the halves together before the blood was chilled. It all depended upon the nick of time; any body might then do it with the same success."

At Paris, whither the English flocked in masses upon Napoleon's abdication, a curious trans-

action in the war came out. It was proven that the British Government had entered largely upon the forging of French assignats, as a means of depreciating the currency of their enemies—a mode of warfare not particularly honorable. One Obadiah Westwood was employed in this nefarious business, and received a pension for the service. The agent who negotiated with Westwood, in order to secure his lasting silence, induced his unsuspecting tool to forge a fifty-pound note of the Bank of England. Westwood foolishly gave this into the agent's hands, and from that moment his life was in the power of the Government, forgery being, at that time, punishable with death. It is stated that a proposal was now made by the agent to prosecute the man, and at once have him legally put out of the way; but to this perfidy his horrified partner declared that, if it were attempted, he would proclaim the whole facts to the world. Thereupon Westwood was pensioned.

In 1821 Mr. Redding became associated with the poet Campbell in the editing of a monthly magazine owned by Colburn the publisher. We learn little of Campbell from these reminiscences, except that he was a first-class incapable, groaning at the idea of any continuous labor, absurdly absent-minded, inserting as an article, on one occasion, a paper of instructions sent him as a guide in the preparation of a political article; inviting his contributors to dinner to-day, and expecting them to-morrow; or, worse yet, writing to take back the invitation on the plea that "his table was full;" and, altogether, doing as little as possible of the work of the periodical to which his name gave prestige. It is curious to know that he could never be got to admit the merit of his "Hohenlinden," calling it "damned drum-and-trumpet verses," and admitting it reluctantly into his collected works.

Magazine writers were at this time paid at the rate of twelve guineas (sixty dollars) per sheet of sixteen pages—the page holding somewhat less matter than that of this magazine. Miss Mitford, who contributed largely, in prose and verse, to the magazines, was almost the sole exception to this rule. She insisted upon being paid six guineas per article—prose or verse, short or long—herself retaining the copyright, or privilege to republish, and refusing to write for less. To which Mr. Redding says, "The lady knew how to bargain."

Dramatic criticisms were then a leading feature; and a Frenchman was employed to prepare, in French, critiques on the theatrical representations in Paris. These were afterward translated. Finally the French correspondent declared his ability to prepare his matter in English, and submitted a specimen of delicious Gallic-English, commencing,

"If the tragedy of 'Andromaque' was played to-day for the first time, I doubt that the character of Pyrrhus and his languishing sighs was suffered; but the rich character of the predestinated Orestes, of the furious Hermione, and

the immense beauties of style, hung up again in this work, place him in the first order of the better tragedies. Talma, who is upon his departure for the departements, has played Sunday the character of Orestes with a great perfection, the three latter act an uppercoat, with a despairing superiority for his followers. Never the tragic art had not a so worthy interpreter; the expression of his face, his gesture, his position, and the expressive and dreadful tune of his voice, incite the terror in the mind of the spectator. * * * Mademoiselle Volnais yet had a great understanding, but the physic means want to him, and this defaults are not compensated by cries and contortions. The voice of the truth can wound Mademoiselle Volnais, but the interest of the art is always that conduct my pen, and it is true to be said that Mademoiselle Volnais can not play the young princess in the tragedy, because his physic and his age defend it imperiously to her."

Among the magazine writers and ultramarines of those days was Miss Lydia White, an invalid, who fancied herself continually at death's door, and used to invite people to see her die. A friend, who had gone several times by special invitation, and come away disappointed, at last refused to attend, pleading that he "could not afford to waste so much time on a mortuary uncertainty."

After some interval, Hood succeeded Campbell in the editorship. Mr. Redding bears witness to his writing his most "facetious things" in the midst of pain. In a private note Hood complains, "There never was such an in-keeper. Wherefore, if you will favor me with a call any day, 364 to 1 I shall be at home."

The first Sir Robert Peel, it seems, was an acute, money-loving man. His son, the late baronet, kept race-horses, much to his father's annoyance. After frequent remonstrance, he said to the son, "You can not afford to keep them. What a heavy expense they must be! Why don't you turn them into my park? The grass is going to waste there. The man to whom I let it has gone off without paying me." The horses were accordingly turned in; whereupon the old man seized them, and sold them for the rent due from the previous occupant.

Then there was Lady Cork, of whom Sydney told that she was so deeply moved at a charity sermon that she borrowed a guinea of her neighbor to put into the plate. She had a constitutional proclivity to appropriate trifles in the houses of her friends. "Don't leave those things about so, my dear," she used to say, "or I shall steal them."

And Rogers, of whom, for a wonder, we have a new anecdote. At dinner, one day, some one spoke of the necessity of employing attorneys in every thing that was done. Rogers replied, "Not in doing every thing, my dear Sir; the bottle is with you; we can not drink by attorney."

His friends used to say that the best way to be on good terms with Rogers was to borrow

money of him. It was noticed that when paid he did not seem to think half so much as before of his quondam debtor.

MY STORY: THE STORY OF FLORENCE FAY.

IT was Christmas eve, sixteen years ago this night, when I was one of a stage-load of passengers approaching, through a blinding snow-storm, the little village of F—, thirty miles from New York. The wind, as night drew near, increased, and tossed the wildly-flying snow into huge drifts across the road, and each moment rendered our progress more and more embarrassing.

"We shall hardly reach the tavern," said the driver to me, as I sat by his side upon the box, "if the snow piles up this way; and besides, we are on wheels, and they clog up so that the cattle can hardly make 'em turn round. Then it's coming on pesky dark, and I sha'n't be able to keep in the road, for all is white alike!"

Here the driver shook from his cap and shaggy coat masses of snow, which made him look like an Arctic bear, and laid on the whip to force the coach through a drift ahead full breast high to the smoking and panting horses. But the loud cries of the man, who shouted as if he were mad, and the combined efforts of the straining animals could not overcome the mass. The wheels stuck fast and buried to the axle out of sight, and the floor of the coach was level with the surface of the snow.

"It's no use, gentlemen!" said the driver, laying back his whip along the top of the stage; "the coach 'll have to remain here till morning, and then it'll take twenty yoke of oxen to pull it out. I must unhitch the cattle, and let 'em flounder through it into the village as they can. It's all up with us to-night! Besides, if it blows and snows on at this rate, I sha'n't see the top o' my coach in six hours! You must foot it, and wade as you can, gentlemen; there is no help for it."

And there was no help for it. The "in-sides" crawled out, and sank to the arms in the yielding drift. Many were the sounds of discontent, and not a few were words of fear, lest, if they left the side of the coach, they should be lost in the drifts which lay between us and the town, which was full a mile distant. Darkness was coming on; and our situation was far from agreeable, and, indeed, not wholly unattended with peril; for it was a fearful storm, the wild and eddy winds driving the sharp crystals of snow into our faces, and rendering it impossible to see, except, at intervals, through crevices between the visor of our caps and mufflers.

The delay to me was more annoying than dangerous, as I was young and vigorous, and was not born amidst northern snows to tremble at a scene like this. It was the wedding-night of my sister! My father's residence was a mile beyond the village, and two miles from where we were snow-bound in the road! I had returned from Europe, after a year's absence, only

two days before, after a long passage on the sea, and my sister's marriage had been put off three weeks—from the fifth of December, at which time I should have reached home if I had had a favorable passage, to this eve of Christmas. I was now hastening to be present at an event (Louise being my only sister, and as beautiful as she was dear to me) as important to me as my own marriage would have been.

The driver of the coach, a sensible, generous-spirited fellow, by whose side I had ridden all day, and who knew me well from a boy, said,

"If you will follow the horses close, they will break a path for you as they flounder along. It will take you full three hours, anyhow, to get to your father's place through these drifts. Be so good, Sir, as to help me unhitch."

In a few moments the wheel-horses were clear from the coach, and were encouraged to proceed. They breasted the bank of snow, and forced a deep path, slowly but surely, through it. They would sometimes rear high in the air, and plunge forward with frenzied efforts, to make progress. I followed them closely, and the driver with his whip urged them on. The passengers struggled on in the rear, some shouting with dismay, fearing to be left, while others manfully tramped along, breasting the storm like brave hearts, resolutely and in silence.

After incredible exertions, with the night upon us, and the wind carrying the snow wildly through the air, and howling around the dwellings, we all reached the inn, thanks to the strong and patient horses!—for their strength at such a time was stronger than man's will—so dependent are we often upon brute endurance for our safety in this world. The cheery lights from the inn windows, the welcoming voices that met us from the expecting and wondering people, soon made us forget our late perils; but before me was yet a mile of storm, and snow, and open country. I resolved to proceed forthwith to my father's. A resolute purpose soon accomplishes its end. In a quarter of an hour after reaching the inn I was mounted upon a strong horse, and on my way to Oak Hill, the home of my childhood. I started from the inn with many cautious words of warning from mine host.

"If you find you are like to lose your way, Sir," he said, as I rode away into the storm and darkness, "you had best turn back at once. I will keep a light aloft, to show you the way here again."

"I shall see the lights of the Hall as soon as I rise the hill," I answered, "and I shall make only for those. Good-night, Sir."

The next moment I was pressing along through the village street. The snow drove thick and fiercely in my face. In a few minutes I had left the village behind, and had gained the hill over which the road wound. It was bare of snow, as the wind swept over it without obstacle. I caught sight of my home—of the distant lights faintly glimmering through the mists of snow. It was a fearful ride, but it was

accomplished by dint of animal strength and human will. I reached the gate, white with snow, and my horse as white with foam. The bare old oak that stood by it swung its iron branches in the storm, and flung them up and down like a crazed Briareus. The sight of the mansion, with a dozen lighted windows, was the most cheerful contrast to the darkness and tempest. I was soon at the door, but ere I reached it I heard the sounds of laughter and of happiness from within, rising joyfully above the storm.

There were several carriages standing under shelter of a shed near, and to one of the coachmen I gave in charge my horse. The next moment I was in the side hall of the wing remotest from the festivities. Here I was recognized by one of the servants, who, with a joyful cry, hastened to inform my mother of my arrival. While he was gone I was shaking the snow from my apparel; but I was still half enveloped with it when my mother caught me in her arms, and, with a mother's glad cry of joy, welcomed me home.

"We had given you up," she said, surveying me, "after the storm set in; and you are too late. We waited an hour, and your sister is just married. What a disappointment to her!"

"And to me, also," I said, sorrowfully. "But I am not too late, at least, to join in the gayeties of the evening."

Guided by my mother I was shown into a room where the young ladies, who were now in the hall below, had cast aside their bonnets and wrappers, and arranged their toilet.

"Here," said my dear mother, "you can make yourself look a little tidier. How tall you have grown, and how much manlier!" she added, with maternal pride. "I will leave you to your toilet. No one will come in, and I will let your sister know you are here."

My happy mother then left me. I was alone in this boudoir so recently thronged with lovely girls. It was a sort of Paradise without its Eve. What bewitching bonnets were thrown upon the ottomans and chairs; what graceful shawls, yet retaining the undulating shape of the fair forms which they had warmly enfolded, were lying around! The whole room wore an air of enchantment. It was like a vase once filled with fragrant flowers, now gone, but

"The scent of the roses remained there still."

I drew near to the mirror. It was suspended above a marble toilet-table. I glanced into it with a sort of half-hesitation, for it seemed to me that I ought to behold it full of the sweet faces, and lovely shoulders, and snowy necks and arms that I knew had not long ago been reflected in it. But all were gone. I need not have hesitated; I beheld only my own sea-browned features, and my dark-brown locks, much disordered by my contest with the storm. I soon made myself look a little more presentable, and was regarding the improvement in my aspect with some satisfaction, when my glance fell upon a little flesh-tinted glove, which lay

upon the white marble under the glass. It was an exquisite object—so small, so shapely, and yet plump with the rounded form which the hand from which it had been drawn had lent to it. It was, without question, the sweetest and dearest little witch of a gauntlet in the world. It seemed to have been cast down there by its fair owner to challenge all the world to find a hand to fit it; as once the Prince, who had found Cinderella's slipper, called for the foot that could wear so tiny a shoe.

"The challenge I accept," I said, mentally. "I will take up this lovely casket, and wear it on my heart till I find the jewel!"

I did not intend a petty larceny. A gallant deed is not a theft, even though it go so far as to steal a lock of a lady's hair, or a glove carelessly dropped—nay, even a kerchief, brodered and scented as from blest Araby. It is not a crime for notice of book and statute, else were swains and lovers arrant rogues, and deserving of the pillory; for, beahrew us! more gloves, and tresses, and kerchiefs have been stolen from ladies fair than would fill a show-table at the Exposition de Paris.

No, I did not intend to pilfer the sweet little glove, only possess myself à l'amour. I took it up with the delicatest touch in the world. It was as soft as a rose-leaf, and smelled of roses and violets. I carefully preserved the hand-shape of it, and imagined how lovely and perfect must have been the member that had filled it, and being now withdrawn left it a mould of beauty.

"The owner of this glove, if she be heart free," I said, as I stole it to my lips, "shall be my bride, or I never wed."

I heard a light step at the door. It was my sister, glorious and queenly in her bridal array. I held her in my arms, and then released her to put her at arm's-length, to regard her superb beauty.

"I am so sorry that you were not here in time, dearest brother. Trusting to your letter, which reached us two days ago, we chose to-night, as Edward—"

"Your husband Edward," I said, smiling.

"Yes," she answered, deeply and beautifully blushing; "it is a new and strange word, and I do not realize it all. Edward was desirous of leaving for the South at once, where his duty calls him, and he could not delay."

"I am not too late to congratulate you both! And here is my noble brother-in-law to receive my embrace," I exclaimed, as one of the handsomest of men advanced and shook me cordially by the hand.

"Friends once—brothers now," I said, warmly, as I returned his greeting.

"We little anticipated this morning a storm like this," he said; "I feared it would detain you."

"It was almost insurmountable. It still continues, and there will be no leaving here for man or horse before to-morrow noon at least," I said.

"I have ordered," said my mother, "all the horses to be unharnessed and sheltered, and all the coachmen and servants to remain in the kitchen, where the blazing fire of a huge Yule log will make them forget the storm abroad."

I now followed my beauteous sister into the dancing-rooms. It was an old-fashioned house, once the residence of my great-uncle, a colonial governor, and still retained its respectable and baronial air. What with its paneled walls, its carved cornices, its deep chimneys, wide staircase, and numerous arched alcoves and seated recesses, it was a stately specimen of the architectural opulence of the luxurious age of the First George, in whose reign it was built.

The large apartments glittered with wax lights reflected from gorgeous costumes, jewels, and bright eyes. I stood for a moment at the door gazing upon the scene with admiration. Three-score dancers were upon the floor, and flying feet and waving arms and forms entwining made me dizzy with the sight; while above the heavy tread of manly feet and graceful glancing of little feminine ones, swelled the wild and joyous tide of instrumental music, making my heart bound again.

That little glove?

I had hidden it in the bosom of my vest as my sister entered the toilet-room; and it now lay there against my heart.

"No, I will not dance," I said in reply to my sister, "at least not now: I will look on;" and while she and a young man went flying down the hall I stood interchanging salutations and words of return with some of the youths and young women of my acquaintance. But soon all were absorbed in dancing, and I stood watching the dancers, and trying to discover by her symmetry of form, or by her superior beauty, the owner of the lost glove. I passed from room to room and all the dancers passed before me, yet I saw none who could be the Cinderella for that *petite* gauntlet, save my sister! But her gloves were both worn, and instead of being pink were as white as the breast of a snow-white dove. It could not belong to my sister, therefore! Every lady in the room was full-gloved save two; and these I felt could not have worn the toy I had found.

My curiosity was now piqued. A mystery seemed to envelop the affair. I resolved to pursue the search systematically. But first I returned to the toilet-room to see if there was not possibly a mate to be found to it! and to examine it more closely for some mark or name. The room was empty. I drew the glove from my vest when I detected some hard substance within one of the fingers. I shook it, when lo! there fell upon the marble table a ring, all light and splendor, and flashing with the profusion of diamonds which enriched it! With an exclamation of surprise I caught it up and gazed upon it with admiration. It was superb and costly, and as heavy with gold as gorgeous with gems.

"The fair owner of the glove," thought I,

"in removing it has drawn off, unknowingly, this ring."

I was now deeply interested in this discovery. The light of romance was kindling about the glove. The periphery of the ring was very little. It could not pass beyond the first joint of my little finger. How small and shapely the finger that it had encircled!

While I was gazing upon these treasures, the sweet glove and sparkling annulet, and lost in a sort of love-reverie thereupon, I was startled by the entrance of a group of laughing and flushed girls, who had come into the toilet-room to rearrange their hair disheveled by the wild abandon and rapid motions of the dance. They were all talking merrily and were upon me before I could retreat into my mother's room adjoining. But before I escaped I caught a glimpse of a face and form of glory and beauty that nor Peri, nor Sappho, nor Niobe could have gazed upon without envy. Her face was radiant with joy, and her symmetrical form was the mould of womanly perfection. She was the centre of the group, and seemed to be honored and loved by them all, for two of them enfolded her with entwining arms, one on each side, confessing her the central Grace of their lovely triad.

"Florence has left her glove and her ring in it," said one of the maidens to my mother, whom I now saw behind me coming in.

"But I think she has let some fine cavalier have it," said another.

At this moment they caught sight of me. Their voices were hushed, like choral music, suddenly ceasing; and I was the centre of fourteen beautiful inquiring and rather surprised looking eyes. I doubtless stood like a culprit, for at their first appearance I had concealed glove and ring together in my bosom. "This is my son, girls! some of you know him," said my mother; "I told him to come in here and make himself look a little nice before seeing the ladies; for he has been out in all the storm!"

"He must like this room vastly," said a wicked minx, a sort of half cousin of mine with sloe-black eyes, and a figure no bigger than Queen Mab's; "for this is the second time he has been in here!" Here the *mignonne* gave me a very naughty look, and laughed in my face so splendidly that I was half a mind to slap her cheek; but she came up, and putting her hand in mine, said,

"You are very stately since you have been to Europe, cousin Jonathan. Was I so little you couldn't see me to speak to me in the hall, when every body else was receiving your shake of the hand? Have you seen Florence's glove and ring?"

This point-blank interrogatory took me so by surprise that I was speechless. Conscious of having the missing treasures lying so near my heart that they felt its warmth and moved with its undulations—conscious of my guilt, I should have been compelled to confess upon the spot and produce them before all eyes—thus betray-

ing that I had half fallen in love with their invisible owner—when the attention of all was drawn to an exclamation from the sweetest voice ever heard out of paradise, which said, in a tone half of disappointment,

"The glove is not here—nor the ring!"

"Look upon the floor, Florence!"

"Search in the drawer!"

"It was her birthday gift—eighteen years old to-day!"

"It was so very beautiful!"

"And so valuable!"

"I do not mind the value," said the same charming voice, which when heard before had made my blood thrill as if electricity were shooting its golden arrows through my nerves. "It was my father's gift!"

"Let us look under the ottomans and table," said others; and all the girls, bending like so many lilies, searched on the carpet for the lost diamonds with their diamond eyes. The way they searched showed me how she who lost them was loved; and upon her I fixed my gaze as she stood by the toilet-table, her forefinger pressed against her sweet, rosy mouth, and her whole air and attitude that of recollection. She seemed to ask herself,

"Did I really leave my glove here? Did I really take my ring off with it, if I did? or did I lose the ring from my finger in dancing?" She then shook her pretty head with a hesitating and doubtful movement, and turning to the bevy of fair searchers at her feet, said,

"Don't look any more. I perhaps did not leave it in my glove when I took the glove off to fasten my bracelet. I am quite certain I laid the glove down on this table; but I will not be so certain that I removed the ring with it. I only missed it a few moments ago. It is gone; but I feel very sorry, and I know it is ominous, Nelly." These last words were spoken in an under-tone with a soft, sad look to one of her companions.

After a thorough search of the floor and chairs, with many exclamations of wonder, sympathy, regrets, and hopes that it would yet be found, the girls began to approach the glass, yet looking upon me as if I were an intruder; and doubtless I was, for there I stood like a statue, my gaze fixed upon the beautiful stranger. Yet within all was wild and throbbing excitement. The face of the lovely loser of the glove had completed the work of romantic love which the finding of the latter had begun to light up in my heart.

I was recalled to myself by an earnest look from her eyes, as if she had for the first time taken any notice of me. She had been so absorbed in her loss that my presence was quite disregarded. But perhaps it was the mesmeric concentration of my gaze upon her which caused her to lift her glorious eyes and fix them upon me from beneath the twilight shadows of her long curved eyelashes. As our eyes met, I felt mine flash fire and my pulse leap, while my heart bounded as if it would fly, like a caged

bird, from its prison. She dropped her eyes beneath the intense warmth and love of mine, and coloring deeply, turned away, as one of her friends said, laughingly,

"Dear Florence! you will have to offer a reward for your ring. What shall it be, girls?" she asked, looking round her.

One said, "Her heart, if it be a gentleman who finds it."

Another said, "A kiss!"

A third said, "The ring itself!"

"No," said the little minx I have called Queen Mab, "The glove is enough for finding both. Dear me, I have a lover who would go into ecstasies for my boot-lace; to say nothing of my glove!"

Here there was a general outburst of musical laughter, under cover of which I made my escape; and, thief as I was, carrying off with me the ring and glove for which such a persevering and kindly search had been made. I confess it cost me a great effort to stand by quietly and let this search proceed; and the anxiety and disappointment so apparent on the features of the fair Florence so appealed to my generous nature that I was more than once on the eve of telling her I had found it, and, placing it in her hands. But it had gone too far. They were concealed in my bosom, and to draw them forth before all those laughing Hebes and Euphrosynes, and so betray the value I had placed on them, I had not courage to do. So I said to myself, "I will embrace the first moment after she leaves the boudoir to place them in her possession, and frankly tell her why I did not do it when so many were searching for them."

It was about a quarter of an hour after I had left the toilet-room when I discovered the lovely owner of the glove, whom I had in vain been diligently seeking through all the rooms, standing alone in an alcove of the conservatory. Her face was turned from me; but what eye could mistake the Grecian fall of those superb shoulders, or fail to recognize (once seen) the undulating line of beauty in her moulded form, every motion of which created new lines of beauty ravishing to the eye and captivating to the heart! The moon had risen and poured a silvery flood of radiance through the window. Its beams were half intercepted by the shining dark leaves of an orange-tree, and fell upon her exquisite profile in flakes of soft, pure light, and over her snow-white robes. She was gazing thoughtfully out of the window upon the driving clouds and the deep-blue sky, revealing here and there a star coldly shining. The storm had been over for more than an hour, and the earth lay calm and still in her shroud of sparkling snow, which, far as the horizon, mantled her surface. All was white below, all blue above, save the fleecy clouds borne back to the north by the warm south wind which within the hour had taken the place of the cold northern blast.

The spectacle of the bright, crisp snow glittering in the moonlight was one which possessed a charm peculiarly its own.

I stopped with an emotion of delight on seeing the object I was in search of so near me. She had not heard my steps, for the music and the feet of the dancers rendered them inaudible even to ears not sealed by the retreat of the soul to its own world within. I could see that she was wholly absorbed in thought, and thoughts evidently suggested by the scene before her, for her eyes were looking forth upon it, but had lost their speculation. How exquisitely beautiful she was! I feared to breathe lest I should alarm her. But with my eyes I drank in her beauty till my soul was intoxicated with love. And was it love? Was I indeed in love with one to whom I had never spoken? If love be secret joy—if love be a delight of the soul inexpressible by words—if love be sweet rapture and holy emotion—if love open new fountains in the depths of our existence—if it unfold new capabilities of bliss, if it create a world all glory and beauty with stars and moon and sun and skies to which the skies and sun and moon and stars of the outer world seem but shadows—if love, as by a stroke of lightning, transforms the whole man, and converts what was rough, and fierce, and proud, and cold in the nature, into the soft, and gentle, and patient, and tender—if love beholds in its object the unfallen Eve of a new Paradise, and is ready to take even the apple of death from her hand if she offer it to him—if love is ready to pour out all the treasures of its heart at the feet of its object, then was I in love—in love with Florence Fay—for such was the sweet alliteration by which I heard her companions call her.

And loved she me?

Can love be without an answering heart? Do the arrows of any passion fly at fault, and spend their swiftness on the resistless air? Is love born in man's solitary heart without the wedlock of a kindred heart? Or is love's genial seed not first cast into the heart by woman's eye or by woman's voice? Yes. Man never loves alone. His heart is like the rocky soil. Woman scatters seed by the wayside, and some fall thereon; and lo! flowers spring up, and roses and violets cover the rock, and a garden is where all before was sterile. So love first is kindled in the heart of man by woman's eye or by woman's voice, or by her beauty flashing on the soul.

I did not love Florence Fay for her glove's sake, nor for the jeweled ring; all the emotion these awakened was of a romantic and adventurous character—curiosity to see the fair wearer of such exquisite toys. I might have worn that ring and glove next my heart forever, and yet never known the passion aroused by the brief, half eyelid-veiled, yet thrilling glance, which met mine from her sweet, brilliant eyes in the toilet-room. A romantic attachment based on a flower, a glove, or a jewel, or a little estray slipper even, is not love, and never can reach love. The difference between it and true passion is that which exists between the glove and the fair, soft, warm, blue-veined, palpitating

hand, all life and beauty to the touch, and the cast-off glove that once covered it.

Before the eyes of Florence, when they looked into mine, all my glove-love vanished; and deep, holy, living heart-passion succeeded. As a glove-lover I could have returned the glove to her with a set and graceful speech, but as a captive to her splendid eyes I was fastened with riveted chains to her feet, and felt that I could not utter a syllable before her. Love strikes dumb, while false love is garrulous and complimentary. Love compliments only with the eyes, worshiping afar off. It loves silence and twilight, and to look in loving eyes and feel the consciousness of being loved again. True love never asks if it be loved, nor says to its object, "I love thee." As the blind man need not be told but knoweth that the sun shines by its warmth, so the lover (for love is blind) knows that he is loved; he feels it in the touch of the warm hand he holds softly and unresisting in his hand, by the warmth of the sweet glances that turn upon him. No. Love never says "I love." Love exchanges hearts. A heart is lost and a heart is gained on both sides. This is why they love one another, these lovers; *for they have one another's hearts.*

Therefore, as I loved Florence in the instant that our eyes met, I knew that in the same glance she must have lost the key of her heart, and unconsciously left it open; for I seemed to look straight into it through her eyes, which did not *repel* mine.

So instantaneous are our emotions that electricity is not more rapid than our volitions. While the eye of a maiden is receiving the briefest glance of a passing youth, she has time in that fraction of a second to decide whether it shall be repelled or barred out, or answered kindly; and so wonderful is the varied power of expression in the eye of woman, that the least shadow of indecision is discoverable in those brilliant mirrors, those duplex shields of Cupid, and the eye of the gazer instinctively knows whether his advances of the eye ought to be repeated or abandoned; for if they are repeated in spite of the repellent look, not quicker nor more certainly would a mad knight's lance be shivered in pieces against a berg of ice than falling upon her cold eye would these daring glances be annihilated.

It was with diffidence, yet with a certain instinctive confidence, that I ventured softly to draw nearer the maiden, whose eyes not only had met mine but received their looks kindly, and answered them with the golden arrows of her own—arrows pointed with smiles, and feathered from the wings of Cupidon. I know I shall be considered by some very vain; but I must risk this judgment, for I wish to write candidly and truthfully, and conceal neither the good nor evil. Besides, it is my theory, not I, which is answerable for any inferences that may bring in question the character and degree of my modesty. All true lovers will understand me, and render me fair justice. Confident, then, that I

should be kindly answered if I were so bold as to speak to her, I said, softly,

"Florence!"

I was not heard. My voice, in my desire not to startle her, was too low. Why did I call her "Florence?" None but those allied by blood or friendship can thus address by her virgin name a fair young girl, spoken to for the first time.

It was the sweet assurance of love—an undefinable feeling, as if I had known and loved her from eternity, as we love angels whom we have never seen!

"Florence!"

At the moment her eyes were up-raised toward the stars. Her hands gently coming together, were clasped above her heart. Her countenance wore an elevated and spiritual expression. She seemed the incarnation of Prayer. Her lips moved, and I knew she prayed. Tears, too, ran shining down her cheeks, and broke like fragile crystals upon her enfolded hands, which shone with no jewels but these tears. As the devout young anchorite, partly with human passion, partly with heavenly adoration, falls upon his knees before the beauteous Madonna of Raphael or Correggio, so I was prompted to kneel in her chastening presence. The name I had half spoken fell mutely upon my parted lip. She spoke audibly:

"It was thy gift, my sainted father! left by thee to be mine when I should reach this eighteenth birth-day. I know not what evil it forebodes! Pray God it befall me not!"

"Florence!"

She heard me, and turned her head toward me, yet not in a startled manner, but exactly as if she knew I was present and near her. But she no sooner recognized me as the stranger of the boudoir than her pale features were richly mantled with the splendor of a thousand roses. "Pardon me," she said, in a kindly and natural manner, "I thought I was quite alone."

"I have been so daring as to interrupt you to assure you that all your fears of evil omen are groundless."

"Then you heard my words! I was quite forgetful, Sir, that I could not be alone in the midst of festivities. You are, I believe, Mr. Beckford?"

"Yes."

"I knew you were expected. Your likeness to your sister is wonderful, and I recognized you at once. With her brother I can speak freely, especially as you have heard me mention an omen. But I shall weary you with what you will regard as very foolish," she added, looking into my face with a smile, and with all the frankness and ease of a sister.

"What interests you, Florence—I mean to say, Miss Fay—"

"No, Florence; that is better. By that you called me when first I knew your voice." She dropped her eyelids as if she felt she had said or betrayed too much; but immediately

went on: "The loss of my ring has deeply affected me. It was my father's gift, which on his death-bed, seven years ago, he directed should be presented to me on my eighteenth birthday by my mother, which request was complied with this morning. But I have now, what I fear you will call a very senseless thing, to add. My father died in Louisiana, where I was born. After his death I was sent North for my education. The night before I left, being then in my eleventh year, an African woman, a slave of the family, who bore the reputation of a fortune-teller, came to see me, and bid me good-by. As she released my hand, after carefully scanning its lines, she repeated to me a wild, terrible stanza, which I shall never be able to forget, so deep was the impression it made on my young mind. Your sister, whose bridesmaid I am to-night, and who was my schoolmate, will tell you how I have awaked at night, repeating in alarm the fearful gibberish of the Fetich woman. The words are rude and broken, but they imply that if, on my eighteenth birthday, there is also

On the same eve a bride,
The same night a snow-storm,
At midnight a ring lost,

there will be

On the morrow a corpse."

"And do you credit all this, Florence?" I asked, smiling, not wholly unimpressed with the trembling tones and pale cheek of the lovely Southron.

"I do not know what to say. But since I have lost the ring, I have caught myself repeating the lines, and I am overwhelmed with superstitious fear and dread, for *all* but the *last* awful line is fulfilled! The 'bride' is your sister; the 'snow-storm' has swept over us; 'a ring' is *lost*; and now—"

"Do not repeat more, dear Florence," I said, taking her hand, which did not withdraw itself. "To show you how groundless are all your fears, behold your *ring*! and also your lost glove!"

With these words I took the glove from my bosom, and displayed it before her eyes; and well was I rewarded by the instantaneous flush of joy which lighted up her face. "I found them," I added; "and when the party of girls came in I concealed them, but intending alone to return them to the owner; and for this purpose I have been searching for you until I was so fortunate as to discover you in this moonlit alcove. Keep the ring, Florence; but reward me, as the finder, with permission to retain this little glove."

"The glove is yours," she said, smiling, with happiness beaming in her lovely face; "so long as the ring is found, I will fear nothing from—"

Here she stopped abruptly, and hurriedly examined each finger of the glove which I had placed (with the ring in it, as I supposed) in her hand.

"It is not here!" and her face became deadly pale.

I snatched the glove from her, and a moment's examination showed me that it was empty. I began, in my turn, to grow pale, and searched my vest and bosom, but could not feel it. She stood transfixed with expectation, her cheeks white as pearls, the glove held between her fingers, her lips parted, and her eyes fastened upon me with hope struggling with fear.

"I must have dropped it in the hall or—"

I did not complete my broken sentence, which I uttered with conflicting emotions, caused by a half-defined participation in her superstitious fears, for she threw her arms above her head, and clasping them convulsively with a sort of despair, uttered a shriek and fell. But my arm arrested and broke her fall. Her shriek was unheard amidst the noise of the music and dancing, for no one came. Gently I laid her lifeless form upon the ottoman in the alcove, and opening the window, took snow, and sprinkled it over her face and forced it between her lips. It had the effect of recalling her to sensibility, and with an effort she sat up and said, "I am better—now—*better*." She then added, with a shudder, "Not snow—not snow—not *snow*. Oh, *not—not snow!*" Attributing this strong repugnance to the sudden chilliness which it caused, I apologized, but she answered:

"I know it. You were right. I was very foolish. I have given you a great deal of trouble. But *not snow*."

"I am glad you are better. Shall I go and call my sister? or will you let me conduct you to my mother's room? We can reach it through the library without encountering the dancers."

"No, no; not yet. I shall be well in a moment. You are very good. But the lost ring! It is fated! That fearful prophecy will *all* be accomplished!"

"Nay, Florence," I remonstrated in gentle tones, as, seated by her, I supported her lovely person unreprieved, for she was far from being yet herself. "The ring I shall find again as soon as you are recovered enough for me to leave you. It has been very carelessly dropped from my vest. I will retrace every step I took in looking for you. Fear not, it will be found! As for this Ethiopian sorceress, heed not her words. It required no prophet to say that on your eighteenth birthday there would be a bride; for on Christmas eve many a bridal takes place, and doubtless to-night there are scores of brides! Nor did it demand a prophet to foretell a snow-storm on the 24th of December. Neither did it require the son of a prophet to predict a ring lost on Christmas eve; for it is a season of rough festivities, and perhaps of the thousand happy gatherings to-night there is many a fair girl who is, with you, lamenting the loss of a ring. As for the last line of these predictions, many will be the house in the broad land where there will lie a corpse ere to-morrow night."

Florence faintly smiled, gently thanked me, but slowly shook her head. I gazed upon her

in silence. I wot not what to say. Her eyes were closed, and, half recumbent, she suffered herself to be supported by my arm. How lovely—how beautiful she appeared! Not Palmer's Sleeping Peri was more exquisitely fair and pure. What a moment of bliss was this to my worshiping heart! Within the gentle circuit of my arm's deferential support I held all that I ever had beheld on earth that I could love. This sweet, dear child of beauty and innocence, this fairest flower among the daughters of men, had unfolded to me a new inner life of love and peace. She had taught me love, and her bright eyes were become to that inner world's horizon the morning and evening star. My soul had found its mate, and had not hers also? What but consciousness of being loved, of finding a soul in sympathy with her own, could have led her, all at once, to put such childlike and unreserved confidence in me? Without doubt we were made one for the other, as all true lovers are. Without doubt souls are paired in heaven ere they come on earth; for He who ordained marriage from the beginning left not the fulfillment of his command to chance. He who commanded men to love their wives, created, in the beginning, the wife for the husband. Love is the attraction which, after a time, draws these paired souls each to the other; and when such souls meet on earth they need no artificial introduction. They know each other intuitively. Their eyes meet, or their hands touch, or their voices are heard one by the other, and instantly the pulse bounds, and the heart springs forward as if to embrace and reunite itself with its other heart—and so one heart, double in all its joys and woes, in its smiles and tears, is made of the twain. They both become *one flesh*. This is the mystery of love at first sight. All other love is friendship intensified, and, like friendship, may grow cold, and even, by-and-by, sever itself from its object; but true love is born in heaven, hearts are made in pairs there, and 'tis the bliss of earth to search each other out and reunite again forever.

The sweet *abandon*, or, rather, the holy confidence with which Florence Fay reposed upon my arm, and unhesitatingly recognized the sympathies in each other's souls, will therefore defend her from all censure, unless love in its heavenly purity be censurable. Love and innocence are inseparable. Childhood, love, and innocence are the moral graces; and next to the unsuspecting confidence of a child, is the trusting confidence of a virgin heart when it leans upon the heart heaven formed and gave to it for its support.

I am writing a story of *love*; therefore do I not withhold any light which can be thrown upon the sweet theme. I must fain subject it to a close analysis; but, like all deep passions, it is far easier to experience than to be portrayed.

For a few moments Florence reposed with closed eyelids, and I carefully avoided every movement that would disturb her. I was happy in gazing upon her sweet countenance in si-

lent and worshipful love. At length she raised her head, and opening her eyes, said,

"I am now strong. I have put my trust in God. I will not speak of the ring any more. I dare say you have thought me very weak and simple."

Here she smiled and gently withdrew herself from my reluctantly unclosing arm, and looking me full in the face, said, with a sweet smile,

"Do you know that I once dreamed all this? that I lost my father's ring, but on my *own* wedding night; and that you found it in the snow, and brought it to me more thickly covered with crystals of snow than with diamonds. I dreamed your face and person as you now look; and I at once recognized you in the toilet-room; and when you came and spoke to me here, and said you had my ring, I doubted, at first, if it were not a repetition of the dream."

"The dream shall be realized, Florence," I said; "I will find the ring, though I have to search in the snow for it; yet, it must be in the house."

"No, go not out of the house! Let it remain lost! I have already overcome the superstition. Yet it is very singular I should have lost it. Remain here till I feel quite well."

I know not how the next hour passed. It was all one sweet joy! The consciousness of being loved by one so lovely, of being the object of interest in a heart so pure and good, was itself bliss. But that hour's sweet converse—that interpouring of heart into heart—that precious interchange of thought—that surprised discovery of complete unity and sympathy of one another's souls—it was an hour such as earth seldom bestows upon its children!

This sweet dream was broken by the entrance of my sister, beautiful in her bridal glory.

"Ah, truants! So I have found you both. We have missed you, and looked every where for you. Don't blush so charmingly, dear Florence!" she said, with an arch smile. "Did I not tell you you would fall in love with one another at sight. Nay, don't deny it. I see both of you are ready to fib!"

"But—but—you had told me so much about him, that—that—"

"I knew you loved him before you saw him!"

"And taught me to love her in return," I said, feeling I must say something, however awkwardly.

"I am delighted! You were made for one another. But the guests await you, brother. They resolve to depart to-night. Several sleighs from their various homes have arrived, to take the place of the wheeled carriages; and the whole party is in high spirits at the idea of taking the first sleigh-ride of the season. Your uncle, Florence, has come for you in his four-horse sleigh, shaped like a swan; and he is now in the hall, in fine spirits, and calling for you. He says he will carry a dozen of the girls, and leave them at their homes."

"In one moment, sister," I said, with a look

and in a tone that her womanly tact comprehended, and immediately left us alone—without a roguish and gratified glance at Florence, whom I kept prisoner, as it were, in the alcove when she tried to pass me and follow her.

"One moment, dear Florence!"

"One!" she answered, timidly.

"Promise to think of me!"

"Such a promise is not necessary," she answered, bending her head with an air of tender confusion.

"I may be permitted to love you, then?"

"Yes."

"Are we to be united forever?"

"Forever."

"On earth and in heaven?"

"In heaven!"

Here her voice faltered, and its sad, touching tones deeply moved me; and as I gazed upon her, I painfully guessed that she was still haunted by that fearful and foolish prophecy. Impulsively I drew her to my heart!

As we parted in the alcove I promised to see her the next day. The moment afterward we were mingling in the throng of departing guests, who were robing in the hall in furs, and caps, and hoods. Our secret was hidden from all eyes—locked up in our hearts. Sweet secret! to have and to keep which from all the world was in itself a strange joy, not to be shared by others!

At length the departures took place. Sleigh after sleigh, with its merry load of young men and maidens, dashed away from the door at full speed with huzzas. It was two o'clock in the morning. The air was calm and cold. The fixed stars glittered, and the planets fairly blazed like lamps seen through the crisp and refined atmosphere. Only here and there a white cloud could be discovered sailing away north on the blue deep like canvased argosies steering for the pole. The earth was white—all white and bright—every snow crystal resplendent with the moon-rays. The sleighs flew hissing over the crepiculous surface, and the tintinabulum of the bells upon the horses was heard receding in the distance. At intervals a shout came back to our ears, as we stood by the door, from some careless party having lodged in a snow-drift; for over the country, at intervals, the snow had piled itself deep enough to cover in a man erect. The piercing air of the early morning was sharpened by a steady wind, which at intervals lifted the light snow crystals, and bore them, like a shower of diamonds, far over field and forest.

"It will be a cold ride, girls," said Colonel Langdon, the uncle of Florence, with whom she had lived as an adopted daughter since she left school. "You must wrap up to your eyes, for we ride dead against the wind."

Florence entered the sleigh last; for while I was arranging her furs I delayed her to breathe into her ear soft words of tenderness and devotion. At length, at the call of her uncle—

"Come, Flora, you loiterer! The sleigh waits, and the horses are ready to fly!"

"Think no more of the ring. I shall search

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the house till I find it, and you will allow me the happiness of placing it upon your finger to-morrow."

"I will try and not think of it; but my heart is very heavy."

I pressed her little hand beneath the white ermine cloak she wore, and she returned the pressure with a nervous, clinging grasp, which caused me to look fixedly in her face, to see if it betrayed equal emotion with her hand. But her eyes were concealed by her hood. The next moment she was seated with three other girls (there were sixteen in all in the sleigh—a right merry party) in the cutter, and with a bound the spirited horses, impatient of the cold, sprung away.

Shouting back parting words of "Happiness to the bride!" the joyous company were soon out of sight; but ere they disappeared, Florence, leaning back, waved her hand to me in acknowledgment of my gesture of farewell. I stood on the portico and listened until the last note of the silvery bells had died away.

"I wish," said I, as I turned to enter the house, addressing my sister—"I wish I had gone with them, for I feel a sad foreboding of some undefined evil."

"It would not have been kind in you to have left us on the very night of your return, brother."

"And for this cause I remain. But I fear some evil will happen to Florence."

"So love is ever foreboding," she said, smiling.

"I need not this proof of my deep and tenderest love for this sweet and charming girl. I love her with all my heart, and I am sure my love is requited. I can never love another woman. But this lost ring! You know the old African's prophecy?"

"Yes; and I have to-night been painfully impressed with it. After she lost her ring, she came to me with swelling heart and tears tremulously floating in her eyes, and said:

"This is an omen of ill.

Eighteenth birthday,
And a bridal eve,
A storm of snow,
And a cold corpse
In the morning."

"These words she repeated to me with painful and touching emphasis. I attempted to comfort her and to ridicule her fears; but she soon left me, and probably sought the conservatory to prey alone upon her dreadful thoughts."

"Tis strange!" I said, impressively. "There is something wonderful in the coincidences so far. But is an African slave to be a true prophet? But Heaven sometimes takes the weak things of this world, and the foolish things, to confound the wise. I am lost in amazement, and am filled with fear. I wish I had gone in the sleigh."

That night I slept but ill. Frequently I would start from my sleep, believing I heard a cry for aid. But the stillness reassured me. I dreamed of Florence always; sometimes happily, but

oftener in some great peril. One dream I distinctly remember.

I thought I was in a vast temple of ice. The altar was a block of amethystine-tinted ice beneath a lofty dome transparent as glass. Columns of light translucid green, arches of pale emerald, fretted work of spotless snow, and arches pure as alabaster, gave splendor and grandeur, and a chaste magnificence to the whole. I thought I was walking around this temple, gazing upon its frosted tracery, representing every form of beauty and grace, when I heard music of the most delightful description. I looked, and beheld a procession of maidens, all, as it seemed, in pure white linen, but which, as they drew near, I perceived was snow, covered with the most beautiful lace, all of frost-work. Their faces were colorless, but lovely all. As they moved they chanted, in wondrously melodious voices, a hymn to winter. They scattered as they moved what at first I thought were leaves of lilies, but which I saw were glittering flakes of snow. I followed their march with my eyes, and saw them approach a shrine near the altar. In front there seemed to be a bier. They surrounded it, chanting; and as they chanted they cast upon a body lying upon it, arrayed in white, showers of glittering snow-crystals, which flashed in the light of the moon, which alone was the light of this temple of snow, like falling diamonds. Impelled by an irresistible curiosity, I advanced to a position near the bier. No one of the maidens seemed to notice me. Emboldened, I drew nearer, and lo! upon the bier lay the shrouded form of Florence Fay—shrouded in an immaculate robe of snow. She was dead! How beautiful is death, thought I, that can add loveliness to the living! Her face was colorless and like marble, as if chiseled from frozen snow. As I gazed, bound to the spot, and unable to obey the impulse of my heart to fly and embrace her lifeless form, the maidens, in their robes of snow, with faces beautiful but icy cold, with hands of snow cast snow-flakes from baskets of frost-work upon the dead Florence. Gradually they covered her face and arms and bosom, and slowly the outlines of the silent form were lost in the falling flakes, which, as they marched around and around the bier, they cast in showers upon it. A loud outburst of wild and triumphant music from the dome followed, and looking up, I beheld a glorious company of angelic beings in robes of purple and gold, and with crowns of flowers and harps of gold in their hands, rising in the air, and encircling a lovely spirit, upholding it on their shining wings, and conducting it toward the skies, which were visible through the opening of the illimitable dome. I recognized in the central figure Florence. How gloriously was she appareled! I saw them crown her with flowers, and place a harp in her hand; and I saw, as she ascended with these blessed ones, that she looked once down to earth, and waved her hand, with a smile, toward me, and then pointing upward, with a

look of hope and love disappeared from my sight in the halo of light which shone around her from the celestial features of her new companions. I sank on my knees, stretching out my hands, and my heart, and my whole being toward her, and when I saw her no more I awakened, and, lo, it was a dream!

But it made a deep and painful impression upon me. I could close my eyes no more. The dream confirmed my fears, and foreboded sudden death. I could not entertain the thought that Florence should die, even though she went straight to heaven. Love is too selfish to yield up its object, even though it exchange earth presently for the immortality of the skies.

As soon as it was dawn I ordered a sleigh, and a pair of strong and fleet horses to be harnessed to it, and taking some slight refreshment, I started for the country-house of Colonel Langdon. I was resolved to relieve my anxieties, and to assure myself of her safety. Moreover, I desired to bear to her the ring, which, after a long search, I had found upon the floor, half its diamonds crushed out, and the gold bent and broken by the tread of some heavy foot. The sun was not yet up when I drove from the door, but the eastern skies were ruddy with a crimson flush which was reflected upon the wide expanse of snow.

The residence of Florence was seven miles distant, in a valley, lovely in summer with woodland, brook, cascade, rocks, and glens, with pleasant intervals for pastures and wheat fields. The road was here and there bordered by substantial homesteads, but there was a mile and a half of open country across a bleak plain without a habitation.

I followed the pathway of the cutters and sleighs, and found that, although they had broken down the drifts, yet they must have been greatly delayed by the resistance which some of the deep ones presented.

"It must have been daybreak," said I, as I with difficulty got through some of these drifts, which the wind had in some places heaped over again after the sleighs had gone on—"it must have been full daybreak when the Colonel and Florence reached home."

A mile from my own house I saw where a cutter had upset, and a muff of fur and a glove, which had been lost, were left behind. At another place were impressions in the snow where two or more of the party had been thrown out, and the tracks which their feet had made in regaining the sleigh. Here also was a book which some one had let fall. Altogether, there were proofs that the night drive was a merry and adventurous one, for an overturn in a moonlight sleigh-ride every one knows is but a frolic which adds enjoyment to the ride.

I at length came to the forks of the road where the Colonel would turn off toward his own residence. I had scarcely entered this road when I perceived—the first human being I had seen that morning—a man on horseback floundering toward me through the snow from the

opposite direction. As he drew near I saw that he was deadly pale, and that his face wore an expression of terror, or rather of *horror*. As he drew nearer I recognized an old servant of Colonel Langdon. He could scarcely articulate as he came up.

"Sir, I was going to Oak Hill to tell you! Such dreadful news! I have called up the country side as I came along! Oh, Sir, master is nearly crazed! He is searching every where, and he sent me to tell you to come."

"What has happened?" I shrieked, almost beside my reason, and now certain that some dreadful calamity had befallen Florence. "Who is in danger?"

"Miss Florence, Sir! When the Colonel got to the door, and went to help her out, she was not in the sleigh. She fell out, he thinks, somewhere on the road. There was so many of 'em, and some of 'em asleep, they didn't miss her. Oh, Sir, it is awful to think she was left to be frozen to death in the snow!"

I sat in my sleigh with my face buried in my hands. I held my temples hard to keep my brain from going mad. I was stricken immovable. My heart was paralyzed, and ceased to beat. I nearly lost my consciousness. The news was too terrible for me to bear. I burst into tears, and wept for a moment with the abandon of a child. This burst of emotion relieved my heart. Hoarsely and with a great effort I said:

"Have they found her?"

"Oh no, Sir! Master and all are coming back this way step by step, looking on both sides!"

"Go on, rouse the country side!" I said, fiercely, and in tones so terrible that I was myself startled by them. "But—stay! When was she known to be in the sleigh last?"

"At Doctor Shapleigh's, Sir, when they left Miss Mary at his gate."

"Enough! Haste and send all you meet to join in this search."

Dr. Shapleigh's was half a mile before me, and two miles from Mr. Langdon's, on this side of his house. With a wild cry I rose to my feet, and made my horses, from very fear of my maddened voice, fly forward like the wind. My brain was in a blaze. Without question I was for a few moments bereft of reason. Over drifts and through deep gorges in the snow we went at runaway speed. In a few moments I was at Dr. Shapleigh's house. It was on an eminence, and commanded the road beyond it for a mile, including a portion of that barren heath, now covered deeply with a league-broad sheet of snow, unbroken only by the road to Colonel Langdon's, which was traceable by the tops of the fences and hedge which bordered it.

I could see before me, far down the road, dark figures moving—a score of people—men and women, and even children. At the gate of Dr. Shapleigh's a large brown Newfoundland dog sprang out as I dashed up, and flew at the horses. I recognized him, and at my voice he

bounded toward me. At a word from me he jumped into the cutter and fawned upon me.

"Come with me, Nero. Your aid may be of use," I said; and seeing no one at the house, I pressed forward to where I beheld the searchers. Oh my heart, how it lay dead in my bosom as I came near them! All along their foot-marks had disturbed the snow where they had examined every little protuberance under the surface to see if they could discover the dead body of poor, poor Florence. I saw her uncle feeling in the snow alongside of the road. I drew near, and the next moment we were mingling our tears upon each other's mournful embrace.

"Oh, my dear young friend, what a fearful thing has happened! I shall never lift my head again!"

"Tell me, Sir, oh! tell me how it has happened?" I cried, gasping for breath, rather than speaking coherently.

"She was in her seat at the Doctor's; for there she bade his daughter good-night. We all knew she was with us then. But when we got home she was not there. Her seat was vacant. She sat on the outside, and no doubt, falling asleep, was thrown out into one of the snow-drifts. We turned back at once, hoping to find her near the house; but as we went farther, and still saw nothing of her, I ordered a general search to be made by all my household, and so we have been coming step by step, examining every drift to this spot. The wind has blown so hard that the snow has drifted over even the deep ruts our sleigh made in it; and how easy it would have been for the poor little Florence to be buried up with the icy winds casting showers of snow over her body!"

As Colonel Langdon said this I thought of my strange dream.

"She is dead," said I, with the calmness of despair! "Sir, Florence is dead, and heaven has her gentle spirit. She is no more on earth to behold us or speak to us. We shall hear her voice no more; no more see her angelic face; no more caress her; no more see her this side the blessed homes of the pure and holy! But to our task. Our duty is to search for her fair corpse and look to seeing her alive in a better world."

The Colonel bowed his gray head upon my hands, and his whole frame convulsively shook as he said,

"I fear she is dead."

"Let us not hope to find her alive. Let us, like humble men whom God has afflicted, bear up like brave Christian men against this calamity. Sir, I saw her to love her, to know that I was beloved, and now she is taken to that world where love awaiteth the faithful with assurances of immortal joys. Let us," I added, with the same calm, stern repose which had stunned every emotion in my stricken heart, "let us think of Florence in heaven, but seek for her body on earth."

"Perhaps she may be found alive?" said her

uncle, who was gazing all around with restless searching glances.

"No—she is dead!" I answered, firmly. "It was foretold, and I have seen her dead in a vision, covered with a shroud of snow by the white spirits of the icy North. We shall find her dead!"

How shall I describe the scenes of that dreadful search for the missing virgin? By noon an army of men, a thousand people, young and old, girls and youths, were searching the roadside step by step, even with the fences on either side. At length Colonel Langdon sank in the road weary with his toils, and overcome with grief. I alone, with features as fixed with despair as if the flesh of my face had become stone, directed the dreadful search. Twice had the whole way been traversed and every drift been examined. At length a thought flashed across my mind. The dog Nero, whom I had brought with me hoping he could be of service, after catching the excitement of the searchers and running about restlessly and without aim, had finally crouched on the snow and seemed to repose as if he did not comprehend how he could be of service.

I still had the hapless girl's glove, now sacred a hundred fold. I hesitated, but felt that it was necessary to make the sacrifice even of this dear gift of her love, if I hoped to recover the loved body. Ah! that beautiful hand which once filled it! doubtless it was now cold in death—icy as the hand of the corpse on the bier in the temple of snow which I had seen in my wonderful dream. Kissing the dear treasure, I called Nero to me. The noble creature bounded to my side and gazed up into my sorrowful face, as if he felt for my grief which he could not comprehend.

"Nero," I said, showing him the delicate glove, "brave, good Nero, take this, and search beneath the snow for the hand which wore it."

As I spoke I placed the glove in his mouth, and stooping down dug in the snow and pointed along the road. The dog, after stepping round in circles which widened constantly, bounded forward with a loud bark. I followed him on horseback with feelings indescribable. We went past the numerous country-people who were searching the snow, and who as they saw the dog's movements stopped and cried,

"He is on the track! She will be found by him."

With the glove in his mouth, the sagacious animal galloped steadily forward. He soon came upon the open heath, yet turned neither to the right nor to the left. All along the road the people ceased their exertions in the snow; for a pointer and a fine hound, belonging to gentlemen who were engaged in this sad search, had come up with the Newfoundlander, and smelling at the glove, went ahead with long leaps, yelping and giving voice. Every moment the intense excitement increased; and hundreds leaving their search followed on to see what the dogs would discover. Far as the eye could see

over the heath and along the hedge-road people were running in one direction.

At length the hound suddenly darted aside from the road and entered a wood, the branches of which were laden with snow. After a moment's hesitation the other dogs followed at unslackened pace. With a heart like lead, and hoping, yet fearing to make the fatal discovery that I felt was ready to be revealed, I spurred on after them. A quarter of a mile from the main road, in a little glen beside which flowed in summer a babbling brook, the foremost of the dogs stopped and began to howl in a most lamentable and heart-rending manner. His voice fell like a knell upon my ears! The other dogs came up and also stopped; but after a moment Nero returned to meet me, and looking up in my face with an expression of almost human sorrow, whined as he dropped the glove at my feet. I dismounted and took it up, feeling that its errand was accomplished, and reverently, as if I trod on holy ground, I advanced to the place. I saw footsteps in the snow before me, and close by a copse of trees I discovered an ermine cloak. In a moment it was in my hands, and I recognized it as Florence's. The bow which my own hands had tied under her beauteous chin remained still tied, but the string was broken as if it had fallen from her—perhaps in her extraordinary exertions to move along through the deep snow. This discovery made my heart bleed, and assured me of the worst. But I had nerved my soul to bear all that should come—to gaze even upon her cold corpse unmoved. The steps were traced around a rock, and there, in front of a cavernous shelf in the cliff, the hound and pointer lay, looking in as if keeping guard. I feared to raise my eyes to look within. A young man bounded before me, as I hesitated, and cried,

"She is here! but she is dead!"

I called on Heaven for strength, and raised my tearful eyes. Before me, within the cold shelter of a shallow cave, the sides of which were glassy with ice, and the opening of which was hung with enormous stalactites of glittering icicles, there lay, upon a pure white drift of snow which the wind had cast into the hollow rock, and as if sleeping, the lovely form of the lost maiden—all that was mortal of Florence Fay! The scene of my dream was before me. Pale as marble, with a cheek half buried in snow, and her ungloved hand beneath it, her snow-white drapery gathered about her form with maidenly propriety, the beautiful dead lay—a sight to bring tears into angels' eyes. Snow for her couch, snow for her pillow, snow for her covering, all buried in snow save her calm and holy face, rivaling the snow in purity and in coldness, she lay there as if sweetly asleep, with a smile of ineffable glory upon her mouth, and the impress of heavenly peace upon her brow.

I sunk upon my knees by her side, and reverently bared my head as if I were at the very gate of heaven. It were vain for me to lay my fingers upon her pulse. I pressed my lips to

her cold, cold, cold forehead, and— I recollect no more, save that I became blind and believed and hoped I was dying also.

I say, I remember no more.

Many days, weeks passed, and still my reason returned not to her rightful throne. But sorrow has its limit by the decree of a compassionate God. After seven weeks I recollected all that had passed up to the last moment in that icy cave.

It was many days before those I loved, and who watched over me with the tenderest devotion, were permitted to tell me all, or that I could hear all.

From my dear sister I learned that the corpse of the beautiful wanderer had been borne to her uncle's, followed by a sad procession of weeping people. The fourth day her funeral obsequies took place. Her body was borne to the village church-yard, attended by a train of maidens, who chanted a touching requiem around her tomb, and cast flowers upon her coffin. But I can not dwell upon this.

It was thought that the hapless girl, after having been cast into the snow, had recovered her feet, but too late for her cries to be heard above the clangor of the sleigh-bells; that, finding herself alone on the heath in that dreadful situation, she had resolution to try and make her way toward the house, which was a mile distant; but losing her way, and bewildered by the snow, she wandered to the wood, and finally reached the shelter of the cave, where, finding that she must die, she calmly, like a child going to sleep, surrendered herself to death, while the winds wailed above her, or, whirling in circles about the hollow rock, cast upon her wreaths of snow-crystals, shrouding her for her wintry grave.

I have now done. My story of love is ended!

AUTHORS.

"High is our calling, friend! Creative Art,
Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert."
WOMPSWORTH.

"All things whose life is sure
Their life is calm; silent the light that moulds
And colors all things; and, without debate,
The stars which are forever to endure,
Assume their thrones and their unquestioned state."
TRENCH.

SOME of my first castles in the air were based upon literary fame. The only individuals, of the male gender, who then seemed to me worthy of admiration or sympathy were authors. To make a book that survived the term of human life I considered the best pledge of the immortality of the soul. My ideal of felicity was the consciousness of distributing ideas of vital significance, and causing multitudes to share a sentiment born in a lonely heart. The most real and permanent way of which man is capa-

ble I imagined that of ruling and cheering the minds of others through the medium of literature. My herbal was made up of flowers from the graves of authors; their signatures were my only autographs. The visions that haunted me were little else than a boundless panorama that displayed scenes in their lives. I used continually to see, in fancy, Petrarch beside a fountain, under a laurel, with the sweet *penseroso* look visible in his portraits; Dante in the corridor of a monastery, his palm laid on a friar's breast, and his stern features softened as he craved the only blessing life retained for him—*peace*; rustic Burns, with his dark eye proudly meeting the curious stare of an Edinburgh coterie; Camoens breasting the waves with the *Lusiad* in his mouth; Johnson appalling Boswell with his emphatic "*Sir*;" Milton—his head like that of a saint encircled with rays—seated at the organ; Shakspeare walking serenely, and with a benign and majestic countenance, beside the Avon; Steele jocosely presiding at table with liveried bailiffs to pass the dishes; the bright face of Pope looming up from his deformed body in the cool twilight of a grotto; Voltaire's sneer withering an auditor through a cloud of snuff; Molière reading his new comedy to the old woman; Landor standing in the ilex path of a Tuscan villa; Savage asleep on a bulk at midnight in one of the London parks; Dryden seated in oracular dignity in his coffee-house arm-chair; Metastasio comparing notes with a handsome *prima donna* at Vienna; Alfieri with a magnificent steed in the midst of the Alps; Swift stealing an interview with Miss Johnson, or chuckling over a chapter of Gulliver; the funeral pyre of Shelley lighting up a solitary crag on the shores of the Mediterranean; and Byron, with marble brow and rolling eye, guiding the helm of a storm-tossed boat on the Lake of Geneva! Such were a few only of the *tableaux* that haunted my imagination.

In my passion for native authors I used to linger complacently even over the ponderous epic of Barlow, and to admire the patriotic zeal of Fulton, who paid for the engravings. I revered the memory of Brockden Brown, and detected in his romantic studies the germs of the supernatural school of fiction; I nearly suffocated myself in the crowded gallery of the old church at Cambridge, listening to Sprague's Phi Beta Kappa poem; and often watched the spiritual figure of the "Idle Man," and gazed on the white locks of our venerable painter, with his "Monaldi" and "Paint King" vividly remembered. I wearied an old friend of Brainard's by making him repeat anecdotes of the poet; and have spent hours in the French coffee-house which Halleck once frequented, eliciting from him criticisms, anecdotes, or recitations of Campbell. New Haven people that came in my way were obliged to tell all they could remember of the vagaries of Percival, and the elegant hospitality of Hillhouse. I have followed Judge Hopkinson through the rectangular streets of his native metropolis, with the

tune of "Hail Columbia" humming in my ears; and kept a curious eye on Howard Payne through a whole evening party, fondly cognizant of "Sweet Home." Beaumont and Fletcher were my Damon and Pythias. The memorable occurrence of my childhood was the advent of a new Waverley novel, and of my youth a fresh *Edinburgh Review*. I loved plum color because poor Goldy was vain of his coat of that hue; and Champagne, partly because Schiller used to drink it when writing; I saved orange-peel because the author of the *Rumbler* liked it; and put myself on a course of tar-water, in imitation of Berkeley. Roast-pig had a double relish for me after I had read Elia's dissertation thereon. I associated gold-fish and china jars with Gray, skulls with Dr. Young, the leap of a sturgeon in the Hudson with Drake's "Culprit Fay," pine-trees with Ossian, stained-glass windows with Keats (who set one in an immortal verse), fortifications with Uncle Toby, literary breakfasts with Rogers, water-fowl with Bryant, foundlings with Rousseau, letter-writing with Madame de Sévigné, bread and butter with the author of Werther, daisies with Burns, and primroses with Wordsworth. Mrs. Thrale's acceptance of Piozzi was a serious trouble to my mind; and whether "little Burney" would be happy after her marriage with the noble *émigré* was a problem that made me really anxious until the second part of her *Diary* was procurable and relieved my solicitude. An unpatriotic antipathy to the Pilgrim Fathers was quelled by the melodious pæan of Mrs. Hemans; and I kept vigils before a portrait of Mrs. Norton, at an artist's studio, with a chivalric desire in my heart to avenge her wrongs.

This enthusiasm for authors was not altogether the result of a literary idiosyncrasy; it grew out of a consciousness of personal obligation. Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, and Maturin were the clandestine intimates of childhood; the English poets became the confidants of youthful sentiment, which met but a cool reception from those by whom I was surrounded; and when judgment was enough matured to discriminate the charms of style, a new world opened under the guidance of Mackenzie and Sterne, Lady Montagu and Sir Thomas Browne. Books are endeared, like people, by the force of circumstances; ideal tendencies, a spirit of inquiry, a thirst for sympathy will often drive minds whose environment is uncongenial to seek therein what is elsewhere denied; and when, in early life, this resource becomes habitual, it is not surprising that a deep personal feeling should be gradually engendered; and that we should come to regard favorite authors as the most reliable and dearest of our companions; and this without an inkling of pedantry, or a title to scholarship, but from a thoroughly human impulse intellectually vindicating itself. To such a pitch did the feeling once possess me that I resented any imputation cast upon my chosen authors as if they were actual friends. I honored the critic that defended Bacon from the charge of mean-

ness, and longed to applaud his prowess; I disliked to admit the evidence that Johnson was dogmatic, and ascribed his arrogance to a kind of excusable horse-play; I contended that Thomson was not lazy, but encouraged ease to escape ambition; I grew very warm if any one really believed Shelley an atheist, and argued that his faith transcended that of the majority of so called Christians; I never would admit that Sterne was heartless, or Moore a toady. I could have embraced Dr. Madden after reading his "Infirmities of Genius," and thought the most brave of Sidney's deeds his "Defense of Poesy." How I longed to go a-fishing with Walton, to walk in Cowley's garden, to see Roscoe's library, to hear Coleridge talk, to feel the grasp of Burns's hand, to drink whisky with John Wilson, to pat Scott's dogs, to go to the theatre with Lamb, to listen to Disraeli the elder's anecdotes, to look on the lakes of Westmoreland at the side of Wordsworth, and to ride through "our village" in Miss Mitford's pony chaise!

The first time I saw an author was an epoch. It was in a church. Some one whispered, just as the sermon began, that a lady in the next pew was the writer of a moral tale then rated high in my little circle. I did nothing the rest of the service but watch and speculate upon this, to me, wonderful personage. I was disappointed at her everyday look and attire; there was no fine frenzy in eye or gesture; there she sat, for all the world like any other lady—mild, quiet, and attentive. I was somewhat consoled by noting the extreme paleness of her complexion, and a kind of abstraction in her gaze. Her habiliments were dark and faded; in fact, as I afterward discovered, she was poor, and her book had been printed by subscription. Thenceforth, for a long time, I imagined all female authors were dressed in black, looked pensive, and had no color. This illusion, however, was banished, some years later, when I was taken to a literary *soirée* where all the female authors were fat, dressed in a variety of colors, and, instead of being melancholy, had an overwhelming vivacity that made me realize how the type had changed. By degrees I became enlightened, and my authormania cooled. In the first place, I was shocked by seeing a pathetic writer, whose universal tribute was tears, in a flashy vest; then I encountered a psychologist, whose forte was sublimity, enacting the part of a mendicant; it was my misfortune to conduct a bard, whose highly imaginative strain had often roused my aspirations, home from a party in a state of inebriety; one author I was prepared to love turned out a disagreeable egotist; another wearied me by the exactions of his vanity; a third repelled by intense affectation, and a fourth by the bitterness of his comments; one, who had written only the most refined sentiment, proved, upon acquaintance, an acute Yankee; one who had sung the beauty of nature I found to be an inveterate dandy; and another, whose expressed ideas betokened excess of delicacy,

grossly violated the ordinary instincts of gentle blood.

On one of my earliest visits to —— the illusive charm attached to the idea of a female author became, indeed, changed to a horror from which I have never wholly recovered. I was requested to escort a lady to what I understood was an ordinary social gathering. After entering a rather small and somewhat obscure drawing-room, saluting the hostess and taking the proffered seat, I was struck with the formal arrangement of the company. They formed an unbroken row along the walls of the room, except at one end, at which stood a table surmounted by an astral lamp; and in an arm-chair beside it, in a studied attitude like one *posed* for a daguerreotype, sat a woman of masculine proportions, coarse features, and hair between yellow and red, which fell in unkempt masses down each side of her broad face. She was clad in white muslin of an antiquated fashion. I noticed that the guests cast looks, partly of curiosity, partly of uneasiness, upon this Herculean female, who rolled her eyes occasionally, and smiled on us all with a kind of complacent pity. I ventured, amidst the silence, to ask my neighbor the name of the gigantic unknown. She appeared extremely surprised at the very natural question. "Why, don't you know? We're invited here to meet her, and, I assure you, it is a rare privilege. That is Mrs. Jones, the celebrated author of the 'Affianced One!'" At this moment a brisk little woman in the corner, with accents slightly tremulous, and a manner intended to be very *nonchalant*, broke the uncomfortable hush of the room. "My dear Mrs. Jones," said she, "as one of your earliest and most fervent admirers, allow me to inquire if your health does not suffer from the intense state of feeling in which you evidently write?" The Amazonian novelist sighed—it was funny to see that operation on so large a scale—and then, in a voice so like the rougher sex that I began to think she was a man in disguise, replied: "When I reach the catastrophe of my stories it is not uncommon for me to faint dead away; and, as I always write in a room by myself, it has happened more than once that I have been found stretched, miserable and cold, on the floor, with a pen grasped in my fingers and the carpet littered with manuscript blotted with tears!" The Sardonian pathos of this announcement sent a thrill round the circle; glances of admiration and pity were thrown upon the self-immolated victim at the shrine of letters, and other inquiries were adventured, which elicited equally impressive replies, until the psychological throes of authorship—particularly in the female gender—assumed the aspect of an experience combined of epilepsy and nightmare. The tragic egotism of these revelations at length overcame my patience; and, leaving my fair companion to another's escort, I slipped out of the room. A thunder-storm had arisen; the rain was pouring down in torrents; upon the door-steps I en-

countered a very pale, thin, little man, with an umbrella under his arm and a pair of overshoes in his hands. As I passed he addressed me in a very meek and frightened voice—"Please, Sir, is there a party here?" "Yes." "Please, Sir, is the celebrated Mrs. Jones here?" "Yes." "Please, Sir, do you think I could step into the entry? I'm Mr. Jones!"

Hastening to my lodgings in another metropolis at twilight, I passed a dwarf standing on a threshold, who leaped down and caught me by the arm, eagerly pronouncing my name, and requesting a moment's interview. He led the way to a little room lighted by a single candle, closed the door, and, with a quivering impatience of gesture, introduced himself. I remembered his name at once. He was the author of a feeble imitation of Pope. I never beheld such an ogre. His little green eyes, ape-like limbs, and expression indicative of sensitiveness and conceit, in that lone and dusky cabinet were appalling. From a cupboard he took down what I supposed to be a ledger, and, placing it on the table, gave an emphatic slap to the worn brown cover. "There," said he, "is garnered the labor of years. I have heard of your enthusiasm for authors, and I will read you specimens of a poem destined to see the light a twelve-month hence. Listen!" It was an epic in blank-verse—dreary, monotonous, and verbose. His recitation was like the refrain of a bull-frog; it grated on the ear and made the nerves shrink. The candle burned thick; the air seemed mephitic, and, in a little while, I was oppressed and fevered as by a glamour cast over my brain; I looked toward the door and moved uneasily; the green eye was cast fiercely up from the page, and the tone of the deformed became malicious. I had heard of his vindictive spirit, and felt as if in the cave of an imp, spell-bound and helpless. The complacent hardihood with which he read on made me inwardly frantic. I thought of the fair being who waited for me at a neighboring fireside, of the free air I had quitted, and I writhed under the infliction. Hours passed; a numb, half-unconscious sense of misery stole over me, and still the little demon glared and spouted. "Words, words, words"—how detestable seemed they then! At last, in a fit of desperation, I clapped my hand to my forehead, and murmuring something about a congestive tendency, sprang up, ran through the hall and out the door, and looking back, after hurrying on a few yards, beheld the dwarf, with his enormous book clasped to his heart, gazing after me with the implacable look of a disappointed savage.

Literature is no more regulated by accident than nature; lucky hits and the tricks of pen-craft are as temporary as all other artificial expedients. The authors truly remembered and loved are *men* in the best sense of the term; the human, the individual informs and stamps their books with an image or an effluence not born of will or mere ingenuity, but emanating from the soul; and this is the quality that endears

and perpetuates their fame. Hence Goldsmith is beloved, Milton revered, and the grave of Burns a "Mecca of the mind." At the commencement of the last century there appeared in the *London Gazette* the offer of a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of a certain person thus described: "A middle-sized, spare man, about forty years of age, of a brown complexion and dark brown hair, though he wears a wig, having a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." This was Daniel De Foe, the victim of partisan injustice, for whose rights every school-boy would fight now, out of sheer gratitude to the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Let the writers who debase authorship into a perversion of history, a sickly medium for egotistical rhetoric, a gross theft of antecedent labors, a base vehicle for spite, or a mechanical knack of book-making, realize that they are foredoomed to contempt, and that character is as little disguised by types as by costume. The genuine author is recognized at once; his integrity is self-evident.

It was sunset on the Arno; far down the river, over mountain ranges where snow yet lingered, a warm tint, half rose and half amethyst, glowed along the horizon; beside the low parapet that bordered the street, people were loitering back from their afternoon promenade at the Cascine; here a priest, there a soldier, now an Englishman on horseback and then a bearded artist, sometimes an oval-faced contadina, the broad brim of whose finely-woven straw hat flapped over eyes of mellow jet, and again a trig nurse with Saxon ringlets dragging a petulant urchin along; and over all these groups and figures was shed the beautiful smile of parting day, and by them, under graceful bridges, flowed the turbid stream, its volume doubled by the spring freshets. I surveyed the panorama from an overhanging balcony, where I stood awaiting the appearance of a friend upon whom I had called. Hearing a movement behind, I stepped back into the *salon*, and found a middle-aged gentleman seated on a divan near the window. We exchanged salutations and began to converse. He alluded in unexceptionable English to the beauty of the hour. "I come here from Geneva," he said. "There I work; in Italy I recreate; and it is wonderful how this country ministers to intellectual repose, even by the very associations it excites. We feel a dream-like relation with the past, and enter readily, for a time, into the *dolce far niente* spirit of the people; and then return to task-work invigorated and with new zest." There was a bland, self-possessed, and paternal look about this chance acquaintance that insensibly won my confidence and respect. He was the image of a wise and serene maturity. His ample brow, his strong physique, his affable manner and kindly eye, suggested experience, intelligence, and benignity. I was certain that he was a philosopher of some kind, and fancied him an optimist; but the utter absence of pretension and the simple candor of his address gave no hint of a man of renown. Accordingly

I soon found myself engaged in a most pleasant, and, to me, instructive colloquy. Following up the hint he had thrown out, I spoke of the difficulty of combining mental toil with health—reverting in my own mind to our American race of scholars, a majority of whom are confirmed invalids. "Ah!" said he, "there is vast error on this subject. Be assured that we were intended for intellectual labor, and that there is a way of making it subservient to health. I will tell you a few rules founded on experience: Vary the kind of work—let it be research one hour, meditation another, collation to-day and revision to-morrow; do this on system; give the first part of the day to the hardest study, the afternoon to exercise, and the evening to social intercourse; let the mind be tasked when the brain is most vigorous, that is after sleep, and woo the latter blessing not in the feverish hour of thought and emotion, but after the gentle exercise of the mind which comes from pastime and friendliness." I looked at the hale, contented face of the speaker, about whom no sign of nervous irritability or exhaustion was discoverable, and asked myself what experience of mental toil could have led him to such inferences. He looked like a temperate country gentleman, or unambitious and well-to-do citizen. He then spoke of the changes he observed upon each successive visit to Italy, of the climate of Switzerland, and the society of Geneva; then he referred to America, divining at once that it was my country, and exhibiting entire familiarity with all that had been accomplished there in literature. He betrayed a keen sense of enjoyment, recognized a genial influence in the scene before us, and gradually infected me with that agreeable feeling only to be derived from what poor Cowper used to call "comfortable people." I led him to speak of his own method of life, which was one of the most philosophical order. He considered occasional travel and prudent habits the best hygiene for a man of sedentary pursuits; and the great secret both of health and successful industry the absolute yielding up of one's consciousness to the business and the diversion of the hour—never permitting the one to infringe, in the least degree, upon the other. I felt an instinctive respect toward him, but, at the same time, entirely at home in his company; the gentleman and the scholar appeared to me admirably fused in, without overlaying the man. Presently the friend we mutually expected came in and introduced me to Sismondi. I was fresh from his "Italian Republics" and "Literature of the South of Europe," and he realized my ideal of a humane and earnest historian.

Quite in contrast with this tranquil and robust votary of letters was the appearance and manner of Silvio Pellico. No one who has ever read the chronicle of his imprisonments can forget the gentle and aspiring nature just blooming into poetic development which, by the relentless fiat of Austrian tyranny, was cut off in a moment from home, intelligent companion-

ship, and graceful activity, and subjected to the loneliness, privation, and torments of long and solitary confinement; nor is the spirit in which he met the bitter reverse less memorable than its tragic detail, recorded with so much simplicity, and borne with such loving faith. When I arrived in Turin he was still an object of espionage, and it was needful to seek him with caution. Agreeably to instructions previously received, I went to a café near the Strada Alfieri, just at nightfall, and watched for the arrival of an abbé remarkable for his manly beauty. I handed him the card of a mutual friend, and made known my wishes. The next day he conducted me through several arcades, and by many a group of noble-looking Piedmontese soldiers, to a gateway, thence up a long flight of steps to a door, at which he gave a significant knock. In a few moments it was quietly opened; he whispered to the old *serva*, and we tarried in an ante-chamber until a diminutive figure in black appeared, who received me with a pensive kindness that, to one acquainted with *Le Mie Prigioni*, was fraught with pathos. I beheld in the pallor of that mild face and expanded brow, and the purblind eyes, the blight of a dungeon. His manner was subdued and nervous, and his very tones melancholy. I was unprepared to find, after years of liberty, the effects of his experience so visible, and felt almost guilty of profane curiosity in having thus intruded upon his cherished seclusion. I had known other victims of the same infernal tyranny, but they were men of sterner mould, who had resisted their cruel fate by the force of will rather than the patience of resignation. Pellico's very delicacy of organization barbed the arrows of persecution; and when at length he was released, loneliness, hope deferred, and mental torture had crushed the energy of his nature. The sweetness of his autobiography was but the fragrance of the trampled flower—too unelastic ever again to rise up in its early beauty. A smile lighted up his brooding expression when I told him of the deep sympathy his book had excited in America, and he grasped my hand with momentary ardor; but the man too plainly reflected the martyr. The stifling air he breathed under the leads of Venice, and the damps of his Spielberg cell, seemed yet to weigh upon his soul; no glimmer of the patriotic fire which beams from Francesca de Rimini, no ray of the vivacious observation that beguiled his solitude and quickened his pen, redeemed the hopeless air of the captive poet; the shadow of the power he had braved yet lay on his form and face; and only the solace of filial love and the consolations of religion gave hope to his existence.

That is but a vulgar idea of authorship which estimates its worth by the caprices of fashion or the prestige of immediate success. Like art its value is intrinsic. There are books, as there are pictures, which do not catch the thoughtless eye and yet are the gems of the virtuoso, the oracles of the philosopher, and the consolations

of the poet. We love authors, as we love individuals, according to our latent affinities; and the extent of the popular appreciation is no more a standard to us than the world's estimate of our friend, whose nature we have tested by faithful companionship and sympathetic intercourse. He who has not the mental independence to be loyal to his own intellectual benefactors, is as much a heathen as one who repudiates his natural kin. Indeed, an honest soul clings more tenaciously to neglected merit in authors as in men; there is a chivalry of taste as of manners. Doubtless Lamb's zest for the old English dramatists, Addison's admiration of Milton's poetry, and Carlyle's devotion to Goethe were all the more earnest and keen because they were ignored by their neighbors. In the library an original mind is conscious of special and comparatively obscure friends, as the lover of nature has his pet flower and the lover of art his favorite old master. It is well to obey these decided idiosyncrasies. They point, like the divining rod, to hidden streams peculiarly adapted to our refreshment. Napoleon was fond of Ossian, Paul Jones of Thomson's Seasons; I knew an old merchant that read no book except Boswell's Johnson, and a black and humpbacked cook whose only imaginative feast was the Arabian Nights.

Yet no one really can love authors as a class, without a catholic taste. If thus equipped, how inexhaustible the field! He is independent of the world. Is he retrospective in mood? Plutarch will array before him a procession of heroes and sages. Does he yearn for conviviality? Fielding will take him to a jolly tavern. Is he eager for intellectual communion? Landor is at hand with a choice of "imaginary conversations." Would he exercise causality? Bishop Butler will put to the test his power of reasoning. Is he in need of a little gossip by way of recreation? Horace Walpole will amuse by the hour. Is the society of a sensible woman wanted? Call in Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austin. Is the bitterness of a jilted lover in his heart? "Locksley Hall" will relieve it. Would he stroll in the forest? Evelyn or Bryant will take him there in a moment. By the sea-shore? Crabbe and Byron are sympathetic guides. Are his thoughts comprehensive and inclined for the generalities of literature? Open De Staël or Hallam.

It is a new and glorious era in our experience of books when the vital significance of authorship is heartily realized; dilettantism, excusable to the novice, gives place to the worship of truth; to write for the mere sake of writing, to amuse with the pen, becomes in our estimation what it is—a thing of less interest than the most simple and familiar phenomena of nature; as life reveals itself, and character matures, we long above all for reality, we perceive that growth is our welfare, and that earnestness, faith, and new truth the only joy of a manly intellect. Then we read to nerve our moral energies, to extend the scope of perception, and

to deepen the experience of the soul: the butterflies of literature allure no longer, the imitators we pass by, but the deep thinkers, the original, the brave, lead us on to explore, analyze, and conquer. "Literature," says Schlegel, "according to the spirit in which it is pursued, is an infamy, a pastime, a dry labor, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue;" and this diversity is true, not only of authors in general, but sometimes of the same individual. Many a poet whose early utterance was inspired, has degenerated into a hack, a truckster, and a mercenary penman; and many a youthful dabbler in letters by some deep experience has been matured into the bold advocate or heroic pioneer in the world of thought.

At this moment our vernacular is the only tongue in which men can express themselves fearlessly; it appropriately enshrines the literature of freedom. We seldom realize this noble distinction of the English language. I was half-asleep, one afternoon, in the cabin of a steamer in the Bay of Naples, when suddenly the violent pitching of the vessel ceased, and I hastened on deck to learn the reason of the change, and found, to my surprise, that we were returning into the harbor, the captain having decided that it was too great a risk to venture to sea in such a gale. Pleasant as was the transition from tossing waves to smooth water, every traveler in that region who has gone through the business of a departure—the passport signatures, the tussle with porters, drivers, and boatmen, the leave-takings, packings-up, dissections at post-office and banker's, an embarkation in the midst of cries, rushings to and fro, disputes for gratuities, beggars, missing baggage, attempts to secure a berth, wringing of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and, it may be, embraces at parting—every traveler cognizant of this experience, will understand how vexatious it was, within an hour after this tantalizing process, to find one's self, in traveling costume, once more in the city, for the afternoon, with no lodging, no appointment, and no sight-seeing to do. I was not long in resolving to visit once more my old dining-place the *Corona di Ferro*. At the opposite table to that at which I was seated appeared a handsome young man with a dark, intelligent eye, and a bearing indicative of spirit and courtesy. Seeing me hesitate over the *carte*, he suggested a dish which had proved *molto buono* that day, and having followed the kindly counsel we engaged in a desultory chat about the weather, the Opera, the last news from France, etc., and by the time dessert came on, had established quite a pleasant understanding; at length he made an inquiry based upon the idea that he was addressing an Englishman. I corrected the error, and his politeness at once warmed into enthusiasm at the discovery that he was talking with an American. After dinner he invited me to his apartments. I found the sitting-room adorned with pictures and littered with books. Having ordered coffee, we

were soon engaged in a serious discussion of literary subjects, in which my new friend proved a tasteful votary. He wished for a definite statement as to the extent of the liberty of the press in the United States. I explained it; and he became highly excited, paced the room, quoted Alfieri, sighed, pressed his brow, and at length flung himself into a chair, declaring that, if it were not for kindred who had claims upon him, he would emigrate at once to America. To account for his feelings he showed me a pile of MSS. the publication of which had been prohibited by the government censors on account of their liberal sentiment. He then exhibited several beautiful poems founded on scientific truths, yet mystically involving great and humane principles—a *ruse* he had been compelled to resort to in order to express publicly his opinions. As I recognized the evidences of genius, watched his chafed mood, and noted his manly spirit, I felt deeply the crushing influence of despotism upon authorship, and realized the natural antagonism between poets and kings.

There is no greater fallacy than that involved in the notion of an essential diversity between an author and his books: professed opinions do not reveal the truth of character, but unconscious phases of style, habits of thought, and tones of expression, like what is called natural language, make us thoroughly acquainted with the man. Is not Jeremy Taylor's religious sentiment manifest in the very method of his utterance? Can we not see at a glance the improvidence and the fascination of Sheridan in the tenor of his plays? Who would not avouch the honesty of John L. Stephens after reading his travels? What reverent heart is not magnetized by the genuineness of devotion in Watts, however crudely expressed? Is not prudence signified in the very style of Franklin? Are we not braced with the self-confident frankness of Cooper in the spirit as well as the characters of his nautical and forest tales? Critics betray their arrogant temper under the most courteous phrases; a gentleman is still a gentleman, and a puppy a puppy on paper as in life; the sham and the true are equally discernible in print and in society. Montaigne exhibits his worldly wisdom as plainly in his essays as he ever did in his acts. It is not, therefore, the insidious but the obvious perils of authorship that threaten the novice. Lamentable is it to see mediocre men take up as a vocation either literature or art, for in both a certain amount of *character* alone insures respectability; and this is less requisite in pursuits that do not so openly challenge observation.

One day I was told a gentleman had called and waited for me in the drawing-room. As I entered, he was gazing from the window in the shadow of a damask curtain, which threw a warm tint upon as strongly moulded a face as I remembered to have seen in one so young. His forehead was compactly rounded, his hair curly and raven, and his eye dark and luminous. As

I approached, he handed me a note of introduction from a friend, refused the proffered seat, and wore so earnest and grave an expression that I almost thought he was the bearer of a challenge. "Sir," he began, "I have come to you for sympathy in a great undertaking. I wish to be cheered in a mission, encouraged in a career, advised in an experiment!" There was a certain wildness in the manner of this sententious address which breathed of an excited fancy. I expressed a willingness to aid him to the extent of my humble ability. He drew a thick packet from his coat, and proceeded: "I am a native of a little village in a neighboring State. My father is an agriculturist, and has endeavored to render me content with that lot; but there is something *here*"—and he laid a large red hand on his capacious breast—"that rebels against the decree. I aspire to the honors of literature. I long to utter myself to the world. Here is a tragedy and some lyrics; and I have come to town to test my fortune as an author." I saw that he was an enthusiast, and calmly pointed out the obstacles to success. He became impatient. I enlarged on the healthfulness and wisdom of a country life, on the precarious subsistence incident to pen-craft. His eye flashed with anger. I urged him to consider well the risk he incurred, the danger of failure, the advantages of a reliable vocation, the comfort of an independent though secluded existence. He advanced toward me with an indignant stride. "Sir," he exclaimed, "I have been misinformed; you are not the man I took you for; farewell, forever!" and he rushed from the house. Six months had elapsed, and I was sitting over a book in my quiet room one day, when a terrific knock at the door aroused me, and an instant after the stranger entered and impetuously grasped my hand. "Sir, my dear friend, I mean," he said, "I have done you injustice, and I have come to apologize. For a month after my former interview I passed a feverish novitiate, hawking my manuscripts around, deceived by plausible members of the trade, snubbed by managers, frozen out of the sanctums of editors, yawned at by casual audiences, baffled at every turn, until worn out, mortified and despairing, I went home. The feel of the turf, the breath of the wind, the lowing of the kine, the very scent of hay was refreshing. I thought over your counsel and found it true. I now farm the paternal acres on shares, write verses during the long winter evenings, lead the choir on Sundays, am to marry the pride of the village next week, and am here to beg your pardon, and invite you to my wedding."

The delectable quality of authorship is its impersonality. Consider a moment the privilege and the immunity. If we address a multitude or an individual, the impression may be pleasing or wearisome, but courtesy requires that it be endured with equanimity. A book is unobtrusive, silent, objective. It can be taken up or let alone. In it, if genuine, there is a

thought that craves hospitality to be caught in a favorable mood as the fallow hillock receives the seed borne on the vagrant wind. It may take root, and the originator thereof has unconsciously given birth to an undying impulse or yielded spiritual refreshment. The whole process is like that of nature, unostentatious, benign, and of inestimable benefit; and yet how latent, beyond observation, secreted in consciousness! All power of expression, whether by means of pen, color, or chisel—all artistic development is but a new vocabulary that reveals character. The author and the artist differ from their less gifted fellows simply in this—that they have more language; the endowment does not change their natures; if coarse, artificial, vain—if brave, truthful, or shallow, they thus appear in books and marble or on canvas, and hence it is that character is the true gauge of authorship, and wins or repels confidence, respect, and love, in the same proportion as do living men: "by their fruit shall ye know them." Therefore authors themselves most effectually disenchant readers. They are disloyal to their high mission; they compromise their own ideal, write gossip instead of truth, describe themselves instead of nature, dip their pens in the venom of malevolence, corrupt their style with vulgarity, keep no faith with aspiration, truckle to power and interest, and so bring their vocation itself into merited disdain.

How charming, on the other hand, is the spontaneous bard, who sings from an overflowing and musical nature! There is a court in one of the most populous quarters of London which rejoices in the name of Spring Gardens; doubtless the spot, at one time, was a rural domain; at present, a few trees peering over a wall, and a retired and quaint look about some of the brick domiciles that line the street, alone justify the pleasant name it bears. In one of these houses is the office of the Commissioners of Lunacy; and there, one winter morning, I had the satisfaction of a brief *tête-à-tête* with Procter. His plainly cut frock-coat, long and black, his white hair and quiet bearing, made him appear a curate such as Goldsmith portrayed. It is a curious vocation for a poet—that of testing the wits of people suspected of being out of their mind, and a painful one for a sensitive nature to inspect the asylums devoted to their use. But I remembered that Procter's early taste drew him into intimate love and recognition of the old English dramatists, whose natural element was the terrible in human passion and woe; I considered the profound tenderness of his muse, and I felt that even the tragic scenes it was his duty to witness and to study were not without a certain sad affinity with genius. Kean visited mad-houses to perfect his conception of Lear, and he who sings of human weal and sorrow is taught to deepen and hallow his strain by the misery as well as the amenities of his life. The heart of courtesy, the mood of aspiration, have not been quelled in Procter by the stern professional business

which is his daily task. They loomed up even in that dusky office and kept faith with my previous ideal; but it was especially in the poet's eye that I read the spirit of his muse; ineffably mild and tender is its expression, deepening under the influence of emotion like the tremulous cadence of music that is born of sentiment. I saw there the soul that dictated "How many summers, love, hast thou been mine?" "Send down thy pitying angel, God!" and so many other lays of affection endeared to all who can appreciate the genuine lyrics of the heart identified with the name of Barry Cornwall.

With all its occasional disenchantment, my love of authors imparted a singular charm to the experience of travel; the lapse of time and new localities united then to revive the dreams of youth. What a new grace the first view of the hills of Spain derived from the memory of Cervantes and the gleanings in that romantic field of Lockhart and Irving; how rife with associations was the dreary night-ride beyond Terracina, in the vicinity of Cicero's murder; and what an intense life awoke in desolate Ravenna at the sight of Dante's tomb! The rustling of dry reeds in the gardens of Sallust had an eloquent significance; the figures on Alfieri's monument, in Santa Croce, seemed to breathe in the twilight; the rosemary plucked in Rousseau's old garden at Montmorency, had a scent of fragrant memory; in the *cafés* at Venice, Goldoni's characters appeared to be talking, and Byron's image floated on her waters like a sculptor's dream; in the Florentine villa Boccaccio's spirit lingered; in the Cenci palace Shelley's deep eyes glistened; in the shade of the pyramid of Cestus the muse of Keats scattered flowers; on the shores of Como hovered the creations of Manzoni, and a cliff in Brittany rose like a cenotaph to Chateaubriand; while the cadence of Virgil's line chimed with the lapsing wave on the beach at Naples. I thought at Lausanne of Gibbon's last touch to the "Rise and Fall" and his reverie that night, sought the tablet that covers Parnell's dust at Chester, craved Montgomery's blessing at Sheffield, looked for Sterne's monk at Calais, and beheld the crown on Tasso's cold temples beneath the cypresses of St. Onofrio. De Foe lighted up gloomy Cripplegate, Addison walked in the groves of Oxford, Johnson threaded the crowd in Fleet Street, and Milton's touch seemed to wake the organ-keys of St. Giles. But it is not requisite to wander from home for such experiences.

It was a delicious morning in June. I had passed the previous night at a village on the Hudson; a violent thunder-storm just before dawn had laid the dust, freshened the leaves, and purified as well as cooled the sultry air. Attracted by the sweet breath and vivid tints of the landscape, I determined to walk to a steamboat-landing four miles off, and on my way make a long-meditated visit to Sunnyside. Taking an umbrageous path that wound through a

shady lane, I sauntered along, sometimes in view of the crystal expanse of Tappan Zee, sometimes catching a glimpse of the hoary and tufted Palisades, and again pausing under a majestic elm on whose pendent spray a yellow-bird chirped and swung, or from whose dense green canopy a locust trilled its drowsy note. The breeze was scented with clover and woodbine; sleek cattle grazed in the meadows; amber clouds flecked a heaven of azure; fields of grain waved like a shoreless lake of plumes; the maize stood thick and tasseled; the lofty chestnuts shook their feathery bloom; now and then a solitary crow hovered above or a brown robin hopped cheerily by the wayside. It was one of those clear, serene, luxurious days of early summer which, in our capricious climate, occasionally unite the gorgeous hues of the Orient with the balm and the softness of Italy; pearly outlines stretched along the hills, the broad river gleamed in sunshine, and every shade of emerald flashed or deepened over the wide groves and teeming farms. As I drew near to Irving's cottage the bees were contentedly humming round the locusts, and the ivy-leaves that clustered thickly about the old gables were dripping with the tears of night; every bogle of the honey-suckle was a delicate censer, and the turf and hedge wore their brightest colors; even the old weather-cock, trophy of an ancient colonial Stadt-house, dazzled the eye as it caught the lateral rays of the sun; the fowls strutted about with unwonted complacency, and the house-dog bounded through the beaded grass as if exhilarated by the scene. On the veranda that overlooks the river, from which it is divided by a little grove, sat our favorite author, with a book on his knee, the embodiment of thoughtful content. His home looked the symbol of his genius, and his expression the reflex of his life. They harmonized with a rare completeness, and fulfilled to the heart the picture which imagination had drawn. Here was no castle in the air, but a realized day-dream. Sleepy Hollow was at hand; an English cottage like that to which poor Leslie brought his angel wife, a Dutch roof such as covered Van Tassell's memorable feast, the stream up which floated the incorrigible Dolph, the mountain range whose echoes resounded with the mysterious bowls, and where Rip took his long nap—all identified with the author's virgin fame—gave the vital interest of charming association to the silent grace of nature; and, above all, the originator of the spell was there, as genial, humorous, and imaginative as if he had never wandered from the primal haunts of his childhood and his fame. That he had done so, and to good purpose, however, was evident in his conversation. News had just arrived of a new French *émeute*, and that led us to speak of the first Revolution; and Irving gave some impressive reminiscences of his visits to the localities of Paris which are identified with those scenes of violence and blood. He recurred to them with keen sensibility and in graphic details. It was a delightful surprise

thus to commune with a man whose name was associated with my first conscious relish of native authorship, and detect the same moral zest and picturesque insight in his talk which so long ago had endeared his writings. I felt anew the conservative power of a love of nature and an artistic organization; they had kept thus fresh the sympathies and thus enjoyable the mind. Retirement was as grateful now as when he sought it as a juvenile dreamer; the noble river won as fond a glance as when first explored as a truant urchin; and the kindly spirit beamed as truly in his smile as when he mused in the Alhambra or walked to Melrose with Scott for a cicerone. My authormania revived in all its original fervor; here were the mellow hues on the picture that beguiled my boyhood; and the man, the scene, and the author blended in a graceful unity of effect, without a single incongruity.

AMAZON.

I BURN to tell my love; to call her mine;
To pour upon her heart the fiery tide
That fills my own; to open my soul's shrine
And show her her own image deified!

But vain the web my brain untiring weaves;
For hours I school in vain my spell-bound tongue.
My passion hangs, unuttered, on the eaves
Of my soul's portal. Of a love unsung
I am the minstrel, for I sing alone.
My own heart is my hermitage, and there
I chant impassioned hymns, and weep, and groan,
And to Love's phantom dedicate my prayer.
When on a lonely couch my head I lay,
What mystic eloquence comes to me unsought!
In fervent litanies to her I pray,
And tell my love in rosaries of thought.
A bold and reckless suitor in the night—
A weak and silent coward in the day;
When all is dark I long to greet the light,
But dazzled when light comes, I turn away!

Oh! you should see her! She is of all queens
That drive their chariots over bleeding hearts,
The loveliest one! Not by her sex's means
She won her throne. She has no need of arts.
Born to enslave, she conquers with a glance;
All blandishments and subtle wiles disdains;
A heretic to the antique romance,
To know she is, is knowing that she reigns.
Like the phosphoric trees in forests dark
She lights all hearts, and yet herself is cold;
And woe to him who, dazzled by the spark,
Hopes for a heat her heart can never hold!

But she is beautiful! No vocal dream
Warbled in slumber by the nightingale,
Can match her voice's music. Sculptors seem,
When most inspired, to copy her—and fail!
To gaze on her is song unto the sight;
A harmony of vision, Heaven-sent,
Where all the tones of human charms unite,
And are in one majestic woman blent!

But once I thought she loved me. Bitter hour,
Whose mingled joy and torment haunt me still!

Her eyes look out from every starry flower;
 I hear her mocking laugh in every rill.
 Yet on this grief I love to muse alone.
 It is a key that hath my nature tuned.
 Upon my riven heart I gaze as one
 Grows to companionship with even his wound.

'Twas in the autumn woods we rode one morn
 To hunt the deer with wild and willing steeds.
 The young wind gayly blew his mellow horn,
 And beat the tangled coverts of the reeds.
 The golden elms tossed high their lucent leaves,
 While on their giant boles, so rough in form,
 The rugged bark stood out in corded sheaves,
 Like muscles swoln in wrestling with the storm!

A sudden wayward fancy seized us here
 To pause, and act a leafy masquerade.
 No idle tongues nor curious eyes were near,
 And silent splendor filled the sunlit glade.
 So gathering armsful of the autumn vines
 I wove their red ropes round the passive girl,
 Looping the tendrils of the blushing bines
 Round arms, and head, and each escaping curl.
 Then through her horse's mane that blackly shone,
 I plaited mosses long and leaden-hued,
 Until she seemed like some young Amazon
 Chained by the mighty monarch of the wood.

Oh mockery of conquest! Hidden sting!
 Oh triumph treacherous as the sleeping seas!
She played the captive—*I* the victor-king,
 Threading triumphal arches through the trees!

Sudden, with one wild burst of regal might
 She flung her fluttering fetters to the wind;
 She and her steed with bound of fierce delight
 Dashed through the crashing boughs that closed behind—
 And so she vanished. From the distance dim
 Her scornful laughter floated to mine ear;
 A jest for her—for me a funeral hymn
 Sung o'er a love that stiffened on its bier!

How shall I conquer her? Since that curst day
 Her image stands between me and the world!
 Around my cup of life where flowers should lay,
 Forbidding me, a poisoned snake is curled.
 As heron chased by hawk I soar through space,
 The fatal shafts of her disdain to shun,
 And seek the clouds; but vain the dizzy race—
 I find her still between me and the sun!

Oh queen, enthroned upon an icy height
 What holocaust does thy proud heart desire?
 When will it flame like beacon through the night
 With fiery answer to another's fire?
 Ah! why so cold—so ever cold to me?
 I chafe—I chafe all day from dawn to dark,
 As chafes the wave of Adria's glowing sea
 Against the pulseless marble of Saint Mark!

EXPERIENCES OF A GAMBLER.

THE London season of 1849 was drawing rapidly to a close. Already many a sated votary of fashion, and many a jaded member of Parliament, had escaped from the heated town, to seek, in the repose of an English country home, a renewal of that stock of health and strength upon which London draws, annually, such remorseless drafts. Happily for themselves, the English well understand how these drafts are to be honored when presented for payment; and, instead of transferring London, with its habits and fashions, to the sea-coast, and migrating thither in a body, they spread themselves through the length and breadth of their fair island; and in the privacy of a thousand happy homes they seek—not in vain—for those refreshing influences which contribute so largely to their longevity both of mind and body, and mould, in no slight degree, their national character.

"Now don't forget, Edward dear, that you have faithfully promised to take me into the country on next Saturday," said my young wife to me, as we sat at breakfast in Belgravia, one bright July morning. "What between those horrid Law Courts and the House of Commons, I declare I might as well have been a widow, for all that I have seen of my husband these last few months!"

"No, darling, I won't forget," said I, without lifting my eyes from the columns of the *Times*, which I was devouring with the keen appetite of a business man. "But, merciful Heaven! what do I see here?"

This exclamation, and the look of horror which accompanied it, soon brought my wife scampering round the breakfast-table, and looking over my shoulder.

"What is it?"

"There," said I, pointing mechanically to the announcement which had so much disturbed me. "Read!"

She snatched the paper from my hand, and read aloud, in a tone wherein surprise and mortification struggled faintly for the mastery:

"On the 20th of June, at Pesth, in Hungary, from exhaustion consequent upon wounds received at the storming of Buda, Major Arthur Leslie, of the Hungarian Army, aged twenty-eight."

"And pray, Edward," asked my wife, gently, "who is this Arthur Leslie, whose death affects you so deeply, but whose very name is unknown to me? Has he any thing to do with that dear old Mrs. Leslie who is so fond of you, but about whom you are always so reserved and mysterious?"

"He was her only child—he was my greatest benefactor," I answered, solemnly. "Annie, dearest, forgive me for having had a secret to the knowledge of which I could not admit even you. This evening you shall know the whole of poor Arthur's story. It is too long to tell you now; and my first and most pressing duty is to see Mrs. Leslie without a moment's

delay. Heaven grant that she may already have heard this dreadful news, and that I may be spared the misery of having to break it to her!"

* * * * *

It was past eight o'clock in the evening when I returned to my snug home. The bright July morning had, with the proverbial fickleness of the English summer climate, changed into a rainy and chilly evening. A ray of comfort—the first I had that day experienced—shot into my heart as I opened the door of my library, and was saluted by the bright light of a fire burning cheerfully on the hearth, and by the still brighter light of my wife's welcoming smile as she ran forward to greet me. She was anxiously expecting me. But I saw that she endeavored, with the tact and innate delicacy of a woman, to conceal from me the curiosity which the event of the morning had so powerfully awakened in her. She remembered only the deep emotion which I had betrayed, and she left it to me to approach the subject of that emotion at the time and in the manner least painful to myself. I did not keep her long in suspense.

We hurried with American rapidity through that meal which in London is called "dinner," but to which the wisdom of every other country has given the more appropriate name of "supper." Quickly escaping from the dining-room, we drew our chairs close to the fire in my cheerful library, our favorite haunt; and I proceeded at once with my tale.

"It is now more than seven years since I made Arthur Leslie's acquaintance. Before I tell you how and where I first met him, I must detain you for a while among some scenes of my own early life and history, to a knowledge of which I have never before admitted you, and to which I never revert in my own thoughts without pain and humiliation.

"You are aware that I was educated at Cambridge, and that I graduated there not without distinction. Shortly afterward I was called to the bar, and immured myself in some dingy chambers in the Temple. Like many a young lawyer, I flattered myself that I was in love with my profession, and that it would cost me little 'to scorn delights, and live laborious days;' and I absolutely terrified my poor dear mother with the picture which I drew of the savage ferocity of my intended studies. My old Cambridge friends laughed at my threats; for they knew that I had a competency, than which nothing is supposed to be more fatal to success at the bar; and they recollected that at college I had always been famous for loving whist better than conic sections, and that I had astonished the world, and no one more than myself, by the position which I gained upon the list of wranglers.

"However, I began pretty well, and avoided many of the snares to which young lawyers in London are exposed—not from any merit of my own, but chiefly because they were not tempta-

tions to me. How little strength I had in the presence of real temptations I shall soon be compelled to confess.

"I stuck closely to law-calf during one winter, and during the whole London season which followed; but when the dreary autumn set in I began occasionally to look round my lonesome chambers, and to ask myself whether I should ever get a brief, and if so, whether I should do justice to the solemnity of the occasion. Before long I became less and less constant to my uninviting chambers, and more and more alive to the charms of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, where I met the cheerful faces of old college friends and of pleasant men of the world.

"I have already hinted that I had been a keen whist-player in my Cambridge days. I had that natural liking and aptitude for the game without which no man ever becomes a first-class player; and long before I left college I had the reputation (which I own that I deserved) of playing a better hand at whist than any of my contemporaries. Such a fascination did the game possess for me, that many a time have I sat for hours in my room, with mathematical books and instruments lying neglected before me, while I played over in fancy the rubbers of the night before, and recalled hand after hand which had been dealt to me. In short, at college I had a craving for whist, which many a wasted hour and many a broken night's rest did not suffice to satisfy.

"I was, as I have told you, wavering in my allegiance to the law when autumn declined into winter. The long evenings, so dear to the professional whist-player, had now commenced. I well remember that, for many days during the latter half of that November, the town was oppressed by incessant fogs. The streets were unendurable, my Temple chambers still more so; and in self-defense I became an '*habitué*' of the club. Daily I saw two or three rubbers going on around me; daily I found myself exposed to the solicitations of one or other of my old friends, who, remembering my college proficiency, urged me to take a hand. I made some faint show of resistance at first; but, '*nous revenons toujours à nos premières amours*,' and before Christmas-day came I needed no pressing to induce me to cut in.

"I soon became an habitual whist-player. For two months and more I devoted myself almost day and night to this pursuit, which had such strange attractions for me. We played always for small stakes; but this did not at that time diminish my interest in the game. I played for the love of whist only, not from any thought or wish for gain.

"Matters went on thus until the third month, toward the end of which I began to get somewhat weary of my mistress, and there seemed for a moment a chance of my escaping from her fatal influence. I still loved her dearly, but the Oxford and Cambridge was not at that time renowned as a whist-club; and most of those with whom I had wasted so many hours were young

and inexperienced, and played very indifferently. I may without vanity say that I understood the game far better than my companions, with one single exception. It went to my heart to see so noble a science (as I deemed it) insulted and outraged by the ignorance and unskillfulness of its disciples, and I began to take less and less interest, not in the game, but in their method of playing it.

"You will remember that I made one exception when denouncing the bad play of my companions. B——, the individual in question, was a barrister of some eminence, my senior by some ten years. We were only occasionally honored by his presence at the Oxford and Cambridge; but whenever he came I made a point of playing in the same rubber with him, if possible, or at any rate of looking on and watching his play. He was an admirable player in every respect. He soon discovered my passion for the game, and complimented me on my superiority to the others among whom he found me. With that free-masonry which attachment to the same pursuit inspires in two men, we soon grew intimate; and from him I gained many a valuable lesson in the art of which he was so accomplished a master. The pleasure of seeing him play, or of cutting in, either with or against him, soon dispelled all sense of weariness on my part, and I became more and more devoted to whist.

"One night, after I had played several hands with him, and had been praised by him for the improvement I had made, he called me aside before leaving the room, and asked me whether I should not like to belong to a regular whist-club, where I should meet what he called 'foemen worthy of my steel.'

"'You will have observed,' he said, in his easy, off-hand manner, 'that I am not a frequent attendant here, and, "*sans compliment*," my visits would be still fewer were it not for yourself. You have in you the makings of a first-rate artist,' (how well I remember his words!) 'and it will give me great pleasure to propose you as a candidate at Graham's Club, where I think I can insure your election, and where you will meet not only the best whist-players, but perhaps also the best society that London can afford. What say you?'

"Need I say what my answer was?

"In about three weeks' time I received a note from my friend B——, congratulating me upon having been elected on the preceding evening to Graham's, and intimating, with the considerate kindness of a real gentleman, that upon the afternoon of such and such a day I should find him in the club.

"It was early in April when I was elected. Well do I recollect the mingled feelings of awe and curiosity with which I drew near to Graham's far-famed club on the afternoon which B—— had indicated. You laugh at the idea of my being awe-struck upon approaching what you call a 'nest of gamblers.' But among these 'gamblers' were men who deserve more

than the passing notice I can now bestow upon them, and whose company a young man might well enter for the first time with such feelings. Here might be found members of either House of Parliament, some of them leading politicians of both parties, who (knit together within the walls of this club by their common love of whist) here laid aside, and here only, the political animosities which elsewhere divided them. Hither came—attracted by the presiding genius of the place—men distinguished in many different walks and professions; diplomatists, who had settled the boundaries of empires; Queen's Counsel, and barristers known and unknown to fame; authors and travelers, whose names have become 'household words.' Here, also, was a goodly array of the leading men of fashion, and idle men about town, some of them heavy speculators upon the Turf and Stock Exchange—in short, professional gamblers; others who, having more money than brains, played whist because it was the fashion, and, it must be confessed, paid pretty dear for their amusement. A motley assemblage, in truth; but perhaps as dangerous a company as any into which a young man could by possibility have found his way. How could it be otherwise, when rank, wealth, and intellect here combined to gild Vice and Avarice with the illusive glare of Fashion?

"The club was crowded upon the memorable afternoon when I entered it for the first time. I glanced somewhat timidly round the room, and presently descried my friend B—standing with his back to the fire-place, and talking with animation to a young man who seemed to be junior even to me. No sooner did B—observe me than he advanced, and shaking me warmly by the hand, put me at once perfectly at my ease. Turning to the young man with whom he had just been speaking, he said to us both: 'Gentlemen, you ought to know each other; for out of sixteen candidates balloted for here on Tuesday last, you are the only two admitted to the club. Let me introduce you—Mr. Arthur Leslie, Mr. Edward —.'

"We bowed and entered into conversation. I wish I could give you any thing like a correct idea of Arthur Leslie, as he appeared to me on that day. He was tall and well formed, and upon his whole mien and carriage the '*air noble*' was unmistakably stamped. He was barely twenty-one, and was therefore some four years my junior; although to a close observer his face when in repose showed lines of thought, and traces of care, which gave him a worn and older look. But when the face lighted up, intelligence, frankness, and good-humor beamed in his smile, and before its influence these tell-tale evidences of care vanished, 'like clouds before a Biscay gale.' Never before or since have I seen such a smile. It taught me for the first time what the Italian poet means by the '*lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*,' the 'lightning of the heavenly smile!' To these advantages of face and person he added that indescribable charm of manner which is born with some men,

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and is one of Nature's choicest gifts. To see Arthur Leslie was to like him; but to talk with him was to be bewitched by him. No wonder that he was popular, and that even the cynics of the clubs dealt less mercilessly with him than was their wont. As for me, I loved him from the first hour of our acquaintance.

"But the truth remains to be told. Arthur Leslie was, in the fullest sense of the word, a gambler. At seventeen he had commenced life in one of the regiments of Guards. Launched upon the town at this early age he quickly exhausted the pleasures to which duller men devote their best years, nay, to which some men offer the costly oblation of an entire life. For him the tame, insipid routine of London fashionable life, with its frivolous heartlessness, had little charm. With that passionate craving for excitement which seldom fails to accompany high intellectual powers, he yearned for something real and tangible even in his pursuit of pleasure. At this eventful moment of his life, any accidental circumstance might have moulded the noble materials of his character into a vessel framed for honor.

"The authority of a judicious father, the ennobling influence of an honest woman's love, even the stimulus of the pursuit of academic distinction, would have sufficed to make Arthur Leslie into a man whose name would have lived in the history of his country. Alas! no hand was stretched forth to rescue him from himself. His father had long been dead; woman's love he sought not, or how could he have failed to win it? Fate had placed him in a position more dangerous to one of his mercurial temperament than the deadliest chances of war. He became what many a noble and ardent nature, for want of the healthy excitement of active life, has degenerated into—an inveterate gambler!

"But to return. In this my first conversation with Arthur Leslie I was startled, albeit I dearly loved whist myself, at the strange and vehement earnestness with which he spoke of his own passion for the game. 'As for whist,' he exclaimed, 'she is the goddess of my heart! I positively adore her, and to-day I consider myself publicly enrolled as a votary dedicated to her service.' He then added that he was well aware how inferior his powers as a whist-player were to those of the majority of the members of Graham's Club; but with his zeal and attachment to the game, he doubted not that he should improve quickly.

"I may as well here mention that a very short time served to convince me that Arthur Leslie loved whist better as a vehicle for gambling than as a science '*pure et simple*.' The habitual stakes at Graham's were at that time fearfully high; and he had been in reality attracted by the fame of the sums of money won and lost there, rather than by any inherent love for the game which occasioned such gain and loss.

"After we had talked together for some minutes, our friend B—joined us again, and in-

introduced us to several of our new associates. Among them were some, conspicuous in many different walks of life, with whose names I was familiar, and at whom I looked upon that occasion with feelings of no slight respect. Alas! with what feelings do I regard them *now*? My answer is, With regret and pity; regret, that the powers and gifts which many of them possess should be degraded into the polished weapons of finished gamblers; pity, that poor weak human nature should be unable to emancipate itself from the perilous thrall of play, to which some of them are at this hour as fondly addicted as ever.

"I shall have to speak hereafter of two of the men whose acquaintance I made that day, and, as their names will be interwoven with my tale, I will pause for a moment to describe them now. Colonel D—— was at that time about fifty years old. He was then (and is, I believe, still) reputed to be the first whist-player of Europe.

"He possessed, in an unrivaled degree, all the attributes essential to success in any worldly pursuit. Cold, unimpassioned, persevering, of tenacious memory, possessing an iron constitution, fortified by temperate and abstemious habits, handsome in person, exquisitely refined and courteous in his manners, he is well entitled to all the fame (if fame it can be called), which he has achieved, not only as a whist-player but also as the most finished gentleman whom London can produce.

"Scarcely inferior to Colonel D—— as a successful whist-player (although in a different style), W——, the 'Irish Veteran,' as he is commonly called, remains to be briefly described. He numbered some ten years or so more than the Colonel; and by *this* time he must, by-the-by, have played cards professionally for almost half a century. I suppose he finds his reward in a very comfortable income, which he is said to net thereby. Originally called to the Irish Bar, he relinquished good prospects and the certainty of success as an advocate for the profession which he adopted. Under the apparent warmth and frothy heartiness of an Irishman's manner he concealed the selfishness of an old man of the world; and although, in style and conception, his game was far inferior to that played by Colonel D——, he was thought, by many good judges, to be the most winning player of the two.

"Such were two of the men against whom Arthur Leslie was about to try his 'prentice hand!

"But I must push on with my tale. So far as an unwearied devotion to whist was concerned, Arthur Leslie and I proved to be no ordinary recruits to the service of Graham's. Before a month had passed, we might have been found, day after day, and night after night, seated at the green-cloth tables, devoting hour upon hour to this absorbing pursuit. My life was very much on this wise: whist from 3 or 4 P.M. until 7 P.M.; dinner from 7 till 10; whist again from 10 P.M. till 4 or 5 the next morning;

sleep from 5 or 6 A.M. till noon. This is a faithful sketch of the ordinary life of a professional whist-player in London during the season. You may easily imagine that law and every other useful pursuit were banished from my thoughts almost as effectually as they were from my practice.

"As a general rule, I endeavored to avoid the table at which the highest stakes were played, and as there were usually three or four rubbers going on simultaneously in the club, I seldom found myself seated at the same table with Colonel D—— or the Irish Veteran. Arthur Leslie, on the contrary, took his place from the very outset at the highest table; and thereby not only risked much more than I did, but invariably had for his opponents the most formidable customers that the club could furnish.

"It so happened that Arthur and I generally walked home together, when we left Graham's, after devoting three-quarters of the night to whist. Not long after my election to that fatal club, I had found my Temple chambers inconveniently distant from the scene of action, and, without giving them up, I had engaged rooms in the Albany, wherein I passed the small residue of my time which was not given to whist. Mrs. Leslie's house, at which Arthur lived, is, as you know, in a street close to the Albany; and thus we were companions not only by choice and '*con amore*,' but also necessarily, from the proximity of our homes to each other.

"Many and many a time have we walked home together, in the bright fresh light of morning; I, jaded and worn out, and in my inmost heart thoroughly ashamed of myself—Arthur, full of vivacity and life, and forcing laughter from me by his brilliant sallies and quaint remarks. He never seemed to know, or at any rate to acknowledge, fatigue; and although I sometimes suspected that his spirits were forced, and his gayety assumed, especially when I knew that he had been a heavy loser, I never could withstand their influence, or stem the current in which they flowed. Often and often did I attempt to engage him in conversation about his losses, and to reason with him on the subject of his own inexperience and inferiority to the players against whom he was pitted. Often did I urge him not to risk such high stakes, and to be less ambitious in his notions. He would either evade the subject altogether, or when I pressed him too closely he would answer that it was not worth while to waste so much time for paltry stakes, or he would deny that his losses were material, or he would turn my remonstrances into a joke. I remember one morning reading him a long lecture upon his folly, and flattering myself that I had made some impression upon him. He waited until I had finished, and then replied: 'I fully appreciate the kindness of your intentions toward me; but the idea of sitting up night after night, and going to bed without having lost or won something worth having, reminds me always of the story of Sheridan, who,

when the servant threw down the plate-warmer without damage to its contents, exclaimed, "Why, d—n it, Sir, have you made all that noise for nothing?" At last, even I began to be taken in by his well-sustained gayety; and to imagine that one who was always so light-hearted and cheerful could not be forever playing a part.

"Matters went on for some time in this manner. You will remember that Arthur and I were elected to the club in April. During the months of May, June, and July our lives were very much what I have described. Toward the end of July, London began to empty itself into the country; the ranks of Graham's began to be thinned, and the three or four nightly rubbers dwindled into two, and occasionally into one. By this exhaustive process I found myself frequently forced into the alternative of cutting in at the highest table, or of forswearing my rubber altogether. The former seemed to me a far less evil than the latter; and, to say the truth, an appetite for gain had begun to develop itself in me, and I now thought nothing of risking my twenty or thirty pounds upon a rubber. So insidious are the encroachments of vice upon our prudence and self-control! It is true that I still shrunk from the wholesale and reckless gambling in which Arthur, no less than Colonel D—— and some of the old hands, indulged. I ought to mention that, in addition to the players seated every evening at the whist-table, there were always plenty of lookers on, willing to bet on the rubber to any amount. Thus, in addition to the stakes of the table, amounting to not less than twenty pounds a rubber, Arthur would frequently bet fifty or even a hundred pounds extra upon the result, with one of the by-standers. You may imagine that at this rate he had no difficulty every night, in winning or losing 'something worth having,' to use his own words.

"As August advanced, the attendance at Graham's became more and more scanty; but Arthur and I still played on; as also did Colonel D—— and a few others. Gladly would I pass over the narrative of that fatal August! But I promised that I would tell you the tale; and I will not shrink from it, painful as the recollections are which, leaping over the gulf of seven years, rush to my mind.

"In proportion as I played more at the same table with Arthur, so did my conviction increase that certain ruin to him must result, if he continued to play much longer against men who were too strong for him. He generally rose from the table a loser; and it was impossible for him to conceal altogether, from one who watched him as closely as I did, the haggard and care-worn look which at times sat upon his features. Still he would struggle manfully and successfully against all evidences of dejection when we walked home together; and, as he more than once showed symptoms of touchiness when I spoke to him about his losses, I had no choice but to abandon the topic.

"The 20th of August arrived, and midnight found Colonel D——, the Irish Veteran, Arthur, and myself seated at the solitary whist-table, to which Graham's was now reduced. We had begun to play about ten o'clock in the evening; Arthur had been betting heavily, as usual, with some of the by-standers; luck was running fearfully against him; and I shuddered as I remarked a wildness in his glance and a tremulous hollowness in his voice, which I had never noticed before. One o'clock—two o'clock—three o'clock came: still we played on: still upon the balance of the night's play Arthur was a fearful loser. Four o'clock struck. 'This must be our last rubber,' said Colonel D——, who had won largely, and had played on for some time against his will, in order to give poor Arthur a chance of retrieving some of his losses. We cut for partners—the Colonel and I against Arthur and the Irish Veteran. The first game was won by them in one hand. Arthur, fevered and overwrought, screamed out,* 'I will bet five hundred to two hundred that we win the rubber!' The bet was so much larger than, even in that atmosphere of high play, it was customary to offer, that for a few seconds there was no response. My anxiety was sickening. I glanced across the table at my partner, Colonel D——; I marked his cold gray eye, and *felt* that he was about to accept the offer. My resolve was made in an instant: 'Done!' I exclaimed, 'I will take the bet!' Arthur looked at me in astonishment, and said, 'Are you in earnest?' 'Perfectly,' I replied, and that was all that passed.

"The second game ended in favor of my partner and me; the chances of the issue were now evenly balanced. The cards were cut for the third and decisive game. Slowly and anxiously we fought it out. Oh! how fervently I prayed in my heart that Arthur might win! 'Four all!' The cards were dealt for the decisive hand. Neither party could now count honors; we were playing for the odd trick. As if to increase our suspense, hands more evenly balanced were perhaps never dealt. The Colonel and I had six tricks turned—our adversaries had four. The trumps (spades) were all out with the exception of three, of which two were in Arthur's hand, the third and highest in his partner's; the game was theirs, if they could make their trumps separately. Their fourth trick had been won by Arthur; three cards remained in his hand—two small trumps and the nine of hearts. In an evil hour, he led one of the small trumps, thereby drawing his partner's last tooth, and in no degree weakening his adversaries. I saw, by the faint smile which rippled across my partner's face, and which smote my heart as though it had been my own death-warrant, that Arthur had lost the game. The lead remained with the

* The reader must bear in mind that in England *short* whist (or five points to the game) is uniformly played. The odds are five to two that the players who win the first game will win the rubber.

Irish Veteran. He had nothing but two small clubs left, of which he led one; the Colonel, being second player, put the queen of clubs upon it; Arthur, playing third hand, took the trick with his thirteenth trump, and triumphantly led out the nine of hearts, fancying that it was the best. Alas! my partner's face and my own memory told me a different story. 'Game,' said the Colonel, in his quiet, courteous tone, taking the trick with the knave of hearts! Then followed objurgations and explanations—the Irishman pointing out to poor Arthur how 'he could not have lost the game, if,' etc., etc., etc. As for me, the whole room seemed to be swimming round; and I recollect nothing more until I found myself in the street, walking home with Arthur.

'I roused myself by a strong effort from the trance which seemed to overwhelm me. Arthur walked silently by my side: I dared not look at him, for I knew that thoughts were busy at his heart to which he had before been a stranger. It was a lovely morning. Even the hot, close streets seemed gladdened and refreshed by something of the fragrance which reached them, wafted from the distant fields on the wings of the morning breeze. Here and there a mechanic, 'going forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening,' passed, with the quick, active step of industry. Wagons laden with fruit and vegetables, the daily offerings of the country to the commissariat of the mighty town, passed slowly along the deserted streets. In one of these wagons I noticed a large basket of newly-cut flowers, with the morning dew still fresh upon them. Their grateful perfume saluted us as we passed. 'See, my dear Arthur,' I exclaimed, pointing to them, 'does not the country woo us to fly from these reeking haunts of men, and to seek health of mind and body in a purer atmosphere, and worthier pursuits? Let us accept the invitation this very day!' I turned to him as I spoke. Never, never, shall I forget the look which met my anxious glance. Deep, stony, settled, hopeless despair reigned in his face. A single tear had fallen upon his cheek. 'Great God!' he murmured, in hollow, broken accents, 'what is to become of me? How will my poor, poor mother survive that which *must* follow?'

'These words, wrung forth from the agony of his soul, were muttered to himself rather than spoken to me. There was in them that terrible significance which so startles and appalls the hearer who is conscious that more is meant than meets the ear. My heart beat thick and loud. I knew that there was a fiend busy at his heart, prompting thoughts for which his overstrained and debilitated powers of mind and body were now no match. A dreadful sense of responsibility seemed to crush me. With me it rested to watch this noble mind which was trembling in the balance, and to restore to it the calmness and soberness of reason. Fearful and distinct the gloomy picture, word-painted by Gray, rose before me:

'Keen Remorse with blood defiled,
Or moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest Woe!'

There was something in his look, his walk, his unnatural silence, which was eloquent to me, and told me that the dread alternative suggested in the poet's lines was not merely a hideous phantom, conjured up by my own fears, but a living, actual, present danger.

'We had now approached his home. To leave him by himself was not to be thought of. I stopped, and seized him by the hand. 'Arthur, have you ever had cause to doubt my friendship—my love for you? But how have you responded to them? For weeks past you have been playing a part before me; you have tried to conceal your troubles, your difficulties from me. The events of to-night have fearfully aggravated those difficulties. Will you still be deaf to the better instincts of your heart, and refuse to lean upon the breast of a friend who loves, and will never desert you?' Here I broke down, overcome by my own emotion. He turned and leaned his head upon my shoulder. His heart was touched, and half the victory was won. Tears flowed freely through the fingers clenched before his eyes—'tears from the depth of some divine despair'—the safety-valves of the bursting heart, the flood-gates of the seething brain. We entered his home together; he flung himself on the sofa; I seated myself at his side. In broken, hurried tones he told me the outline of his position. He had succeeded to some ten thousand pounds upon his coming of age a few months before. This sum barely sufficed to pay the debts he had incurred up to that time; which debts he had paid without telling his mother or any one else of their existence. Since that time, in order to meet his losses at whist, he had had recourse to the Jews, and had borrowed largely and secretly from them. He had heavy engagements about to become due; he had lost more than a thousand pounds at Graham's that night; his credit with the Hebrew blood-suckers was exhausted; disgrace, infamy, shame—portrayed in such colors as are suggested only by imaginative minds like his—stared him in the face.

'My task was difficult on account of his pride and sensitive delicacy, but my obvious duty was to relieve his mind from the galling pressure of his debts of honor at Graham's. Oh how thankful I was that I had snapped up that reckless bet which he had offered upon the last rubber, and that his losses to others amounted to not more than a sum with which I could easily grapple! The laws regulating the prompt payment of debts of honor at Graham's were like those of the Medes and Persians, which alter not. No one was more scrupulously punctual in the payment of his losses than poor Arthur had been up to that time. I gently led him to dismiss from his mind the incubus which most oppressed it. I pointed out to him that I had been, upon the whole, a winner at Graham's (which was true, although the amount was in-

considerable), and, by the sacred ties of friendship, I adjured him to think no more of his losses that night, but to let me represent him on the ensuing afternoon at Graham's. Slowly and gradually I restored something like tranquillity to his mind; and before long I remarked, to my intense relief, that bodily exhaustion had well-nigh overcome him, and that sleep was at hand. I sat down at the table, pretending that I wanted to write some letters for the early post (it was now nearly seven o'clock), and presently he fell asleep on the sofa where he lay.

"For some time I watched by his side, and for the first time I observed the full extent of the ravages which late hours, feverish excitement, and harassing care had committed upon the freshness of his youth. Yet he slept calmly and serenely; and as he lay before me, I thought of Milton's beautiful lines:

"His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscured—"

"Before long his servant softly entered the room, and started to see his master stretched on the sofa and me seated by his side. Beckoning to the servant to be silent, and to follow me out of the room, I gave him strict orders to take my place by Arthur's side, and to send round a message to my rooms immediately that his master woke. This he promised to do, and I hurried home, pretty well exhausted by a night of such care and anxiety.

"I could not sleep long myself, and soon after eleven o'clock I was again in Arthur's room, for I was anxious to be there when he awoke, knowing that to the miserable the return of consciousness after sleep is accompanied by a sense of terror and depression, which they alone who have experienced it can fully realize. His sleep was now broken and uneasy, and about noon he awoke.

"I will not dwell longer on these painful details. His waking was fearful, but I would not give him time to think, for I occupied his attention incessantly by suggesting plans and overruling his objections to them. I settled that we would go down that evening by the train to Brighton, where his mother was then staying, and that her mind should be prepared, '*en temps et en lieu*,' for the necessity of his leaving the army and going abroad until I could settle his affairs.

"In the afternoon I went to Graham's. There I found Colonel D—— and a few others. They were talking of Arthur and his losses when I joined them. I entered into conversation with the Colonel, and, carelessly mentioning that Arthur was going into the country, and had asked me to settle his account for the previous night's play, I paid his debt to the Colonel; also his debts to one or two others who happened to be present. In this manner I paid away nearly six hundred pounds; and after passing half an hour, chatting carelessly with them upon indifferent subjects, I excused myself from joining

in the afternoon rubber by pleading an engagement, and left the club, never again to enter within its hateful precincts.

"I have dwelt so long upon the early part of poor Arthur's history that I must compress what remains to be told into as brief a space as possible.

"We went to Brighton that evening, and upon the following day I saw Mrs. Leslie, and broke to her, as gently as I could, the position of Arthur's affairs, without, however, letting her know the full extent of the mischief—with which, indeed, I was not at that time myself acquainted.

"I will pass over the parting between the mother and the son; which, however, lost much of its bitterness from the belief, entertained by both, that his absence would not exceed a year. I accompanied him to Germany, and at Dresden we parted—never again to meet on this earth!

"I returned to London in order to ascertain the extent of his debts, and to devote myself to the adjustment of his affairs. The sale of his commission in the Grenadier Guards gave me something in hand to start with; but I found myself no match in diplomacy for the griping Shylocks in whose meshes he was entangled. His debts were larger than I expected, or than he himself was aware of; but the chief difficulty in dealing with them was that the Jews knew the position of his affairs just as well as I did, and laughed at the idea of accepting the compromise for his debts which I was able to offer. They were perfectly well aware that at Mrs. Leslie's death he would succeed to a considerable sum, of which she enjoyed the interest during her lifetime without being able to touch the principal. 'They would abide patiently,' said they, with that keen insight into human nature which is the distinguishing feature of their race, 'until Mr. Leslie got tired of living abroad, or until Mrs. Leslie got wearied of his absence.'

"Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to preach patience to Arthur, with whom I was in constant correspondence. It was at this crisis that, after having traveled for some time in Hungary, he chanced to make the acquaintance of General Guyon. They seem to have taken a fancy to each other at first sight; and no wonder, for, according to Arthur's report, Guyon must be a glorious fellow. He is, as you know, an Englishman by birth; but he entered the Austrian army, after having served with the British Legion in Portugal, and ended by marrying the daughter of a noble Hungarian family. By Guyon's advice and assistance, Arthur, who pined for employment, entered the service of Austria, and attached himself to a Hungarian hussar regiment, in which Guyon then held the rank of major."

Here I paused for a moment in my narrative, and unlocked my private drawer—the receptacle of all my choicest treasures. From it I drew forth a large packet of letters, which I placed in my wife's hand.

"These," I continued, "are poor Arthur's letters, commencing at the date of his entering the Austrian service, and continued until within two months of the present time. Read them, and see whether I have exaggerated the intellectual gifts of the writer, and judge for yourself whether they are the productions of an ordinary man. You will see with what earnestness he takes up the wrongs of Hungary; in what words of fire he denounces the oppression and duplicity of Austria. When the revolutionary war broke out he flung off his allegiance to Austria, and, following the example of Guyon, threw himself heart and soul into the ranks of the patriots. His long residence in Hungary had made him familiar with the Magyar tongue—his personal qualities endeared him to all with whom he came in contact—his bravery in action made him conspicuous even in that army of heroes and patriots, whose gallant feats of arms have awakened a proud sympathy in the hearts of brave and true men all over the world.

"I have little heart, dearest Annie, to dwell longer on these memories, or to narrate to you at present the details of my long interview with poor Mrs. Leslie this day. Suffice it to say that I found her calmer and stronger than I dared to hope. Before her, as I entered, lay the letter in which General Guyon announced to the now childless widow that the last link which bound her to earth was broken.

"You will remember my reading to you from the newspapers, not long ago, the bloody details of the storming of Buda by the Hungarians, under General Görgey, on the 21st of May. You can now understand the deep interest which that story possessed for me. In all history I have read no passage of arms exhibiting valor more heroic, and enthusiasm more devoted, than those which the narrative of the storming of Buda supplies; nor is it too much to say that to Arthur Leslie, more than to any other individual, Guyon, in his letter, represents the success of the final onslaught to have been attributable. After many repulses and desperate loss upon both sides, Arthur led on, with resistless impetuosity, a band of the Honveds,* with whom he had acted in concert since the beginning of the war. Animated by his voice and gesture, the Honveds ascended the ladders with such headlong fury that the ramparts were carried in a rush, and a terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued in the streets. In the thickest of the smoke—wherever the din of battle rose loudest—Arthur was to be seen; until, on a sudden, they who had so nobly supported him missed his inspiring cheer, and lost sight of that tall form which had so long towered over the closing throng. Buda was won, but at how fearful a cost!

"Just within the breach, where the piles of mangled dead lay thickest, Arthur was found. His right arm was shattered by a musket-ball,

and he had been bayoneted in several places as he lay on the ground. Life was not extinct; he might, they thought, recover if the hemorrhage from a bayonet-stab, which had pierced the lungs, could be arrested; but the exhaustion from the loss of blood was fearful. They carried him across the Danube to Pesth; and, at his request, a letter to Guyon was at once dispatched. Guyon, with difficulty absenting himself from his division in another part of Hungary, hurried to the bedside of his friend; and it was in his arms that, after a month's alternations of hope and fear—of rallying and declining strength—poor dear Arthur peacefully expired, on the 20th of June; his mother's name, mingled with occasional mention of Guyon's and my own, being gently breathed forth from his dying lips. It was from Guyon's pen that Mrs. Leslie learned the particulars of her exiled son's heroism in a distant land, of the love and attachment which there attended him when living, and followed him to the grave of honor in which he now sleeps.

"My story is almost told. It remains only for me to notice two circumstances which concern me more than the friend whom I have lost. From one of those letters which I have just given you, you will learn that, upon the eventful morning when Arthur and I walked home together, for the last time, from Graham's Club, I was not mistaken in thinking that his mind was for the moment unhinged, and that he was scarcely accountable for his actions. In that letter he speaks, in words of gratitude and affection, dearly precious to me at this moment, of my having protected him from the commission of the rash and bloody deed suggested to him in that dreadful hour by his own gloomy and desperate thoughts.

"You will recollect that at the outset of my tale I spoke of Arthur as 'my greatest benefactor.' These words require no further commentary than has been supplied by my narrative. What I was during those fatal months which followed my introduction to him I have endeavored to describe to you. What I was then I should have been now had it not been for Arthur Leslie!

"Alas! there are at this moment—there will be always, not only here in London, but in every large town throughout the civilized world—many Arthur Leslies; few, very few, perhaps, combining *all* the rare gifts of mind and body which were bestowed upon him, but many who are devoting the faculties and gifts which God has given them, in greater or less abundance, to one of the most debasing and enslaving of His enemy's snares. Would to Heaven that the fate of poor Arthur, revealed in his wasted youth, his exiled manhood, his premature death, might awaken in some of them, ere it be too late, the struggling pangs of a stifled conscience! If there be one precept, one axiom in life, of which experience, in all countries, daily and increasingly confirms the truth, it is that 'he who gambles is lost.'

* The Honveds, or "Home Defenders," are the militia of Hungary. Their devoted bravery in the Revolutionary War of 1848-'49 will bear not unfavorable comparison with the heroism of the American militia of 1775-'83.

"To each and all such I would fain say, 'Therefore, whosoever thou art that gamblest, be not deceived! Thou hast sown the wind, and thou shalt reap the whirlwind. If thou bringest to this hateful vocation no more than ordinary faculties and commonplace energies, thou wilt but serve to fatten and enrich the sharks that live upon such as thee; if thou shouldst enter this ignoble arena armed in the confident panoply of superior capacities and attainments, full soon shalt thou learn that the right weapons for thee to wield are knavery and cunning; that the companions of thy success are remorse and self-contempt; that thy boasted powers are enlisted in a service which, if long continued, will not fail to make 'knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible!'"

HE ALWAYS CAME IN SUNSHINE.

THERE are men who always come to you in sunshine; and there are men whose presence you feel as a shadow. It is ever so, meet them when and where you will—at home, in the street, on 'Change, in the store, office, or counting-room—there is ever the radiant sunshine or the projected shadow.

As men are, so, in the main, will you find their homes. The man who turns his face always to the light brings his warm and genial sphere into his home-circle; while the man whose back is to the sun never enters the door of his dwelling without throwing a shadow over the household.

My Uncle Florian was a man whose spirit seemed to know perpetual sunshine. I never saw a cloud in his face; I never knew his coming to shadow the heart of even a little child. Dear Uncle Florian! What a rare pleasure it was when, leave obtained, I turned my steps lightly from the shadowed house where my early years were spent, and came, for a brief season, into the brightness of thy beloved presence!

"Ah! Hattie dear, is this you?" Memory will never lose the echo of his pleasant voice as he greeted my coming; nor do I feel the pressure of his hand lighter now upon my head than it was thirty years ago, when it buried itself among the golden curls of childhood.

My aunt was not so cheerful in spirit as Uncle Florian. She was more inclined to look upon the dark side of things, and to prophecy evil instead of good. But Uncle Florian never permitted the clouds to darken the whole sweep of her horizon. If he could not always scatter the leaden mass of vapor he would break it into rifts, and let in, here and there, broad strips of sunshine.

Children are always children—thoughtless, given to fits of passion, disobedient in little things, inclined to selfishness. I give the picture's shadowed side. My cousins were no exception. Children are not born angels; they come to us in the natural plane of life, and receive by inheritance natural inclinations, which,

unhappily, ever show a downward proclivity. But the germs of angelic life are in the inmosts of their being, and the wise parent gives loving yet earnest heed to the insemination of these, which is done by the awakening of gentle, tender, unselfish affections, and the storing up of true and good principles in the mind.

My cousins were like other children; and their mother, like too many mothers, weakly indulgent at times, and passionate, unreasonable, and exacting at other times. Ill health—the curse of American mothers—made her often fretful, and dimmed her vision when she looked out upon life.

I remember one June day that I spent, as a great privilege, at Uncle Florian's. I did not ask of my father the privilege, for I feared his universal "No." But after he had gone forth, I enticed, with childish art, my weak, unhappy mother into consent. Quietly, almost demurely, fearing to show any exuberant feelings, I stole out from my shadowed home; and when once fairly beyond the gate, and across the road into the green fields, I flew over the intervening distance with the tremulous joy of an uncaged bird.

"Ah, Hattie, dear!" It was the kind voice of Uncle Florian. I met him at the gate, surrounded by my cousins. He laid his hand upon my head as usual, and stooped to receive my kiss.

"How are father and mother?"

"Well, I thank you."

Ah, but it was not well with them. Why, in my childish ignorance, I knew not. But, somehow, my father always came to us in shadow. His presence hushed the sports of his children. Our home rarely knew the blessing of cheerful sunshine.

"Take good care of Hattie, dears," said Uncle Florian, with a beaming countenance, as he turned from the gate; "and make this day in her life's calendar a golden one."

And it was a golden one, as were all the days I ever spent at Uncle Florian's. Yet was not the day all cloudless. It was more shadowed, perhaps, than any day I had ever spent with my cousins, who were, as I have said, like other children, given to fits of passion, and swayed by the sudden impulse of selfish feelings. Several times Aubry, the oldest of my cousins, who seemed for a while possessed with a teasing spirit, worried his gentle sister Marion into tears, and sadly marred our pleasure. He would not go away and find his own enjoyment, but kept with us nearly all the morning, for no other reason, it seemed, than to gratify an unamiable temper.

At dinner-time—Uncle Florian had gone to the city, and would not return until toward evening—Marion complained bitterly of Aubry's conduct, and my aunt scolded sharply. The boy did not receive his mother's intemperately-spoken reproof in a very good spirit, and was sent from the table in consequence of a disrespectful word dropped thoughtlessly from his lips—a word repented of as soon as uttered, and

which a wiser reproof on his mother's part would not have provoked.

I tasted no more food after Aubry was sent from the table.

"Your father shall hear of this!" said my aunt, sternly, as Aubry left the room.

My cousin did not trouble us again during the remainder of the day. I met him several times, but he did not look cheerful. His own thoughts were, I saw, punishing him severely. A restless spirit kept him wandering about, and doing all kinds of out of the way things. Now you would see him turning the grindstone vigorously, though no one held axe or knife-blade upon the swiftly-revolving periphery; now he was on the top of a haymow; now climbing the long, straight pole that bore up the painted bird-box, to see if the twittering swallow had laid an egg; and now lying upon the grass in restless indolence.

Crash! What is that? The boy had found his way out upon the branch of one of his father's choice plum-trees, which had only this year come into bearing, and was laden with its first offerings of half-ripe fruit. His weight proved too heavy for the slender limb, and now, torn from its hold upon the tree, it lay in ruin upon the ground.

Aubry was unhurt. In falling he had alighted upon his feet. But if his body had escaped without harm, not so his mind; for he comprehended in an instant the extent of injury sustained by his father's favorite tree—a tree to which two years of careful attention had been given, and to the ripening of whose choicely-flavored fruit that father had looked with so much pleasure. The shape of the tree was also a matter of pride with Uncle Florian. He had pruned it for two seasons with a careful attention to symmetry as well as fruit-bearing, and I had more than once heard him speak of its almost perfect form.

Tears were in the eyes of my Cousin Aubry as we came up to where he stood, gazing sadly upon the broken limb. My aunt had heard the crash and fall, and came running out from the house with a frightened air. The moment she comprehended the nature of what had occurred she struck her hands together passionately, and stung the already suffering mind of the boy with sharp, reproving words. Aubry made no answer. The pain he felt was too severe to find much accession from this cause; though any added pang was cruelty, no matter from what source it came.

"If it had been any other tree," said Aubry. I was sitting by his side, trying to comfort him, an hour after the accident. "If it had been any other tree I would not have cared so much. But father valued this one so highly. It was his favorite tree."

"He will not be angry." I was thinking how very angry my own father would have been under like circumstances, and how severely he would have punished my brother had he been guilty of a similar fault. "He

is always so cheerful—always so ready to forgive."

"It isn't that, Cousin Hattie—it isn't that," answered the boy, in a troubled voice. It is not his anger I fear."

"What, then, have you to fear?" I inquired.

"His sorrow, Cousin. Ah, Hattie! that is worse than his anger. He took so much pride in this tree; and now it is ruined forever!"

"Only a single limb is broken. The tree is not destroyed. There is much fruit on it still," I said, trying to comfort him.

"It's beauty is gone," replied Aubry. "That beauty which father produced by such careful pruning. No, Hattie; there is no bright side to the picture. All is dark."

It was in vain; we could not comfort the unhappy boy, who spent the rest of the day alone, brooding over the event which had so troubled his peace.

"There's your father now," I heard my aunt say, a little before sundown. She was speaking to Aubry, and her voice had in it neither encouragement nor comfort. The breaking of the tree had excited her anger, and she still felt something of unkindness. I looked from the window and saw Uncle Florian alighting from his horse. His face was turned toward us—his kind, good face, that always looked as if the sun were shining upon it. Aubry arose—he had been sitting by a table, with a dejected air, his head resting upon his hand—and went out hastily to meet his father.

"I hope," said my aunt, "that he will give him a good scolding; he richly deserves it! What business had he to climb into that tree, and out upon so slender a limb?"

I felt an almost breathless interest in the meeting between my cousin and Uncle Florian. I had never seen that mild face clouded, but I was sure it would be clouded now. How could it help being? His countenance, as he stood with his hand resting upon the neck of his horse, was still turned toward us, and I could see every varying expression. My breathing was nearly suspended as I saw Aubry reach his father and look up into his face. A little while he talked to him, while Uncle Florian listened attentively. Every instant I expected to see the cloud, but it came not to dim the light of cheerful kindness in that almost angelic countenance. While Aubry yet talked, earnestly, to his father, one of the farm hands came out from the stable and took the horse. Then the two—father and son—came toward the house; and as the former commenced speaking, in answer to the communication which he had received, I noticed that he laid his hand upon the shoulder of Aubry in an affectionate way, and drew him close to his side. They passed near the broken plum-tree, but neither looked at it. I think Uncle Florian avoided a sight which, just then, could hardly have been met without an unpleasant shock to his feelings.

Now, as ever, dear Uncle Florian came in sunshine; and it was warm enough and bright

enough to chase away coldness and shadow even from the heart and brow of my aunt, who could not forgive the offense of her boy.

For every one my good uncle had a smile or a pleasant word. If in degree there was a difference, it was in favor of Aubry, who seemed held to his father's side by some irresistible attraction. Instead of separating between him and his father, I think that little unpleasant event drew them nearer together, and bound their hearts closer by the magic tie of love.

As I turned my face homeward that evening I felt that I had turned it away from the sunshine; and so it was. A trifling fault of one of my brothers had been visited by excessive punishment, given in anger, and there was gloom in the household—and not only gloom, but alienation, the germ of separation.

We were sitting, on the next morning, at our late, silent, moody breakfast—silent and moody after rebuking words from my father, who seemed only half-satisfied with the punishment already meted out to my brother—when the door opened, and a cheerful voice sent a chord of pleasant music vibrating through the room, and a face that always came in sunshine scattered, with its golden beams, the clouds which curtailed all our feelings. Smiles warmed over the sober face of my mother, and light sparkled in her eyes, while the whole aspect of my father's countenance underwent a change.

"Ah, Harry!" Uncle Florian spoke to my brother, who was in disgrace for a fault light in every way compared to the fault of Aubry on the day previous, "how finely you are growing! Really, you are the handsomest boy in the neighborhood."

"If he were only as good as he is good-looking," said my mother.

"Tut! tut!" replied Uncle Florian, half-aside, to my mother. "Never say that to a boy's face." Then aloud and cheerfully, "I'll stand sponsor for Harry, and put his good conduct against his good looks any day." What a grateful expression my brother cast upon him!

For each and all Uncle Florian had a kind word, and upon each and all fell the warm sunlight of his cheerful spirit. When he left us, after his brief visit, we were all happier. Even my father's brows were less contracted, and his voice was kinder when he spoke; and as for my mother, her heart was warmer and her countenance brighter through all the day that followed.

Blessings on Uncle Florian, and on all men who, like him, come to us in sunshine! They carry their own heaven with them, and give to every one they meet a glimpse of its sweet beatitudes. Ever more ready to praise than blame—to see good rather than evil—to find the sunny instead of the cloudy side—they are like the angels of whom it has been said, that when they come to a man they search only for what is good in him, that they may warm the celestial seed into germination, knowing that if the forces of life are directed into the good seed the evil must

lie dormant. Long years since he went to his rest—his days declining, like the last warm days of the later autumn, and his western sky radiant with the passing glories of a spirit that always clothed itself in sunbeams.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH RACHEL.

ALL who ever saw Rachel, all who love the true and beautiful in Art, must have received the news of her loss with emotions such as stirred the scholars of the early Christian ages on seeing the most exquisite statues of antiquity shattered by the unsparing hands of the image-breakers. The pedestal on which she so long stood is now vacant, and there is none to succeed her. Ristori has been mentioned; but Ristori, though endowed with splendid natural powers, is deficient in that grace of conception and refinement of culture which Rachel superadded to the qualities of her Italian rival. Ristori (whom I never saw but once) impressed me as a woman who may be met with among the Southern nations once in a generation. Rachel's equal we may not hope to find more than once in the course of centuries. We might as readily expect to see another Phidias or Apelles, as look for a repetition of that wondrous combination of nobleness, nature, and perfect delicacy of finish which characterized the performances of this matchless woman. We must treasure deeply within our hearts the recollection of her triumphs; for that glorious star is now set forever, and the space she filled is known only by the trail of light she has left behind her. But this trace of her will endure as long as the lost legacies of the mighty Past—the statues and paintings of the Parthenon, the beauty of Cleopatra, the genius of Roscius, mere shadows though they have become—continue to command the reverence of mankind.

It is not my purpose here to enter into an analytical appreciation of this great artist. Other and far abler hands will undertake the task, and do her fitter justice. But I may be permitted passingly to allude to the peculiarly Grecian cast of her genius. More than any other artist of modern times, she seems to have succeeded in uniting the purity, the delicacy, and the grandeur of the classic ideal. Her acting, her temperament, her appearance, were pre-eminently impassioned, intellectual, and, if I may be allowed the expression, statuesque. Her passions were vehement and genuine, but they were chastened by an intellect which, in matters of art, was almost faultless; and her richly-endowed physique, spare as it was, was admirably obedient and complementary to both, giving intensity to her passions and symmetry to her taste. In all her movements her air was thoroughly patrician; and in the classic drama, where the costume favored it, her appearance was that of an antique statue. And so faultlessly beautiful, so suggestive of high emotion in their very repose, were all her attitudes, that, had the art of sculpture only dated from her time, one might justly have doubted whether

she had been more indebted to the statuary for her attitudes, or he to her acting for his inspirations. For this reason I have always fancied that, admirably as she would appear in English tragedy had she succeeded in mastering the language, in no part would she have been more at home than in Talfourd's beautiful play of *Ion*, in which the pure spirit of the classics is probably more visible than in any other English dramatic composition.

Those who were so fortunate as to witness her performances will need only an enumeration of her great parts: *Camille*, with its famous imprecation; *Phèdre*, with its long-sustained display of supernatural emotion; *Hermione*, with its fierce jealousy and revenge; *Pauline*, in *Polyeucte*, where the beautiful heathen girl, changing her faith, exclaims, through her gifted Jewish interpreter, with a fervor of inspiration which no Christian ever surpassed, "*Je vois, je sais, je crois! Je suis Chrétienne enfin!*"—(I see, I know, I believe! At last I am a Christian!) *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, where with the charm of a siren she asks, "*Suis-je belle?*" *Marie Stuart*, in which she exhibits so much majesty, beauty, and sorrow that it is hard to believe the great prototype herself could have been more queen-like, more beautiful, or more unfortunate; *La Tisbé*, where she tells her lover *Rodolfo* so bewitchingly, "*Je reviens seulement pour te dire un mot, je t'aime!*"—(I come back to say only one word—I love you!) bursting out at another time so generously in behalf of her unhappy rival, *Catarina*, "*Je la crois, moi!*" *Lady Tartuffe*, whom you can not avoid hating, so perfectly does she portray this Iago-like character; and, finally, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in which, resplendent with jewels, beautiful, *spirituelle*, after fascinating us through five acts, she dies, exclaiming with deepest pathos these words, now so applicable to her own story, "*Je suis si jeune, et la vie s'ouvrait pour moi si belle!*"—(I am so young, and life is so fair before me!) To those that saw her this mere mention of her great characters will suffice to revive the impressions of her powers, in their varied scope and highest development. To those that never saw her, no words can succeed in conveying an idea of what she was; no description depict the clear, intellectual light, so full of intensity and motion, which played like a halo about her features. Neither can I aspire to add to her fame either as artist or as woman. But it having been my good fortune to enjoy a brief personal acquaintance with the great *tragédienne*, I believe that they who are ever inclined to cling to the most trifling associations with gifted natures; and who, like the artist herself, are ever more disposed to admire those qualities in which they rise above their fellow-creatures than to linger over those shortcomings which they possess in common with the rest of humanity, will be pleased to welcome a few simple reminiscences of Rachel as she appeared in private life.

The first time I had the pleasure of meeting the *tragédienne* off the stage was on the night

of her second performance of *Marie Stuart* in this city, at the Metropolitan, now Burton's, Theatre. In accordance with a previous arrangement, the presentation took place at the close of the third act. As *Marie Stuart* does not appear on the stage throughout the fourth act, and as the entr'actes were somewhat long, it gave me an opportunity of making quite an extended visit.

Rachel was alone in a small apartment under the stage which had been specially fitted up for her use. The room was lined on each side with red drapery, and as it was quite small, with a low ceiling, it bore a decided resemblance to a prison-cell. Dressed in the well-known costume of the Queen of Scots—a most queen-like attire, and one peculiarly becoming to the person of its present wearer—she was reading a book as I was ushered in, her left arm resting on the table. Close to her, and as a continuous part of the tableau which I could not help admiring, stood that exquisite diadem, scintillating with diamonds, and so gracefully fashioned that every man, and particularly every woman, that ever saw it, remembers it as distinctly as one does the crown-jewels in the Tower of London. What with the contemplative aspect of Rachel, her distinguished air, her royal costume, the crown, the small low room, and her loneliness, the illusion of the imprisoned queen was complete—more so even than in the play itself. Her appearance lost nothing by being submitted to a close inspection. Her features were most delicately chiseled, bespeaking a refined intellect and a temperament of rare sensibility; her complexion was of a uniform pallor; her eyes of almost supernatural brilliancy, and her hair of raven hue, almost always worn *à la Grecque*, and displaying a faultlessly shaped head. She was then in the enjoyment of full health, with no visible premonitions of the insidious malady that was so soon to terminate her career. There was no rouge on her cheeks, and none of those coarser artificial effects, which, favored by the enchanting powers of distance, have so large a share in the illusions that hedge the divinity of most stage goddesses. Her classic training had communicated a corresponding severity to her taste, and in every thing she was classical, down to the least ornament of dress—detesting false sentiment, false art, false ornament, and particularly—false jewelry. She used to pride herself on not wearing rouge, and frequently declared that, except where the powdered head-dresses required it, she never resorted to its aid. Magnificent as she was in jewelry at night, in the morning she scrupulously avoided every thing of the kind—bracelets, ear-rings, brooches, rings, all were proscribed, and neither on her dress nor on her arms, nor any of her fingers, could a single ornament be found. A striking contrast, in this respect, to many of our quasi-elegant ladies at Newport and Saratoga, who seem to think that, by making Golcondas of themselves in the morning, they may win the affections of some Potosi before night. But to return to the presentation. On hearing the

door open Rachel raised her eyes; then, rising with slow dignity, with queen-like stateliness she gave me welcome. She spoke in a measured voice—in which I recognized, with a slight touch of awe, the same solemn tones that struck me so forcibly the first time I heard her in *Camille*, when she comes on the stage exclaiming: "*Qu'elle a tort de vouloir que je vous entretienne!*"—(How unreasonable she is, in wishing me to talk with you!)—words which recurred to me at the time, and which I felt, had not the introduction been prearranged, she might possibly now apply to me. After listening to my reply, she invited me to be seated. The introduction once over, her stately demeanor was discarded, and she soon passed to that bright, easy, playful manner, typical of the genuine *Parisienne*, which she possessed to an extraordinary degree. It were idle to attempt to repeat her conversations, even if I could now recall them literally; for the mere words disconnected from the woman and the manner, could give no better idea of them than would the loose particles detached from a specimen of mosaic convey an impression of the beauty of the original work. But perhaps some estimate of her powers may be derived by stating the impressions they produced upon her listeners. One always went away from her, feeling unable to draw a distinction between her own ordinary conversations and her most brilliant passages in such plays as *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Lady Tartuffe*, and the like. The same finished flow of words, the same vivacity, ease, and grace pervaded them—and she was so singularly sensitive, so open to impressions of every kind, so childlike in many things, that her conversation was always stamped with freshness and originality.

Having inadvertently addressed her once as *Madame* and the next time as *Mademoiselle*, I asked for light on the subject. She replied, with her customary *esprit*, that either was acceptable, but *Mademoiselle* was rather her professional title, *Madame* her social one; the artist was *Mademoiselle*, but the woman decidedly *Madame*. After informing her that I had lost the control of my movements under the influence of that royal prison, and, like a loyal subject, could only move when she commanded, but not before, and after receiving her assurance that I need be under no apprehension as she would give me timely notice when to leave, the interview concluded somewhat thus. Selecting a flower from a basket in the corner of the room, she informed me with a gracious air of apology that the fifth act was about to commence and she must dismiss me; but lest I should think ill of her hospitality, she hoped I would renew my visit at her apartments in Clinton Place, and meantime "accept this little flower *de la part de Rachel*." With thanks I placed it in my button-hole, observing, playfully, that I should proudly bear it back to my seat, and if asked whence it came would say from *La grande Tragédienne*. To which she replied with an arch expression: "*Prenez garde*

de me compromettre—remember to say it comes from Rachel the artist, and not from Rachel the woman." I departed dazzled and charmed, and resumed my seat in the parquette, fancying if the enthusiasts around me only knew the history of the rose-bud, how quickly it would be plucked from its button-hole. But fortunately it was not molested; no infernal machine burst under my boots as I left the house—the garroters left me in peace—and my good star (it was not on a policeman's breast) conducted me safely home. The flower, received with gratitude, was guarded with devotion; and later in the evening committed with reverence to the recesses of a large volume, where it remains to this day, no doubt in a state of beautiful preservation, opposite to some impossible-to-remember page.

A few days after, about two o'clock, as I was returning from a wedding reception, I rang the bell of a three-story house in Clinton Place, and here, for the first time, I had the pleasure of seeing *Phèdre chez elle en robe de matin*. To get in was no easy matter. Great precautions were taken at the door to guard against intrusion. After sending in my card, and making it appear that I neither claimed a performance in behalf of the Nena Sahib Reform Tract Society, nor a donation of five hundred dollars for the destitute members of the New York Common Council, nor an autograph letter for some recluse literary old maid, who would never show it to any body, I was allowed to pass in. *Phèdre* was arrayed in a simple but superb white cashmere *robe de matin*, sparsely scattered over with palm leaves, and fastened with a cord and tassels. Her hair was dressed very chastely, the same as in *Camille* (without the red fillets). She was reposing languidly on cushions, and appeared utterly prostrated. She complained of great fatigue, and begged to be excused for not rising. Her sisters were in the room with her: Lia, who used to play *Catarina* in *Angelo*, and Dinah, who produced such a sensation as *Jeanne* in *Lady Tartuffe*. They were both busy with their needles. Having seen *Catarina* and *La Tisbé* a few hours before ready to kill each other, I began by expressing satisfaction at the restoration of harmony between two such fierce rivals. Though a mere *banalité*, Rachel was in the humor for retort, and replied in the same spirit. In a few minutes, with that strange elasticity and mobility of hers, she had thrown off the air of fatigue and was all vivacity. Anxious to initiate this "distinguished foreigner" into the manners and customs of the country, I produced from my pocket a small white box of wedding cake which, according to good time-honored Knickerbocker usage, I had carried off from the reception that morning. The thing was an entire novelty. A knife was immediately called for, and *Phèdre* with the eagerness of a school-girl, made a destructive attack upon the cake, relishing it greatly. The custom of dreaming on it, under the pillow, was explained, and received with great success—

Rachel promising to follow the fashion. The cake was in a bad way, when the door-bell rang—it was ringing all the time—and in came a polite note requesting an autograph. The application was set aside, to be replied to next morning by the Secretary. The next time the bell rang it brought a present done up in brown paper. It was a scientific treatise in English, on some of the *ologies* or *onomies*, which some publisher, with more admiration than tact, had been unable to restrain himself from laying at Tragedy's feet. The object of his admiration was too much of a Frenchwoman not to be struck with the ridiculous side of the thing, and the only circumstance that saved her admirer from being embalmed in her fund of anecdotes was, that his name was so utterly Anglo-Saxon that it defied all her attempts to make it take root in the soil of her memory. She spoke with evident delight and gratitude of her kind reception here, and was agreeably surprised to meet, both in the press and the auditorium, that peculiar kind of appreciation (*appreciation nuancée*) which is at once encouraging to the feelings and stimulating to the efforts of an artist. She confessed, however, that it had required some time, as well as some philosophy, to recover from the shock she had experienced on the night of her *début*, when, in the midst of her finest bursts of passion, just as she thought every eye was riveted upon her and she was carrying all before her, her ears were assailed with a strange sound, like the patter of rain on the roof. Amazed at the circumstance, she ran her glance over the audience, and found, to her dismay, scarcely an eye resting on her, but every one intently reading the translated libretto! And the noise which had so startled her came simply from the turning over so many leaves all at once. They are at least good listeners, said she, consoling herself, else they would not all turn the leaves so precisely together. She declared, with a smile, if the books had not already been in print, she would have had them arranged so as to bring all the fine passages into the middle of the page. She was in transports with our climate—it was then Indian summer—and said she had never felt better any where. She was strongly impressed with the beauty of American women, and was astonished at the number of "*figures fines et aristocratiques*" she met in Broadway. Of the men I do not remember hearing her express any general opinion, but presume she found little in our dyspeptic temperaments likely to remind her of the athletic heroes of the Olympic games, with whom her classic studies had made her familiar; neither could she find in our "two-forty young men" much to recall those brilliant and seductive gallants and courtly chevaliers, ever ready, in the cause of love, "to break a lance or scale a lady's bower," whose acquaintance she had made under the auspices of Scribe, Victor Hugo, and others of the modern school.

In the house where she resided there lived a middle-aged French gentleman, who, though

very enthusiastically disposed toward *La grande Tragédienne*, had never succeeded in obtaining an introduction—not even a glimpse of her or her sisters. The only consciousness he had of their presence in the house he derived while passing through the hall in the morning. At the door of each of the divinities stood the neatest possible pair of French gaiter-boots—small, trim, and, as he expressed it, full of *esprit*—and he declared nothing he had ever heard, seen, or read about these ladies had produced a deeper impression or excited a livelier admiration than these silent but eloquent little pedestals, temporarily detached from his revered but unattainable idols.

On another occasion I found her entertaining her friends with an article in *Figaro*, or some other paper which she had just received from France. As might be supposed, even a newspaper article assumed the air of a masterpiece when conveyed through such a medium. The paragraph, at which she seemed vastly amused, was nothing less than the well-known malicious *bon-mot* which Augustine Brohan, "*la reine des soubrettes*," had perpetrated, on hearing that Rachel had opened her American campaign by making a charitable donation to the Norfolk sufferers by the yellow fever: "*Pourquoi Rachel, est-elle comme le vin de Madère?*" "*Parce qu'elle s'améliore en voyageant!*"—(Why is Rachel like Maderia wine? Because she improves by travel.) She laughed heartily over it, remarking, with much good-nature, that when she refused she was abused, and when she gave she was ridiculed.

She had been the evening previous to Burton's, in Chambers Street, to see that comedian in the *Serious Family* and the *Toodles*. No one ever relished Burton's performances more keenly than she did, and she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks, asserting she had never seen a comic actor equal to him. The unfortunate Mr. Toodles was aware of Hermione's presence in the stage-box, and, stimulated by the tears he drew from her, he of course surpassed himself. Her desire to see him again was great, and when she remembered that her own professional engagements prevented she seemed quite disappointed.

She had also an extraordinary curiosity to see the great American tragedian, Forrest, whom she had heard frequently mentioned—but her wish was never gratified. She was especially anxious to hear him in the plays in which he seems to take the strongest hold on the popular heart, such as *Metamora*, the *Gladiator*, and the like. She seemed to have an instinctive respect for the great heart of humanity, believing that the test of an actor's genius lies in his power over his fellow-creatures, and he that would permanently sway the masses, no matter how untutored, must strike a chord which can be stirred by the voice of genius alone. In fact, while no one was better aware than she of what was due to the critics, and to incessant self-culture, she never lost sight of Molière's rule, that the true

way to judge of his plays was to study their effect, not upon some learned critic, but upon the illiterate old woman who lived in the same house with him. It was this favorite theory of hers, quite as much as her fondness for wealth—the sole motive usually ascribed—which made her so anxious to subdue all nations and to try all climes. While she felt that the measure of her reputation as a finished and classic artist must be determined by the completeness and permanency of her success in France alone, she also believed that the *power* of her genius would be proportionate to the universality of her dominion over the human family, regardless of language, race, climate, or educational condition.

For this reason she turned with especial pride from her successes in France to her triumphs in the far-off lands of Russia and America, linked together as they were by her brilliant achievements in England, Germany, and Prussia. As every one knows, she had intended to extend her conquests over the West Indies and Mexico, thence along the shores of the Pacific; and when she had satisfied herself here, who knows but she had gone on farther and farther, until, like the Macedonian, she had wept because there were no more worlds left to conquer. As it is, Rachel is the only woman in the dramatic world, from the earliest ages to the present day, known to have laid so large a portion of the human family at her feet; and this, too, without resorting to meretricious accessories, or to charlatanry of any kind, never once stooping from the proud dignity of a classic queen—but producing her effects attired in the simple garb of a Roman maiden, by the sole force of her genius united to peculiar personal gifts. The votaries of music and the dance may perhaps rival Rachel in the mere extent of their success; but the language of melody as well as of motion, is one that needs no interpreter, and appeals more or less exclusively to the senses. But Rachel appealed solely to the highest powers of the intellect, and this, too, while having to contend with the disadvantage of expressing herself in a tongue foreign to her auditors, and frequently unknown to them. It was this same broad catholic democracy of genius that made her almost as sensitive to the applause or indifference of our audiences, even during her last fortnight here (when mercenary motives could no longer be reasonably imputed to her), as she would have been before the assembled wisdom of the *Théâtre Français*. If any thing went wrong she would never disparage her audience, but would attribute any apparent coldness of theirs to other reasons, sometimes inquiring if she had played with less than wonted fire, at others complaining of the defective construction of the house. The only time she had reason to notice any such coldness was during her brief engagement at the Academy of Music—a house which, we all know, from its size and peculiar conformation, seems to stifle all enthusiasm, and to forbid all applause, isolat-

ing the actors from the public, and cutting off that secret flow of mutual sympathy so indispensable to their sensitive natures. On this account, unable to withstand the chilling effects of this house, she soon removed to Niblo's—a theatre eminently supplied with the qualities in which the Academy is wanting. Here she concluded her performances in this city, delighted at the restoration of that harmony and enthusiasm the least interruption to which never failed to make her miserable.

While on this topic, I may mention she repeatedly expressed her admiration for the Boston Theatre, pronouncing it to be in many respects, and particularly in the green-room appointments, unsurpassed any where, even in France.

She was gratified in the highest degree at her success in this country, but she could never conceal her regret at receiving so few flowers and bouquets. As an artist and as a woman, she had a strong love for flowers, and she could not but regard them as one of the most flattering and appropriate evidences of both public and private approbation. On being informed that the public had refrained from sending flowers solely because they regarded them as beneath the dignity of the Tragic Muse, to whom laurels rather than bouquets seemed appropriate, she appeared consoled, but not comforted.

In the course of conversation one day a topic was introduced which induced her to allude to her wealth. She stated she took great pride in it, inasmuch as it was entirely due to her own, she might say, unaided efforts, had been accumulated in a few years, and would remain after she was gone as a record of her successful career—adding the happy aphorism so redolent with the spirit of the age, that for an artist, "*La fortune, c'est la mesure de l'intelligence.*"

About four or five weeks after her *début* in this city she was induced, as all vividly remember, to sing or rather declaim *La Marseillaise*. The excitement it created, and the numbers and enthusiasm of the audience on that occasion, inspired me with a strong curiosity to ascertain her impressions in regard to it. I accordingly called on her a day or two after, and though it was nearly one o'clock she had but just risen, and was about sitting down to breakfast. The fatigue and excitement of playing generally prevented her from sleeping for several hours after retiring, and she accordingly rose very late. She was dressed as usual with great simplicity and taste, and was in brilliant spirits. She began by expressing an enthusiastic delight at a collection of our autumn leaves, which had been presented to her by a friend the day before, and which, both in their rich variety of hue and their arrangement, were entirely new to her. From this the conversation took a general turn, and finally she touched upon her recent performance of the great military hymn. She said she knew the *Marseillaise* might justly be denied a place in the *répertoire* of the classic drama, that its success rested more on extrane-

ous associations than on any grace of interpretation she might have conferred upon it, and that it might to a certain extent be pronounced by the severer standards of criticism a meretricious performance. But, added she, in a tone of apology which those that were so carried away by this hymn may deem uncalled for, she had yielded in consequence of the repeated solicitations of the public, and of her brother—who had assured her it would greatly enhance the receipts—a consideration, she would not deny, to which she was not indifferent, and which was quite in harmony with the object of her visit to this country. But while yielding to the general request, she desired to convince the public that her greatest achievements were connected with the classic drama, and thereon mainly she wished to rest her fame. For this reason, she felt somewhat piqued, in her artistic pride, on finding that the *Marseillaise* had drawn together the largest audience she had yet commanded—hundreds being turned away and the tickets rising to an extravagant premium. Thereupon, like a great artist, she resolved to have a great revenge. The performances of the evening comprised *Les Horaces* and *La Marseillaise*; she would play both parts as well as she could, but all the fire of her soul, all the strength of her intellect, all the charm of her person, she was determined to concentrate upon her personation of the classic part, *Camille*; so that the public, who had come to bestow their enthusiasm on *La Marseillaise*, should go away awarding the palm to *Camille*. She succeeded thoroughly in her design. And thus the classic Roman maiden took her revenge upon the modern Goddess of War.

It was during this visit, if I remember correctly, that Rachel made the only allusion I ever heard her make to her lost sister Rebecca, of whom she spoke in terms of admiration as well as great affection.

About the twentieth of October she made that fatal visit to Boston, where, after having contracted a severe cold in the cars, she fatigued herself beyond her strength by playing every night. She brought back large profits and delightful impressions, saying she had rarely elicited in any country such enthusiasm as was awarded there to her performance of *Virginie*, in *Virginus*. But she brought back also a hacking cough, which, in spite of her physicians, she continued with strange carelessness to neglect, attaching no importance to it.

Her last performances in New York were given at Niblo's; it was, perhaps, her most successful engagement in this city. It was here she played, for the only time, Dumas's admirable drama of *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, one of her most pleasing parts, and one in which she appeared unusually beautiful. She expressed great satisfaction at being told that she resembled, in this play, the celebrated picture of the *Princesse de Lamballes*; adding that the resemblance had never been detected before, although she had taken the picture for her model in the

first part of the play, and the picture of *Charlotte Corday* in the latter portion of it. She bade farewell to the New York public in M. de Trobriand's effective "Ode to America," beginning with the words, now invested with a sadly ominous import: "*Ne venez pas m'a-t-on dit, et moi je suis venue.*"—(Come not, they said; but I am here.)

After this farewell performance, while waiting for her carriage, she sat down, like a playful child, on a trunk in a corner of the green-room, amidst a group of friends, and amused them by reading, in the strongest of French accents, a poetical translation of the Ode into English. Amidst all her fun, however, she coughed constantly, and her hand betrayed, through her glove, a raging fever.

A few days afterward Rachel left for the South. At Charleston she was prevailed upon to perform, for a single time, in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, little suspecting that, in this performance, she was bidding an eternal farewell to her professional career. Thence she went to Havana, where she continued too ill to fulfill her engagements. Losing all hope here of regaining her health, she finally disbanded her army, and, like Napoleon after the disastrous campaign of Moscow, leaving her troupe to find their way home as best they could, she suddenly reappeared in New York, unannounced, and with no escort except her *bonne*. She had left a tropical sun to exchange it, in five days, for a Lapland sky—the thermometer ranging, the day she landed here and for a fortnight after, in the neighborhood of zero. The ground was covered with nearly a foot of snow, and Broadway was alive with sleigh-bells. The sky was of the deepest blue, perfectly clear, and the atmosphere intensely exhilarating. The contrast with the languid climate of Cuba, the treacherous effect of the bracing cold, and the merry aspect of the city, produced a wonderful effect on her spirits. She imagined herself perfectly cured, and was exuberant with hope—declaring, amidst her incessant coughing, that she had not felt so well for years, and that she would like to remain here always. The sleigh-bells gave her great pleasure to hear, and reawakened the welcome memories of her proud triumphs in the land of the Czar. Strange infatuation of this malady—making its victims welcome as a blessing that which to them is deadly poison!

Her cough continued to grow worse until she was absolutely ordered to leave by her physician. She took her departure for Europe in the steamer *Fulton*; and so weak was she then that she had almost to be carried aboard, and many of her admiring friends who had come to see her off had a melancholy presentiment that they were bidding her adieu for the last time.

The sea-voyage was of great benefit to her; and so much did she recuperate, that, on arriving in France, she found herself so nearly well as to be afraid to see any of her friends and acquaintances, lest people should say that her American expedition had been a failure, and

the malady only a *ruse de guerre*. Accordingly, on her arrival at her hotel in Paris, she gave orders to admit no one. The crowd that rushed to see her she thus describes in a letter written shortly after her arrival out:

"The day after my arrival, the papers having announced my return to Paris, all my friends and acquaintances, and curious people of every kind, came rushing to my door, and my servant made himself hoarse by replying to all inquiries that I had gone into the country."

In this same letter she repeats the hope of soon returning to America, and states that she is on the look-out for that most impossible person—some one to make a good French translation of "Lady Macbeth," in order that she might master it prior to her return to the United States.

In the month of July following, while on a visit to Paris, I was lounging one night in the *foyer* of the *Théâtre Français*, when a servant approached asking the *ouvreuse* if she had found a shawl which Mademoiselle Rachel had forgotten in her *loge* the night before. On inquiry, I learned that Rachel had reached Paris the previous day, on her way to Ems, whither she was ordered by her physicians to drink the waters; and, according to her invariable custom on coming to town, she had immediately gone to her favorite theatre. Anxious to see her, I called the next day at her hotel, Rue Trudon, No. 4, a spacious and elegant abode, fitted up with great comfort, luxury, and taste, containing many valuable specimens of art, as well as some beautiful testimonials presented to her in the course of her professional ovations. Though her door was closed to visitors, an exception was made in favor of me as an American; for she was rejoiced to see any one who could recall her *derniers beaux jours sur la scène*. She was in full dinner-dress—a beautiful blue silk, fresh from the dress-maker's; in fact, the modiste was giving it the *dernier coup d'épingles* as we came in. She was going to the Champs Elysées, to dine *en petit comité* at Monsjeur Emile Girardin's. She appeared as well as I had ever known her, both in point of beauty and health, and I thought she had fairly recovered from her American misfortunes. Although it was the Fourth of July she complained of the cold, and presently ringing the bell for pine-knots, she stooped down in her rich toilet and kindled the fire herself, refusing to be aided. It was a rare sight to see the great Phèdre, who had inspired terror in the hearts of so many multitudes, bending over the hearth with her graceful form attired in this elegant costume, and, with bellows in hand, kindling a wood-fire on a Fourth of July morning; and all for the grace of the thing, as the house was full of unoccupied servants within call. It was like Cinderella returning to the kitchen-hearth in her ball-dress before the clock strikes twelve. Rachel again expressed her warm attachment to this country, longed to return to us soon, but feared she could never play again, as her voice seemed hopelessly gone. She spoke of her great

rival, Ristori, with an earnestness and intensity of interest which showed how much she had been stung at the disparaging comparisons made between them. She discussed her merits with wonderful tact and fairness; but it was evident that she longed, if it had only been possible, for a contest face to face with her, in order that the world might do her justice.

My last interview with Rachel was at Ems, where I stopped for a day or two while on a Rhine tour, in August of the same year. Her malady had made great progress, and she was now forbidden all excitement, and even conversation. One might as well forbid fire not to emit heat as expect tranquillity from such a nature. She was too ill and too weak to leave her room, except for special occasions, and was allowed to receive but a very few friends. Ems, as every traveler knows, is the favorite resort of the Russian nobility, a class in whom Rachel always inspired the most devoted admiration. When it became known that she had arrived, the desire to see her rose almost to enthusiasm; and when, after being perfectly secluded for a fortnight, she finally appeared at the window, it produced a great sensation. Among those who had come thither to try the virtue of the waters was a Russian Princess, in the last stages of consumption, a lovely being in the flower of her youth—scarcely nineteen—with a face fair as an angel's, dreamy blue eyes, and auburn hair, and of that refined, transparent style of beauty which one is apt to associate with American women. She had heard of Rachel's arrival, and of her illness. The similarity of their complaints at once touched her sympathies, and this, added to her admiration for Rachel's genius, inspired her with an intense yearning to know her. Being too weak to walk, they rolled her chair every day beneath Rachel's window (which opened on the grounds of the Kursaal) at the hour when the latter was in the habit of appearing there. But she was not satisfied with merely seeing her, she wanted to know Rachel. And so strong did this feeling become—so repeatedly was it pressed, day after day—that the husband of the Russian lady had finally to seek Rachel, and, after explaining the circumstances, referring to the extreme illness of the beautiful sufferer, and making excuses for his request, to ask the gifted *tragédienne* to call on his wife. Rachel, pleased with the romantic aspect of the affair, readily gave her assent. The admiration proved mutual.

In the evening a concert was given at the Kursaal, at which Rachel was present. At the close of the performances the Prince of Prussia, Herz the pianist, and others came up to present their respects to her. She received them with great dignity and grace, and so equal was she in her bearing to all that a stranger could certainly not have detected from her manner which was the pianist and which the Prince. Indeed I felt half inclined, on being asked the question, to answer in the language of the liberal proprietor of the portraits of General Wash-

ington and the Duke of Wellington, "Which-ever you please."

From the concert room I followed Rachel to her hotel. Excited and gratified at her interview with the Russian Princess in the afternoon, refreshed with her concert in the evening (being the first time she had been allowed to leave her room for weeks), she seemed to be in a state of exhilaration, and was, without exaggeration, more brilliant and more fascinating than I had yet seen her. So little did she betray of those fiery passions which underlay her nature, and which were the key to her wonderfully magnetic powers on the stage, that any one seeing her only on this, and indeed on most occasions in *private life*, would have unquestionably adopted the conclusion to which Rachel herself clung so strongly in early life, when she insisted that Comedy and not Tragedy was her vocation.

Much has been said of Rachel's offers of marriage; but I question whether any more interesting chapter could be found on the subject than the one she revealed on this occasion, and to which thus far I have seen only an indirect allusion made in print on this side the water. It is, however, a matter sufficiently well known to the French public to justify referring to it here. A distinguished man of letters, of world-wide fame, and withal an accomplished man of the world, too *blasé* to have any remnant of romance, and of too much tact to pretend to it, had resolved to propose a fusion between his talent and her genius, between his devotion and her fascinations, and especially between his ill-supplied extravagance and her well-supplied opulence. With this view, instead of proceeding to Ems, as the devoted lovers of other lands would naturally be expected to do, he sits down calmly in Paris, and proceeds to lay siege to the lady through the agency of pen and paper, in a manner very much resembling the first move in those games of chess in which one party sits in London and the other in Paris. But his move is a model of *esprit*, and will certainly be produced by some future Disraeli in a later edition of the *Curiosities of Literature*. Sentiment is not pretended to, ambition is not allowed to be suspected, and wit, wit, has therefore to do all—to fascinate and to persuade—to serve as a substitute for feeling and as a mask for ambition. To a woman of ordinary understanding this letter might have proved fatal; but to Rachel it was as transparent as glass, and was only a stimulant for her counter-wit, and she therefore welcomed it as giving her an opportunity of inditing a reply in which the skill of the pen and the tact of the woman would have the most exacting chance of development. She wrote, and he rejoined—and so admirable did she think his letters, and so satisfied was she with her share in the correspondence, that she could not resist reading them aloud. Of course she declined to enter into the treaty of alliance; and his acknowledgment of the refusal was deliciously French.

I regret deeply not having a copy of these interesting letters, which I would willingly have remained a day longer at Ems to transcribe, had I been authorized so to do.

From this scene of brightness I reluctantly rose and bade farewell to Rachel for the last time. Passing thence into the street, I found myself in the midst of utter darkness, not a light to be seen any where, a dense pall of black clouds overhead, frequent thunder, and at every turn flashes of fierce lightning—a gloomy and dismal scene—all the gloomier from its contrast to the brightness I had just left. But it was not an unfit occasion on which to break away from the Goddess of Tragedy, in whom, too, as in this checkered evening, in-doors and out, so many contrasts, so many shades of light and darkness, were so mysteriously blended. With her darker shades it was not my lot to be personally acquainted; and, therefore, with me, inclination and memory can, with the best grace, unite in saying, let the good alone survive.

Rachel had a mission to perform which few are called upon to fulfill. She had gifts rare in all ages and in all countries. She had a mind exquisitely alive to the perceptions of the beautiful, and a wondrous power in her genius to transfer and awaken these perceptions in others. The emotions which she was engaged in arousing were mainly addressed to the noblest, most heroic, and most intellectual instincts of our nature. She was a Priestess of the Beautiful, offering up incense on its altars, and converting multitudes to its creed; and, if the truly beautiful be but an emanation from the truly good, if it be true that every strong sensation of beauty but leaves the soul purer and more exalted, then, surely, Rachel has not lived in vain.

A FEW IDLE WORDS.

SO, I must believe that I loved you once!
These letters say so;
And here is your picture—how you have changed!
It was long ago.

The gloss is worn from this lock of black hair;
You can have them all,
And with these treasures a few idle words,
That you need not recall.

What a child I was when you met me first!
Was I handsome then?
I think you remember the very night,
It was half past ten,

When you came up stairs, so tired of the men,
And tired of the wine;
You said you loved lilies (my dress was white),
And hated to dine.

The dowagers nodded behind their fans;
I played an old song;
You told an old tale, I thought it was new,
"Did you think so long?"

True, I had read the Arabian Nights,
And Amadis de Gaul;
But I never had found a modern knight
In our books at the Hall.

You tore your hand with the thorns of the rose
 That looped up my sleeve,
 And a drop of red blood fell on my arm—
 "Did it make you grieve?"

That drop of your blood set mine on fire;
 But you sipped your tea
 With a nonchalant air, and balanced the spoon,
 And balanced poor me,

In the scale with my stocks, and farms, and mines.
 Did it tremble at all?

When my cousin, the heir, turned up one day,
 We both had a fall!

Well: we meet again, and I look at you
 With a quiet surprise;
 I think your ennui possesses me now,
 "You were always wise."

To me it was only a dream of love,
 A defeat to you:
 It was not your first, I fear not your last—
 Here, take them—Adieu!

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAMARITANS.

LEST any tender-hearted reader should be in alarm for Mr. Harry Warrington's safety, and fancy that his broken-kneed horse had carried him altogether out of this life and history, let us set her mind easy at the beginning of this chapter, by assuring her that nothing very serious has happened. How can we afford to kill off our heroes when they are scarcely out of their teens, and we have not reached the age of manhood of the story? We are in mourn-

ing already for one of our Virginians, who has come to grief in America; surely we can not kill off the other in England? No, no. Heroes are not dispatched with such hurry and violence unless there is a cogent reason for making away with them. Were a gentleman to perish every time a horse came down with him, not only the hero, but the author of this chronicle would have gone under ground; whereas the former is but sprawling outside it, and will be brought to life again as soon as he has been carried into the house where Madame de Bernstein's servants have rung the bell.

And to convince you that at least this youngest of the Virginians is still alive, here is an authentic copy of a letter from the lady into whose house he was taken after his fall from Mr. Will's brute of a broken-kneed horse, and in whom he appears to have found a kind friend.

TO MRS. ESMOND WARRINGTON, OF CASTLEWOOD,

AT HER HOUSE AT RICHMOND, IN VIRGINIA.

IF Mrs. Esmond Warrington of Virginia can call to mind twenty-three years ago, when Miss Rachel Esmond was at Kensington Boarding School, she may perhaps remember Miss Molly Benson, her class-mate, who has forgotten all the little quarrels which they used to have together (in which Miss Molly was very often in the wrong), and only remembers the *generous, high-spirited, sprightly Miss Esmond*, the Princess Pocahontas, to whom so many of our school-fellows paid court.

Dear Madam! I can never forget that you were *dear Rachel* once upon a time as I was your dearest Molly. Though we parted not very good friends when you went home to Virginia, yet you know how fond we once were. I still, Rachel, have the gold *étui* your papa gave me when he came to our *speech-day* at Kensington, and we two performed the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius out of Shakspeare; and 'twas only yesterday morning I was dreaming that we were both called up to say our lesson before the *awful Miss Hardwood*, and that I did not know it, and that as usual Miss Rachel Esmond went above me. How well remembered those old days are! How young we grow as we think of them! I remember our walks and our exercises, our good King and Queen as they walked in Kens-



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ington Gardens, and their court following them, while we of Miss Hardwood's school courtesied in a row. I can tell still what we had for dinner on each day of the week, and point to the place where your garden was, which was always so much better kept than mine. So was Miss Esmond's chest of drawers a model of neatness, while mine were in a sad condition. Do you remember how we used to tell stories in the dormitory, and Madame Hibou, the French governess, would come out of bed and interrupt us with her *hooting*? Have you forgot the poor dancing-master, who told us he had been waylaid by assassins, but who was beaten, it appears, by my lord your brother's footmen? My dear, your cousin, the lady Maria Esmond (her papa was, I think, but Viscount Castlewood in those times), has just been on a visit to this house, where you may be sure I did not recall those sad times to her remembrance, about which I am now chattering to Mrs. Esmond.

Her ladyship has been staying here, and another relative of yours, the Baroness of Bernstein, and the two ladies are both gone on to Tunbridge Wells; but another and dearer relative still remains in my house, and is sound asleep, I trust, in the very next room, and the name of this gentleman is Mr. Henry Esmond Warrington. Now, do you understand how you come to hear from an old friend? Do not be alarmed, dear madam! I know you are thinking at this moment, "My boy is ill. That is why Miss Molly Benson writes to me." No, my dear; Mr. Warrington *was* ill yesterday, but to-day he is very comfortable; and our Doctor, who is no less a person than my dear husband, Colonel Lambert, has blooded him, has set his shoulder, which was dislocated, and pronounces that in two days more Mr. Warrington will be quite ready to take the road.

I fear, I and my girls are sorry that he is so soon to be well. Yesterday evening, as we were at tea, there came a great ringing at our gate, which disturbed us all, as the bell very seldom sounds in this quiet place, unless a passing beggar pulls it for charity; and the servants, running out, returned with the news that a young gentleman, who had a fall from his horse, was lying lifeless on the road, surrounded by the friends in whose company he was traveling. At this, my Colonel (who is sure the most Samaritan of men!) hastens away to see how he can serve the fallen traveler, and presently, with the aid of the servants, and followed by two ladies, brings into the house such a pale, lifeless, beautiful young man! Ah, my dear, how I rejoice to think that your child has found shelter and succor under my roof! that my husband has saved him from pain and fever, and has been the means of restoring him to you and health! We shall be friends again now, shall we not? I was very ill last year, and 'twas even thought I should die. Do you know, that I often thought of you then, and how you had parted from me in anger so many years ago? I began then a foolish note to you, which I was too sick to finish,

to tell you that if I went the way appointed for us all, I should wish to leave the world in charity with every single being I had known in it.

Your cousin, the Right Honorable Lady Maria Esmond, showed a great deal of maternal tenderness and concern for her young kinsman after his accident. I am sure she hath a kind heart. The Baroness de Bernstein, who is of an advanced age, could not be expected to feel so keenly as *we young people*; but was, nevertheless, very much moved and interested until Mr. Warrington was restored to consciousness, when she said she was anxious to get on toward Tunbridge whither she was bound, and was afraid of all things to lie in a place where there was no doctor at hand. *My Æsculapius* laughingly said, he would not offer to attend upon a lady of quality, though he would answer for his young patient. Indeed the Colonel, during his campaigns, has had plenty of practice in accidents of this nature, and I am certain, were we to call in all the faculty for twenty miles round, Mr. Warrington could get no better treatment. So, leaving the young gentleman to the care of me and my daughters, the Baroness and her ladyship took their leave of us, the latter very loth to go. When he is well enough, my Colonel will ride with him as far as Westersham, but *on his own horses*, where an old army-comrade of Mr. Lambert's resides. And, as this letter will not take the post for Falmouth until, by God's blessing, your son is well and perfectly restored, you need be under no sort of alarm for him while under the roof of,

Madam,

Your affectionate humble servant,

MARY LAMBERT.

P.S. Thursday. " " "

I am glad to hear (Mr. Warrington's colored gentleman hath informed our people of the *gratifying circumstance*) that Providence hath blessed Mrs. Esmond with *such vast wealth*, and with an heir so likely to do credit to it. Our present means are amply sufficient, but will be small when divided among our survivors. Ah, dear madam! I have heard of your calamity of last year. Though the Colonel and I have reared many children (five), we have lost two, and a *mother's heart* can feel for yours! I own to you mine yearned to your boy to-day, when (in a manner *inexpressibly affecting* to me and Mr. Lambert) he mentioned his dear brother. 'Tis impossible to see your son and not to love and regard him. I am thankful that it has been our lot to succor him in his trouble, and that in receiving the stranger within our gates we should be giving hospitality to the son of an old friend.

Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces, which is honored almost wherever presented. Harry Warrington's countenance was so stamped in his youth. His eyes were so bright, his cheek so red and healthy, his look so frank and open, that almost all who



WELCOME.

beheld him, nay, even those who cheated him, trusted him. Nevertheless, as we have hinted, the lad was by no means the artless stripling he seemed to be. He was knowing enough with all his blushing cheeks; perhaps more wily and wary than he grew to be in after age. Sure, a shrewd and generous man (who has led an honest life and has no secret blushes for his conscience) grows simpler as he grows older; arrives at his sum of right by more rapid process-

es of calculation; learns to eliminate false arguments more readily, and hits the mark of truth with less previous trouble of aiming, and disturbance of mind. Or is it only a senile delusion, that some of our vanities are cured with our growing years, and that we become more just in our perceptions of our own and our neighbor's shortcomings? . . . I would humbly suggest that young people, though they look prettier, have larger eyes, and not near so many

wrinkles about their eyelids, are often as artful as some of their elders. What little monsters of cunning your frank school-boys are! How they cheat mamma! how they hoodwink papa! how they humbug the housekeeper! how they cringe to the big boy for whom they fag at school! what a long lie and five years' hypocrisy and flattery is their conduct toward Dr. Birch! And the little boys' sisters? Are they any better, and is it only after they come out in the world that the little darlings learn a trick or two?

You may see, by the above letter of Mrs. Lambert, that she, like all good women (and, indeed, almost all bad women), was a sentimental person; and, as she looked at Harry Warrington laid in her best bed, after the Colonel had bled him and clapped in his shoulder, as holding by her husband's hand she beheld the lad in a sweet slumber, murmuring a faint inarticulate word or two in his sleep, a faint blush quivering on his cheek, she owned he was a pretty lad, indeed, and confessed, with a sort of compunction, that neither of her two boys—Jack who was at Oxford, and Charles who was just gone back to school after the Bartemytide holidays—was half so handsome as the Virginian. What a good figure the boy had, and, when papa bled him, his arm was as white as any lady's!

"Yes, as you say, Jack might have been as handsome but for the small-pox; and as for Charley—" "Always took after his papa, my dear Molly," said the Colonel, looking at his own honest face in a little looking-glass with a cut border and a japanned frame, by which the chief guests of the worthy gentleman and lady had surveyed their patches and powder, or shaved their hospitable beards.

"Did I say so, my love?" whispered Mrs. Lambert, looking rather scared.

"No; but you thought so, Mrs. Lambert."

"How can you tell one's thoughts so, Martin?" asks the lady.

"Because I am a conjuror, and because you tell them yourself, my dear," answered her husband. "Don't be frightened; he won't wake after that draught I gave him. Because you never see a young fellow but you are comparing him with your own. Because you never hear of one but you are thinking which of our girls he shall fall in love with and marry."

"Don't be foolish, Sir," says the lady, putting a hand up to the Colonel's lips. They have softly trodden out of their guest's bed-chamber by this time, and are in the adjoining dressing-closet, a snug little wainscoted room looking over gardens, with India curtains, more Japan chests and cabinets, a treasure of china, and a most refreshing odor of fresh lavender.

"You can't deny it, Mrs. Lambert," the Colonel resumes; "as you were looking at the young gentleman just now, you were thinking to yourself which of my girls will he marry? Shall it be Theo, or shall it be Hester? And

then you thought of Lucy who was at boarding-school."

"There is no keeping any thing from you, Martin Lambert," sighs the wife.

"There is no keeping it out of your eyes, my dear. What is this burning desire all you women have for selling and marrying your daughters? We men don't wish to part with 'em. I am sure, for my part, I should not like yonder young fellow half as well if I thought he intended to carry one of my darlings away with him."

"Sure, Martin, I have been so happy myself," says the fond wife and mother, looking at her husband with her very best eyes, "that I must wish my girls to do as I have done, and be happy, too!"

"Then you think good husbands are common, Mrs. Lambert, and that you may walk any day into the road before the house and find one shot out at the gate like a sack of coals?"

"Wasn't it providential, Sir, that this young gentleman should be thrown over his horse's head at our very gate, and that he should turn out to be the son of my old school-fellow and friend?" asked the wife. "There is something more than accident in such cases, depend upon that, Mr. Lambert!"

"And this was the stranger you saw in the candle three nights running, I suppose?"

"And in the fire, too, Sir; twice a coal jumped out close by Theo. You may sneer, Sir, but these things are *not* to be despised. Did I not see you, distinctly, coming back from Minorca, and dream of you at the very day and hour when you were wounded in Scotland?"

"How many times have you seen me wounded when I had not a scratch, my dear? How many times have you seen me ill when I had no sort of hurt? You are always prophesying, and 'twere very hard on you if you were not sometimes right. Come! Let us leave our guest asleep comfortably, and go down and give the girls their French lesson."

So saying, the honest gentleman put his wife's arm under his, and they descended together the broad oak stair-case of the comfortable old hall, round which hung the effigies of many foregone Lamberts, worthy magistrates, soldiers, country gentlemen, as was the Colonel whose acquaintance we have just made. The Colonel was a gentleman of pleasant, waggish humor. The French lesson which he and his daughters conned together was a scene out of Monsieur Molière's comedy of "Tartuffe," and papa was pleased to be very facetious with Miss Theo, by calling her Madam, and by treating her with a great deal of mock respect and ceremony. The girls read together with their father a scene or two of his favorite author (nor were they less modest in those days, though their tongues were a little more free), and papa was particularly arch and funny as he read from Orgon's part in that celebrated play:

ORGON. Or sus, nous volla bien. J'ai, Mariane, en vous
Reconnu de tout temps un esprit assez doux,
Et de tout temps aussi vous m'avez été chère.
MARIANE. Je suis fort redevable à cet amour de père.
ORGON. Fort bien. Que dites vous de Tartufe notre
hôte?
MARIANE. Qui? Moi?
ORGON. Vous. Voyez bien comme vous répondez.
MARIANE. Hélas! J'en dirai, moi, tout ce que vous
voudrez!
(Mademoiselle Mariane laughs and blushes in spite of herself, while reading this line.)
ORGON. C'est parler sagement. Dites moi donc, ma
fille,
Qu'en toute sa personne un haut mérite brille,
Qu'il touche votre cœur, et qu'il vous seroit
doux
De le voir par mon choix devenir votre époux!

"Have we not read the scene prettily, Elmira?" says the Colonel, laughing, and turning round to his wife.

Elmira prodigiously admired Orgon's reading, and so did his daughters, and almost every thing besides which Mr. Lambert said or did. Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless and tender heart or two, and reckon among the blessings which Heaven hath bestowed on thee the love of faithful women? Purify thine own heart, and try to make it worthy theirs. On thy knees, on thy knees, give thanks for the blessing awarded thee! All the prizes of life are nothing compared to that one. All the rewards of ambition, wealth, pleasure, only vanity and disappointment—grasped at greedily and fought for fiercely, and, over and over again, found worthless by the weary winners. But love seems to survive life, and to reach beyond it. I think we take it with us past the grave. Do we not still give it to those who have left us? May we not hope that they feel it for us, and that we shall leave it here in one or two fond bosoms, when we also are gone?

And whence, or how, or why, pray, this sermon? You see I know more about this Lambert family than you do to whom I am just presenting them: as how should you who never heard of them before? You may not like my friends; very few people do like strangers to whom they are presented with an outrageous flourish of praises on the part of the introducer. You say (quite naturally) what? Is this all? Are these the people he is so fond of? Why, the girl's not a beauty—the mother is good-natured, and may have been good-looking once, but she has no trace of it now—and, as for the father, he is quite an ordinary man. Granted: but don't you acknowledge that the sight of an honest man, with an honest, loving wife by his side, and surrounded by loving and obedient children, presents something very sweet and affecting to you? If you are made acquainted with such a person, and see the eager kindness of the fond faces round about him, and that pleasant confidence and affection which beams from his own, do you mean to say you are not touched and gratified? If you happen to stay in such a man's house, and at morning or even-

ing see him and his children and domestics gathered together in a certain name, do you not join humbly in the petitions of those servants, and close them with a reverend Amen? That first night of his stay at Oakhurst, Harry Warrington, who had had a sleeping potion, was awake sometimes rather feverish, thought he heard the evening hymn, and that his dearest brother George was singing it at home, in which delusion the patient went off again to sleep.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN HOSPITAL.

SINKING into a sweet slumber, and lulled by those harmonious sounds, our young patient passed a night of pleasant unconsciousness, and awoke in the morning to find a summer sun streaming in at the window, and his kind host and hostess smiling at his bed-curtains. He was ravenously hungry, and his doctor permitted him straightway to partake of a mess of chicken, which the doctor's wife told him had been prepared by the hands of one of her daughters.

One of her daughters? A faint image of a young person—of two young persons—with red cheeks and black waving locks, smiling round his couch, and suddenly departing thence, soon after he had come to himself, arose in the young man's mind. Then, then, there returned the remembrance of a female—lovely, it is true, but more elderly—certainly considerably older—and with f— Oh, horror and remorse! He writhed with anguish, as a certain recollection crossed him. An immense gulf of time gaped between him and the past. How long was it since he had heard that those pearls were artificial—that those golden locks were only pinchbeck? A long, long time ago, when he was a boy—an innocent boy. Now he was a man—quite an old man. He had been bled copiously; he had a little fever; he had had nothing to eat for very many hours; he had a sleeping-draught, and a long, deep slumber after.

"What is it, my dear child?" cries kind Mrs. Lambert, as he started.

"Nothing, madam; a twinge in my shoulder," said the lad. "I speak to my host and hostess? Sure you have been very kind to me."

"We are old friends, Mr. Warrington. My husband, Colonel Lambert, knew your father, and I and your mamma were school-girls together at Kensington. You were no stranger to us when your aunt and cousin told us who you were."

"Are they here?" asked Harry, looking a little blank.

"They must have lain at Tunbridge Wells last night. They sent a horseman from Reigate yesterday for news of you."

"Ah! I remember," says Harry, looking at his bandaged arm.

"I have made a good cure of you, Mr. War-



rington. And now Mrs. Lambert and the cook must take charge of you."

"Nay; Theo prepared the chicken and rice, Mr. Lambert," said the lady. "Will Mr. Warrington get up after he has had his breakfast? We will send your valet to you."

"If howling proves fidelity, your man must be a most fond, attached creature," says Mr. Lambert.

"He let your baggage travel off after all in your aunt's carriage," said Mrs. Lambert. "You must wear my husband's linen, which, I dare say, is not so fine as yours."

"Pish, my dear! my shirts are good shirts enough for any Christian," cries the Colonel.

"They are Theo's and Hester's work," says mamma. At which her husband arches his eyebrows and looks at her. "And Theo hath ripped and sewed your sleeve to make it quite comfortable for your shoulder," the lady added.

"What beautiful roses!" cries Harry, looking at a fine china vase full of them that stood on the toilet-table under the japan-framed glass.

"My daughter Theo cut them this morning. Well, Mr. Lambert? She *did* cut them!"

I suppose the Colonel was thinking that his wife introduced Theo too much into the conversation, and trod on Mrs. Lambert's slipper, or pulled her robe, or otherwise nudged her into a sense of propriety.

"And I fancied I heard some one singing the Evening Hymn very sweetly last night—or was it only a dream?" asked the young patient.

"Theo again, Mr. Warrington!" said the Colonel, laughing. "My servants said your negro man began to sing it in the kitchen as if he was a church organ."

"Our people sing it at home, Sir. My grand-papa used to love it very much. His wife's

father was a great friend of good Bishop Ken who wrote it; and—and my dear brother used to love it too," said the boy, his voice dropping.

It was then, I suppose, that Mrs. Lambert felt inclined to give the boy a kiss. His little accident, illness, and recovery, the kindness of the people round about him, had softened Harry Warrington's heart, and opened it to better influences than those which had been brought to bear on it for some six weeks past. He was breathing a purer air than that tainted atmosphere of selfishness, and worldliness, and corruption into which he had been plunged since his arrival in England. Sometimes the young man's fate, or choice, or weakness, leads him into the fellowship of the giddy and vain; happy he whose lot makes him acquainted with

the wiser company, whose lamps are trimmed, and whose pure hearts keep modest watch.

The pleased matron left her young patient devouring Miss Theo's mess of rice and chicken, and the Colonel seated by the lad's bedside. Gratitude to his hospitable entertainers, and contentment after a comfortable meal, caused in Mr. Warrington a very pleasant condition of mind and body. He was ready to talk now more freely than usually was his custom; for, unless excited by a strong interest or emotion, the young man was commonly taciturn and cautious in his converse with his fellows, and was by no means of an imaginative turn. Of books our youth had been but a very remiss student, nor were his remarks on such simple works as he had read very profound or valuable; but regarding dogs, horses, and the ordinary business of life, he was a far better critic; and, with any person interested in such subjects, conversed on them freely enough.

Harry's host, who had considerable shrewdness, and experience of books, and cattle, and men, was pretty soon able to take the measure of his young guest in the talk which they now had together. It was now, for the first time, the Virginian learned that Mrs. Lambert had been an early friend of his mother's, and that the Colonel's own father had served with Harry's grandfather, Colonel Esmond, in the famous wars of Queen Anne. He found himself in a friend's country. He was soon at ease with his honest host, whose manners were quite simple and cordial, and who looked and seemed perfectly a gentleman, though he wore a plain fustian coat, and a waistcoat without a particle of lace.

"My boys are both away," said Harry's host, "or they would have shown you the country

when you got up, Mr. Warrington. Now you can only have the company of my wife and her daughters. Mrs. Lambert hath told you already about one of them, Theo, our eldest, who made your broth, who cut your roses, and who mended your coat. She is not such a wonder as her mother imagines her to be; but little Theo is a smart little housekeeper, and a very good and cheerful lass, though her father says it."

"It is very kind of Miss Lambert to take so much care for me," says the young patient.

"She is no kinder to you than to any other mortal, and doth but her duty." Here the Colonel smiled. "I laugh at their mother for praising our children," he said, "and I think I am as foolish about them myself. The truth is, God hath given us very good and dutiful children, and I see no reason why I should disguise my thankfulness for such a blessing. You have never a sister, I think?"

"No, Sir, I am alone now," Mr. Warrington said.

"Ay, truly, I ask your pardon for my thoughtlessness. Your man hath told our people what befell last year. I served with Braddock in Scotland; and hope he mended before he died. A wild fellow, Sir; but there was a fund of truth about the man, and no little kindness under his rough swaggering manner. Your black fellow talks very freely about his master and his affairs. I suppose you permit him these freedoms as he rescued you—"

"Rescued me?" cries Mr. Warrington.

"From ever so many Indians on that very expedition. My Molly and I did not know we were going to entertain so prodigiously wealthy a gentleman. He saith that half Virginia belongs to you; but if the whole of North America were yours, we could but give you our best."

"Those negro boys, Sir, lie like the father of all lies. They think it is for our honor to represent us as ten times as rich as we are. My mother has what would be a vast estate in England, and is a very good one at home. We are as well off as most of our neighbors, Sir, but no better; and all our splendor is in Mr. Gumbo's foolish imagination. He never rescued me from an Indian in his life, and would run away at the sight of one, as my poor brother's boy did on that fatal day when he fell."

"The bravest man will do so at unlucky times," said the Colonel; "I myself saw the best troops in the world run at Preston, before a ragged mob of Highland savages."

"That was because the Highlanders fought for a good cause, Sir."

"Do you think," asks Harry's host, "that the French Indians had the good cause in the fight of last year?"

"The scoundrels! I would have the scalp of every murderous red-skin among 'em!" cried Harry, clenching his fist. "They were robbing and invading the British territories, too. But the Highlanders were fighting for their king."

"We, on our side, were fighting for our king;

and we ended by winning the battle," said the Colonel, laughing.

"Ah!" cried Harry; "if His Royal Highness the Prince had not turned back at Derby, your king and mine, now, would be his Majesty King James the Third!"

"Who made such a Tory of you, Mr. Warrington!" asked Lambert.

"Nay, Sir, the Esmonds were always loyal!" answered the youth. "Had we lived at home, and twenty years sooner, brother and I often and often agreed that our heads would have been in danger. We certainly would have staked them for the king's cause."

"Yours is better on your shoulders than on a pole at Temple Bar. I have seen them there, and they don't look very pleasant, Mr. Warrington."

"I shall take off my hat, and salute them, whenever I pass the gate," cried the young man, "if the king and the whole court are standing by!"

"I doubt whether your relative, my Lord Castlewood, is as stanch a supporter of the king over the water," said Colonel Lambert, smiling: "or your aunt, the Baroness of Bernstein, who left you in our charge. Whatever her old partialities may have been, she has repented of them; she has rallied to our side, landed her nephews in the Household, and looks to find a suitable match for her nieces. If you have Tory opinions, Mr. Warrington, take an old soldier's advice, and keep them to yourself."

"Why, Sir, I do not think that you will betray me!" said the boy.

"Not I, but others might. You did not talk in this way at Castlewood? I mean the old Castlewood which you have just come from."

"I might be safe among my own kinsmen, surely, Sir," cried Harry.

"Doubtless. I would not say no. But a man's own kinsmen can play him slippery tricks at times, and he finds himself none the better for trusting them. I mean no offense to you or any of your family; but lackeys have ears as well as their masters, and they carry about all sorts of stories. For instance, your black fellow is ready to tell all he knows about you, and a great deal more besides, as it would appear."

"Hath he told about the broken-kneed horse?" cried out Harry, turning very red.

"To say truth, my groom seemed to know something of the story, and said it was a shame a gentleman should sell another such a brute; let alone a cousin. I am not here to play the Mentor to you, or to carry about servants' tittle-tattle. When you have seen more of your cousins, you will form your own opinion of them; meanwhile, take an old soldier's advice, I say again, and be cautious with whom you deal, and what you say."

Very soon after this little colloquy Mr. Lambert's guest rose, with the assistance of Gumbo, his valet, to whom he, for a hundredth time at least, promised a sound caning if ever

he should hear that Gumbo had ventured to talk about his affairs again in the servants' hall—which prohibition Gumbo solemnly vowed and declared he would forever obey; but I daresay he was chattering the whole of the Castlewood secrets to his new friends of Colonel Lambert's kitchen; for Harry's hostess certainly heard a number of stories concerning him which she could not prevent her housekeeper from telling: though of course I would not accuse that worthy lady, or any of her sex or ours, of undue curiosity regarding their neighbors' affairs. But how can you prevent servants talking, or listening when the faithful attached creatures talk to you?

Mr. Lambert's house stood on the outskirts of the little town of Oakhurst, which, if he but travels in the right direction, the patient reader will find on the road between Farnham and Reigate, and Madame Bernstein's servants naturally pulled at the first bell at hand, when the young Virginian met with his mishap. A few hundred yards farther was the long street of the little old town, where hospitality might have been found under the great swinging ensigns of a couple of guns, and medical relief was to be had, as a blazing gilt pestle and mortar indicated. But what surgeon could have ministered more cleverly to a patient than Harry's host, who tended him without a fee, or what Boniface could make him more comfortably welcome?

Two tall gates, each surmounted by a couple of heraldic monsters, led from the high road up to a neat, broad stone terrace, whereon stood Oakhurst House—a square brick building, with windows faced with stone, and many high chimneys, and a tall roof surmounted by a fair balustrade. Behind the house stretched a large garden, where there was plenty of room for cabbages as well as roses to grow; and before the mansion, separated from it by the high road, was a field of many acres, where the Colonel's cows and horses were at grass. Over the centre window was a carved shield supported by the same monsters who pranced or ramped upon the entrance-gates; and a coronet over the shield. The fact is, that the house had been originally the jointure-house of Oakhurst Castle, which stood hard by—its chimneys and turrets appearing over the surrounding woods, now bronzed with the darkest foliage of summer. Mr. Lambert's was the greatest house in Oakhurst town; but the Castle was of more importance than all the town put together. The Castle and the jointure-house had been friends of many years' date. Their fathers had fought side by side in Queen Anne's wars. There were two small pieces of ordnance on the terrace of the jointure-house, and six before the Castle, which had been taken out of the same privateer, which Mr. Lambert and his kinsman and commander, Lord Wrotham, had brought into Harwich in one of their voyages home from Flanders with dispatches from the great Duke.

His toilet completed with Mr. Gumbo's aid, his fair hair neatly dressed by that artist, and his open, ribboned sleeve and wounded shoulder supported by a handkerchief which hung from his neck, Harry Warrington made his way out of his sick chamber, preceded by his kind host, who led him first down a broad oak stair, round which hung many pikes and muskets of ancient shape, and so into a square marble-paved room, from which the living-rooms of the house branched off. There were more arms in this hall—pikes and halberts of ancient date, pistols and jack-boots of more than a century old, that had done service in Cromwell's wars, a tattered French guidon which had been borne by a French gendarme at Malplaquet, and a pair of cumbrous Highland broadswords, which, having been carried as far as Derby, had been flung away on the fatal field of Culloden. Here were breast-plates and black morions of Oliver's troopers, and portraits of stern warriors in buff jerkins and plain bands and short hair. "They fought against your grandfathers and King Charles, Mr. Warrington," said Harry's host. "I don't hide that. They rode to join the Prince of Orange at Exeter. We were Whigs, young gentleman, and something more. John Lambert, the Major-General, was a kinsman of our house, and we were all more or less partial to short hair and long sermons. You do not seem to like either?" Indeed, Harry's face manifested signs of any thing but pleasure while he examined the portraits of the Parliamentary heroes. "Be not alarmed, we are very good Churchmen now. My eldest son will be in orders ere long. He is now traveling as governor to my Lord Wrotham's son in Italy; and as for our women, they are all for the Church, and carry me with 'em. Every woman is a Tory at heart; Mr. Pope says a rake; but I think 't'other is the more charitable word. Come, let us go see them;" and, flinging open the dark oak door, Colonel Lambert led his young host into the parlor where the ladies were assembled.

"Here is Miss Hester," said the Colonel; "and this is Miss Theo, the soup-maker, the tailoress, the harpsichord-player, and the songstress, who set you to sleep last night. Make a courtesy to the gentleman, young ladies! Oh, I forgot—and Theo is the mistress of the roses which you admired a short while since in your bedroom. I think she has kept some of them in her cheeks."

In fact, Miss Theo was making a profound courtesy and blushing most modestly as her papa spoke. I am not going to describe her person—though we shall see a great deal of her in the course of this history. She was not a particular beauty. Harry Warrington was not over head and ears in love with her at an instant's warning, and faithless to—to that other individual with whom, as we have seen, the youth had lately been smitten. Miss Theo had kind eyes and a sweet voice; a ruddy, freckled cheek and a round white neck, on which, out

of a little cap such as misses wore in those times, fell rich curling clusters of dark brown hair. She was not a delicate or sentimental-looking person. Her arms, which were worn bare from the elbow, like other ladies' arms in those days, were very jolly and red. Her feet were not so miraculously small but that you could see them without a telescope. There was nothing waspish about her waist. This young person was sixteen years of age, and looked older. I don't know what call she had to blush so when she made her courtesy to the stranger. It was such a deep ceremonial courtesy as you never see at present. She and her sister both made these "cheeses" in compliment to the new-comer, and with much stately agility.

As Miss Theo rose up out of this salute her papa tapped her under the chin (which was of the double sort of chins), and laughingly hummed out the line which he had read the day. "*Eh bien! que dites vous, ma fille, de notre hôte!*"

"Nonsense, Mr. Lambert!" cries mamma.

"Nonsense is sometimes the best kind of sense in the world," said Colonel Lambert. His guest looked puzzled.

"Are you fond of nonsense?" the Colonel continued to Harry, seeing by the boy's face that the latter had no great love or comprehension of his favorite humor. "We consume a vast deal of it in this house. Rabelais is my favorite reading. My wife is all for Mr. Fielding and Theophrastus. I think Theo prefers Tom Brown, and Mrs. Hetty here loves Dean Swift."

"Our papa is talking what *he* loves," says Miss Hetty.

"And what is that, miss?" asks the father of his second daughter.

"Sure, Sir, you said yourself it was nonsense," answers the young lady, with a saucy toss of her head.

"Which of them do you like best, Mr. Warrington?" asked the honest Colonel.

"Which of whom, Sir?"

"The Curate of Meudon, or the Dean of St. Patrick's, or honest Tom, or Mr. Fielding?"

"And what were they, Sir?"

"They! Why, they wrote books."

"Indeed, Sir. I never heard of either one of 'em," said Harry, hanging down his head. "I fear my book learning was neglected at home, Sir. My brother had read every book that ever was wrote, I think. He could have talked to you about 'em for hours together."

With this little speech Mrs. Lambert's eyes turned to her daughter, and Miss Theo cast hers down and blushed.

"Never mind, honesty is better than books, any day, Mr. Warrington!" cried the jolly Colonel. "You may go through the world very honorably without reading any of the books I have been talking of, and some of them might give you more pleasure than profit."

"I know more about horses and dogs than

Greek and Latin, Sir. We most of us do in Virginia," said Mr. Warrington.

"You are like the Persians: you can ride and speak the truth."

"Are the Prussians very good on horseback, Sir? I hope I shall see their king and a campaign or two, either with 'em or against 'em," remarked Colonel Lambert's guest. Why did Miss Theo look at her mother, and why did that good woman's face assume a sad expression?

Why? Because young lasses are bred in humdrum country towns, do you suppose they never indulge romances? Because they are modest and have never quitted mother's apron, do you suppose they have no thoughts of their own? What happens in spite of all those precautions which the King and Queen take for their darling princess, those dragons, and that impenetrable forest, and that castle of steel? The fairy prince penetrates the impenetrable forest, finds the weak point in the dragon's scale-armor, and gets the better of all the ogres who guard the castle of steel. Away goes the princess to him. She knew him at once. Her band-boxes and portmanteaux are filled with her best clothes and all her jewels. She has been ready ever so long.

That is in fairy tales, you understand—where the blessed hour and youth always arrive, the ivory horn is blown at the castle gate; and far off in her beauteous bower the princess hears it, and starts up, and knows that there is the right champion. He is always ready. Look! how the giants' heads tumble off as, falchion in hand, he gallops over the bridge on his white charger! How should that virgin, locked up in that inaccessible fortress, where she has never seen any man that was not eighty, or hump-backed, or her father, know that there were such beings in the world as young men? I suppose there's an instinct. I suppose there's a season. I never spoke, for my part, to a fairy princess, or heard as much from any unenchanted or enchanting maiden. Ne'er a one of them has ever whispered her pretty little secrets to me, or perhaps confessed them to herself, her mamma, or her nearest and dearest confidante. But they *will* fall in love. Their little hearts are constantly throbbing at the window of expectancy on the look-out for the champion. They are always hearing his horn. They are forever on the tower looking out for the hero. Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see him? Surely 'tis a knight with curling mustaches, a flashing cimeter, and a suit of silver armor. Oh, no! it is only a costermonger with his donkey and a pannier of cabbage! Sister Ann, Sister Ann, what is that cloud of dust? Oh, it is only a farmer's man driving a flock of pigs from market. Sister Ann, Sister Ann, who is that splendid warrior advancing in scarlet and gold? He nears the castle, he clears the drawbridge, he lifts the ponderous hammer at the gate. Ah me, he knocks twice! 'Tis only the postman with a double letter from Northamptonshire!

So it is we make false starts in life. 'I don't believe there is any such thing known as first love—not within man's or woman's memory. No male or female remembers his or her first inclination any more than his or her own christening. What? You fancy that your sweet mistress, your spotless spinster, your blank maiden just out of the school-room, never cared for any but you? And she tells you so? Oh, you idiot! When she was four years old she had a tender feeling toward the Buttons who brought the coals up to the nursery, or the little sweep at the crossing, or the music-master, or never mind whom. She had a secret longing toward her brother's school-fellow, or the third charity boy at church, and, if occasion had served, the comedy enacted with you had been performed along with another. I do not mean to say that she confessed this amatory sentiment, but that she had it. Lay down this page, and think how many and many and many a time you were in love before you selected the present Mrs. Jones as the partner of your name and affections!

So, from the way in which Theo held her head down, and exchanged looks with her mother, when poor, unconscious Harry called the Persians the Prussians, and talked of serving a campaign with them, I make no doubt she was feeling ashamed, and thinking within herself, "Is this the hero with whom my mamma and I have been in love for these twenty-four hours, and whom we have endowed with every perfection? How beautiful, pale, and graceful he looked yesterday as he lay on the ground! How his curls fell over his face! How sad it was to see his poor white arm, and the blood trickling from it when papa bled him! And now he is well and among us, he is handsome certainly, but oh! is it possible he is—he is stupid?" When she lighted the lamp and looked at him, did Psyche find Cupid out; and is that the meaning of the old allegory? The wings of love drop off at this discovery. The fancy can no more soar and disport in skyey regions, the beloved object ceases at once to be celestial, and remains plodding on earth, entirely unromantic and substantial.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLIDAYS.

MRS. LAMBERT's little day-dream was over. Miss Theo and her mother were obliged to confess, in their hearts, that their hero was but an ordinary mortal. They uttered few words on the subject, but each knew the other's thoughts, as people who love each other do; and mamma, by an extra tenderness and special caressing manner toward her daughter, sought to console her for her disappointment. "Never mind, my dear"—the maternal kiss whispered on the filial cheek—"our hero has turned out to be but an ordinary mortal, and none such is good enough for my Theo. Thou shalt have a real husband ere long, if there be one in England. Why, I was scarce fifteen when your father saw me at

the Bury Assembly, and while I was yet at school, I used to vow that I never would have any other man. If Heaven gave me such a husband—the best man in the whole kingdom—sure it will bless my child equally, who deserves a king, if she fancies him!" Indeed, I am not sure that Mrs. Lambert—who, of course, knew the age of the Prince of Wales, and was aware how handsome and good a young prince he was—did not expect that he too would come riding by her gate, and perhaps tumble down from his horse there, and be taken into the house, and be cured, and cause his royal grandpapa to give Martin Lambert a regiment, and fall in love with Theo.

The Colonel for his part, and his second daughter Miss Hetty, were on the laughing, scornful, unbelieving side. Mamma was always match-making. Indeed, Mrs. Lambert was much addicted to novels, and cried her eyes out over them with great assiduity. No coach ever passed the gate, but she expected a husband for her girls would alight from it and ring the bell. As for Miss Hetty, she allowed her tongue to wag in a more than usually saucy way: she made a hundred sly allusions to their guest. She introduced Prussia and Persia into their conversation with abominable pertness and frequency. She asked whether the present King of Prussia was called the Shaw or the Sophy, and how far it was from Ispahan to Saxony, which his Majesty was at present invading, and about which war papa was so busy with his maps and his newspapers? She brought down the Persian Tales from her mamma's closet, and laid them slyly on the table in the parlor where the family sate. She would not marry a Persian prince for her part; she would prefer a gentleman who might not have more than one wife at a time. She called our young Virginian Theo's gentleman, Theo's prince. She asked mamma if she wished her, Hetty, to take the other visitor, the black prince, for herself? Indeed, she rallied her sister and her mother unceasingly on their sentimentalities, and would never stop until she had made them angry, when she would begin to cry herself, and coax them back into good-humor. Simple Harry Warrington meanwhile knew nothing of all the jokes, the tears, quarrels, reconciliations, hymeneal plans, and so forth, of which he was the innocent occasion. A hundred allusions to the Prussians and Persians were shot at him, and those Parthian arrows did not penetrate his hide at all. A Shaw? A Sophy? very likely he thought a Sophy was a lady, and would have deemed it the height of absurdity that a man with a great black beard should have any such name. We fall into the midst of a quiet family: we drop like a stone, say, into a pool—we are perfectly compact and cool, and little know the flutter and excitement we make there, disturbing the fish, frightening the ducks, and agitating the whole surface of the water. How should Harry know the effect which his

sudden appearance produced in this little, quiet, sentimental family? He thought quite well enough of himself on many points, but was diffident as yet regarding women, being of that age when young gentlemen require encouragement and to be brought forward, and having been brought up at home in very modest and primitive relations toward the other sex. So Miss Hetty's jokes played round the lad, and he minded them no more than so many summer gnats. It was not that he was stupid, as she certainly thought him: he was simple, too much occupied with himself and his own honest affairs to think of others. Why, what tragedies, comedies, interludes, intrigues, farces, are going on under our noses in friends' drawing-rooms where we visit every day, and we remain utterly ignorant, self-satisfied, and blind! As these sisters sate and combed their flowing ringlets of nights, or talked with each other in the great bed where, according to the fashion of the day they lay together, how should Harry know that he had so great a share in their thoughts, jokes, conversation? Three days after his arrival, his new and hospitable friends were walking with him in my Lord Wrotham's fine park, where they were free to wander; and here, on a piece of water, they came to some swans, which the young ladies were in the habit of feeding with bread. As the birds approached the young women, Hetty said, with a queer look at her mother and sister, and then a glance at her father, who stood by, honest, happy, in a red waistcoat—Hetty said: "Mamma's swans are something like these, papa."

"What swans, my dear?" says mamma.

"Something like, but not quite. They have shorter necks than these, and are scores of them on our common," continues Miss Hetty. "I saw Betty plucking one in the kitchen this morning. We shall have it for dinner, with apple-sauce and—"

"Don't be a little goose!" says Miss Theo.

"And sage and onions. Do you love swan, Mr. Warrington?"

"I shot three last winter on our river," said the Virginian gentleman. "Ours are not such white birds as these—they eat very well though." The simple youth had not the slightest idea that he himself was an allegory at that very time, and that Miss Hetty was narrating a fable regarding him. In some exceedingly recondite Latin work I have read that long before Virginia was discovered, other folks were equally dull of comprehension.

So it was a premature sentiment on the part of Miss Theo—that little tender flutter of the bosom which we have acknowledged she felt on first beholding the Virginian, so handsome, pale, and bleeding. *This* was not the great passion which she knew her heart could feel. Like the birds, it had wakened and begun to



sing, at a false dawn. Hop back to thy perch, and cover thy head with thy wing, thou tremulous little fluttering creature. It is not yet light, and roosting is as yet better than singing. Anon will come morning, and the whole sky will redden, and you shall soar up into it and salute the sun with your music.

One little phrase, some five-and-thirty lines back, perhaps the fair and suspicious reader has remarked: "*Three days after his arrival*, Harry was walking with," etc., etc. If he could walk—which it appeared he could do perfectly well—what business had he to be walking with any body but Lady Maria Esmond on the Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells? His shoulder was set: his health was entirely restored: he had not even a change of coats, as we have seen, and was obliged to the Colonel for his raiment. Surely a young man in such a condition had no right to be lingering on at Oakhurst, and was bound by every tie of duty and convenience, by love, by relationship, by a gentle heart waiting for him, by the washer-woman finally, to go to Tunbridge. Why did he stay behind, unless he was in love with either of the young ladies? (and we say he wasn't.) Could it be that he did not want to go? Hath the gracious reader understood the meaning of the mystic S with which the last chapter commences, and in which the designer has feebly endeavored to depict the notorious Sinbad the Sailor surmounted by that odious old man of the sea? What if Harry Warrington should be that sailor, and his fate that choking, deadening, inevitable old man? What if for two days past he has felt those knees throttling him round the neck? if his fell aunt's purpose is answered, and if his late love is killed as dead by her poisonous communications as Fair Rosamond was by her royal and legitimate rival? Is Hero then lighting the lamp up, and getting ready the supper, while Leander is sitting comfortably with some other party, and never in the least thinking of taking to the

water? Ever since that coward's blow was struck in Lady Maria's back by her own relative, surely kind hearts must pity her ladyship. I know she has faults—ay, and wears false hair and false never mind what. But a woman in distress, shall we not pity her—a lady of a certain age, are we going to laugh at her because of her years? Between her old aunt and her unhappy delusion, be sure my Lady Maria Esmond is having no very pleasant time of it at Tunbridge Wells. There is no one to protect her. Madam Beatrix has her all to herself. Lady Maria is poor, and hopes for money from her aunt. Lady Maria has a secret or two which the old woman knows, and brandishes over her. I for one am quite melted and grow soft-hearted as I think of her. Imagine her alone, and a victim to that old woman! Paint to yourself that antique Andromeda (if you please we will allow that rich flowing head of hair to fall over her shoulders) chained to a rock on Mount Ephraim, and given up to that dragon of a Baroness! Succor, Perseus! Come quickly with thy winged feet and flashing falchion! Perseus is not in the least hurry. The dragon has her will of Andromeda for day after day.

Harry Warrington, who would not have allowed his dislocated and mended shoulder to keep him from going out hunting, remained day after day contentedly at Oakhurst, with each day finding the kindly folks who welcomed him more to his liking. Perhaps he had never, since his grandfather's death, been in such good company. His lot had lain among fox-hunting Virginian squires, with whose society he had put up very contentedly, riding their horses, living their lives, and sharing their punch-bowls. The ladies of his own and mother's acquaintance were very well bred, and decorous and pious, no doubt, but somewhat narrow-minded. It was but a little place, his home, with its pompous ways, small etiquettes and punctilios, small flatteries, small conversations and scandals. Until he had left the place, some time after, he did not know how narrow and confined his life had been there. He was free enough personally. He had dogs and horses, and might shoot and hunt for scores of miles round about. But the little lady mother domineered at home, and when there he had to submit to her influence and breathe her air.

Here the lad found himself in the midst of a circle where every thing about him was incomparably gayer, brighter, and more free. He was living with a man and woman who had seen the world, though they lived retired from it; who had both of them happened to enjoy from their earliest times the use not only of good books, but of good company—those live books, which are such pleasant, and sometimes such profitable reading. Society has this good at least—that it lessens our conceit by teaching us our insignificance, and making us acquainted with our betters. If you are a young person who read this, depend upon it, sir or madam, there

is nothing more wholesome for you than to acknowledge and to associate with your superiors. If I could, I would not have my son Thomas first Greek and Latin prize boy, first oar, and cock of the school. Better for his soul's and body's welfare that he should have a good place, not the first—a fair set of competitors round about him, and a good thrashing now and then, with a hearty shake afterward of the hand which administered the beating. What honest man that can choose his lot would be a prince, let us say, and have all society walking backward before him, only obsequious household gentlemen to talk to, and all mankind mum except when your High Mightiness asks a question and gives permission to speak? One of the great benefits which Harry Warrington received from this family, before whose gate Fate had shot him, was to begin to learn that he was a profoundly ignorant young fellow, and that there were many people in the world far better than he knew himself to be. Arrogant a little with some folks, in the company of his superiors he was magnanimously docile. We have seen how faithfully he admired his brother at home, and his friend, the gallant young Colonel of Mount Vernon: of the gentlemen, his kinsmen at Castlewood, he had felt himself at least the equal. In his new acquaintance at Oakhurst he found a man who had read far more books than Harry could pretend to judge of, who had seen the world and come unwounded out of it, as he had out of the dangers and battles which he had confronted, and who had goodness and honesty written on his face and breathing from his lips, for which qualities our brave lad had always an instinctive sympathy and predilection.

As for the women, they were the kindest, merriest, most agreeable he had as yet known. They were pleasanter than Parson Broadbent's black-eyed daughter at home, whose laugh carried as far as a gun. They were quite as well bred as the Castlewood ladies, with the exception of Madam Beatrix (who, indeed, was as grand as an empress on some occasions). But somehow, after a talk with Madam Beatrix, and vast amusement and interest in her stories, the lad would come away as with a bitter taste in his mouth, and fancy all the world wicked round about him. They were not in the least squeamish; and laughed over pages of Mr. Fielding, and cried over volumes of Mr. Richardson, containing jokes and incidents which would make Mrs. Grundy's hair stand on end, yet their merry prattle left no bitterness behind it. Their tales about this neighbor and that were droll, not malicious; the courtesies and salutations with which the folks of the little neighboring town received them, how kindly and cheerful! their bounties how cordial! Of a truth it is good to be with good people! How good Harry Warrington did not know at the time, perhaps, or until subsequent experience showed him contrasts, or caused him to feel remorse. Here was a tranquil sunshiny day of a life that was to be agitated and stormy—a



FAREWELL.

happy hour or two to remember. Not much happened during the happy hour or two. It was only sweet sleep, pleasant waking, friendly welcome, serene pastime. The gates of the old house seemed to shut the wicked world out somehow, and the inhabitants within to be better, and purer, and kinder than other people. He was not in love; oh, no! not the least, either with saucy Hetty or generous Theodosia: but, when the time came for going away, he fastened on both their hands, and felt an immense regard for them. He thought he should

like to know their brothers, and that they must be fine fellows; and as for Mrs. Lambert, I believe she was as sentimental at his departure as if he had been the last volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*.

"He is very kind and honest," said Theo, gravely, as, looking from the terrace, they saw him and their father and servants riding away on the road to Westerham.

"I don't think him stupid at all now," said little Hetty; "and, mamma, I think he is very like a swan indeed."

"It felt just like one of the boys going to school," said mamma.

"Just like it," said Theo, sadly.

"I am glad he has got papa to ride with him to Westerham," resumed Miss Hetty, "and that he bought Farmer Briggs's horse. I don't like his going to those Castlewood people. I am sure that Madame Bernstein is a wicked old woman. I expected to see her ride away on her crooked stick."

"Hush, Hetty!"

"Do you think she would float if they tried her in the pond as poor old Mother Hely did at Elmhurst? The other old woman seemed fond of him—I mean the one with the fair *tour*. She looked very melancholy when she went away; but Madame Bernstein whisked her off with her crutch, and she was obliged to go. I don't care, Theo. I *know* she is a wicked woman. You think every body good, you do, because you never do any thing wrong yourself."

"My Theo is a good girl," says the mother, looking fondly at both her daughters.

"Then why do we call her a miserable sinner?"

"We are all so, my love," said mamma.

"What? papa too? You know you don't think so," cries Miss Hester. And to allow this was almost more than Mrs. Lambert could afford.

"What was that you told John to give to Mr. Warrington's black man?"

Mamma owned, with some shamefacedness, it was a bottle of her cordial water and a cake which she had bid Betty make. "I feel quite like a mother to him, my dears, I can't help owning it—and you know both our boys still like one of our cakes to take to school or college with them."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM OAKHURST TO TUNBRIDGE.

WAVING her lily handkerchief in token of adieu to the departing travelers, Mrs. Lambert and her girls watched them pacing leisurely on the first few hundred yards of their journey, and until such time as a tree-clumped corner of the road hid them from the ladies' view. Behind that clump of limes the good matron had many a time watched those she loved best disappear. Husband departing to battle and danger, sons to school, each after the other, had gone on his way behind yonder green trees, returning as it pleased Heaven's will at his good time, and bringing pleasure and love back to the happy little family. Besides their own instinctive nature (which, to be sure, aids wonderfully in the matter), the leisure and contemplation attendant upon their home life serve to foster the tenderness and fidelity of our women. The men gone, there is all day to think about them, and to-morrow and to-morrow—when there certainly will be a letter—and so on. There is the vacant room to go look at, where the boy slept last night, and the impression of

his carpet-bag is still on the bed. There is his whip hung up in the hall, and his fishing-rod and basket—mute memorials of the brief by-gone pleasures. At dinner there comes up that cherry-tart, half of which our darling ate at two o'clock in spite of his melancholy, and with a choking little sister on each side of him. The evening prayer is said without that young scholar's voice to utter the due responses. Midnight and silence come, and the good mother lies wakeful, thinking how one of the dear accustomed brood is away from the nest. Morn breaks, home and holidays have passed away, and toil and labor have begun for him. So those rustling limes formed, as it were, a screen between the world and our ladies of the house at Oakhurst. Kind-hearted Mrs. Lambert always became silent and thoughtful if, by chance, she and her girls walked up to the trees in the absence of the men of the family. She said she would like to carve their names up on the gray silvered trunks, in the midst of true-lovers' knots, as was then the kindly fashion; and Miss Theo, who had an exceeding elegant turn that way, made some verses regarding the trees, which her delighted parent transmitted to a periodical of those days.

"Now we are out of sight of the ladies," says Colonel Lambert, giving a parting salute with his hat, as the pair of gentlemen trotted past the limes in question. "I know my wife always watches at her window until we are round this corner. I hope we shall have you seeing the trees and the house again, Mr. Warrington; and the boys being at home, mayhap there will be better sport for you."

"I never want to be happier, Sir, than I have been," replied Mr. Warrington; "and I hope you will let me say that I feel as if I am leaving quite old friends behind me."

"The friend at whose house we shall sup to-night hath a son, who is an old friend of our family, too, and my wife, who is an inveterate marriage-monger, would have made a match between him and one of my girls, but that the Colonel hath chosen to fall in love with somebody else."

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Warrington.

"Other folks have done the same thing. There were brave fellows before Agamemnon."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. Is the gentleman's name Aga—? I did not quite gather it," meekly inquired the younger traveler.

"No, his name is James Wolfe," cried the Colonel, smiling. "He is a young fellow still, or what we call so, being scarce thirty years old. He is the youngest lieutenant-colonel in the army, unless, to be sure, we except a few scores of our nobility, who take rank before us common folk."

"Of course, of course!" says the Colonel's young companion, with true colonial notions of aristocratic precedence.

"And I have seen him commanding captains, and very brave captains, who were thirty years his seniors, and who had neither his merit nor



his good fortune. But, lucky as he hath been, no one envies his superiority; for, indeed, most of us acknowledge that he is our superior. He is beloved by every man of our old regiment, and knows every one of them. He is a good scholar as well as a consummate soldier, and a master of many languages."

"Ah, Sir!" said Harry Warrington, with a sigh of great humility, "I feel that I have neglected my own youth sadly, and am come to England but an ignoramus. Had my dear brother been alive, he would have represented our name, and our colony too, better than I can do. George was a scholar; George was a musician; George could talk with the most learned people in our country, and I make no doubt would have held his own here. Do you know, Sir, I am glad to have come home, and to you especially, if but to learn how ignorant I am."

"If you know that well, 'tis a great gain already," said the Colonel, with a smile.

"At home, especially of late, and since we lost my brother, I used to think myself a mighty fine fellow, and have no doubt that the folks round about flattered me. I am wiser now—that is, I hope I am—though perhaps I am wrong, and only bragging again. But you see, Sir, the gentry in our colony don't know very much, except about dogs, and horses, and betting, and games. I wish I knew more about books, and less about them."

"Nay. Dogs and horses are very good books, too, in their way, and we may read a deal of truth out of 'em. Some men are not made to be scholars, and may be very worthy citizens and gentlemen in spite of their ignorance. What call have all of us to be especially learned or wise, or to take a first place in the world? His Royal Highness is commander, and Martin Lambert is colonel, and Jack Hunt, who rides behind yonder, was a private soldier,

and is now a very honest, worthy groom. So as we all do our best in our station, it matters not much whether that be high or low. Nay, how do we know what is high and what is low? and whether Jack's curry-comb, or my epaulets, or his Royal Highness's baton, may not turn out to be pretty equal? When I began life *et militavi non sine*—never mind what—I dreamed of success and honor; now I think of duty, and yonder folks, from whom we parted a few hours ago. Let us trot on, else we shall not reach Westerham before night-fall."

At Westerham the two friends were welcomed by their hosts, a stately matron, an old soldier, whose recollections and services were of five-and-forty years back, and the son of this gentleman and lady, the lieutenant-colonel of Kingsley's regiment, that was then

stationed at Maidstone, whence the Colonel had come over on a brief visit to his parents. Harry looked with some curiosity at this officer, who, young as he was, had seen so much service, and obtained a character so high. There was little of the beautiful in his face. He was very lean and very pale; his hair was red; his nose and cheek-bones were high; but he had a fine courtesy toward his elders, a cordial greeting toward his friends, and an animation in conversation which caused those who heard him to forget, even to admire, his homely looks.

Mr. Warrington was going to Tunbridge? Their James would bear him company, the lady of the house said, and whispered something to Colonel Lambert at supper, which occasioned smiles and a knowing wink or two from that officer. He called for wine, and toasted "Miss Lowther." "With all my heart," cried the enthusiastic Colonel James, and drained his glass to the very last drop. Mamma whispered her friend how James and the lady were going to make a match, and how she came of the famous Lowther family of the North.

"If she was the daughter of King Charlemagne," cries Lambert, "she is not too good for James Wolfe, or for his mother's son."

"Mr. Lambert would not say so if he knew her," the young Colonel declared.

"Oh, of course, she is the priceless pearl, and you are nothing," cries Mamma. "No. I am of Colonel Lambert's opinion; and if she brought all Cumberland to you for a jointure, I should say it was by James's due. That is the way with 'em, Mr. Warrington. We tend our children through fevers, and measles, and hooping-cough, and small-pox; we send them to the army, and can't sleep at night for thinking; we break our hearts at parting with 'em, and have them at home only for a week or two in the year, or maybe ten years; and, after all our

care, there comes a lass with a pair of bright eyes, and away goes our boy, and never cares a fig for us afterward."

"And pray, my dear, how did you come to marry James's Papa?" said the elder Colonel Wolfe. "And why didn't you stay at home with your parents?"

"Because James's Papa was gouty, and wanted somebody to take care of him, I suppose; not because I liked him a bit," answers the lady; and so with much easy talk and kindness the evening passed away.

On the morrow, and with many expressions of kindness and friendship for his late guest, Colonel Lambert gave over the young Virginian to Mr. Wolfe's charge, and turned his horse's head homeward, while the two gentlemen sped toward Tunbridge Wells. Wolfe was in a hurry to reach the place; Harry Warrington was, perhaps, not quite so eager: nay, when Lambert rode toward his own home, Harry's thoughts followed him with a great deal of longing desire to the parlor at Oakhurst, where he had spent three days in happy calm. Mr. Wolfe agreed in all Harry's enthusiastic praises of Mr. Lambert, and of his wife, and of his daughters, and of all that excellent family. "To have such a good name, and to live such a life as Colonel Lambert's," said Wolfe, "seem to me now the height of human ambition."

"And glory and honor?" asked Warrington. "Are those nothing? and would you give up the winning of them?"

"They were my dreams once," answered the Colonel, who had now different ideas of happiness, "and now my desires are much more tranquil. I have followed arms ever since I was fourteen years of age. I have seen almost every kind of duty connected with my calling. I know all the garrison towns in this country, and have had the honor to serve wherever there has been work to be done during the last ten years. I have done pretty nearly the whole of a soldier's duty, except, indeed, the command of an army, which can hardly be hoped for by one of my years; and now, methinks, I would like quiet, books to read, a wife to love me, and some children to dandle on my knee. I have imagined some such Elysium for myself, Mr. Warrington. True love is better than glory; and a tranquil fireside, with the woman of your heart seated by it, the greatest good the Gods can send to us."

Harry imagined to himself the picture which his comrade called up. He said "Yes" in answer to the other's remark; but, no doubt, did not give a very cheerful assent, for his companion observed upon the expression of his face.

"You say yes as if a fireside and a sweet-heart were not particularly to your taste."

"Why, look you, Colonel; there are other things which a young fellow might like to enjoy. You have had sixteen years of the world, and I am but a few months away from my mother's apron-strings. When I have seen a campaign or two, or six, as you have—when I have dis-

tinguished myself like Mr. Wolfe, and made the world talk of me, I then may think of retiring from it."

To these remarks, Mr. Wolfe, whose heart was full of a very different matter, replied by breaking out in a farther encomium of the joys of marriage; and a special rhapsody upon the beauties and merits of his Amelia—a theme intensely interesting to himself, though not so, possibly, to his hearer, whose views regarding a married life, if he permitted himself to entertain any, were somewhat melancholy and despondent. A pleasant afternoon brought them to the end of their ride; nor did any accident or incident accompany it, save, perhaps, a mistake which Harry Warrington made at some few miles' distance from Tunbridge Wells, where two horsemen stopped them, whom Harry was for charging, pistol in hand, supposing them to be highwaymen. Colonel Wolfe, laughing, bade Mr. Warrington reserve his fire, for these folks were only innkeeper's agents, and not robbers (except in their calling). Gumbo, whose horse ran away with him at this particular juncture, was brought back after a great deal of bawling on his master's part, and the two gentlemen rode into the little town, alighted at their inn, and then separated each in quest of the ladies whom he had come to visit.

Mr. Warrington found his aunt installed in handsome lodgings, with a guard of London lackeys in her ante-room, and to follow her chair when she went abroad. She received him with the utmost kindness. His cousin my Lady Maria was absent when he arrived; I don't know whether the young gentleman was unhappy at not seeing her, or whether he disguised his feelings, or whether Madame de Bernstein took any note regarding them.

A beau in a rich figured suit, the first specimen of the kind Harry had seen, and two dowagers with voluminous hoops and plenty of rouge, were on a visit to the Baroness when her nephew made his bow to her. She introduced the young man to these personages as her nephew, the young Croesus out of Virginia, of whom they had heard. She talked about the immensity of his estate, which was as large as Kent; and, as she had read, infinitely more fruitful. She mentioned how her half-sister, Madam Esmond, was called Princess Pocahontas in her own country. She never tired in her praises of mother and son, of their riches and their good qualities. The beau shook the young man by the hand, and was delighted to have the honor to make his acquaintance. The ladies praised him to his aunt so loudly that the modest youth was fain to blush at their compliments. They went away to inform the Tunbridge society of the news of his arrival. The little place was soon buzzing with accounts of the wealth, the good breeding, and the good looks of the Virginian.

"You could not have come at a better moment, my dear," the Baroness said to her nephew, as her visitors departed with many courtesies

and congees. "Those three individuals have the most active tongues in the Wella. They will trumpet your good qualities in every company where they go. I have introduced you to a hundred people already, and, Heaven help me! have told all sorts of fibs, about the geography of Virginia in order to describe your estate. It is a prodigious large one, but I am afraid I have magnified it. I have filled it with all sorts of wonderful animals, gold mines, spices: I am not sure I have not said diamonds. As for your negroes, I have given your mother armies of them, and, in fact, represented her as a sovereign princess reigning over a magnificent dominion. So she *has* a magnificent dominion: I can not tell to a few hundred thousand pounds how much her yearly income is, but I have no doubt it is a very great one. And you must prepare, Sir, to be treated here as the heir-apparent of this royal lady. Do not let your head be turned! From this day forth you are going to be flattered as you have never been flattered in your life."

"And to what end, ma'am?" asked the young gentleman. "I see no reason why I should be reputed so rich, or get so much flattery."

"In the first place, Sir, you must not contradict your old aunt, who has no desire to be made a fool of before her company. And as for your reputation, you must know we found it here almost ready-made on our arrival. A London newspaper has somehow heard of you, and come out with a story of the immense wealth of a young gentleman from Virginia lately landed, and a nephew of my Lord Castlewood. Immensely wealthy you are, and can't help yourself. All the world is eager to see you. You shall go to church to-morrow morning, and see how the whole congregation will turn away from its books and prayers to worship the golden calf in your person. You would not have had me undeceive them, would you, and speak ill of my own flesh and blood?"

"But how am I bettered by this reputation for money?" asked Harry.

"You are making your entry into the world, and the gold key will open most of its doors to you. To be thought rich is as good as to be rich. You need not spend much money. People will say that you hoard it, and your reputation for avarice will do you good rather than harm. You'll see how the mothers will smile upon you, and the daughters will courtesy! Don't look surprised! When I was a young woman myself I did as all the rest of the world did, and tried to better myself by more than one desperate attempt at a good marriage. Your poor grandmother, who was a saint upon earth to be sure, bating a little jealousy, used to scold me, and call me worldly. Worldly, my dear! So is the world worldly; and we must serve it as it serves us, and give it nothing for nothing. Mr. Henry Esmond Warrington—I can't help loving the two first names, Sir, old woman as I am, and that I tell you—on coming here or to London, would have been nobody. Our protec-

tion would have helped him but little. Our family has little credit, and, *entre nous*, not much reputation. I suppose you know that Castlewood was more than suspected in '45, and hath since ruined himself by play?"

Harry had never heard about Lord Castlewood or his reputation.

"He never had much to lose, but he has lost that and more: his wretched estate is eaten up with mortgages. He has been at all sorts of schemes to raise money: my dear, he has been so desperate at times, that I did not think my diamonds were safe with him; and have traveled to and from Castlewood without them. Terrible, isn't it, to speak so of one's own nephew? But you are my nephew too, and not spoiled by the world yet, and I wish to warn you of its wickedness. I heard of your play-doings with Will and the Chaplain, but they could do you no harm—nay, I am told you had the better of them. Had you played with Castlewood you would have had no such luck: and you *would* have played, had not an old aunt of yours warned my Lord Castlewood to keep his hands off you."

"What, ma'am, did you interfere to preserve me?"

"I kept his clutches off from you: be thankful that you are come out of that ogre's den with any flesh on your bones! My dear, it has been the rage and passion of all our family. My poor silly brother played; both his wives played, especially the last one, who has little else to live upon now but her nightly assemblies in London, and the money for the cards. I would not trust her at Castlewood alone with you: the passion is too strong for them, and they would fall upon you, and fleece you; and then fall upon each other, and fight for the plunder. But for his place about the Court my poor nephew hath nothing, and that is Will's fortune too, Sir, and Maria's, and her sister's."

"And are they, too, fond of the cards?"

"No: to do poor Molly justice, gaming is not her passion; but when she is among them in London, little Fanny will bet her eyes out of her head. I know what the passion is, Sir: do not look so astonished; I have had it, as I had the measles when I was a child. I am not cured quite. For a poor old woman there is nothing left but that. You will see some high play at my card-tables to-night. Hush, my dear! It was that I wanted, and without which I moped so at Castlewood! I could not win of my nieces or their mother. They would not pay if they lost. 'Tis best to warn you, my dear, in time, lest you should be shocked by the discovery. I can't live without the cards, there's the truth!"

A few days before, and while staying with his Castlewood relatives, Harry, who loved cards, and cock-fighting, and betting, and every conceivable sport himself, would have laughed very likely at this confession. Among that family into whose society he had fallen, many things were laughed at over which some folks looked

grave. Faith and honor were laughed at: pure lives were disbelieved; selfishness was proclaimed as common practice; sacred duties were sneeringly spoken of, and vice flippantly condoned. These were no Pharisees; they professed no hypocrisy of virtue, they flung no stones at discovered sinners: they smiled, shrugged their shoulders, and passed on. The members of this family did not pretend to be a whit better than their neighbors, whom they despised heartily; they lived quite familiarly with the folks about whom and whose wives they told such wicked, funny stories; they took their share of what pleasure or plunder came to hand, and lived from day to day till their last day came for them. Of course there are no such people now; and human nature is very much changed in the last hundred years. At any rate, card-playing is greatly out of mode: about *that* there can be no doubt; and very likely there are not six ladies of fashion in London who know the difference between Spadille and Manille.

"How dreadfully dull you must have found those humdrum people at that village where we left you—but the savages were very kind to you, child!" said Madame de Bernstein, patting the young man's cheek with her pretty old hand.

"They were very kind; and it was not at all dull, ma'am, and I think they are some of the best people in the world," said Harry, with his face flushing up. His aunt's tone jarred upon him. He could not bear that any one should speak or think lightly of the new friends whom he had found. He did not want them in such company.

The old lady, imperious and prompt to anger, was about to resent the check she had received, but a second thought made her pause. "Those two girls," she thought, "a sick bed—an interesting stranger—of course he has been falling in love with one of them." Madame Bernstein looked round with a mischievous glance at Lady Maria, who entered the room at this juncture.

WAR AGAINST PUBLIC OPINION.

THE tyranny of public opinion is a very convenient phrase in the mouths of those who imagine that its demands are inconsistent with their bloated sense of individual freedom. Such persons, ever eager to certify the world of their lofty independence, take special pains to assure every body that public opinion is no law to them. They affect to despise it. Indeed, they consider it one of the first and greatest elements of manhood to take an attitude of antagonism in respect to it; and more particularly if it happen to come in conflict with any of their crotchets, they are rabid in its denunciation.

The war on public opinion is no new thing. Of late years, however, it has assumed a more decided and imposing aspect. In part this has been owing to the necessary stringency of public opinion as society advances in civilization, but mainly to the modern growth of that idea of individualism, which, though so excellent in itself, has been exaggerated beyond all reason-

able limits. No doubt the occasional excesses of public opinion have provoked a reaction against it, but sensible people ought surely to discriminate between a power needful and valuable in itself and its unauthorized license in action. If it go wrong, let us manfully resist it, but let us not be so foolish and wicked as to assail the principle on which it is founded merely because it is sometimes perverted. Such logic would soon clear the world of every good thing.

There is a modified sort of fanaticism growing up among us on this subject. It is fascinating to a certain order of thinkers, feeding their vanity and selfishness under cover of an abstract philosophy. Men are not as great as they desire to be; perhaps they feel that they could easily be greater; but this hard frame-work of society stands in their way, and their fast footsteps can not take the ambitious eminence at a bound. Public opinion *will* insist on this or that measure of conformity. It fixes such and such terms, on which its favor is suspended. It binds all down to an unvarying rule in many things, and allows no exceptions. But these iron restrictions are by no means agreeable to our heroic brethren. They want the freedom of the age, forgetting that while, perchance, Mr. A. or Mr. B. might not abuse it, Mr. C. and many others would inevitably push it into the wildest latitudinarianism. Nor would the evil end here, for we should speedily have a multitude of social freebooters if public opinion were to relax its strong hold on the interests and welfare of society. The fact is, it is the best protector any community can have; and it executes this noble office not only by originating and organizing a system of law, but still more by diffusing a spirit, of which law is only a palpable and direct form. The virtue, prosperity, and peace of society depend quite as much on public opinion, acting as such through its own direct instruments, as on organic law. And hence all thoughtful men ought to see, that if it is to be impaired or annulled by reason of a transcendental loyalty to self and self-development, we thereby strike at the root of all the conservative forces of society.

Americans have so often been taunted by foreigners, as well as by their own writers, with an excessive deference to public opinion, that we begin to think it an act of bravery—a badge of distinction—to resist its authority. A few grains of common-sense philosophy would cure us of this folly. The activity and watchfulness of public opinion—ay, its occasional officiousness—are simply the sagacious outgrowths of our natural instincts, teaching us to supplement law and politics, institutions and ordinances, by its necessary energy. Grant that it is stronger here than in England or on the Continent. Grant that we Americans are more sensitive to its force than Frenchmen or Germans. It is only one of those wise compensations which intelligent and Christianized human nature supplies in the absence of other restraints. Had

we the police systems of Europe, had we its bayonets and prisons, we should soon witness a decline in the power and intensity of public opinion. But allowing the largest possible liberty to all, our republicanism naturally and effectively guards the infirmities of men by creating a silent, earnest, mighty sovereignty outside of constitutions and laws, and by requiring a prompt and faithful obedience to its reasonable claims. No sovereignty can be compared with it. None is so quick to feel, so bold to resent, so fearless to punish. Its agents are abroad every where; its ministry is universal; its ear hears all, and its eye sees all; and no man is too high, too distant, too hidden, to be arraigned at its bar. Providence executes many of its beneficent purposes through its agency, and the sublimest sentiments of Christianity—sentiments that refuse to be inclosed in logical forms, and only symbolize themselves in institutions, that the Church and the World may be reminded of the vast resources beyond them—daily, hourly, without ceasing and without exhaustion, breathe through it into the life of men.

We have not, as Americans, too much public opinion. No doubt there are sections of country where gossips, busy-bodies, and slanderers are always on the alert with their keen-scenting organs. But these are only the gipsies of public opinion. Men, socially and morally, are free

enough here to be men; and if they are subjected to a sharp-sighted scrutiny, they need not fear the microscope, provided they can bear its searching glance. We have no interest in this country equal in importance to that of knowing just precisely what people are. Our institutions have pretty much put us at the mercy of every body. We have enfranchised respectability by the wholesale, and our private dignities are nearly as broadcast as the privileges of the ballot-box. Public opinion comes into this broad, open arena, and proposes to erect its safeguards. Its ideal is to tell the truth, and to act honorably. If it sometimes fail, let us be thankful that it is only sometimes. The practical test of all good things is, not what they always are, but what they generally prove themselves to be. Public opinion has had a proud history in our country, and no American should try to lessen its influence. Like the pressure of the atmosphere, it keeps us from swelling out too easily and too freely. Like that atmosphere, it makes light visible, and receives the radiated heat which Nature bountifully uses. And, like the atmosphere again, it may now and then float the poisonous miasmata and collect too large a store of electricity; but Heaven provides, in both cases, that the remedy should quickly follow the evil, and the just equilibrium be fairly restored.

THE RIVALS.

I.

I STAND on the edge of the ice-hole,
Poising my slender spear;
The silver-fish in the sea-green waters
Leap to the living air.
As I dart my spear among them,
Piercing through scale and skin,
I wish 'twas the blood of Skirdar
That gushed from the heart within!

II.

I hate the dark-faced Skirdar—
There's falsehood in his eyes,
His blood is black with falsehood,
His lips are a nest of lies!
He came betwixt me and Ula—
Like a chill wind slid between—
And made a white, dismal winter
Where summer before had been.

III.

Her eyes are as large and quiet
As the vault of the frozen night,
In which silent lights are shooting
From depths that outgrow the sight.
When she walks in the brittle snow-drift,
The tracks are so small and clear
That I pause on her trail and wonder
Whether 'tis maid or deer!

I stand on the edge of the ice-hole,
And I stand there all alone!
But Something is struggling under—
And 'tis not the ice-fields that moan!

IV.

When the clang of the rein-deer's antlers
Booms through the Lapland rocks—
When the white bear drifts on the drifting bergs,
And red fur covers the fox—
I will hunt in the moist, green mountain,
I will trade with the trading men,
And when I grow rich, why, Ula
May smile upon me again.

V.

I stand on the edge of the ice-hole,
And gaze o'er the frozen sea;
See! a single sleigh slides hither!
And the driver? I swear 'tis he!
The ice-fields crack and shiver,
And moan right under my feet;
'The great bergs sing wild death-songs—
They sing that revenge is sweet!

VI.

Come, Skirdar, stand by the ice-hole
And spear the fish with me!
You can think of blue-eyed Ula
When you look in the dim blue sea.
There's a nimble fellow! Strike him!
Cleave through his scales of gray!
Ha! he writhes as I once writhed
When you stole my love away!

VII.

A sinking face shines dimly
Up through the dim blue sea:
When we gather the moss next summer
Ula may smile on me!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Kansas Bill has at length been voted upon in both Houses of Congress. In the Senate an agreement was made by both parties, on the 16th of March, that the vote should be taken on the 23d. On that day Mr. Green, the Chairman of the Committee, moved as an amendment to the bill, "That nothing in this act shall be construed to abridge or infringe any right of the people asserted in the Constitution of Kansas, at all times to alter, reform, or abolish their form of Government, in such manner as they may think proper—Congress hereby disclaiming any authority to intervene or declare the construction of the Constitution of any State, except to see that it is republican in form, and not in conflict with the Constitution of the United States." This amendment was passed by a vote of 31 to 25. Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, moved an amendment providing that the Lecompton Constitution be now submitted to the people of Kansas; and, if accepted by them, the President shall issue his proclamation announcing the admission of Kansas into the Union; if rejected, the people of Kansas are to be authorized to call another Convention to frame a new Constitution. This amendment was lost by a vote of 34 to 24. The bill was then passed by the following vote, the names of Democrats being in Roman letters, Republicans in *Italics*, and Americans in SMALL CAPITALS:

AYES.—Allen, R. I.; Thompson, Wright, N. J.; Bigler, Pa.; Bayard, Del.; Pearce, KENNEDY, Md.; Hunter, Mason, Va.; Biggs, N. C.; Evans, Hammond, S. C.; Iverson, Toombs, Ga.; Mallory, Yulee, Flor.; Clay, Fitzpatrick, Ala.; Brown, Miss.; Benjamin, Slidell, La.; Henderson, Houston, Tex.; Johnson, Sebastian, Ark.; Johnson, Tenn.; Thompson, Ky.; Green, Polk, Mo.; Bright, Fitch, Ind.; Jones, Iowa; Gwin, Cal.—33.

NAYS.—Fessenden, Hamlin, Me.; Clark, Hale, N. H.; Collamer, Foote, Vt.; Sumner, Wilson, Mass.; Simmons, R. I.; Dixon, Foster, Conn.; King, Seward, N. Y.; Bell, Tenn.; Crittenden, Ky.; Pugh, Wade, Ohio; Chandler, Stuart, Mich.; Douglas, Trumbull, Ill.; Doolittle, Durkee, Wis.; Harlan, Iowa; Broderick, Cal.—25.

ABSENT.—Bates, Del.; Cameron, Pa.; Reid, N. C.; Davis, Miss.—4.—Mr. Pugh voted Nay, in obedience to the instructions of the Legislature of Ohio.

In the House, the vote was fixed for April 1, when it was taken up, on motion of Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, from the Special Committee. Having been read once, Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, objected to the second reading. The question, Shall the bill be rejected? was decided in the negative, by a vote of 137 to 95. Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, offered as a substitute the bill as proposed in the Senate by Mr. Crittenden, with slight modifications. Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, offered a substitute, which was the Senate bill, with the omission of the clause declaring that the people have a right to change their form of Government in such manner as they may see proper. The substitute of Mr. Quitman was rejected by a vote of 160 to 72. That of Mr. Montgomery was adopted by a vote of 120 to 112. By this substitute all of the Senate bill after the enacting clause is stricken out. The following is the important section of this bill:

"That the State of Kansas be, and is hereby, admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever; but inasmuch as it is greatly disputed whether the Constitution with which Kansas is now admitted was fairly made, or expresses the will of the people of Kansas, this admission of her into the Union as a State is here declared to be upon this fundamental condition precedent, namely: That the said constitutional instrument shall be first submitted to a vote of the people of Kansas, and assented to by them, or

a majority of the voters, at an election to be held for the purpose; and as soon as such assent shall be given, and duly made known to the President of the United States, he shall announce the same by proclamation, and thereafter, and without any further proceedings on the part of Congress, the admission of the said State of Kansas into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever, shall be complete and absolute. At the said election the voting shall be by ballot, and by indorsing on his ballot, as each voter may please, 'for the Constitution,' or 'against the Constitution.' Should the said Constitution be rejected at the said election by a majority of votes being cast against it, then, and in that event, the inhabitants of said Territory are hereby authorized and empowered to form for themselves a Constitution and State Government by the name of the State of Kansas, preparatory to its admission into the Union, according to the Federal Constitution, and to that end may elect delegates to a Convention as hereinafter provided."

The remainder of the bill relates to the usual matters, and prescribes the manner in which the election for the new Constitutional Convention shall be held. The following is the vote upon this substitute:

YEAS.—Messrs. Abbott, Adrain, Andrews, Arnold, Bennett, Billingshurst, Bingham, Blair, Bliss, Brayton, Buffinton, Burlingame, Burroughs, Campbell, Case, Chaffee, Chapman, Clark (Conn.), Clark (N. Y.), Clawson, Clark E. Cochrane, Cockerill, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cox, Cragin, Curtis, Damrell, Davis, (Md.), Davis (Ind.), Davis (Mass.), Davis (Iowa), Dawes, Dean, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Eddy, English, Farnsworth, Fenton, Foley, Foster, Giddings, Gilman, Gilmer, Geoch, Goodwin, Granger, Griesbeck, Grow, Hall (Ohio), Hall (Mass.), Harlan, Harris (Md.), Harris (Ill.), Haskin, Hickman, Hoard, Horton, Howard, Owen Jones, Kellogg, Kelsey, Kilgore, Knapp, Kunkel (Pa.), Lawrence, Leach, Leiter, Lovejoy, McKibben, Marshall (Ky.), Marshall (Ill.), Matteson, Montgomery, Morgan, Morrill, Morris (Pa.), Morris (Ill.), Morse (Ma.), Morse (N. Y.), Mott, Murray, Nichols, Olin, Palmer, Parker, Pendleton, Pettit, Pike, Potter, Pottle, Purviance, Ricard, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Royce, Shaw (Ill.), Sherman (Ohio), Sherman (N. Y.), Smith (Ill.), Spinner, Stanton, Stewart (Penn.), Tappan, Thayer, Thompson, Tompkins, Underwood, Wade, Walbridge, Waldron, Walton, Washburne (Wis.), Washburne (Me.), Washburne (Ill.), Wilson, Wood—120.

NAYS.—Messrs. Ahl, Anderson, Arnold, Atkins, Avery, Barksdale, Bishop, Bockock, Bonham, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Bryan, Burnett, Burns, Caskie, Clark (Mo.), Clay, Clemens, Clingman, Cobb, John Cochrane, Craig (Mo.), Craige (N. C.), Crawford, Curry, Davidson, Davis (Miss.), Dewart, Dimmick, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, Eustis, Faulkner, Florence, Furnett, Gartrell, Gillis, Goode, Greenwood, Gregg, Hatch, Hawkins, Hill, Hopkins, Houston, Hughes, Huyler, Jackson, Jenkins, Jewett, Jones (Tenn.), J. Glancy Jones, Keitt, Kelly, Kunkel (Md.), Lamar, Landy, Leidy, Letcher, Maclay, McQueen, Mason, Maynard, Miller, Miller, Millson, Moore, Niblack, Peyton, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, Quitman, Ready, Reagan, Reilly, Ruffin, Russell, Sandidge, Savage, Scales, Scott, Searing, Shaw (N. C.), Shorter, Sickles, Singleton, Smith (Tenn.), Smith (Va.), Stallworth, Stephens, Stevenson, Stewart (Md.), Talbot, Taylor (N. Y.), Taylor (La.), Trippe, Ward, Warren, Watkins, White, Whiteley, Winslow, Woodson, Wortendyke, Wright (Ga.), Wright (Tenn.), Zollcoffer—112.

Of those who voted Aye, 92 are Republicans, 22 Democrats, and 6 Americans. Of those who voted Nay, 104 are Democrats, and 8 Americans. The substituted bill was then sent to the Senate for concurrence; Senator Green moved that the Senate disagree, and the motion passed by a vote of 32 to 23. The House subsequently voted to adhere to its bill.—Mr. Calhoun, the President of the late Kansas Constitutional Convention, has at length announced that he has received information which leaves no doubt that the returned vote from the Delaware Crossing Precinct should be rejected, and he shall therefore issue the certificates of election to the persons having the highest number of votes, irrespective of the vote from this precinct. "I regret to add," he says, "that this decision will give

the control of Kansas to the party which I view as the enemy of peace and good order, the Constitution and laws of the Union."

An Army Bill has passed both Houses, authorizing the President to accept the services of volunteers, not to exceed the number of three regiments, for the defense of the frontier, quelling disturbances in Utah, protecting supply and emigrant trains, and suppressing Indian hostilities. The volunteers are not to be accepted in bodies less than a regiment, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the States and Territories where they belong.—The Committee appointed to consider the case of Mr. Matteson, of New York, who, having resigned his seat in the last Congress in consequence of resolutions from an investigating Committee charging him with bribery, was re-elected to the present Congress, reported that it was inexpedient to take any further measures for the expulsion of Mr. Matteson. The report was accepted, by a vote of 96 to 69.—In the Senate the bill for the admission of Minnesota has been acted upon. After much discussion and several amendments, it was decided that the State should be allowed two Representatives in Congress until the next census. The House have not yet acted upon the bill.

From the army in Utah we have intelligence to the 1st of March. The health of the troops remained excellent, and they were unremittingly engaged in preparations for an advance, which was expected to be made about the 20th of May. The grass on the plains was as far advanced as it usually is two months later in the season. Colonel Johnston proposes to make a detour to the north, instead of advancing upon Salt Lake City by the usual route of Echo Cañon. The chief difficulty apprehended relates to the supplies. Those now at Fort Bridger will last only to the 1st of May. It is proposed to forward a supply train from Fort Laramie as early as possible.—The Legislative Assembly of Utah have addressed a memorial to the President and to Congress, in which they set forth their grievances, and deny the truth of the charges brought against the Mormons. They ask redress for the wrongs suffered by them in Missouri and other States; demand that the murderers of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Parley Pratt should be brought to justice; that the troops be withdrawn from the Territory; and that they should have the privilege to choose their own rulers and make their own laws, without let or hindrance.

Hon. Thomas H. Benton died at Washington April 10, aged 76 years. He was born at Hillsborough, N. C.; emigrated to Tennessee, where he studied law, rose to eminence in his profession, and was elected to the State Legislature. In 1814 he removed to Missouri, and when, in 1820, that Territory became a State, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, retaining his seat until 1851, a period of thirty years. He subsequently served one term in the House of Representatives, at the conclusion of which he retired from public life. Apart from his long and conspicuous political labors, Mr. Benton will be remembered for his "Thirty Years in the Senate," and his "Abridgment of the Debates in Congress," the last pages of which were completed only a few hours before his death. One of his last acts was to address a note to his friends in Congress, requesting that in case of his dying at Washington, the event should not be noticed in Congress.

A religious movement, which has had no parallel since the time of the "Great Awakening" in the days of Jonathan Edwards, has been for some weeks in progress in various parts of the country. It has been felt more decidedly in New York than elsewhere. The apparent converts are numbered by tens of thousands, many of them from classes usually considered the least accessible to religious influences.—The three remaining steamers of the Collins line—the *Adriatic*, *Baltic*, and *Atlantic*—have been sold by order of the sheriff. They brought only \$657,000, hardly one-fourth of their estimated value.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Mexico remains in a state of civil war. By the Constitution, the resignation of Comonfort placed the executive power in the hands of Señor Juárez, the Chief-Justice, who collected troops to oppose Zuloaga, recently appointed President in virtue of "the amended Plan of Tacubaya." Several encounters took place between the forces of the two parties, which resulted in favor of the adherents of Zuloaga, who finally succeeded in taking the city of Guadalajara, and capturing the entire Government of Juárez, who had taken up their quarters there. Juárez and his officers were allowed to go into banishment. Pronunciamientos are the order of the day, but the Zuloaga Government, supported by the Church, appears to be gaining ground. It is said that Santa Anna has left his retreat near Carthagena and proceeded to Mexico, by way of Havana. A revolution has broken out in Sonora, where the insurgent leader, Gaudara, has defeated the Governor, Peschiera, in several battles.—In the Northern States a desultory war is waged between the two parties. The commander of the "reactionist" forces at Tampico calls upon all citizens between the ages of seventeen and fifty to take up arms to oppose the Constitutionalists under Governor Garza; foreign residents are also invited to form themselves into companies for the protection of the town. In Matamoras enlistments are being made for the "liberal" party. General Vidaurri is said to have defeated the Government troops near Monterey, and to have issued a decree ordering those who had bought property from the Church, for which they are still indebted, to pay him twenty-five per cent. on the amount due upon the purchases.

General Lamar, our newly-appointed Minister to *Nicaragua*, has reached the capital, presented his credentials to President Martinez, from whom he met a cordial reception. In his speech he assured the President of the good-will of the United States toward Nicaragua, and said that it was the determined purpose of the United States to abstain from all improper and pragmatical interference with the internal affairs of other nations, as well as from all unprovoked and fraudulent aggression upon their territories.—An amnesty has been proclaimed in favor of all Nicaraguans implicated in the disturbances in the country, with the exception of the followers of Walker who did not abandon him previous to the capitulation at Rivas, or who were not included in that capitulation.

New hostilities have broken out in *Peru*, where the Government party and the adherents of Vivanco have for some months kept an armed watch upon each other. On the 21st of February an attack was made by the insurgents upon Arica, which proved successful. On both sides two hundred men were killed and as many wounded. In Lima an

abortive attempt at revolution was made at about the same time.

A revolution has broken out in *Venezuela*. The insurgents took possession of Puerto Cabello on the 6th of February, then marched upon Caracas, the capital, under the command of General Castro, and demanded the resignation of the President, Monagas, who had become generally unpopular. The President, finding resistance impossible, resigned, and took refuge with the French Minister. A provisional government, with Castro at its head, was thereupon installed.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Palmerston Ministry, having been defeated in Parliament on the proposed Conspiracy Bill, resigned their offices on the 22d of February. The Earl of Derby was thereupon directed to form a new Ministry, of which the following are the principal members: *First Lord of the Treasury*, Earl of Derby; *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, Mr. Disraeli; *Lord Chancellor*, Lord Woodstock (formerly Sir F. Thesiger); *Secretary for Foreign Affairs*, Lord Malmesbury; *Secretary for the Colonies*, Lord Stanley (son of the Earl of Derby); *Secretary of War*, General Peel; *President of the India Board*, Earl of Ellenborough; *First Lord of the Admiralty*, Sir John Pakington. The new Premier, in setting forth the proposed policy of the Government, dwelt particularly upon the relations with France. Every thing, he said, rendered a good understanding between England and France necessary to the peace of the world, which was endangered by any quarrel, or even coolness, between them. That was the best government for France which was best suited to the temper and disposition of its people; but it was important that it should not be subject to perpetual change. It was with this feeling that he rejoiced in the recent escape of the Emperor from assassination. If the attempt had been reversed, and an attempt had been made upon the life of the Queen of England—especially if this attempt had been made by foreigners who had abused the hospitality of a neighboring country—great feeling would have been aroused. Under the circumstances, the expressions of feeling in France should not be too nicely scanned; and he did not think that the sentiments of some of the addresses of the French colonels represented the general feeling of the army of France. As to the foreign exiles in England, although the law provided penalties for crime committed here, it was impossible to put the law in force without an overt act. It was most unfortunate that, together with the bill introduced by the late Ministry, a dispatch was made public, unaccompanied by any answer or explanation. That dispatch would be answered in a manner that would remove all irritation from the minds of the people. Under all circumstances, and without distinction, the right of asylum would be maintained inviolable; but it was an intolerable grievance that persons enjoying that protection should, by their acts, involve or embroil England with its allies. As to the Reform question, Lord Derby would not pledge himself now to introduce any bill of the kind, but as soon as the pressure of Parliamentary business allowed he would carefully consider the defects in the present system of representation; and at the next session he hoped to be able to introduce a bill which would be accepted as fair and reasonable by impartial and moderate people. The feeling of irritation aroused by the obnoxious dispatch of the French Government—the failure to

reply to which occasioned the overthrow of the Palmerston Ministry—was very general and bitter. This seems, in a great measure, to have been allayed by the reply of Count Walewski to a dispatch from the new Ministry, disclaiming any offensive intention. Mr. Disraeli, in announcing to Parliament the reception of this dispatch, said that the painful circumstances which had for a time subsisted between the two countries had been terminated in a friendly and honorable manner.—The measures to be adopted in India have claimed the attention of Parliament. Acts of cruelty toward the Sepoys were strongly condemned by all, and a spirit of justice tempered with mercy was advocated. Lord Ellenborough stated that in future it would be necessary to maintain in India a European force of forty battalions of infantry, ten of cavalry, and a strong body of artillery.—Preparations for another attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph cable are far advanced. The same vessels are to be employed as last season. The British steamer *Agamemnon* has begun to take the cable on board; and the American steamer *Nigeria*, which has again been detailed for the service, has arrived at Plymouth.—Count Persigny has resigned his post as Minister from France, and is to be succeeded by the Duke de Malakoff (Marshal Pelissier).

FRANCE.

The trial of Orsini, Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez, for the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French, commenced on the 25th of February. Pierri denied all knowledge of the conspiracy until the day before the attempt was made, said that he then repented, and took no part in the act. Gomez, the servant of Orsini, knew nothing of what was to be done until the last moment. Rudio confessed every thing, and inculpated all the others; he threw one bomb himself. Orsini avowed his participation, and declared that he had intended to kill the Emperor. His fixed idea, from his youth, had been the deliverance of Italy and vengeance upon the Austrians. When the French landed at Rome, the Italians had received them as allies; but they soon showed themselves bitter enemies. After the fall of Rome he was convinced that no assistance was to be looked for from Napoleon, and had resolved that he must be killed. At first he had intended to make the attempt alone, but seeing the impossibility of approaching the Emperor, he had taken others into the scheme. When he was arrested he had resolved not to speak of his confederates, but finding that they had betrayed him, he had given way to a feeling of vengeance. Allsop, the Englishman who had aided him in procuring the manufacture of the bombs, and under whose name, and with whose passport, he had entered France, did not know that the bombs were to be used to kill the Emperor; he supposed that they were to be used in Italy. Bernard, who is now under trial in England for participation in the conspiracy, he said, also supposed the bombs were for Italy. Of the other prisoners he would say nothing. Orsini was defended by M. Jules Favre, who in his speech read a letter from the prisoner to the Emperor. "The depositions which I have made against myself," says Orsini, "are sufficient to send me to the scaffold, and I shall submit to my fate without asking pardon, both because I will not humiliate myself before him who has destroyed the reviving liberty of my unhappy country, and because in the situation in which I am now placed,

death for me will be a relief." But, being near the close of his career, he wishes to make a last effort for Italy, for whose independence he had submitted to so many sacrifices. In order to maintain the balance of power in Europe, it is necessary, he says, that Italy should be independent. He does not ask that France should interpose directly; but only that she should not aid Austria, and should not permit Germany to do so in the struggle that was perhaps at hand. So long as Italy shall not be independent, the tranquillity of Europe, and that of the Emperor, will be vain illusions. The prisoners were all found guilty. Gomez, with extenuating circumstances, was sentenced to hard labor for life. The others were condemned to death. The sentence of Rudio was subsequently commuted. Orsini and Pierri were executed by the guillotine on the 13th of March, the former meeting his fate with much dignity and firmness, the latter betraying tokens of great querulousness and trepidation.—Many arrests have been made in various parts of the empire of persons charged with revolutionary projects. The *Moniteur* says that the arrests of ringleaders number fifty in Paris, twenty in Lyons, twelve in Marseilles, and about four in each of forty other departments. At Chalons, on the 6th of March, a revolutionary attempt was made. Forty men made a sudden attack upon a military station, raising the cry of *Vive la République*. Foiled in an attempt to seize the railway station, they took possession of a bridge, where they were attacked and dispersed. The ringleaders were subsequently apprehended.—Some attention has been excited by a pamphlet entitled "*L'Empereur Napoleon III. et l'Angleterre*," which is supposed to have been written at the instance of the Emperor. It treats of Napoleon's career since his accession to power; extols the Anglo-French Alliance, and asserts the earnest desire of the Emperor for its continuance; and then enters at length into the refugee question; shows the dangers from the machinations of foreign refugees in London, to which the French Government is exposed; and urges the English Government and people not to be led away by false statements; concluding with a hope that the alliance will stand the trials to which it is exposed.—Business remains very much depressed, occasioning much distress among the working-classes; the Municipal Commission of Paris have resolved to commence public works on a large

scale, for the purpose of affording work to the unemployed.

THE EAST.

From *India* there has been, since our last, no intelligence of special importance. Sir Colin Campbell having concentrated at Cawnpore a force of fifteen regiments of European and three of native infantry, three of European and two of native cavalry, furnished with eighty heavy guns and mortars and sixty-three field-pieces, had crossed the Ganges into Oude, and marched for Lucknow, where he expected to be joined by an additional force of 12,000 Nepaulese and European troops. The final struggle was expected to take place late in February at Lucknow, where there are said to be collected 100,000 armed insurgents.—The trial of the ex-King of Delhi has been concluded. His complicity in all the outrages alleged against him was fully proved, but as his life was guaranteed at the time of his capture, he was sentenced only to transportation for life to the Andaman Islands.—The report of the capture of Nena Sahib proves to have been erroneous. He is said to be wandering about in Oude, deserted by most of his followers, and seeking to escape detection and capture by constantly shifting his place and changing his dress and accoutrements.

The capture of Canton was effected with little further opposition than that noted in our last Record. The loss of the Chinese during the bombardment and escalade is stated not to have exceeded two hundred men. Governor Yeh was taken prisoner, and carried on board the English vessels, where he conducted himself with the utmost haughtiness. The allies had installed a Tartar general, Pihquei, as Vice-Governor of the city, under the supervision of a committee consisting of one French and two English officers, and had issued a proclamation inviting the people to return to the city, with assurances of protection. Documents are said to have been discovered at Canton showing that within three months Yeh had put to death 20,000 persons. The blockade of Canton was raised on the 10th of February. The American and Russian Ministers had joined the French and English in their demands upon the Chinese Government, and the letters of the four plenipotentiaries had been forwarded to the Emperor. The French and English forces were in the mean while engaged in preparations for proceeding northward.

Literary Notices.

History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Vol. II. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The thoroughness of research and clearness of statement which marked the first volume of this important work are no less conspicuous in the present volume, which brings the laborious undertaking of the author to a close. He has made the statesmen of this country his debtors, by his luminous exposition of a difficult portion of our national history; while the publicists of other lands will find in his ample pages a store of information, in regard to the genius and development of our political institutions, which they might search for in vain among the libraries of the Old World. We believe that absolute reliance may be placed upon the historical statements of Mr. Curtis; at least,

they may be taken with less abatement than is usually necessary in accepting researches which involve both fact and opinion; for, though laying no claims to neutrality in the great questions which have divided the suffrages of the public since the establishment of our independence, he does not lose sight of the impartiality and comprehensiveness which form so large an element in the duties of the historian.

The volume now issued opens with the meeting of the Convention which assembled in Philadelphia in 1787, for the great purpose of framing a system of republican government for the united interests of thirteen States. The fate of liberty in America, at that day, depended on the union of the States; but to decide on the degree and nature of such a union required all the resources of statesmanship.

The obstacles to the harmonious action of the Convention are skillfully analyzed by the author. In describing the course of debate and action in the Convention he indulges in sufficient latitude of detail, without falling into tedious and unprofitable prolixity. With the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the respective States, including a singularly interesting account of the efforts of Patrick Henry and Alexander Hamilton on the opposite sides of the question, the narrative of Mr. Curtis reaches its natural termination; but we trust we do not misunderstand the suggestion at the close, that he may resume the pen in relating the history of the administration of Washington.

Lost Chapters recovered from the Early History of American Methodism, by Rev. J. B. WAKELEY. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) In the composition of this work we find a curious union of antiquarian zeal and devout loyalty to the religious persuasion with which the author is connected. By a fortunate discovery, he came into possession of an ancient document containing the earliest records of Methodism in this country. He at once welcomed this as a mine of hidden treasures, and, without delay, enthusiastically engaged in exploring its contents. The work in question was the original record of the stewards and trustees of the John Street Methodist Church in this city, extending over a period of nearly thirty years, from 1768 to 1797, and, of course, not less than ninety years old at this time. In the hands of the author these leaves of yellow paper have proved fertile in suggestions, and led to a variety of biographical and antiquarian details, which he has pursued with the pious assiduity of a second Old Mortality. His own ardor in the cause may have sometimes tempted him to dwell on certain points which the more careless reader may regard only as "trivial, fond records;" but the unction and sincerity which pervade the work are of a contagious character, and tend to inspire an interest even beyond that of the subject itself.

The Happy Home, by KIRWAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The renowned controversial pen of the author of this volume is here exchanged for one of a practical religious aim. It treats at length of the moral training which is essential to the young, and of the religious culture without which no ethical inculcations possess vitality. These important themes are discussed in a tone of earnest appeal, and illustrated by a great variety of incidents drawn from the experience of real life. The writer never loses his characteristic vivacity, although his style, in this work—as required by the nature of the subject—is greatly softened down from the vehemence which marks his well-known polemic productions. Without the slightest approach to stiffness or formality, he presents a collection of valuable didactic precepts, showing the true conditions of domestic happiness, and urging their importance by a happy selection of impressive examples.

The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures. (Published by J. B. Jewett and Co., Boston.) The origin of this volume, which is equally novel in its plan and its execution, is to be found in the action of a benevolent association in Boston, at whose instance six clergymen of different denominations were invited to preach a series of sermons in which each should set forth the reasons for holding his distinctive creed. The summons was answered by several eminent divines, and the project carried into success-

ful execution. Each of the preachers appears to have performed his task faithfully, and the result is a comparative view of the grounds of faith on the part of the denominations represented in the course.

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by THEODORE CLAPP. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) Mr. Clapp was the successor of the celebrated Larned, whose early death has not yet ceased to be mourned by the lovers of sacred eloquence, and for thirty-five years was devoted to the ministry in New Orleans, from which he has lately retired on account of failing health. His book is occupied with details of society at the Southwest, especially in its religious aspects, and abounds in familiar local sketches of remarkable freshness and spirit. During a succession of seasons, in which the city was ravaged by epidemics, Mr. Clapp was constant at his post, uniting the fidelity of the pastor with the courage of the hero. His record of a singularly varied experience, is rich in incident, and will be read with interest even by strangers.

Oriental and Western Siberia, by THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The intention of the author in performing the tour which has furnished the materials for the present volume was rather to sketch the scenery of a wild and unfrequented region than to write a book of travels. So many objects of interest, however, were crowded upon his attention, that he felt himself impelled to make them the subject of an unpretending narrative, and the result has been a very pleasing and instructive addition to the library of manners and customs. Mr. Atkinson's tour extended over a space of nearly forty thousand miles, and occupied a period of not less than seven years. His work is constructed from journals kept with scrupulous care during the whole journey, in spite of fatigue, annoyances, and numerous hairbreadth escapes. For novelty of scene, variety of incident, and attractiveness of style, it compares well with the most successful of the admirable works with which English literature has recently been enriched by eminent travelers. Our readers have already had some specimens of Mr. Atkinson's power of description in the condensed sketches from his volume presented in our last Number.

Sermons, by the late FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, Second Series. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The previous volume of posthumous discourses by Mr. Robertson, recently published in this country, created a very general interest in the mind and character of its rarely endowed author. Not a few readers will gladly welcome the present addition to their devotional resources from the same quarter. Mr. Robertson was one of a thousand. The tone of his mind was distinguished for its manliness. His religion savored less of the schools than of a rich human experience. His words glow with a living sympathy; he addresses himself directly to the heart; and, without losing sight of the cardinal principles which formed the basis of his faith, he views them less in their abstract relations than in their practical influence over a wide circle of secular relations. Hence he challenges the attention of a large miscellaneous audience. Many even who have a distaste for the common run of religious works will find themselves attracted by the glowing appeals, the felicitous illustrations, and the vital energy and unction of the present author.

Editor's Table.

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.—Benjamin Constant, in the preface to his treatise *De la Religion*, remarks that whenever the human race “abnegates the religious sentiment it abdicates its noblest titles, deviates from its true destiny, and, in a word, strips itself of all which constitutes its supremacy.” It is the spiritual part of his nature which distinguishes man from the brute; and it has not failed to vindicate its authority in all ages of human history. No savage tribe has yet been found destitute of the religious sentiment; should one such be discovered, we should question its title to humanity. Nor has civilization disturbed this fundamental law. The sentiment of religion has triumphed over all human passions and interests in every age of advancing culture; and, at this day, its dominion is, not indeed more widely diffused, but more widely acknowledged and recognized than ever before.

The highest form which the religious sentiment has assumed among men is that of Christianity—its latest, and, we believe, its final form, because divinely given. In the Christian religion alone is there full scope, and at the same time ample material, for the development of the great faculties of intellect, feeling, and will, which make up the life of the individual mind, and underlie the organic growth of the race. For the intellect, Christianity offers a knowledge of the true relations between God and man; for the heart, the culture and exercise of pure affections; and for the will, the performance of right actions. Knowledge, love, and law—these are the essential elements of Christianity; and the true work of the Christian Church is to convey the knowledge, to excite and cherish the love, to inculcate and enforce the law.

Humanity has a history because it has a destiny. The old, mechanical way of viewing history merely as a chronicle of events, unconnected by any law, has had its day. The organic development of the human race is now the fundamental postulate of the scientific historian. Even the Positive Philosophy, which is the very gospel of Materialism, seeks to explain the origin of all the arts and institutions of men in their relations to a historical law, and to arrive at last at a final formula, to be called the science of Humanity, or *Civilization*. With what is true in this theory the Christian system fully coincides. Its inspired teachers, whether prophets or apostles, have taught that its propagation is to go on, by definite and appointed means, until it shall have brought all the arts, sciences, and institutions of men into harmony with its doctrines and precepts. The “civilization” of the philosopher is the “millennium” of the Christian. But Christianity recognizes what the so-called philosophical historians have generally ignored—the hand of God in history. It looks on the development of humanity on this earth as, in the language of Carlyle, “a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of infinitude, with suns for lamps, and eternity as a back-ground; whose author is God, and whose purport and thousand-fold moral lead us up to the ‘dark with excess of light’ of the throne of God.” Of this great drama Christianity herself, if her claims are valid at all, must be the central figure. And such, in fact, she professes to be. Christ came not merely to reawaken the religious sentiment in men, and to give it a new form and a new voice, but to establish a kingdom, not of this

world, but which should yet, in the course of its triumphant progress, “subdue all kingdoms unto itself.” Christianity claims to be the *last* form of religion, because it is, in fact, something far greater than a form of religion—even religion itself; not springing from human nature, but sent down from heaven to purify and exalt human nature. The Kingdom of God, in the Christian sense, is a Divine idea, and, as such, is sure to be realized. Its progress toward final and complete realization is the central thread of all history, secular as well as sacred.

But in Christian history, as in all other, there are two forces at work. On the one hand, God works, but not immediately or magically. He has created man rational and responsible; and free play is given on the grand theatre of the world to the operation of the human element, whether in obedience or in rebellion. Christ himself has taught the laws under which God works in and through the free agency of the individual man, and in the organic development of humanity as a whole, in those beautiful parables which, as he expressly tells us, were given to unfold the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. That kingdom is to propagate and extend itself by the instrumentality of human agents in a world of evil. In the individual man it is to be a leaven working intensively, to the entire renovation of his character; and in the world of society it is to diffuse itself through the mass, penetrating all human institutions with its own spirit, disintegrating and destroying them when they are incapable of assimilation to its own nature, but taking up into its own life all such as are in harmony with it. In the exquisitely appropriate parable of the mustard-seed it is set forth as growing from the smallest beginnings, until, at last, it spreads over all the earth. In all these illustrations we find the two fundamental ideas of a secret, hidden growth, and of an outward and visible one. If the leaven does its mighty work of destruction and renovation unseen, the tree can be seen of all men as it grows. If the kingdom of God in the individual soul consists in the quiet exercise of Christian faith and virtues—“in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost”—the kingdom of God, as set up in the world, is a visible empire, subject, like all empires, to vicissitudes; “having a visible and assignable extent, gaining ground and losing ground, prospering and sinking, united or divided, with successes and reverses like any other empire.” Its mighty destinies are, indeed, in the hands of its great Ruler and King, but He has intrusted its earthly functions to human agents, and has left them to carry it on, under His guidance indeed, but yet with a personal and individual responsibility for its success. It has laws of its own, but they are all adapted to the general laws of human nature, and are, in fact, destined to work in and through human nature. The plant is of God's planting, but the soil is earthly and the atmosphere is human.

The history of Christianity from the first has been but an illustration of these principles. From beginnings so small, and, in a human sense, so insignificant that the historians of the time hardly allude to them, it has gradually grown to be the informing principle of the highest forms of human civilization. But its march has not been uniform. Almost every step of its progress has been marked

by struggle and conflict. It has had its ages of bloom and its periods of apparent decay. Yet the process has gone on with whatever windings; and, in the end, it has not merely set aside the obstacles that sought to hedge up its way, but has really been furthered by them.

The rules given by Christ to his human agents for the propagation of his kingdom were very simple. He sent them out into the midst of a world of idolatry, with no weapon but His truth, with no sword but that of His Spirit. They were directed to preach that truth, and to gather all that should receive it into communities, for the culture of their affections and the regulation of their lives. To this day He has given no other law. But the working of this commission varies under different circumstances. In heathen lands the truth has to work for the overthrow of existing institutions, as well as for the establishment of new ones. In Christian communities this task is supposed to be already done; the heaven has been at work for centuries, and has penetrated, more or less completely, the whole system of life, in the family, the Church, and the State. In such communities one would naturally suppose that the progress of religion should be quiet and uniform, and that the piety of one age would be handed down to the next; that in the regular training of Christian families and churches, under the force of holy examples and of religious teaching in a Christian atmosphere, one generation after another should grow up into Christianity, and that the only change should be from one degree of purity and spirituality to another. And this quite natural view is that which is adopted by many individual Christians, and by some of the strongest and best Christian Churches. They hold that religion can only be safely propagated by the slow and quiet process of nurture and education; that the lambs of Christ's flock are to be fed, not physicked; that men are to be taught religion, not driven into it; that an inheritance of piety is better than a sudden acquisition of it; and that all attempts to spread the power of religion by other than the ordinary means of the family, the church, and the school must end in reaction and disaster.

All this would doubtless be true enough if the so-called Christian nations were thoroughly Christian; or even if it could be said with truth that religion is the prevailing power in society. But—sad as the truth must be, it must be uttered—there is no Christian state of which it *can* be said. No kingdom of this world has yet become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. The tree is growing, indeed; its roots are firmly set in the soil; its branches are spreading more and more widely; but it is yet in a foreign atmosphere. The Church is still distinct from the world; and from present appearances is likely to be for ages to come. It is true now, in the United States of America, as it was when Christ uttered the saying on a hill-side in Judea, that the way of religion is a way of self-denial and self-sacrifice. The teaching in the family may be good; but it is counteracted by the lessons of the street and of society. The doctrines and the precepts of the pulpit may be sound and thorough; but they are nullified by the practical demands of a daily life amidst unchristian influences. The undue pursuit of wealth is as inconsistent now, as ever, with the life of Christianity; but no community on earth has ever been more completely engrossed in this pursuit than ours. The spiritual nature is

never, indeed, utterly crushed; but it is put to sleep, in individuals and in Churches, by the narcotics every where diffused in the worldly atmosphere of our common life.

Here, then, appears to lie the necessity and the explanation of Revivals. The stream that runs smoothly enough through the quiet meadow breaks into a cataract over the rocks that impede its flow. The Church goes on, for a generation, apparently making no progress, but her lessons of truth have been dropped in thousands of hearts; and through those years of quiet preparation the force is gathering which, at some time, when the obstacles to her advance seem greater than ever, shall suddenly rise up and rend them to pieces. Andrew Crosse, the English electrician, tells us that in every acre of fog there is accumulated electricity enough to destroy every animal within the area; yet no one passing through the quiet mist would dream of the force and fire it conceals. But when the word is given, and the arrowy flames shine out, all men see them, though all men do not understand that the thunder-storm is just as normal in its period as are the days of sunshine and of mist in theirs. The same Divine Power that keeps the elements in equilibrium during the calm quiet of nature lets them loose in the storm, yet governs them still, subordinating calm and storm alike to His great purposes of beneficence and mercy. So in the moral world; none but the Atheist questions that, in its wildest upheavings, the hand of God controls the evolution of human passions and activities, ever "out of seeming evil still educing good." The Christian theory is, that Christ is the Head of the Church; that He guides it by His Holy Spirit, and that all good movements, whether in the Church itself or in the hearts of the individuals that compose it, are due to the influence of that Spirit, working, however, in entire harmony with the institutions and agencies which God has established in society, and, in fact, making the family, the school, and the Church the ordinary *media* of His operations. This theory assumes that Christianity is a religion *above* nature; indeed, it admits that Christianity is no religion at all if it be not supernatural. And it leaves room for extraordinary manifestations of Divine influence as well as for the ordinary—for the tropical shower as well as for the gentlest spring rain. Indeed, the history of Christianity seems to show that its greatest visible triumphs have been the fruit of such manifestations.

There have been many revivals of religion, so called, since the days of Luther, in the Roman Catholic, as well as in the Protestant Churches, both in Europe and America. The greatest of these and the most permanent, both in the duration of the excitement and in its fruits, were doubtless those which attended the preaching of Wesley, Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards. These movements were preceded by long periods of religious apathy and dullness. If ever a "great awakening" was needed, it was in England in 1740. Southey tells us that ecclesiastical discipline had almost totally decayed, and that the clergy enjoyed as little respect as they did authority. No clergy in Europe were more remiss in their labors, less severe in their lives. The literature of the time was, as it always is, a just criterion of the moral condition of the age. The indolent wit of Congreve had formed the taste and even the language of the men and women that controlled society; and Dryden declared it to be "the only prop of the declining stage." That must have in-

deed been a low stage of national morality which found its most faithful pictures in "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews." The quiet inculcation of ordinary morality by Addison, was thought to be a miracle of virtue and religion. It was in a tone of deep sadness that Butler wrote, in 1736, in the Preface to his sublime "Analogy," that it had come to be taken for granted that Christianity was not so much a subject of inquiry; but that it was now, at length, discovered to be fictitious; and that nothing remained "but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." The men of the higher classes were generally infidel in opinions and debauched in morals; the mass of the common people were sunk in ignorance, vice, and brutality, to a degree of which even heathenism might have been ashamed. In the midst of this darkness the Wesleyan revival arose; for thirty years it continued in full force and activity; and every impartial historian confesses that it changed the face of the English nation. It taught the simple creed of Christendom in sermons, tracts, and books, and the uncultivated miners of Cornwall rose from the depths of ignorance to become a comparatively cultivated people. It proclaimed the evangel of love as the true imitation of Christ, and the plain precepts of Christian ethics as the law of human conduct for every man, from the king to the peasant; and the rude colliers of Kingswood laid aside their brutal ways and savage manners, and became, from the most turbulent the most quiet and orderly of the lower class of Englishmen. The movement reached the Church of England itself, and at last pervaded the homes and corrected the habits of all ranks of men. The awakening in New England arose under similar circumstances, and though less vast in its scale of operations, its fruits were equally beneficent in its narrower sphere. The changes of a hundred years have not sufficed to efface the footsteps of the great reformation begun, on both sides of the Atlantic, from 1735 to 1740.

The Protestant Churches of England and America are now passing through a similar revival, marked, however, by many features not to be traced in former great excitements. In this country especially, the movement has been unprecedented in the apparent spontaneity of the outbreak, bursting forth almost simultaneously at many different points, and in the vast extent of territory over which it spreads. For a number of years before, the religious life of the country had been apparently feeble, if not declining. Political excitements had diverted, to a large extent, the energies of the so-called religious community from Christian activities; and their evil effects were not lessened by the fact that moral questions were supposed to be involved in the political. The human mind tolerates but one absorbing feeling at a time. And while the activities of Christians were taken up with political strifes, their zeal in the immediate sphere of religion necessarily lay in abeyance. The same cause hindered the progress of religion among worldly men; it was hard, amidst the din of incessant warfare, in the "storm and pressure" period of our politics, to get a hearing on spiritual topics at all. The political gatherings of all parties were attended by eager thousands; while the pastors of the churches had to lament over diminished and indifferent congregations.

But, besides this occasional disturbing agency,

there has been another, far more potent, because far more steady in its operation, and reaching to circles of society which the political excitement has not penetrated. In no country are the means of money-making so abundant as in America, and in none have the material interests of mankind advanced more rapidly. The vastness of our territory, and its almost exhaustless resources, have generated a corresponding vastness of conception and enterprise among our people. The great task of conquering nature throughout this continent, and subduing it to the uses of civilized men, has from the beginning imparted to the national mind an extraordinary energy and activity. But the events of the last fifteen years—the enlargement of our territory, and the discovery of the richest and most extensive gold fields the world has ever known—have stimulated this American energy, which had lasted long enough to become normal, into an almost preternatural intensity. This mental and moral *exaltation* (not to say insanity) penetrated the whole mind of the country, giving rise to a general devotion to purely material and worldly interests. The members of the Church did not escape the contagion—nay, if the truth were known, it would perhaps be found that many of the clergy have made their "ventures" in Wall Street, in city lots, or in Western acres. We have been a nation of enthusiasts in the pursuit of wealth. But this enthusiasm is not conducive to religious progress; and the tone of feeling in the Church was as low, perhaps, a year ago, as is at all consistent with vitality; and in stead of making constant aggressions upon the world, she appeared to have hard work to hold her own. In the halcyon days of prosperity, from 1850 to 1858, the Church, equally with the world, was wrapped in an illusive dream of material security and wealth. In the apt language of the parable in the Gospel, we were pulling down our barns and building greater; as individuals and as a people we were saying, "Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many years."

But the veil was hastily torn away; the illusion was rudely and suddenly dispelled. The commercial revulsion of 1857 astonished our people—with the exception of a few sagacious minds, whose warnings fell unheeded upon preoccupied ears—as though it were a miracle. The shock was so sudden as almost to dethrone the national reason; the leaders of finance groped in the mist equally with the humblest laborer discharged from employment; no man could trust his fellow. The preceding unnatural exaltation was followed by an equally unnatural depression. Fictitious reputations of wealth collapsed at once; men who supposed themselves capitalists found their fancied fortunes vanishing like mist; even some solid estates were shattered in the general confusion. Families accustomed to luxury were brought to rigid economy; and toiling thousands, wont to live in comfort, were made to stand face to face with want. Not only were baseless schemes of cupidity suddenly broken up, but the legitimate pursuits of trade and industry were every where arrested. The first result was stupor; then there was a brief period of mental and moral stagnation. But the natural elasticity of the American mind soon showed itself. The first symptoms of moral reaction appeared in acts of charity; in this city, and throughout the country, even before the great question of restoring trade and confidence, was put the question, How shall the poor be kept from starving? It was a

sign of moral soundness; the years of worldliness and selfishness had not sufficed totally to corrupt the great heart of the nation. In a few weeks other signs appeared. Gradually, and without any special means of the so-called *revivalism*, the churches were filled up with worshipers. Men began to bethink themselves that, after all, the spiritual nature is above the animal; that religion is the highest of all topics—higher than politics, higher than worldly progress, higher than wealth. The first marked indication that a great revival was dawning upon this city was significant. It was announced that a meeting for daily prayer, intended chiefly for merchants, would be held in a church still standing in one of the narrow streets "down town," long since given up to trade. It was a bold step thus to inaugurate a daily service of God in the very haunt of Commerce, where Mammon had been enthroned and worshiped. Yet the merchant stopped on his way to 'Change; the clerk dropped his pen for an hour; the drayman stopped his horse at the church-door; and the place of prayer was soon too small for the throngs who sought its solaces and its aids to penitence. Other churches were opened; these too, were soon filled; an abandoned theatre was opened and thronged; and, for weeks together, at least twenty large assemblies were gathered daily in this city for religious worship.

A marked peculiarity of these meetings, from the beginning, has been the absence of the purely ecclesiastical element. Many of them have been conducted entirely by laymen; and the exercises have consisted simply in singing and prayer, in brief narratives, and earnest exhortations—delivered, not in a professional way, but with the simple directness of a newly-excited human sympathy, making men willing to talk and to listen to each other about their highest spiritual interests. Men of all religious sects have participated in these meetings on the common footing of faith and love; the sectarian element has been lost and absorbed in the Christian. We do not regard the division of the Christian Church into various bodies as an unmitigated evil; those who deny the existence of Christianity because of the diversity of sects might as well deny the existence of humanity because of the diversity of nations. Menzel remarks that, if religion is to act on men, it must be remembered that men reciprocally exert an influence on religion. As the pure white light, when absorbed by earthly objects, is refracted in many colors, so the religious element, entirely simple in itself, takes many varieties of form in its diffusion among men. But the Divine idea pervades, in a greater or less degree, all the manifold forms of Christian life and worship. In the Christ whom they all recognize, true believers are one. But, every advancing movement in the history of the race, every discovery in science, every triumph over nature, every new instrument and product of civilization, tends to bring mankind together, to break down the barriers that separate kingdoms and races, and to elevate the human element above the national; so every outward manifestation of the essential Christian unity which subsists among the varied organizations that make up the Church on earth is to be welcomed as a harbinger of the coming time when all these distinctions shall give way before the pervading and assimilating power of the common Christianity. Such an illustration the existing revival has afforded in the co-operative labors of clergy and people of nearly all the Protestant

Churches in the great work of awakening the public conscience, and of teaching the newly-roused intellect of the careless masses the lessons of a simple faith and of a pure life.

But the "Union Meetings" have formed only a small part of the assemblies for religious purposes which have been held, in addition to the ordinary occasions of worship, for the last three months in this city, and indeed throughout the country, from Maine to California. The pastors of most of the churches have generally entered into the spirit of the movement; the preaching has been earnest, practical, and affectionate; and the number of services has been greatly increased, many churches, in fact, having been open every day or every night for weeks and months together. Even those classes of religionists that do not sympathize with the revival, as such, have felt its influence indirectly; the Roman Catholic churches have had fuller and more devout audiences than usual at the solemnities of Lent and Passion Week; and that part of the Protestant Episcopal Church which adheres most strictly to what it holds to be the "ancient landmarks," has found the number of attendants at daily prayers insensibly growing from a handful to a large congregation. But among the other sects generally—Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed, etc.—the revival has been acknowledged as a Divine manifestation, and all legitimate means have been employed to turn the visitation to the best account. All former revivals among the so-called Evangelical sects have been characterized by greater or less excitements, both mental and physical. Impulses, frights, and visions figure largely among their mental phenomena; leapings, contortions, and muscular motions of all kinds, voluntary and involuntary, among the physical. Whitefield's meetings at Cambuslang continued sometimes until two o'clock in the morning, and under his fiery eloquence multitudes would "shake like a reed." Many would fall to the earth as if dead; and the meetings would close amidst cries, swoons, and transports. To use his own language, the people would be "borne away like soldiers wounded and carried off a field of battle." The same phenomena attended Wesley's preaching, in many cases; and they appeared, as well, among the cool-headed New Englanders, under the labors of Jonathan Edwards and his coadjutors. At a later period, especially in the Western States, the excitement of great awakenings showed even stronger physical manifestations. The accounts handed down to us of the "jerks," as one of the strangest and most prevalent of these phenomena was called, read almost like the medical report of an epidemic epilepsy. But no such indications have appeared, in any quarter of the country, during the present religious movement. The sermons, prayers, and exhortations have been earnest, indeed, but calm and sober; there have been convictions by the thousand, but no convulsions; and men have seemed to turn their thoughts to religion more under the impulse of newly-awakened love than of sudden alarm. When it is remembered that the territorial extent of the awakening is far greater than that of any that has preceded it, and that the number of converts is also vastly beyond any former record, this singular absence of extravagance and of physical excitement appears still more remarkable.

Still it can not be supposed that a great and general agitation like this should go on without its pe-

cular dangers. "The human mind," says Luther, "is like a beggar on horseback; set him up on one side, and he falls off on the other." In religious movements, as in all others, there are limits which can not be transcended without fearful peril:

"Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."

One of the first dangers to be apprehended is the rise of enthusiasm to the surface. Isaac Taylor remarks that, "unless a perpetual miracle were to intercept the natural operation of common causes, religion, not less than philosophy and poetry, will draw enthusiasts within its precincts." It is the infirmity of weak and ill-regulated minds to yield themselves entirely to the prevalent passion; it is equally the fault of such minds to forget that their proper place is a subordinate one. The history of Christianity is full of examples. The churches founded by St. Paul were infested, within a few years from their origin, with enthusiastic, fanatical, and turbulent spirits. The Lutheran Reformation opened the way for Antinomians and *iluminati*, deceivers and deceived. And so, in every great Revival in later Protestant history, enthusiasm has followed in the track of zeal. The thing itself is, perhaps, unavoidable; but it may be kept within bounds, and rendered comparatively harmless, if its first manifestations be checked by the leaders in the religious movement. But there is a peril of another sort to which those leaders themselves are liable. It is that of substituting machinery for faith, and engineering for earnestness, when the excitement of the public mind begins to flag. On this rock many former awakenings have split in spite of good promise at the first. The temptation will be great; but the very character of the means and manifestations of the present Revival will make it less than in former ones. The ambition to number many converts is also one of the besetting vices of religious leaders, and it often conduces to spurious forms of religious life, and to professions without practice. Transient and spasmodic feelings are apt, in the haste with which multitudes of individual cases must be treated, to be mistaken for a real moral change. But feeling is not faith; impulses are not principles. To chant the *De Profundis*, even with a genuine emotion for the time, is one thing; to lead a new life is quite another. The true test of all professedly spiritual movements, and the only one by which the outer world will ever judge, is the ethical one. It is Christ's own criterion, also, that his disciples are to be known by their fruits.

It is in the power of the Christian Churches and pastors to guard against these evils to a great degree, and it is one of their most important duties at the present crisis to do so. It must not only be their object to awaken the religious affections of the multitudes that throng to them for guidance, but to build up their minds on a solid basis of religious instruction, and to inculcate earnestly and perseveringly the great precepts of the Christian law. Under the labors of Richard Baxter the rabble of Kidderminster were changed in a few years into one of the most decorous and virtuous communities in England; but he put books into every house, and made every family a school of moral discipline. It is to be hoped that, in the present comparatively advanced state of general culture, and with the great number of earnest and educated men that now adorn the ranks of the American clergy, the final results of the present great awaken-

ing will far transcend those of the movements of former times; and that the Revival of 1858 will as far exceed those of 1740 in the permanency of its fruits as it has done thus far in the simplicity of its means and the moderation of its manifestations.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"THE time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The jubilant description of spring, in the Song of Solomon, is still unequalled. Among all the poets none have sung a sweeter strain. In all literature there is nothing more buoyant and festive, of a richer spring hue, of a livelier spring impulse, than the words which are preserved to us in such a wonderful translation.

It is this very singing of birds which is the full and final certificate of the spring's arrival. The song of the first blue-bird pierces the heart of the winter. It may bluster and wail, even freeze and scatter snow, after it is heard, but such frenzies are but dying agonies. Children know that buttercups and anemones are coming; and they even push away the snow to find, under dead leaves, as among graves, the resurrection of the earth in the trailing arbutus.

People must live in the country to tell the year by flowers. Birds change more slowly, but almost every month is marked in the calendar by its peculiar blossoms. A shrewd boy knows where to find the white violets, and where the blue; where the rhodora and the azalia bloom; in what rocky clefts the white mountain-laurel spreads its pure urns for midnight dew, and in what pastures the purple smaller laurel—sheepsbane—grows. He knows the precious swamp in which the rare and delicate arethusa shrinks and hides; along what winding, bowery stream the cardinal-flowers stand in gorgeous state; and in what shades the regal orchis holds its splendid court. The woods and fields, the water-courses and rocks, are his well-known domain—his New World reeking with treasures that wait for him. The broad, green, leafy landscape is his Hispaniola, which he has discovered and explored, and the floral gold and gems are his by right of knowledge and of skill.

All the poets who sing well of flowers have secured a long hearing. The very names of flowers give a spice and fragrance to the lines. They "smell sweet and blossom in the dust" even of old literature and almost forgotten songs. In all books they are the types and symbols of loveliness, innocence, and freshness, of unquestioned and unquestioning beauty—"Behold the flowers of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin;" but also when mentioned alone and unapplied, they have an independent elegance and character, as gold is valuable not only when it is wrought into exquisite cups, and vases, and coin, but when it stands alone and unworked in the lump.

But whether they wrought flowers into symbols or simply used them as natural ornaments of their verses from the love they bore them, and from the instinctive perception of the harmony of flowers and poetry, the greatest of the English poets—that is to say, the greatest of our poets—have shown the profoundest appreciation of the sweet world of flowers. The same sympathy with natural characteristics gives so much force and picturesqueness to Homer. Flowers are not especially mentioned by him; but the spirit of perfect confidence in the

simple truth of description, as being the most poetic, is precisely that of our poets in speaking of flowers.

Homer, like Antæus, perpetually and literally touches the earth to strengthen himself. His epithets, in the catalogue of ships, in the *Iliad*, have a simple, descriptive beauty, which is not surpassed by the Song of Solomon. The epithets are so chosen that the traveler in Greece to-day would not fail, first of all, upon reaching some Homeric site, to recall the adjective Homer had bestowed upon it, and seek to find it still justified.

Listen to a few of them: "Rocky Aulis, hilly Eteonus, and the ample plain of Mycalessus; the well-built city Medeon, and Thisbe, abounding in doves; grassy Haliartus and grape-clustered Arne; wealthy Corinth, vine-planted Epidaurus, and pleasant Arethyrea; great Lacedemon, full of clefts, and dove-abounding Messa; Arcadia, under the breezy mountain of Cyllene, sheep-abounding Orchomenus, and wind-swept Enispe; leaf-quivering Neritos and flowery Pyrrhasus, Iton, the mother of sheep, maritime Antion and grassy Ptelon."

So, also, in all Greek poetry, whatever concerns Demeter, or Ceres, and the mythology of woods and waters, has a peculiar charm. But there is little trace of the particular fondness for flowers themselves which marks the modern poetry, while there is a flowery flavor in the verse itself. In the Greeks, however, the descriptions of nature are all subsidiary, as Humboldt observes, to the events; which is the natural aspect of the works of a young genius. The Greek was a splendid boy; and while the boy knows where the flowers are he has not that sentimental, symbolical fondness for them which he will have later, when he falls in love, and, unable to screw out a sonnet while he sits at home, he steps into the meadow and finds poems ready, on every side, for the gathering. The Persians press their own sentiments into the mouths of flowers, and arrange nosegays grammatically. But the wise boy will trust the natural language of the flowers. A moss-rose bud can not mean "I hate you;" nor a velvet-petaled pansy, "You are proud." A wax-flower must needs say "How cold you are!" and a dahlia, "You are only stiff and splendid."

In the Hebrew religious writings there are frequent traces of a more modern spirit in the feeling for flowers and nature at large, and Humboldt quotes from various Christian fathers who cherished a kind of fondness for them. In truth, one wonders that the little tale of Picciola was not the story of every one of those old solemn recluses. Some chance plant or blade of grass in the desert must have been painfully dear to those solitary ascetics. All human friendliness forsworn, how easy to imagine that some humble flower grew in the warm and desolate clefts of those rocky hearts, twined around them in tender, tremulous tendrils, and steeped them in faint sweetness, the perfume of hope and memory!

The rose blooms all through Persian poetry, but it is almost always a symbol. Sometimes in Hafiz it is loved and sung for its own sweet sake. But the Persian verse has a mystic character, which is totally incompatible with the simple, natural love and praise of flowers themselves. In the Latin, there is even less of this feeling than in the Greek poetry; nor, until the troubadours and minnesingers began chanting in the twilight of modern times,

and the "morning star" of English literature arose, is there poetry which expresses the love of the flower for itself, and not as a type or an adjunct. In that reviving morning hour of literature and the world the birds and flowers burst together into happy chorus. "The rosy-fingered morn" began to yield to a simpler tone. What an entirely fresh and exquisite strain in literature is the Saxon Song of Summer—one of the earliest fragments in our literary history:

"Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing, Cuckoo;
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood new;
Sing Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

"Ewe bleateth after lamb;
Loweth calf after cow;
Bullock starteth, buck departeth;
Merry sing, Cuckoo:
Cuckoo, Cuckoo;
Well singeth the Cuckoo—
Sing ever, stop never,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo;
Sing, Cuckoo!"

That was in 1250: and how very like it is to Shakespeare! how it rings and leaps like the little songs in Shakespeare! Thus, at the end of *Love's Labor's Lost*, how similar the spirit of the song is to that of the Saxon one!

"When daisies pled and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

"When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!"

The pure objectivity of these songs, the delight in the mere mention of the objects, and the simple assurance that the suggestion is enough, are wonderfully similar. Shakespeare, indeed, three hundred and fifty years after the Saxon song, goes a step beyond the older poet in a sly insinuation. But this is strictly within the plain, frank scope of the whole song. Wordsworth, again, two hundred years later than Shakespeare, and more than five hundred after the Saxon, sings the "Cuckoo" in an entirely different strain. The bird, to the modern poet, is not welcome as the harbinger of summer only; but his coming and his song have a spiritual relation to the life and thought of the poet, and the poem is not a burst of simple delight like the Saxon song, nor a colored melody of characteristic observation and rollicking innuendo like Shakespeare's, but it is a strain of solemn thoughtfulness, of yearning regret and tender longing:

"O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

"While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear:
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

"Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

"Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing—
A voice, a mystery:

"The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to: that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

"To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love—
Still longed for, never seen.

"And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

"O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place
That is fit home for thee!"

In this poem—one of the most melodious and complete of Wordsworth's—there is quite as much of the poet as of the bird. It expresses not only the delight in the cuckoo's coming and singing of the earlier song, not only the observation of Shakespeare, but also the relation of the bird to himself and his experience. In this, again, the modern poet differs from the minnesingers who sang the daisy and the lily: *la douce Marguerite* and the *flower of light*, as well as from Chaucer, Spenser, and Herrick. But the Middle-Age poets sang chiefly of love, or, more truly speaking, licentiousness, and war. Even the celebrated *Romance of the Rose* has nothing to do with the flower; the rose only symbolizes the reward of love. Among the English poets no one has a simpler delight in flowers for their own sake than Herrick. His welcome to the violets is as perfect as they:

"Welcome, maids of honor!
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.

"She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

"Ye are maiden posies,
And so grac'd
To be plac'd
Fore damask roses.

"Yet, though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected!"

So in the poem "To Meadows" there is the same human feeling, as if all things that lived shared the same conscious, sympathetic life:

"Ye have been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

"Like unthrifty, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone."

The most exquisite assumption of flowers into the realm of human sympathy is Herrick's poem "To Primroses filled with morning dew." Burns's "Mountain Daisy," although so tender and per-

sonal, becomes his own sigh before it is ended. In Wordsworth's various poems to the same flower, except in the beautiful epitaph upon his brother, there is too much of the poet. But in all English poetry, except the dreary Augustan age (dreary for poetry), when the Muse veiled her face to let Prose triumph, both in rhyme and out, there is a personal and particular tenderness for flowers, which is peculiar to it, and entirely unrivaled except in some modern German poets.

How we have chatted on about them! But is it not May-day? Are we not thinking of May-poles upon English greens, garlanded with flowers and dances, with happy hearts and smiling faces?

You think it was not so, and that there is a vast deal of humbug about this May-day business? You have never known any thing so very lovely in the day? It is always damp and dismal, and associated with broken furniture?

Well, now, do you suppose that the song of a cuckoo is so very sweet? Is it as charming in the fields as in the poets? And what are such poets as Time and Distance? The May-pole was, as you truly suggest, only a piece of wood; the flowers were dandelions and other coarse field-ware, if not positive paper; the country lasses were great, blowsy, frowsy, thumping, dumpling, red-cheeked and beet-fisted dairy-maids; the swains were monstrous, clodhopping, clumsy, stupid, ignorant, grinning, and sensual plow-boys; they got drunk, and quarreled, and broke each other's heads, and the dancing of such nymphs and swains must have been surprising to behold. You are firmly persuaded that, when a pretty *Zerlina* in coquettish petticoats, very short and very much bedecked with ribbons and the choicest muslin flowers, with her hair carefully dressed by a fashionable barber, and with the darlinest little ankle and the dearest little foot, *chaussée à ravir* (dressed to kill), runs artlessly upon the stage, holding *Masetto* by the hand, for all the world like the innocent babes in the wood—*Masetto* himself being a youth of unexceptionable legs and profuse whiskers, and a mustache like Conrad the Corsair, clad in a suit of velvet, with crimson trimmings and fluttering ribbons at his knees—you are persuaded that these figures are very unlike the lads and lasses of the olden time dancing about the May-pole when Time was new and the world was young, and the trail of the golden age yet lay lovely upon the earth.

Don't be sarcastic. You think them louts and clouts, and blundering bumpkins, although poets and other twaddlers do blow such silver trumpets about them.

But do you not see that Time and Distance create the same illusion that the stage does? There were scurvy fellows enough with Leonidas, you may be sure—fellows who had told lies, and could not read nor write, and helped ostracize better men than themselves. But for all that, history and poetry and the human heart have decided that Leonidas stood through a summer day with three hundred heroes at Thermopylæ. You can't hold a coroner's inquest and call witnesses to prove how they beat their wives. Your questions, your doubts, your suspicions, your "great humbuds," are all outlawed. Judgment is entered in their favor—and they are good, brave, generous men forever.

So with May-day and the May-pole, and the peasants and the dances. They are traditional and poetic now, and it is too late to apply the humbug theory. Spite of your own skepticism, what a

lovely picture lies in your imagination of the old English revels of the May! They belong to the rural world—to fields, and groves, and village greens. They belong to Arcady—to the world of blithe lovers and of blooming maids. They are like Claude's pictures; for the landscape is poetic and all the scene a festival. It is not a work-day world, but a play-day. The birds are singing, the flowers are blooming, the cattle are lowing, the dogs are barking, the trees are blossoming, the brooks are gurgling, the rivers are flowing, the leaves are twinkling, the lakes are gleaming, the sun is shining, the clouds are flying. It is a world of happy innocence, and levity, and joy. It is May—the bud of summer, the spring of hope, the blush of beauty; it is May that sheds a softer hue upon memories always fresh and tender; May, the magician, who waves her wand, and the flowers appear—who calls, and the south wind answers; it is May who beckons the summer and rocks the birds in leafy trees, and, when the whole world is quickened, and kindled, and adorned, wraps herself in roses, and smiles away her life in the lush lap of June, while the flowers sing softly as she dies:

"Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall ever dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring one piece
Of heaven the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions."

LOOKING back from this May-day over the year, what changes and chances—what good and ill fortune—shall we not see! Life is, doubtless, always about the same. Birth and death, and joy and sorrow, the birds in spring and the blight in winter, are the substance of every year's tale. But sometimes there is a prominence given to these events; sometimes among the dead there is a great man or woman; sometimes among the living there is a poet or a hero; sometimes, among all the constant victories and defeats that go on daily in every circle and in every individual experience, there is some Marathon or Waterloo—some Saragossa or Bunker Hill, which rivets peculiar attention; sometimes, amidst the ceaseless ravages of disease, there is some desolating pestilence—amidst general prosperity, a signal good-fortune—or, amidst the incessant fluctuations of trade, there is a universal disaster.

During the last year, for instance, the Indian war of England, the more degrading despotism in France, and the universal panic in the world of trade, with our own intense interest in political affairs and the great revival, are subjects that will always occupy thrilling pages of history.

The most natural fruit of all the financial excitement was the revival. When men who have been slipping along a smooth and swift current, getting all they wished—finding daring to be the only condition of success—building splendidly, living extravagantly, speculating on every thing and turning stones to gold, are suddenly stopped short by a rock reef or a snag, and, in the very moment of drowsy delusion, lulled by the swift lapse of waters, find their boats breaking, waves roaring, winds whistling, and pecuniary destruction triumphant, they are forced to remember, as they welter and see

each other go down, that there is something else than successful speculation in life—that riches *have* wings—and that if they have built their houses upon the sand the ruin will be terrible.

It is no wonder that the country became "serious." It is no wonder that every body asked—Solomon Gunnybags himself leading the chorus—"Is it true that there are two kinds of treasure? Is there any thing in this story of moth and rust? Is there a treasure that thieves can not steal? And if so, where? Where have we heard the story? Who told it to us? Let us go and inquire into it farther."

Certainly the spectacle which the streets of New York, and the churches, showed in November and in March were marvelously different. In the autumn groups of men with gloomy brows stood at the corners and sat in counting-rooms, listening for the crashes of mercantile credit that rang all around them. From the steps of granite banks perplexed presidents and disturbed directors stated their hopes and their beliefs—which sunset brought to shame. Fathers of families came home with aching hearts gnawed by doubts, and could not force the smile they did not feel. Young husbands saw with dismay their glittering castles of the future, in which they had bespoken such pleasant apartments, full of sun, toppling to the ground. Young wooers, with hands outstretched to lead beautiful brides to the altar, paused, affrighted, and let fall those fairy fingers. Amusements were deserted; Lyceums abandoned their lectures; workmen stood starving in the streets; poor women who had kept hunger and death at bay with the point of their needles, were suddenly summoned to elect between sin and starvation; the prosperity of the most flourishing nation in the world seemed to be a dreary delusion, and no merchant or bank director, no Congressman or President, could give any better account of the catastrophe than that "we had all been too extravagant."

But God disposes. The winter that was to complete the misery—that was to starve those without work, and extort crime from compulsory idleness—whose snow and ice were to be the bitter visible symbols of the sudden winter that had invaded our summer thoughtlessness—came so gently that no one knew it was here. Thanksgiving-day, and Christmas-day, and New Year's, were days of spring sweetness and softness. In January grass was green and buds starting; bays were free from ice; travel uninterrupted; fuel not dear; the air itself was tender and reluctant; and February ended like April. Meanwhile private generosity conspired with the charity of Nature. Even Fashion held its hand from extravagance, and taxed its own follies. Society danced, and sang, and played, and worked, for charity. Orators, artists, singers, sweetened their triumphs with care for the suffering; and every man opened his pockets more readily from knowing the empty pockets around him. And when, in early March, there came a week of rigorous winter weather, not only was the worst of the financial pressure passed, but the whole world had taken heart and hope again, and answered smiling April with a smile.

What was the great revival but the softened heart of the country—softened first by misfortune, then by sympathy and charity—confessing God—recognizing other and higher duties than the service of Mammon, and resolving to devote itself to purer aims and a better life?

The historian of this epoch must record that with the reviving year faith in the invisible was revived in men's hearts; that in the heart of the city, at high noon, for the first time in the experience of younger men, the churches, usually closed throughout the week in sullen gloom, were daily open and thronged; that, as in Mohammedan lands, where at mid-day the muezzin from his airy turret calls "To prayer! to prayer!" so from the lofty spires the Christian bells rang musically out, "To prayer! to prayer!" He must record that men and women, young and old, swarmed to the churches, to the vestry-rooms, and to convenient halls—that for an hour they prayed, and sang, and exhorted, and wept; that the old invited and warned the young; that the young held each other by the hand; that wives prayed for their husbands, and parents for their children; that a theatre was opened and daily crowded—echoing no longer the jests of Momus, but full of the murmur of confessing faults and passionate entreaty; that sectarian limits were partly broken down; and that for the first time, in the eyes of most of those who beheld the spectacle, New York, on week days, looked like a city of Christians as much as on Sundays.

All this must the historian record, with a thousand details of personal experience.

It will be for him also to say—for we can not know it—to what result the waters were moved. Doubtless he must confess that while, with many, it was a mere excitement and shallow emotion, with many also it was, in good faith, "an awakening" to the sense of a higher life; that it made them better sons and fathers, husbands and brothers; that they were more truthful, and faithful, and sincere; that they followed the aims of this life with less exclusive ardor, and while their feet walked upon the earth, their heads moved among the stars. For nothing is so various in its appearance as spiritual life. The wildest enthusiasm can not justly rail at the calmest contemplation, and the phenomena which are ludicrous to one good man may be the expression of sincerest devotion in another. That the historian will find much to censure and deplore—that he will laugh sometimes and sometimes frown, as he describes, who can doubt? That many things were not done that should have been; that sectarian lines were not as entirely destroyed as in a Christian land they ought to be; that too often the Father was forgotten in the Judge; that the sense of duty was confused; that the lives were not so clean as the words upon the lips—to say that, what is it but to say that they were men?

The day has gone when even so good a man as Sydney Smith can sneer at "consecrated cobblers." The rosy canon of St. Paul's launching a bright *bon-mot* at the dinner-table of Holland House, might have thought with edification of John Bunyan in Bedford jail, and have spared his fellow-Christians a foolish taunt.

It is not easy to make a catalogue of great men, but it is easy to see how, from time to time, the standard of greatness changes. A military general can hardly ever again enjoy the exclusive kind of fame that once belonged to him. The victories of peace are beginning to supply heroes for the laurel as well as those of war. To-day, for instance, while Havelock fought bravely and died well, and was worthily honored in India, not less bravely and well has Livingstone been fighting ig-

norance and conquering prejudice in Africa. Dr. Livingstone is one of the greatest men of this age. He has done what few men ever do, namely, made a contribution to the positive knowledge of the world; and he has shown, in his long career of sixteen years in Africa, how much superior the art of peace is to the art of war, as a method of discovery and civilization.

Suppose, for a moment, that England had sent to Africa an army of ten thousand men, with ammunition-wagons, cannon, camp-material, camp-retainers, and all that cloud of confusion, riot, and devastation in which an army always moves. The great agents of valuable civilization—intelligence, sympathy, caution—which inspire confidence and respect among simple natives, would all have been wanting. Armed forces inspire terror, and the people would have fled. Soldiers are ignorant and brutal, and the wisest policy of the leaders, as in Spanish America, would have been thwarted by the men. Rational interest in civilization is unknown to soldiers. They know the value of the present moment only, and the march of that army across the continent of Africa would have been a red route of terror and destruction.

A few men like Livingstone—too few to inspire terror—so accomplished and equipped as to strike astonishment and admiration, and so intelligent in observation and comparison as to discover the possibilities of a country, its resources and its relations, are worth a great many armies as pioneers. Men like Cortez or Pizarro, in Africa, would have returned with gold and precious woods, and ivory, and gems, and have left behind them hate and a deadly will. Wherever they had stolen or bought an elephant's tooth they would have sown a dragon's tooth that would have sprung up into armed men, their enemies. An army only could reap the harvest they had sown. But Livingstone brings away the collected treasures of sixteen years, not in chests and sacks, but in his memory; leaves a nation of friends behind him, and returns to help them help themselves.

Dr. Livingstone is a great man among great travelers. Simple, hardy, heroic, religious, he is bravely devoted to his work. A nation honors itself in honoring its great men. The hearty enthusiasm of his reception at home; the prodigious welcome of his book, which has been read as Scott's romances used to be; the sympathy of eminent men of science, and his modest depreciation of himself in their presence, all show that the good sense of England understands his work and is grateful for it.

He has sailed again to Africa. The Queen has made him her consul at the Portuguese settlements, Government has given money and a steam vessel to aid his expedition, and his country and the world will not forget him. But whether he comes again or is never heard of more, he has written his name in history. Of all the men who have explored that great continent, he is perhaps the one who has done most toward bringing it into a mutually profitable contact with the other continents; he has banished from the maps the griffins and monsters which the old geographers used to put upon unexplored lands, and filled them with kindly races, future allies of civilization:

"God speed thee, valiant mariner!
And bring thee safe to shore!"

WHEREVER A MAN TRAVELS BY RAIL IN THIS COUN-

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try there are two people sitting upon the seat behind him who talk incessantly, and but of one thing. It is always "business"—as if a man lived for nothing under heaven but to buy cheap and sell dear. Long credits and short credits; last year's business and next year's chances; how much Tom has made, and how much Fred was "let in" by his operation; how much superior Tiddlebury Sarsnet is to Diddlebury Sarsnet; how you can stay at the Bunkum House for a quarter of a dollar a day less than at the Chiselby House: these are the topics which in every car, upon every railroad, in every part of the country, occupy the two immortal souls that sit on the seat behind.

Once the Easy Chair was coming from Columbus to Chicago. At a station on the route a gentleman jumped into the car and seated himself in front of the Chair. He read his newspaper intently and then surveyed his neighbors. Seeing that the Chair had evidently been traveling, he began at once:

"From Cincinnati?"

"Yes."

"How's flour?"

The Easy Chair hoped it was very well, but had no recent news, and was therefore obliged to confess it did not know. The undaunted traveler, however, without smiling, or even entertaining a suspicion of abject ignorance upon the part of the Easy Chair, immediately followed up the reply with:

"How's pork?"

But when he received the same answer he turned quietly round, and said no more. That a person should have come from Cincinnati, within two days, and not know how flour was, or how pork was, might be possible, but it was much more likely that the person didn't care to communicate the intelligence. That a man should neither know nor care particularly about the subject, nor be ashamed of not caring, was probably beyond his credibility.

When we go upon journeys why not play that we have some other interest in life than making a little more money? Why hug the delusion that to be a practical man is necessarily to be a valuable member of society? Such a man may or may not be a tolerable citizen. But if he is constantly thrusting in his pork and flour his proper place is a mill or a sty.

"A READER" will find Tennyson's poem "The Eagle" in the tenth London edition (Moxon) of his poems. This is the whole of it:

THE EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHAT news to tell?

Not any. The trial of the assassins is over. People have ceased to talk of the wondrous *fiercé* with which Orsini bore himself, or of the abject villainy of Pierri; have ceased to talk of the speech of Jules Favre, in which the defender of the criminal did not, by one word, or one appeal, seek to save the life of his miserable client, but plead only against the confiscation of his honor.

After this came the foolish manifest of M. Felix Pyatt, from London, making out a brilliant defense of assassination, and disgusting right-minded men every where.

And the Emperor—as if his sudden passion were over, and his old calculating shrewdness were returning—has placed no check upon the issue of Jules Favre's harangue, no obstacles in the way of a full defense of the assassins. With imperturbable coolness he bids adieu to Clarendon, and welcomes Malmesbury. There are the usual expressions of distinguished consideration, of cordial sympathies, and the joints of the Anglo-French alliance are lubricated once more with an oily diplomacy.

Of course, Lord Derby and his administration have been matter of general comment; pictures of the new Premier have made their appearance in the shop-windows. The old gentlemen who frequent the reading-room of Galignani's have stopped in the court to measure opinions, and to declare themselves; and the drift of all these opinions and declarations has eddied (with obstructing "ers" and "haws") about these three stand-points:

First, that of the progressive, radical, impassioned, *Leader*:

"The new Government is an interregnum; Lord Derby has proved himself an impossible Premier, he has accepted the post as chief commissioner of a Board to administer the affairs of the British Empire until the next constitutional Cabinet can be formed. The Board comprises men of ability and character; but they are so placed as to be debarred from distinguishing themselves or serving their country according to their capacity, and in obedience to the unanimous wishes of the country. Some of them may do some good while they are in power; but unless they negative the character which the same Government left behind it in 1852, and acquire entirely new attributes, they can but repeat the failure of that year.

"In general terms we may say that it is the Cabinet of 1852 called forth again, but it is called forth under totally altered circumstances. 1852 was a year of profound peace. The break-up of parties consequent upon the transformation of the Tories into Free-traders, and carried out by the perplexities of the Liberal party, had ended in converting the House of Commons into a set of distinct minorities, no one of which could command power. Almost all the greatest measures for which we had been calling for many years had been carried; the country was fatigued after the exertions of more than one generation. Excepting the unenfranchised classes, who had not yet learned the way to give effect to their just claims, there was no very great and absolute demand for measures; the period was negative; the Tories had clung together by the force of tradition; they presented the largest number of men, there was nothing for them to do in office, and they entered for that purpose. They accepted 'power' merely to prevent the doing of things which were inconsistent, not with living convictions, but with their defunct opinions. In fact, they entered office to bury the last remaining principle that distinguished them from the rest of English politicians—Protection—and they did bury it.

"The grand difficulty with which it has now to contend is an essential mistake in the very organization of the party. It is a party without any *raison d'être*. It has not a political principle to rally to. There is not a man who could be placed

in any of the offices of domestic administration, scarcely a man that could enter the Cabinet at all, who would be prepared at this day to avow the principles of the Tory."

Second, the position of the quiet, thoughtful, conservative *Spectator*, which expresses its fears thus:

"The first question is, whether the new Ministry will be so situated, and possess such capacity, as to retrieve the mistake made by Lord Palmerston in regard to France. That question has never turned upon the mere provisions of the bill which was laid before Parliament; it has always turned upon the conduct of our political relations. In the recent debate, Mr. Walpole, the new Home Secretary, kept open for the incoming Ministry the power to continue Lord Palmerston's bill, though, of course, with the further power to modify it: but that is not the point. The false position into which the late Minister betrayed himself by over-ingenuity originated in the state of the diplomatic communications with France; but the public will not be very hasty in assuming that Lord Malmesbury, said to be the very particular friend of Louis Napoleon, will be able to preserve for his country a better position than Lord Palmerston, Louis Napoleon's applauding but less intimate friend.

"The new Ministry will be obliged to defend its position at home under circumstances of great embarrassment, without the corresponding materials for self-defense. Although it invaded the Ministerial position at the head of the majority, on the Treasury-bench it is only at the head of a minority; and that minority is deficient in Parliamentary power, and not sustained by the bulk of the people out of doors.

"Some of its deficiencies are even more serious. We are involved in a civil war in India: the conduct of Indian affairs is intrusted to Lord Ellenborough—a man of vigor and some Indian experience, but strongly impressed with peculiar notions, and regarded almost as the partisan of Hindooism against Mussulmanism. The state of affairs in the East and in Europe compels a large and progressive increase of our army; and, with all respect for General Peel, we may say that Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli can not command in the War Department any statesman equal to those that will be arrayed against them. Military extension will necessarily be accompanied by an extension of expenditure, and by the necessity for reforms with a view to strict economy: but Lord Derby is compelled to undertake the responsibility of Premier without a financier in the Exchequer.

"Thus devoid of some essential elements of strength—entering office under circumstances of the greatest difficulty abroad and at home—the Ministers are certain to be embarrassed by the inevitable attempts of Lord Palmerston or his friends to regain the Treasury-bench; attempts which it will be not the more easy to parry because they will necessarily be carried on without a strict fidelity to party usages. Having ceased to be the leader of the Liberal party, Lord Palmerston must seek to muster a majority in the Commons by extending the basis of his operations. His failure has been recent but transient; his successes, though not always self-earned, have been large and long-continued; he is courageous by temperament; and he may say more than most Premiers, that this is his House of Commons."

Third, is the welcome given to the new Cabinet

by the *Press*, the organ of Disraeli, and the apologist for all the Lords Decimi; with whom, it is needless to say, the Barnacles are the true and only conservatives:

"It is now six years since Lord Derby held the reins of power, and the differences between the circumstances of 1852 and 1858 are strikingly remarkable. The eventualities of the present crisis are all in favor of the Conservative party, whereas in 1852 it was otherwise. Six years since there was an unsettled economical subject associated with recent heart-burnings, and with disputed principles of action on financial affairs. The question of the time in that year was one, in point of fact, upon which there had been a great Conservative schism previously; but that subject is now entirely at rest, and a new class of contingencies is before the mind of the English public. In 1852, also, many of the chiefs of the Conservative party were then untried, but such is not the case now. Six years have rolled by, and select committees of the House of Commons, the debates of Parliament, and the opinion of the community have stamped the present chiefs of the Conservatives with the prestige of high personal success. The talents of Lord Stanley, his capacity for dealing with complicated social questions, and his zeal for progress, have been abundantly manifested. Mr. Walpole has been admitted to have deserved the high rank in debate anticipated for him by the late Sir R. Peel on his first appearance; Sir John Pakington, Mr. Henley, and others have risen into general favor with the community, while their command over 'the ear of the House' is undisputed even by their political adversaries. Another serious consideration, in balancing 1852 against 1858, can not be overlooked. In 1852 the 'Durham Letter' of Lord John Russell had stirred up the wrath of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, and had intensely excited their feelings. In 1858 a Roman Catholic Attorney and Solicitor-General of Ireland have prosecuted a priest for doing the same thing which was considered meritorious in 1852. So, also, six years since, there was a large 'Irish Party' banded together against Lord Derby. It included 'Mr. John Sadleir,' Mr. Duffy, 'Mr. Edmund O'Flaherty,' Mr. Frederick Lucas, and many others. But no such party now exists. In Foreign Politics Lord Malmesbury was then untried, and a stupid 'cry' was raised against his Lordship for presuming to go into the office filled by Lord Palmerston. But events showed that Lord Malmesbury made in most honorable terms an advantageous alliance with France, which Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon have done their worst to compromise. No one will deny that Mr. Walpole is fully equal to Sir George Grey as Secretary for the Home Department. Mr. Walpole represents Cambridge University, and took a front place in the Equity Bar; and Sir George Grey represents Morpeth, a nomination borough of the Earl of Carlisle, and has been gradually sinking in the estimation of the House of Commons, both as a debater and as an administrator. In the important department of the Colonies Lord Stanley is a prodigious improvement on Mr. Labouchere, who commenced his official life in 1832 as 'Lord of the Admiralty.' Did any one ever hear of Mr. Labouchere doing any thing brilliant? Lord Stanley is a nobleman of untiring labor, extraordinary acquirements, and can treat colonial subjects from the scientific and philosophic point of view; while his travels in

America, the West Indies, Canada, and elsewhere, have familiarized him with the topics of colonial discussion. In 1852 Lord Derby had not the advantage of Lord Ellenborough's commanding abilities. We may remind our readers that Lord Ellenborough, for more than a quarter of a century, was the chosen confidential associate of the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel; and the last 'great name' reminds us that General Peel, who has always been a member of the old Conservative party, and whose personal honor is beyond the breath of reproach, has joined Lord Derby's Cabinet. Surely in such facts there is great significance; and any one can observe the great difference between the eventualities of 1852 and 1858. That difference is, obviously, in favor of the Conservative cause."

In citing thus much, we have given an epitome of all the British talk about the new Cabinet; and French talk, naturally enough, takes its color from the British talk.

As for home gossip we have none, and in lieu of it the *feuilletonistes* have fallen to story-making. Thus one tells us that, long ago, in the disturbed days of the Revolution—the first Revolution—a young Englishman and his French friend, who were suspected of royal ways of thinking, made their escape from arrest by dashing down a court-way in the neighborhood of the Palais Royal, and finding refuge in the apartments of a pretty woman, upon whose solitude and sorrow they intruded unannounced, and secured her sympathy because *suspects*.

The lady had her own griefs, because her family were exiled or confined. The new fugitives cheered her; in giving refuge she gave friendship, and mutual sympathy ripened into cheer. They passed a gay evening; they supped together, they sang together, they played cards together—just as in Boccaccio pretty women and pretty men made mirth when pestilence was stalking in the cities.

But as the evening drew on to midnight the fugitives bethought themselves of leave, but in gaining shelter and safety they had lost their hearts.

So the Frenchman began his tale, dropping on his knee, and swearing fealty and promising eternal devotion.

And the Englishman (whose French speech was limited) dropped upon his knee, and said, "*Mais également!*"

The pretty woman wavered, and said kind things to both, as a French woman best knows how to do.

The Frenchman pressed his claims most earnestly; his heart was absolutely lost; he should love her forever.

And the Englishman said "*Mais également!*"

The pretty French woman reasoned—expostulated; an evening's acquaintance was so little; first impressions were so deceitful; they might meet again.

Whereat the Frenchman flamed into warmer grandiloquence; he could never love another! he should cherish her memory always! his heart was hers, and he begged her acceptance!

And the Englishman—" *Mais également!*"

But the hour was growing late; the pretty French woman insisted upon their leave. If they valued her good name, they could not deny her; she was not insensible to their proffers of love, but she must have time for consideration; she must have proof of their constancy. A year should prove it.

That night twelve-month, at eight of the clock, she would be in the *Salle Vefour*, at the second table to the left, and attend there for an hour. If both came, she would make her choice; if one, she would give him her hand; if neither—she could show her own constancy by waiting still another year.

And the gallant Frenchman, finding present hope gone, said, "*J'y consens!*"

And the Englishman—" *Mais également!*"

Well, the year ran on—troublesome, full of executions, full of woe: and mirth and gayety mocked at the woe; men danced and women sang, and a great consul made great conquests and committed great crimes; and Liberty labored and grew weak, and Despotism shone with a frontlet of Paris diamonds.

A lone woman and unprotected was safe. Virtue lighted garrets, and vice was in courts. Paris is not so bad as it is painted. There are generous lions as well as cowardly curs. Faith and resolve are always strong—always conquer. The lone woman who had given refuge lived resolutely in the eye of her promise.

A twelve-month passed, and she was at the second table to the left in the *Salle Vefour*. Courts and governors had changed, but *Vefour* had not. She supped there; she waited; the quarter sounded—no friend came; the half-hour sounded—no friend came; the last quarter came—they might be dead, they might be banished, they might have forgotten. However it was, none came to greet her; and at nine she left, saddened, but looking hopefully to the twelve-month to come.

Another year passed: there was no message, there was no waif of remembrance—but the woman's heart beat true.

Six—seven—eight (her heart counting the hours), sounded upon the second anniversary, and she was again seated (thinner, paler) at the second table to the left in the *Salle Vefour*.

At every step her eyes rose; at every new face she saw her eyes fell. This year, too, there was disappointment.

But the constancy had now grown into the purpose of her life. Year after year saw her, upon each anniversary of that first meeting, at her appointed place in the *Salle Vefour*. Ten years had only passed over the head of the gallant Frenchman when he fell, fighting bravely—it does not matter where. The pale, silent woman, who came to the *Café Vefour* knew nothing of time, or place, or death.

Other ten years passed—and twenty—and thirty—and forty. The annual visit to the *Salle Vefour* had become a habit; it was a habit with the old, lone woman, to raise her eyes at the step of every new-comer; a habit to sigh as her eyes fell.

A few years ago—no matter how many—a broken-down British admiral visited Paris for the first time in forty odd years. He remembered the scene of an old escape; he wandered there; and thence, at eight of the clock, to the *Salle Vefour*. Forty years and its memories were cloven from his life by the sharpness and the suddenness of one old passion. The night, the face, the figure, the promise started to his brain.

"The second table to the left." He looked there; the pale old lady looked at him—rose—came toward him—gave him her hand:

" *Me voici!*"

" *Mais également!*"

And the story-teller says they were married; if so, we wish them joy!

MR. DICKENS has latterly been issuing what is called a popular edition (what edition is not popular?) of his works, in which he treats us to this little account of the origin of *Pickwick*, and how eagerly we rush behind the scenes to see how they contrived the thunder:

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was as that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form which used to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which memorable occasion—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business.

"The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist or of my visitor (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number—from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published brought about a quick decision

upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages, with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, every body now knows.

"'Boz,' my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterward, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which, being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

ABOUT another author of another land, we have just now certain new light in a pleasant, gossiping volume of Madame Surville about the life and works of (her brother) Balzac.

"I feel myself under obligation," says she, in her preface, "both to the memory of my brother and to the public, to give those details which I only can give, and which may furnish the ground-work for a biography of the author of the *Comédie Humaine*. The friends of Balzac have urged me to put an end, once for all, to those foolish tales which are sure always to group themselves about an illustrious name. To this purpose I have written, and have told his history, now while living witnesses can attest its truth."

Balzac was born at Tours in 1799. Until fourteen he remained in his native city, studying half of this period in the College Vendome.

He finished his education at Paris, and entered, after a time, the office of M. Merville, advocate—succeeding here M. Scribe. It was here and at this time he gained that familiarity with French law which is conspicuous in his books—most of all in "Cesar Birotteau."

At this period, too, he made his first advances in society. He was awkward, extremely sensitive, and only a raw candidate for the chair of a notary. Who should think of him, or care for him? Upon a certain day, in dancing, his foot slipped, and he fell. The ladies giggled; the smile cut him to the quick, and he vowed he would conquer their admiration by his pen.

At twenty-one, having finished his law studies, his father desired that he should at once establish himself in the practice of his profession.

Balzac demurred: his ambition leaned to letters. The father allowed him two years to prove his talent in that direction. The young provincial installed himself at once in a garret in the Latin quarter of the city, near to the library of the Arsenal, and commenced his labor.

The loving sister publishes many letters of this date. Youth, hope, poverty struggle through the broken lines. He prays his sister to send him his father's copy of Tacitus; he wishes the loan of her piano; it may cheer him, and by substituting a cot for his bedstead he can make room for it.

At times he allows himself the luxury of an evening at the French Theatre—shortening his dinner for four or five days to make up the necessary funds.

He writes a classic tragedy of Cromwell, reads it to his family, and it unites all suffrages—against it. He abandoned tragedy; but for five succeeding years he labored on, publishing, under different

pseudonyms, various romances never afterward acknowledged. But none of these brought either fame or money.

"With only fifteen hundred francs a year," writes he, "I could devote myself to a work that should live." (A pleasant fancy with young authors!) But the fifteen hundred francs did not come. The provincial papa, doubtful of books, did not advance it. So Balzac tried, next, speculation. He was twenty-five; he became publisher—publisher of *La Fontaine*, of Molière, of Richardson. For four years he struggled on, debt accumulating upon debt, until, one day, he failed; only his liabilities were left, and his pen to meet them. His friends even doubted if that pen had any vigor.

"I live," he writes at this time, "in an atmosphere of thoughts, fancies, plans, which cross, and struggle, and ferment within my brain in a way to drive me mad. Yet I lose no flesh, but am the veriest picture of a jolly friar. For all this I am profoundly sad: only work—work—work keeps me to life."

At last, after book upon book had failed, came a success, and another, and another.

The garret was abandoned: Balzac was fêted, courted—might possibly have been enriched had he possessed any aptitude for accumulation. But in his best estate debts hung over him; at St. Cloud, at Paris, at Ville d'Avray, creditors pursued him. "Many and many a time," says Leon Gozlan, "have I admired his tactics out at his niche of Les Jardies in avoiding the complaints of creditors."

The gate opening upon his garden was a close one, and the bell kept in admirable condition—the least touch was of magical effect, and gave a long succession of resonant peals. It was a fancy of Balzac's that nothing so discouraged a creditor (if he could be discouraged at all) as to find no one upon whom to vent his griefs or his indignation. He must be impressed with the belief that the house was an uninhabited one. And yet within the court lived a gardener, with his wife and children, and a big dog had his kennel just within the entrance gates. But all these were thoroughly instructed by the pleasant romancer. At sound of an approaching train from Paris due caution was given.

If no visitor rang within ten minutes after the arrival of the train confidence was restored, and all moved on as usual.

If otherwise, a signal was given: the gardener stepped coily behind the nearest tree; the children retired stealthily within doors; a frantic, threatening gesture silenced the dog; Balzac and his friends look out through the Venetian blinds, and, with finger to lip, listen to the successive peals echoing through the deserted garden; they grow fainter and fainter; the bell is quiet; there are a few mumbled curses, a retiring step, and Balzac is safe again.

Balzac worked at night—not early night—not the time of candle-lighting, but the time of darkness, when the world slept; from midnight to three of the morning; he wandered in the great wood of Versailles at such hours, torturing his brain with some new impersonation of the great Vautrin—sometimes capless and his hair flowing in the wind—the first light of morning far down in the Bois de Boulogne on the road toward Paris.

His capacity for mental labor was almost Herculean; he rarely had helpers, never an amanu-

ensis. He read his own proofs, and the profits of his best books were consumed by the enormous cost of his proof corrections; they were so many, and so singular, that not unfrequently page after page of matter were thrown aside and reset from his proofs.

His success as dramatist was not extraordinary, but his ambition in that direction was inordinate. He was jealous of the success of Dumas. On one occasion, after promising a play to Frederick Lemaitre, he employed a young poet, Lasailly, to work with him. By some curious fatuity he fancied Lasailly a genius. He drew up a long contract with him; Lasailly was to lodge in his house, be clothed, fed, treated as guest, and to share in the proceeds of whatever dramas they might create—all upon condition that he furnished upon demand plots, hints, suggestions, details, which were to be worked up by the partner.

This poor dog, Lasailly, fattened upon his new diet, but he seems to have been helplessly incapable of contributing any thing to his employer's stock of ideas. For a month he used a coy delay, giving himself up to the indulgences of his new home. The delay threatening to be indefinite Balzac grew restive. The work must begin. He wrote best by night.

A half hour past midnight Balzac rung violently; the bell was over the head of the dreaming Lasailly; the month was December. The wretched poet bolted from his bed, drew on his clothes, and hurried in his night-cap to the study of his vigilant partner.

"*Eh bien, Lasailly!*" in a voice like a flame, "what have you found?"

And Lasailly, taking off his night-cap, and rubbing up with it the corners of his eyes, says, "I think it would be desirable—I think, perhaps it would be best—to construct something—"

BALZAC. "Very well [like a flash]! construct what? We must make haste. Lemaitre is dying for a drama to draw all Paris! I saw him only yesterday. Out with it!"

LASAILLY. "Ah, indeed! you saw him yesterday, then."

BALZAC. "Yesterday [crazy to begin]! What shall it be? that's it."

LASAILLY. "As you say—that's it." [Looking very nervous.]

BALZAC. "Have you any idea for this play, Lasailly?"

LASAILLY. "Not—altogether—as yet."

BALZAC. "Ah! you have, for a part?"

LASAILLY. "Partly [very slowly]—that is to say—"

BALZAC. "Pray, go on."

LASAILLY. "I should prefer that—in the first instance—you should, if you please, on your part—er—suggest something—in a manner—er—that we could labor together—together."

BALZAC [sharp and loud]. "Lasailly, you're asleep!"

LASAILLY [opening his eyes]. "*Mais non!*"

BALZAC. "*Mais si!* You sleep on your legs; your eyes are closed now."

LASAILLY. "But I assure you—"

BALZAC. "You're gaping."

LASAILLY. "It's only with the cold."

BALZAC. "Go to bed, Lasailly; in an hour I'll ring again!"

And, lighting his taper, Lasailly retires, only to be summoned again in an hour's time for a new in-

quisition, very much as before. "Six times in one night!" said Lassailly, recounting the matter to his friends. "*Mon Dieu!* who could stand this?"

A week wore him out; he went back to his garret in town. His name never appeared on the covers of Balzac's plays.

We may recur to Balzac and his life again. Meantime, let no one think of him as an utterly bad man until he shall have read that exquisite, tender story of Eugénie Grandet.

Editor's Drawer.

ASTONISHING cures are now wrought every month by the Drawer. They are more genuine cures than those over the river, in Brooklyn, by the Reverend Gaudentius, and quite as cheap. Fifty years ago almost miraculous cures were effected by the use of "Perkin's Tractors," that were thought to have the power of drawing the disease out of the system when they were held to the ailing spot. Hence they were called Tractors, or Drawers. So the thousand-and-one Pain Extractors are only so many Drawers; but there is no Drawer that draws out so much pain and draws in so much pleasure as this same old Drawer of ours. We receive on an average a hundred certificates to this effect every month, and we might spread them out, from governors, judges (good judges, too), preachers, and other great men. Here is a specimen:

"P—, PENNSYLVANIA, March 4, 1853.

"DEAR HARPERs,—'One good turn deserves another!' The tedium of one of several days' recent confinement to my room by illness was so pleasantly beguiled by your issue for March, and I did so much enjoy the good things of the Drawer—my poor aching sides aching anew in response to the mirth created by its wit and fun—that at this time of imperfect convalescence I desire to acknowledge your assistance of the doctor's skill and Dame Nature's powers in healing the sick; and, as a slight token of my gratitude, to send for the Drawer a trifle that may serve to amuse some one of your readers in perhaps the like needy circumstances for a laugh."

Whereupon the cured man gets up, and sits down and writes as follows:

"In the Court of Quarter Sessions of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, a few years ago, a party of five unfortunate Hibernians were on trial, charged with riot and assault, with intent to kill. The circumstances of the affair were of an aggravated character, and the interest felt in the case by the friends of the accused was great. The Commonwealth had made out a strong case, and rested. The defense was an *alibi*.

"By the showing of the prosecution the riot commenced after ten o'clock at night. One of the witnesses for the defense, Patrick, testified that Dennis, one of the accused, was at home, and in bed with him, before eight o'clock on the evening of the affray, and never left it until the row was over—a rather improbable story of two Irishmen within sound of a 'nate little bit of a fight.'

"How do you know that it was before eight o'clock?" asked the attorney for the State.

"Sure we had a clock in the house," promptly replied Pat.

"And did the clock strike eight after Dennis came in?" inquired the attorney.

"Well, no; the clock wasn't striking at that time," said Pat.

"Ah! and what was the matter with the clock?" asked the attorney.

"It was out of order, and not going for a few days," replied the witness.

"Then, if the clock was not going, how do you know that Dennis was in before eight o'clock?"

"Well, I know that he was in before the time when the clock used to be striking eight when it did strike!" triumphantly answered Patrick.

"This was a clincher; poor Dennis was convicted—a victim of unfortunate circumstances, one of which was the ownership of a clock that didn't 'strike'—while the jury was satisfied that the owner did."

THE railroad between Kingston and Rome, in Georgia, if it is not a one-horse concern is a mighty slow team. "A friend of mine," says a new contributor, "rejoicing in the name of Tick—a telegraph man, too—was riding on the lightning train upon this road when he spied a negro

"Toddling beside the iron track,
Toting cotton on his back."

In the exuberant generosity of his nature, Telegraph Tick screamed out:

"Halloa, Uncle! come aboard—come aboard, and ride to town!"

"The polite and glistening African touched his piece of beaver, and replied:

"Beg pardon, mass'r, but I can't; I must get dar soon, and *kubn't got de time to spar!*"

"When I met my friend Tick at Rome, last November, he expatiated warmly upon the merits of the *safe* road. Said he, 'It's the cheapest road in the United States, for you can travel all day on it for a dollar!'"

"I HAVE read your Magazine," says a Wisconsin letter-writer, "ever since I knew there was such a thing. And the Drawer—it's great! I do actually believe I should have died a fool if it hadn't been for that." After such an introduction he tells a story of one of the great men of the State.

"Our Lieutenant-Governor was a regular bushwhacker. He was put on the ticket because there were no men in his party smart enough, and they had to take such stuff as there was to make officers of. But he was chosen with the rest. When he went up to the capital to go to the Senate, where he was to preside, he was as rough as he was ready, and so rough that the door-keeper, a man of the German persuasion, refused to let him in. But he pushed by, and made his way to the Chamber. The next day the door-keeper stopped him again, when the Lieutenant-Governor, as ready as he was rough, seized him by the collar, shook him well, and said:

"Young man, I want you to know me after this!"

"Der tuyfel take you!" said the poor fellow, 'I ton't know you now!'"

SEVERAL of the Drawer's correspondents intimate that they have other and better things in store, which they will send when "these" have been printed. Now be it known unto all such that the sooner they send, the better, and the more, the more the Drawer will be pleased. Months may pass ere what we now have will see the light; some good things sent have been in print here or

elsewhere long ago; and some are keeping because they will keep. In the mean time let those goods in store be shipped to this port with all dispatch.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Drawer that while traveling at the South he attended a negro meeting, where the sable preacher offered an earnest prayer for "de white element in our population." It was certainly kind in the old negro to remember his white brethren; and he spoke of them just as they do of the colored element.

HEADLEY tells a story of old Dr. Richards, of Auburn, in Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the Pulpit," just issued. The reverend Doctor went off on a journey, and left his son James under the care of one of the theological students, who was to hear him recite daily. One day, at the usual time of recitation, James was seen playing in the garden, and when called to his lesson refused to come, and, as the student went to fetch him, took to his heels and ran. The student pursued and caught and chastised him. Immediately after the Doctor's return James entered his complaint against his tutor. His father heard him through, and then bade him go and fetch the young gentleman. He did so, and when the latter arrived the Doctor said:

"Sir, *Jeemes* has told me that you whipped him because he did not get his lesson, and ran away; and now I have sent for you to know *if you laid it on well?*"

The student replied that he thought he did.

"Do you think that you punished him enough?"

He said, "Yes."

"Well, then," continued the Doctor, "if you are sure you punished him sufficiently, *Jeemes*, you may go this time!"

"FATHER' M'GUIRE, of Pittsburg, was, many years ago, very popular, both in his private and ministerial life, with all classes and denominations. He was a genial, warm-hearted old Irishman, fond of a joke, and the following was one of several good ones on himself which he relished very much in telling:

"He was riding out on the Butler road one hot summer's day, when he stopped at a house by the wayside to get a drink of water and rest a while. While in conversation with the woman of the house, he picked up a Bible, and asked her if she read it often.

"Yes," she replied, she had read it through often.

"And do you understand all you read in it, my good woman?" said his reverence.

"Yes, I do!" said she.

"Well," said he, "I have been reading and studying it all my life, and I find a great deal in it which I can not understand."

"Well," said she, "if you are a fool, is that any reason that I should be?"

Sure enough, what could Father M'Guire say to that?

OUR correspondent in Boston who contributes the following to the Drawer, is sure that it is an "actual fact," and he knows the parties; but we have received the same, in substance, from another quarter, so that the story is entitled to double credence, as it happened twice and in different places, and is equally well attested in both:

"In the province of Canada, just over the Ver-

mont State line, a man keeps tavern, whose name, far and wide, is Uncle Tim. He furnishes entertainment for man and beast, but his good wife finds the supplies for the former while her man looks after the cattle. She is a good wife, a good Christian woman. Unhappily, she fell into the Millerite delusion, and every day and night she was looking for the latter end of the world to come. She was greatly disappointed when the set time came and went and nothing broke; but she was sure it was near at hand, and she was always ready.

"The summer and autumn wore away, and winter set in. It rarely thunders in winter, but now it did thunder one night—sudden, severe, awful. The landlord had taken an extra horn—to drink, not to blow—and had gone to bed in a state of stupidity not unusual, but to-night decidedly profound. By his side, in blissful unconsciousness, was his sleeping wife. She was roused by a clap of thunder that shook the old tavern. She started up, and the gleams of red lightning and successive peals of thunder filled her with awe. The day had come! She shook her temporal lord to wake him.

"Timothy, Timothy!" she cried.

"Timothy snored; but, finally, Timothy says to her, 'What?'

"The good woman shook him again, and cried still louder, 'Timothy, Timothy!' and Timothy now responded 'What's the matter?'

"Mrs. Timothy screamed, 'The end of the world has come; I hear the rolling of the chariot wheels; there—there, I hear them now!'

"Uncle Tim, by this time, had begun to come to his senses, and finding that his wife was in a high state of excitement, undertook to soothe her by gentle remonstrances; but every roll of thunder was now converted by her disturbed fancy into the roll of the chariot wheels of the coming King. When Timothy could not quiet her fears, he got out of patience, and with more profaneness than is pleasant to repeat, he exclaimed, 'Martha, Martha, stop your nonsense; do you suppose the blessed Lord is such a fool as to come on wheels when the snow is six feet deep on a level?'

"This was a settler. Martha had not thought of that; she was unprepared to answer it. The thunder-storm passed by and so did her fears; and presently Uncle Tim was snoring, and Martha was dreaming by his side."

THE late Rev. Dr. Biggs, of Kentucky, was an eminent divine belonging to the Methodist Church, much respected and liked by his neighbors for his kindness and good-humor.

He detested hypocrites and impostors of all sorts, and was not disposed to attach more than due importance to any occurrence of a strange or supernatural character.

In 1835 the Doctor was presiding elder of the district in which he lived, and as such was often obliged to entertain the "circuit-riders" as guests. One of these gentlemen, who was not entirely free from superstition, happened to be with him the night on which occurred the famous *meteoric shower*, or "falling of the stars," which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. After prayers, all retired and slept peacefully until the hour for the negroes to rise for the purpose of making fires, etc. This was an hour before daylight, and the negroes, on going out and seeing the wonderful phenomenon presented by the heavens, not unnaturally concluded that the end of all things was at

hand, and immediately began confession of their sins, and to pray for mercy.

The clergyman, Dr. B.'s guest, was awakened by the outcry, and upon raising his window immediately discovered its cause. He was no less frightened than the negroes, and thinking, as they thought, that the "last trump" was about being sounded, he rushed, without waiting to dress, down stairs into the Doctor's chamber, and throwing himself upon the Doctor, who was snoring quietly in bed, he roared at the top of his voice, "Brother B. ! Brother B. ! arise ! arise ! The Day of Judgment is come ! ! " The Doctor awoke, turned over in bed, rubbed his eyes, and said with slight impatience, "Pshaw ! pshaw ! Brother —, go to bed ; Judgment Day can't come in the night ! ! "

This is admirable in its way. The letter comes to us from beyond the "Father of Waters," from one who loves, enjoys, and can say a good thing.

"Messrs. Editors,—I have been a constant reader of your Magazine for a number of years—in fact, read the first issue, and have been a subscriber ever since. I always refer to the Drawer for something good, and am never disappointed.

"I profess to be, what is vulgarly called, an 'old sided Baptist,' and have been for a number of years ; and as we have been occupying a conspicuous place in your Drawer for some time, I send you a scrap or two which came under my own observation several years since in the 'Platte Purchase.'

"Father Rice had been called to preach at New Market, in Platte County, and after the congregation had assembled, arose and remarked,

"My brethering, you will find my text in the 15th chapter of *Clover*, and the 22d verse, which reads: "Drink no longer water, but a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."

"Brother Sharp, who was occupying the pulpit with Father Rice, and who was a little better posted up in Scripture, immediately interrupted Father Rice and whispered to him, 'Timothy, Timothy, Brother Rice.'

"Brother Rice, not the least abashed, coolly remarked, 'Well, my brethering, I knew that such a good old Baptist text was in one of the *grasses* ! ! "

We vouch for the literal verity of the following letter received at the office of Harper's Monthly Magazine :

—, Feb 20th 1853

"Mr Editor Pleas discontinue the sending of your magazin to Mrs P. C. Jones. She is no more. She departed this world in the prime of life to explore the land of spirits. She leaves a babe to young to morn her los or read your prayes worthy magazin."

We trust that as soon as the babe is old enough to read the "magizin," we shall have the pleasure of sending it for her entertainment.

A WESTERN lawyer writes to the Drawer, and tells his own story so well that he shall have a full hearing :

"Among the first cases in which I was engaged as counsel was the one of say *Wilgins* vs. *Wiggins*. I was for the defendant Wiggins, and the plaintiff Wilgins had secured the services of not only one of the best-hearted, most socialle, generous men in the world, but one of the ablest and most tal-

ented lawyers of the circuit. He entered into a case with his whole mind, soul, and strength, and rarely ever failed by his eloquence to carry the jury, and by his legal ability to convince the Court ; but his early education was deficient, and he did not always do justice to the King's English. Wilgins sued Wiggins for damages resulting from a horse trade. Wilgins was a lazy, worthless, good-for-nothing, drunken loafer, and Wiggins ditto, only a little more so. The case was called, the plaintiff Wilgins announced himself ready, the defendant Wiggins joined issue ; the jury was impaneled, and the Court directed the counsel to proceed with his case. The counsel for Wilgins, the plaintiff, stated that his client, on a certain day named in the petition, was drunk, and that the defendant took advantage of this condition of his client and cheated him in a horse trade, by which he was damaged one hundred dollars. The witnesses for the plaintiff were called, sworn, and testified that, on or about the day aforesaid, they saw the plaintiff and defendant together at twelve o'clock ; that they were both laboring under the influence of liquor, the plaintiff particularly, so much so that he could not distinguish his own horse ; that at two o'clock of the same day they saw both parties together again, when they acknowledged that a trade had been made in the interval, and the plaintiff was then so far gone, from frequently imbibing during the day, that he could not get on his horse. Here the plaintiff's counsel, after proving the difference in the value of the horses, etc., rested his case, and the defendant, Wiggins, being minus witnesses to prove any thing to his advantage, I had to close his side of the case also.

"The counsel for the plaintiff then arose, and said that it was a clear case ; that the evidence showed most conclusively the existence of the state of facts alleged in the petition, and that the only thing left for the jury to do, was to find the amount of damages they intended to give the plaintiff in their verdict. That the Court had instructed them, if they believed that the plaintiff was under the influence of liquor when the trade was made, and in that state of mind the defendant took advantage of him, they must find for the plaintiff. He insisted that every thing had been proven to entitle the plaintiff to a verdict, and that they were compelled under the law and evidence to give him one.

"Then came my time, and a trying time it was. It was my first appearance in court ; the opposing counsel's reputation as a lawyer made him formidable not only to me, but to all the lawyers of the circuit, and the case I considered hopeless. But an idea struck me, and I rallied enough of courage to urge the position that the plaintiff had failed to show that he was drunk at the precise time the alleged trade was made, but that all he did prove was that he was drunk before and after the trade was made, which, I contended, did not affect the contract, and that plaintiff would have to prove the drunkenness to have existed at the very time the trade was made to enable him to recover. I considered this position a good and legal one, and congratulated myself upon the effect my argument would have in controlling the verdict of the jury. But alas, my feeling of triumph was short lived ! for my position and argument appeared to arouse my old friend and counselor on the opposite side, and he proceeded to demolish both somewhat in the following manner :

"Gentlemen of the jury, the argument of the

gentleman on the opposite side reminds me of a position which a gentleman took in a case which I once saw tried in Kentucky. There was two men lived neighbors thar, that didn't like each other. One had a very valuable dog; the other shot the dog, out of which a lawsuit rose. The case came on; the plaintiff's witness swore he saw the defendant standin on a little eminence in the woods with a gun in his hand; he saw the plaintiff's dog trottin through the woods at the distance of about thirty yards from the defendant; he saw the defendant raise the gun to his chick; he saw the powder flash in the pan; he heard the explosion of the gun; he saw the dog fall, and yet the counsel on the opposite side asked "Whar is the man what saw the bullit hit the dog?"

"Now then, gentlemen of the jury, we have proved that the plaintiff was so drunk just before the swap was made, that he didn't know hiz own boss, and that just after the swap was made, he was so drunk he couldn't git on hiz own boss, and yet the gentleman on the opposite side insists that we must prove that he was drunk at the very time the swap was made, or in other words, he asks "Whar is the man what saw the bullit hit the dog?"

"The jury thought I was asking too much, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff."

As an example of hardihood and impudence, this fact, communicated by a Pennsylvania correspondent, has scarcely a parallel:

"Judge Barrett, one of the most humane and accomplished, as well as one of the most able of the president judges of Pennsylvania, was holding court at Honesdale. A fellow of very bad character and vicious disposition was convicted of horse-stealing. Upon being brought up for sentence, the Judge took occasion, in his usual mild way, to admonish him to lead a better life, when the fellow interrupted him:

"None of your sermons, Judge; give me my sentence."

"The Judge paused, and in his usual bland manner went on to say—

"My friend, the Court had intended to sentence you for one year, the lowest penalty allowed by the law, but your conduct before us satisfies us that you should have one year more."

"PRISONER. 'Well then, let's have it; what you jawing about?'

"COURT. 'Now, Sir, we are satisfied that three years would not be too much for such a criminal as you.'

"PRISONER. 'Well, go ahead! I don't care, only hurry up!'

"COURT. 'We have now agreed, Sir, to give you four years, the highest penalty the law imposes, and that is your sentence.'

"PRISONER. 'Well! you're through now, ain't you?' and he was led sulkily away to his cell."

A SOUTHERN correspondent writes: "A gentleman in this vicinity had a fine negro, to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out, and keeping one half of the wages. A short time since the negro came home to his master, in Norfolk, to tell him that the man for whom he had been working wished to buy him, and would give thirteen hundred dollars for him.

"Well," said his master, "what of that? I don't wish to sell."

"But, you see, massa," said Sam, "I'se had a cough some time, and 'specs I'm gwine into de sumption. I don't 'spec I shall last more'n two or three years, and I'd like to take dat man in!"

At the trial of some pirates in a neighboring State the Judge acquitted them for want of a comma in the law. "So," exclaimed Judge P—, "for want of a comma, the offenses of these rascals will never be brought to a period!"

RARELY have we any shrewder specimens of modern financiering than this from Tennessee:

"Not long, long since, and during the tight times, there lived in a small river town, better known for its bad whisky than its good morals, a 'Creole of Jerusalem.' He retailed goods to country customers. A bad paymaster had owed him for some years, and he despaired of ever collecting it, although he was profuse in his promises to pay. The man owned some little property, about enough to satisfy half the debt. The Jew called on him one day, and made the following proposition: 'Do you give me your note for half the amount, and interest,' said he, 'with some of your friends as security—it is a mere form, you know.' 'Yes.' 'Then give me your note for the other half, and interest, at twelve months, without security. I know you will pay it, but I want to get all my matters in right shape.' This was agreed to. As soon as the Jew obtained the note with security he put it in suit, and obtained judgment on it. The note for the other half he nailed the customer's property with, and thus obtained the whole debt."

Sharp practice this, and very Jewish.

How many—alas! how many—like the drunkard below, charge all their troubles to the codfish, and none to the rum. An old trader writes to the Drawer:

"Prior to the period of the general Temperance Reformation in New England, when every shop-keeper sold codfish and rye gin, as well as all other 'most useful' commodities, a hard old customer of mine, on one occasion, presented himself with his three jugs, all to be filled with the 'crittin'; which, together with one small codfish, comprised all his purchases. Having gathered up his jugs and his one codfish, his hands were rather too much encumbered readily to make his egress through the closed door. After some struggling to effect his object, and not succeeding, he threw down his traps, exclaiming, '*Hang the codfish!*'"

A BELCHERTOWN scribe is responsible for this story, which the farmers will enjoy about "killing" time, and it ought to have been drawn into the Drawer some months ago. But better late than never:

"The meanest of all the men in our region is Sol Smith. You must know that here in the country, when one of the neighbors kills a 'beef creature,' he is expected to send a piece to each one of the families near by, and they return the favor when they kill, and so the thing proves to be about as broad as it is long. Now Sol was so mortal stingy that it went hard with him to think of giving away any thing, and when he came to kill he was bent upon keeping it all to himself. But public sentiment was very strong on the subject, and he would like to keep up a good name and keep his beef besides. He spoke gently to his next-door

neighbor, Johnson, and told him that he thought it was a very foolish plan to be sending meat all over town, and each man had better raise and kill his own. In fact, he was determined to cheat his neighbors out of their meat, if they expected any from him, and save his credit too. Johnson suggested to him that if he should leave his beef in the barn over night before cutting it up, and then take it to his cellar before daylight, and give out that it had been stolen, the people would lose their expected share, and be very sorry for him besides. Just it exactly! he would do that very thing. He killed his beef, hung it up to cool, and went to bed, to rise early and hide it. Johnson and a few friends, before going to bed, went over to Smith's barn, helped themselves to the beef, and divided it share and share alike, leaving but a wee bit for the owner. Smith rose early, and found his meat was gone. He rushed over to Johnson's and told the story, in a state bordering on frenzy.

"'Good!' says Johnson; 'you do it well.'

"'But it is stole, I tell you!'

"'That's right; stick to it, Sol! Put on that dismal face, and they'll all believe it!'

"Smith saw it was no use. He had fallen into his own pit; and went home a poorer, wiser, but, we fear, no better man."

From one of the "Southern tier" of counties in our own State of New York we get the following incident of the bar, which is rich in itself, and very readably related:

"Our District-Attorney is remarkable for his gravity as well as for his legal lore. He never makes a joke, nor laughs at the jokes of others, justly regarding all facetiousness as belonging to the Drawer of *Harpur*, and out of place in the courtroom. He had just procured some new blank forms of indictments. It has been customary to insert the name in full of each member of the Grand Jury—from sixteen to twenty-three of our most respectable and substantial citizens. Our courts have of late held this to be unnecessary, and the new forms which he had procured contained no blank for inserting the jurors' names. He had got a number of indictments drawn up in the old form, and gave them to his clerk to have inserted the names of the Grand Jurors, and by mistake he handed over, with the others, an indictment in the new form against Rosetta C— for keeping a *disreputable house*. As a matter of course, in all these printed forms there is blank space enough left to insert the names of as many defendants as there may chance to be—whether a single one or a score. His clerk proceeded with the duty assigned him, and upon coming to this indictment against Rosetta C—, and finding no other fit space for his purpose, either by mistake or 'wickedly and designedly,' inserted immediately after the name of the defendant, Rosetta C—, the names 'of each and every' of the Grand Jurors, thus forming a complete indictment against the whole panel, *jointly* with the real culprit, for the offense named. Mr. District-Attorney did not discover this *slight* mistake, and submitted his indictments—the one referred to being among the number—to the Grand Jury, to be approved by them by their foreman indorsing upon each as follows:

"'I certify the within to be a true bill.

"'Dated,' etc. W. T. R—, Foreman."

"The one in question was certified by the foreman 'to be a true bill' with the others, and was

passed up to the Court, and then laid over until the next term, when Rosetta was brought up for trial upon it.

"Among the lawyers present when the trial was called on was Colonel Sam Holmes. He is a leader at the bar, and always employed to defend criminals when their purse is plethoric and his services can be obtained. He is keen on scent for a joke; and having been employed in this case to examine the indictment, and ascertain if there was any leak in it, when the case came up for trial he asked to look at it. It was handed him by the District-Attorney, and at the first glance his experienced eye detected the very ludicrous character of the instrument. W. T. R—, the foreman, and S. T. A—, another member of the Grand Jury which had found the bill, and who were included in it as defendants with Rosetta C—, were present in Court as spectators. After examining the indictment, the Colonel very gravely arose and stated to the Court that he objected to proceeding to try Rosetta C— upon it until the other defendants were arraigned and pleaded.

"The District-Attorney looked up in astonishment, and asked, 'What other defendants?'

"The Court asked the Colonel to explain, whereupon he remarked,

"'If the Court please, this is an indictment against Rosetta C—, W. T. R—, S. T. A—, and others (naming all the Grand Jurors), for keeping a disreputable house. Mr. S. T. A— is here in court, and can be arraigned now, and I will put in a plea of 'Not guilty' for him. Mr. W. T. R— is also here, but on his behalf I have nothing to say, as he has, over his own signature, pleaded 'Guilty,' and certified the charge to be true. As to the other parties implicated, they can be brought in as soon as the District-Attorney can issue bench warrants, and then we shall be ready to proceed with the trial!'

"Fancy the amazement of the District-Attorney; the blank dismay that overspread his face, upset the gravity of bench, bar, and jury as the truth gradually broke out and in. The District-Attorney stepped up to the Colonel and asked to look at the indictment; took it, thrust it into his pocket, and exclaimed 'Quashed!' He will never hear the last of it."

How many Congressmen and Presidents have been made by happy wounds on the battle-field! Here is a hero with new claims to fame:

"When Colonel L— was a candidate for Congress in one of the Northwestern States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Discovering, in the course of the canvass, that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his own prejudice, he concluded to let the people know that he was not unknown to fame as a soldier himself; and accordingly, in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tented field as follows:

"'My competitor has told you of the services he rendered the country in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defense of the national honor, I, fellow-citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!'

"As Colonel L—— was elected by a large majority, it is to be presumed that his constituents properly appreciated the glory of fighting and dying by proxy."

INTO the *Weekly*—*Harper's Weekly*—some of the brevities of the Drawer—"brevity is the soul of wit"—have been finding their way; the readers of the *Magazine* are supposed to be readers of the *Weekly* also, and nothing appears in both places; but the Drawer is good-natured, and, when ready to burst, it lends the other man some good things.

THIS is an old story, done into doggerel, and very well done at that:

A country curate, visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock;
"Good-morrow, dame!—I mean not any libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a Bible?"
"A Bible, Sir!" exclaimed she in a rage.
"D'ye think I've turned a pagan in my age?
Here, Jancy, haste, and run up stairs, my dear,
'Tis in the drawer; be quick, and bring it here!"
The girl returned with Bible in a minute,
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;
When, lo! on opening it at parlor-door,
A pair of spectacles fell upon the floor.
Amazed, the dame was for a moment dumb,
And then exclaimed, "Oh, Sir! I'm glad you've come,
'Tis six months since these spectacles were lost,
And I have missed them to my poor eyes' cost."
Then, as the glasses to her nose she raised,
She closed the Bible, saying—"God be praised!"

THESE are fair, if they are old enough to be ugly:

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought wo to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
But when she woo'd with love so fond,
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

An ugly old bachelor wrote the following lines:

To Thales once his mother said,
"Marry a wife." He shook his head,
And "'Tis not time," was his reply;
But after several years were past,
"The time," said she, "is come at last."
"No," he replied, "it is gone by."
Thus Thales taught a golden rule—
'Tis never time to play the fool.

Inside of an ancient wedding-ring was found inscribed:

Dear love of mine,
My heart is thine.

HERE is the best of the old-time stories of the clergy in politics that we have had. Our correspondent will please to send the rest of the same kind that he has in store:

"In 1812, when politics raged high and higher yet, there were no politicians who waxed warmer than the reverend clergy. It was a pleasant custom in those days in Boston, and it is not altogether out of fashion yet, to have an annual fishing excursion, in which the clergy relaxed themselves on the salt-water and sea-breezes, and gathered health for the future. On these occasions Federalists and Democrats mingled happily, and politics were voted out by common consent. All hands were hail fellows well met; and the only strife was to see who would catch the first and best fish.

"The Rev. Dr. P——, a dry, shrewd, talented man, presided over the Unitarian Society at Roxbury. He was an Old School Federalist. One of the members of his society, a Mr. S——, who subsequently became a Member of Congress, was an equally ardent member of the Democratic party. On one of those excursions it so happened that the first fish was caught by Mr. S——. It was a fine large cod, and he was so delighted with his success that he *skinned it, cut off its head*, and, taking it in his hand, he went round showing it to all on board. When he came to Dr. P—— he could not restrain himself, and calling the Doctor's attention, said:

"Look at this, Dr. P——; that is what I call a true Democrat."

"The Doctor turned and very coolly replied,

"So it is, Brother S——; and you have served him just right!"

"Brother S—— kept very quiet during the remainder of the day."

HERE is a coon story with a tale to it, and a moral on the end of that.

The late Roger Barton was a popular orator of great power and influence over the masses. He was a man of incorruptible integrity, fine intellect, and possessed infinite humor, with unsurpassed skill in relating an anecdote. On more than one occasion, though no office-seeker, he came "within an ace" of being returned to the United States Senate from Mississippi. He was always "on hand," in season and out of season, with a speech in support of the Democratic party, its principles and measures, and if need be, to carry the war into Africa.

In the great contest of 1840, between the Independent Treasury and the Bank of the United States, when the bank orators racked their imaginations to depict the evils which were to be discharged upon the country from that Pandora's Box, the Sub-Treasury, Mr. Barton was wont to answer the arguments of his adversaries in this wise:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—The terrible catalogue of national calamities which you are told are to flow from the adoption of the Independent Treasury reminds me of an incident which occurred to myself a short time since. As I was riding in a neighborhood where I was very well acquainted, I heard repeated shots just ahead of me. Presently I discovered my old friend Tom Martin industriously employed in firing at something in a large oak-tree. So I stopped to see the game. After two or three shots, and seeing nothing fall, I rode up, and said I, 'Hello, Tom, is that you; what are you shooting at?'

"'Why, how are you, Roger? 'Light! 'tight! Yes, I've been shooting at a big coon up in the crotch of that tree ever so long, but I can't fetch him.'

"'Why,' said I, 'Tom, I don't see any thing.'

"'You don't! Git down and look agin, good.'

"So down I got, and strained my eyes looking in the right direction, while Tom loaded up and fired again. He brought down lots of bark as before, but no coon.

"Again I looked, and again Tom looked.

"'It's mighty queer I can't fetch him,' said Tom. 'Jist look at him, Roger; see how he's clawing his legs about!'

"Again I looked, but the varmint was invisible to my optics.

"At length a happy thought struck me, to make

a close inspection of Tom's visual organs to see if something wasn't wrong there. So, carefully approaching him, I discovered a hair pendent from his right eyelash, and attached to the hair, directly opposite the pupil of the eye, was a louse, that had slipped down and was feeling his way back. I said nothing, but brushed it away, and Tom has not yet ceased to wonder *what has become of the coon.*"

THE Temperance men may repeat the following and make a *pint* of it:

"Dr. Bowen, of this county," writes a reliable correspondent, "is a shrewd observer and a strictly temperate man. In one of his electioneering tours over the country, he dined with a certain Judge who is a member of the church, and prides himself upon his legal lore. At the table the Judge, as is his custom, asked a blessing, and shortly rose from his seat and took from the sideboard a bottle of 'Old Bourbon,' of which he invited his guest to partake, partaking freely himself, as is also his custom. After dinner the Doctor said,

"Judge, will you permit me to ask you a question?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the Judge; "what is it?"

"I observed," said the Doctor, "that *after* you had asked a blessing you set on the bottle. Now, I wish to know whether you were ashamed to ask a blessing on the liquor, or whether you thought it was good enough without?"

"The Judge took the case under advisement, and when he gives his decision it will be duly reported. In the mean time, he will probably set the bottle on the table at the start when Dr. B. dines with him."

MR. RODERICK B. SWEETBRIAR was a born poet, in his own opinion; and whose opinion, we beg to know, is entitled to more respect, in this matter, than the opinion of Mr. Roderick B. Sweetbriar? He had "lisped in numbers," and had a number of lisps in his speech besides those which fell from his infant lips in rhyme. In his earliest years his attention was called by his maternal parent to the moon just rising, when he exclaimed,

"The moon lth bright, in time of night!"

which original and poetical truth, so suddenly ejaculated, marked his future career with such unmistakable distinctness that his mother clasped him passionately to her heart, and cherished him from that time onward as the genius of the family. He lived, he grew; he talked poetry, he wrote poetry; the village newspaper glowed with the "linked sweetness long drawn out" from his fruitful pen. He parted his hair in the middle and curled it at the ends; he wore Byren collars, and ate sugar, and walked the fields by moonlight, and slept at noon, and became very eccentric; and in his own opinion, as we said, Mr. Roderick B. Sweetbriar was a born poet.

Mr. Roderick B. Sweetbriar came to the city, resolved that it was inconsistent with his genius and destiny to waste his sweetness on the desert air of his native Jersey village. He would come to town and astonish the world. Did not Johnson and Goldsmith and Bancroft, and a score of others, go to the city and achieve greatness with the pen? So Sweetbriar came to New York. He got a place on a weekly newspaper, and then on a daily; and in ten years of hard work he won for himself a name and a place among literary working-men of

the metropolis. Mr. Roderick B. Sweetbriar found that his genius was not appreciated; but his steady industry, without which he would have starved, gained for him three good things—respect, bread, and butter. But the old passion never burned out. Ten years it was smothered, but it was boiling down in the bottom of his soul, and he would air it, and let off some of the steam. He must make a volume of poems. His fugitive pieces—the effervescence of the spring-time of his life—should be gathered into one neat volume, thick white paper and tinted cover—a dainty, delicious volume—and the Harpers should publish it, and Sweetbriar would then take his place among the poets of the age. So Mr. Sweetbriar came down to Franklin Square with his poems, chiefly cut from the *Jersey Blue*, in which they had originally appeared; but much of the ream of paper was covered with the fresh outpourings of the well of English undefiled in Mr. Sweetbriar's bubbling breast. Mr. James Harper, the senior of the Harper Brothers, happened to be in, and received Mr. Sweetbriar with the urbanity and good-humor for which that gentleman has been distinguished for the greater part of the present century.

"Ah! Mr. Sweetbriar," said the Mayor, "you are looking very well; what a prodigious smart paper that has become since you took hold of it. I suppose you have got an interest in it by this time?"

"No, Sir," returns Mr. Sweetbriar. "The fact is, I am about tired of this everlasting newspaper chop-straw and bran-bread kind of life. I am going to turn author, and do the thing up once for all!"

"Ah, indeed! And in what line? History, I suppose; or theology—I think you used to preach, Mr. Sweetbriar; did you not, while you lived in Massachusetts?"

"New Jersey you mean, Mr. Mayor. No, Sir; my grandfather was a preacher—a Methodist preacher, Sir—but I have never been in the meeting line; I was always fond of the Muses."

"Oh yes! I see, I see. I've no doubt a work on music from your pen will attract great attention."

Mr. Sweetbriar looked tenderly at the humorous publisher to see if there was any mischief in his eye, and being reassured by the steady return he received, he added, that having gathered his early and later fugitive pieces into a book, he proposed to issue a volume of poems, and he had called to ask if the Harpers would do him the honor to be his publishers.

This was business; and the amiable senior received the huge roll, and assured Mr. Sweetbriar that it should receive immediate consideration, and an answer returned at the earliest moment. Mr. Sweetbriar was a made man! His success was not doubtful, in his own opinion, for when or where did Mr. Roderick B. Sweetbriar ever fail? And, just as he had predicted, the Harpers agreed to print his poems; and in a few weeks Mr. R. B. Sweetbriar touched the damp but precious dainty volume, fresh from the press, and gazed in blissful rapture on the title-page, which revealed to his delighted eyes these new and luminous lines, "*Reveries of Idle Hours*, by RODERICK B. SWEETBRIAR." A copy was sent to each of the city newspapers and to the leading provincial journals. It was hard to wait a week or a day for the verdict; but Mr. Sweetbriar heard the coming plaudits of the public in every breeze. His head touched the stars

as he walked up town from the office that night, where he carried to his lodgings his volume big with the fate and fame of Mr. Sweetbriar. Before his coffee in the morning came the New York *Daily Drudge*, on which he drudged, and that was in ecstasies over the new poems and poet just burst upon the world. The other papers were silent. Probably they had not read the book. But their silence grew silenter as days wore along. But the *Jersey Blue* blew a blast of praise that was refreshing, for it rejoiced that the poet it had the honor of introducing to the notice of the world had at length taken his appropriate place "among the few, the immortal, names that were not born to die."

Mr. Sweetbriar called daily at the great white house on Franklin Square to hear how his book was selling. He had agreed to pay the cost of the edition and take the profits, allowing the publishers ten per cent. for their name and labor. In the full assurance of a fine run for his book he had ordered an edition of two thousand to begin with, and already was dreaming of the second, third, fifth, fiftieth edition, and still they come!

And still he came, day after day, week after week; and then the months came, and still Mr. Sweetbriar watched for fame; and when he came at last to something more substantial than the bays that wreath a poet's brow, and sought the solid profits of his book, his account was sufficiently solid to satisfy the wants of an author who ventures his all upon the success of his first book. Seventy-five copies had been sent to the editors, thirty-two had been delivered to the author, and three had been sold at the end of six months! Fortunately for him, the publishers had been more prudent in their calculations than the author. They had printed only three hundred, and the most of these were still in sheets, to be bound as the demand should call them out. Mr. Sweetbriar was willing to pay for them, but the Mayor told him that they would work them off by degrees, and no doubt they would be appreciated in the course of time, and he might call and settle the bill when he heard that the next edition was out.

Mr. Roderick B. Sweetbriar was a wiser man. He denied the Muses. He stuck to his desk, and worked away with a will. He won his way upward. He is now the owner of one of the best newspaper properties there is in one of our inland towns, and he thinks the happiest thing that ever happened to him was making a dead failure with his first volume of poetry.

THAT story, which a very kind correspondent sends us, and which we have not printed in this number of the *Drawer*, is as old as the hills.

"But you print old ones, good as new, sometimes."

Just so; but all old stories do not bear telling more than two or three times in the same place, and your story has been in the *Drawer* once at least. You read it there perhaps three or four years ago, and now you have forgotten when or where it came into your possession, and so you kindly sent it to us. Thank you, all the same; but the *Drawer* wants something new, and is sure to get it.

It was a very mean piece of business that, when you sought to wound the sensibilities of a great and good man by writing a fable of him and sending it to the *Drawer*. What has the *Drawer* to do with the shafts of malice or the cup of bitterness? The *Drawer* is the reservoir of American good-humor.

It is open for the best things from the universal Yankee nation in all creation, and the poor creature who crawls into the *Drawer* with the sting of a serpent deserves to have his head under the heel of the first honest man who can tread on him. Away with melancholy, and away with malice too! Let us laugh, love, and live. This is the chapter, not of folly but of mirth, and mirth has wisdom in it, deep and true. It maketh the sides to expand with healthfulness. It causeth the cheeks to stand out with fun and fatness. It cheers the son of toil when his day's work is done, and it lightens the load of care on the back of him who has no work to do. It is the wine that cheers but not inebriates. It is a good institution generally, this *Drawer* is.

"OLD George Moon used to keep tavern at Lynchburg"—so writes a writer who still resides in that locality. "He was a remarkably clever man, but he was too fond of drinking his own whisky, a barrel of which was his constant stock for the men on the 'canawl.' Always full of liquor, and smoking when sober enough to hold a pipe in his mouth, he was stupid, drunk or sober. But his wife was a better man. She tried to keep things straight and her husband sober; but, when all other means failed, she advertised the concern to be sold out, and determined to shut up shop. A neighboring landlord came to buy. George was drunk, as usual, close by the side of his favorite barrel.

"'Wa'al,' began the buyer, 'I've come to buy the liquor, if you sell out cheap.'

"George waked up enough to hiccup and say he hadn't got any liquor to sell. But Betty was on hand, and said:

"'Yes, I'll sell the whole; I'll put it out of his reach; here he has been lying around drunk for a week—a good-for-nothing—'

"'Oh, come now, Betty,' put in the poor drunkard, 'taint so bad as that, dear; now you know it's only four days!'"

THIS is a good hit at our Uncle's fondness of annexation. Uncle Sam is just like the old farmer who said he didn't care about owning much more land—he "only wanted all that *jined* on to his own." A correspondent writes:

"The Catholics of Spanish America have an odd custom, on Saturday between Good Friday and Easter Sunday, of hanging Judas in effigy, with fire-works in his head, feet, and arms, which are set off in the evening for the edification of the children, Indians, and niggers. In the spring of 1846, after Texas had been annexed, and General Taylor had advanced to the Rio Grande, a very fair lampoon was got up in Tampico, for the benefit of *us* Americans residing there. A line was stretched across the street corner, and on it was suspended a figure intended to personate 'Uncle Sam,' compounded of old clothes, straw, and fire-works. At a post in one of the corners three mules were tied. On the breast of the figure was a placard with these significant words, in Spanish and English: 'I did not steal these mules, I only *annexed* them!' We *vamosed*, not wishing to see the sad catastrophe, typical, as the Mexicans thought it would be, that awaited our dear Uncle."

"We have some Jersey Justices," writes a friend who lives in the Pines, "to beat all those Illinois

magistrates and up-river Dutchmen that have been Drawerized so freely for our entertainment. Why, the County of Burlington rejoices in one Judge Bovine, who was called on to marry a couple, which he did as well as he could; and then, taking his form-book, he filled out a certificate as follows:

"I, David Bovine, Justice of the Peace, or Minister of the Gospel, as the case may be, do certify, etc., etc. The Judge is now called 'Reverend, as the case may be.'"

THE Germans have a habit of sometimes using P for B, and *vice versa*, which occasionally sounds decidedly ludicrous. A German minister being invited to officiate in an English prayer-meeting, said, "Pretherin, lit us bray."

A MASSACHUSETTS gentleman says, in a note to the Drawer: "We have a 'popular preacher' in our town. He draws; and here is a literal copy of a passage in his last sermon. Speaking of the wisdom of all Nature's works:

"The bird was made to live in the air, the fish in the water, the mole in the ground. Put the first in the element of the second, it struggles and is strangled; the second into the element of the third, it flounders and gasps and dies; and should the mole attempt, like the eagle, to soar above the mountain crags, 'twould make him dizzy!"

THIS will do; it comes from one who knows:

"In a Methodist Society on the Eastern Shore, in the olden time, when it was customary to lead class by the book, Brother Rowan, in his monthly round on the circuit, in leading one of the classes, called out the name, 'Brother Julian Baker!' A general titter was perceptible in the congregation, and the brother heard a female voice behind him, and with some surprise turned to find it was a sister. The worthy scribe who made out the roll had written 'Julian' instead of 'Julia Ann.' Hence the mistake. After meeting was over, the brother inquired the cause of the unusual sensation his mistake had caused, when, in reply, one of the brethren related the following:

"I suppose you have heard of Brother Homes, who traveled this circuit many years ago? Well, he could not claim much on the score of learning, though considerable of a wit, and a genuine Irishman. He was leading a class on the lower end of the circuit, and not being familiar with the names he came to one which he took to be that of a sister, and said, 'Will Sister Planey Smith pl'ase sp'ake to the class?' After waiting a moment he heard a man's voice behind him, and, turning suddenly round, said, 'An' is he a man?' You may guess the effect. The story got out among the young ones, and the brother ever after went by the name of *Sister Planey Smith*. I am sorry to add, it made him leave the church."

A CORRESPONDENT in Galveston, Texas, writes to challenge the correctness of the statement made in a late number of the Magazine, that the father of N. P. Willis, Esq., was the publisher of the first religious newspaper in the world. He says:

"I think that Francis D. Allen, an old New Yorker, is rather entitled to the credit of being the first publisher of a religious newspaper in the world; for, as I write, I have before me a volume of the *Christian Monitor*, published by him, the first num-

ber bearing date June 20, 1812, nearly four years before Mr. Willis entered the field. It was continued but one year, owing to the war. The imprint reads: 'The C. M. is printed for the Editor at the Printing Office of PAUL & THOMAS, 182 Water street, cor. of Burling slip, where communications written with candor, and tending to diffuse religious knowledge and Christian piety, will be thankfully received.'"

AMONG the curiosities of tombstone literature, this, from a cemetery in the interior of the State of New York, is furnished by a correspondent, who copied it from a splendid marble slab:

ELIZABETH J. SIMMONS,

WIFE OF

J. E. MOUNT,

Born October 26, 1818,

Died October 26, 1852.

Also their daughter,

MARIETTA CLARA,

Died March 28, 1853.

"Death claimed the lovely flower,
Nor spared the tender bud."

Tombstone of Italy! thou hast engraved upon thy sculptured marble the name and age of her whose immaculate spirit, exalted virtues, and noble soul were the joy of him whose heart is left desolate.

Cherub of beauty—sweet flower of innocence—last ray of hope of thy heart-stricken father! thou didst take thy flight with all thy loveliness whilst thy blessed mother was in Heaven, thy father far from thee; but the kind father of thy dear departed mother did, with an agonized heart, see that thy obsequies were properly performed.

IN Boston town is a jobber by the name of Brown. He had to come to New York to buy some goods, and he wanted credit. The house of Jones, Robinson, and Smith, on which he called, treated him very politely; but when on the second day Mr. Brown made his call, to complete his purchase, Mr. Robinson had to decline selling him any goods. This was a stunner. He demanded the cause, and was given to understand that they had ascertained he kept a span of *fast* horses, and they did not like to trust men of that stamp.

"*Fast horses!*" exclaimed Mr. Boston Brown, "*fast horses!* It's a lie! a most confounded lie! I wish it was true. I bought them for fast horses, but I got cheated most de-ci-dedly; they told me they were 2.40 horses, but it is with the greatest difficulty I can put them through a mile under *four minutes!*"

Jones, Robinson, and Smith, however, had their fears that the goods would go at the rate of 2.40, and declined to sell.

THE following incident occurred within the knowledge of the writer:

"A little five-year-old boy was undergoing an examination in the catechism. He made bad work of his lessons. The words were too long, and he did not understand them. The blunders that he made were so many that his maternal teacher was obliged to rebuke him sharply. In despair, he at last cried out, 'Ma! ain't there any *kittenchism* for little boys? this catechism is so hard!' That's not bad for a five-year-old, is it?"

"Let the little ones have another chance. In our Sunday School the Superintendent was telling the story of Samuel from the Bible, and the children listened attentively. At length he asked if any one

could tell what Samuel's other name was. After a brief silence, one of the girls said his name was *Woke*.

"Ah! how did you learn that?"

"Why, the hymn begins, 'When little Samuel woke!'"

THE little children are always welcome. A loving friend writes: "A boy of four summers only, perhaps more than usually fond of his mother because his father is dead, is sorely grieved when he must be separated even for a little while from her arms. One day she was absent several hours, and when she returned he ran with childish glee to meet her, and cried out,

"Dear mother, I am so glad to see you; I've been cooking kisses for you."

"His mother was surprised at the expression, and remarked to him, 'Why, Willie, what a singular idea that is—cooking kisses! How do you do that?'"

"Oh, mother," he answered, "I make a little fire in my heart where I cook my kisses, and keep them nice and warm for you when you come."

"And then he gave them. Blessed kisses! Pure, holy kisses, such as infant lips only to mothers only give."

"HAVING observed that you bid little children to come to your capacious and laughter-loving Drawer, with their innocent prattle, and artless though striking sayings and doings, I propose to drop one in from little 'Eddy,' a bright little boy, just over three years old, with rosy cheeks and curling hair.

"A few months since the little chatterer was following at the heels of his busy mother, going from room to room while performing the routine of her daily duties of housewifery, agreeably teasing her with some of those odd and queer questions which seem so easy for the little innocents to ask, but so difficult for their knowing seniors to answer. 'Mamma,' asked this little prattler, whose mind had been wholesomely impressed, by his pious parent, that God was the author and creator of all things, and to whom he was indebted for all the blessings and good things with which he was plentifully surrounded—'Mamma,' said the chatter-box, 'did God make all the pretty things in this room?'"

"Puzzled for a while how to answer concisely and suitably to his comprehension, yet not to appear inconsistent, or to detract from former teachings, while the pretty querist kept up a running fire of questions, such as 'Did God make these chairs, and those tables?' the bewildered mother bethought herself to reply, by way of diversion and escape from the dilemma, that 'God made Eddy.' 'Yes,' answered the complacent and satisfied little cherub, 'He did, mamma; and He made him *real pretty*, too.' And away Eddy tripped to shake and to admire his flowing ringlets and pretty reflection in the nearest mirror, satisfied evidently with himself and his mother's answer, and, we trust, with an exalted opinion of the goodness of his God."

THE queer mistakes of the boys in reading, of which the Drawer has had many amusing examples, are only equalled by their blunders in translating from Latin into English. Every collegian has heard of the man who rendered *Eregi* monumentum perennius *are*, "I have eaten [instead of

constructed] a monument harder than brass." And the appropriate reply of the Professor was, "Well, Sir, you had better sit down and digest it." But this, though a venerable joke, is not so good as the modern one which a Doyleston gentleman sends to the Drawer.

"In my school-days," he says, "we were reading the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, where a description is given of the City of Babylon, surrounded by brick walls, '*coctilibus muris*.' A fellow-student, in getting his lesson, had been sure of the meaning of the first word of the two; and finding in his dictionary '*mus muris*'—a mouse, he translated the passage, Babylon is surrounded, *coctilibus muris*, with 'cock-tailed mice!'"

AN extraordinary mode of settling a lawsuit amicably comes to us from a correspondent who writes in the mining regions of California. Indeed we frequently hear from our friends in that quarter, and good things like the following are quite equal to gold dust. Send more.

"In the year 1849 the miners in a small camp in Mariposa County elected as their alcalde or judge a rough old specimen from the renowned State of 'Pike County.' Well, one day old Judge Pike, as he was called, had a case brought before him. Uncle Tom (an old man, also from 'Pike') and his partner, Bill, were the contending parties. In settling and dividing their gold dust Uncle Tom accused Bill of having purloined ten ounces of company dust, and had him up for trial. Judge Pike having imbibed some 'red-eye,' appointed a constable, and, seating himself upon a whisky-cask, declared the court opened and ready to try the case. Uncle Tom proceeded to accuse Bill, and stated that the dust was missing, and that his partner Bill had stolen it. Bill called him a liar; Uncle Tom hit him one from the shoulder. When they had got fairly into a decent skrimmage the constable attempted to separate them, but was overruled by the Court, who declared that if the parties wished 'to settle their difficulty amicably, the Court could not permit any one to interfere,' at the same time offering to bet that Uncle Tom would gain the case. No one would take the bet, and Uncle Tom gained the case, after having amicably pounded Bill until he caved, and cried 'enough.'"

STORRS Township, Ohio, boasts of a smart justice whose decisions rival any of the Dutch magistrates on the Hudson River. A banking house in Cincinnati brought an action against one of the citizens of Storrs for \$40, which sum had long been due, and it was now demanded with interest at the rate charged when the money was lent. The decision of the Court was:

"1. Both attorneys in the above case must be held responsible for the costs.

"2. Any person putting his money in such a place should lose it.

"3. The claim is rather ancient.

"4. Four per cent. per month is unconstitutional in Storrs Township.

"5. No monopoly of that kind can recover from the godly citizens of Storrs Township.

"6. Judgment against Screw, Jew, and Co. for costs.

"7. Notice of appeal considered a contempt of Court in Storrs Township.

"8. When one rogue sues another rogue in Storrs Township neither shall recover."

Ingredients of a Modern Novel.



A HERO: Poor and Poetical.



A HEROINE: Who adores Hero.



A CRUEL PARENT: Who refuses his consent.



A DEAR FRIEND: Who sympathizes with Heroine.



A FAST YOUNG MAN: To show up Fashionable Life.



A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY: To assist in showing up Fashionable Life.



A FOREIGN COUNT: Who runs away with Fashionable Young Lady.

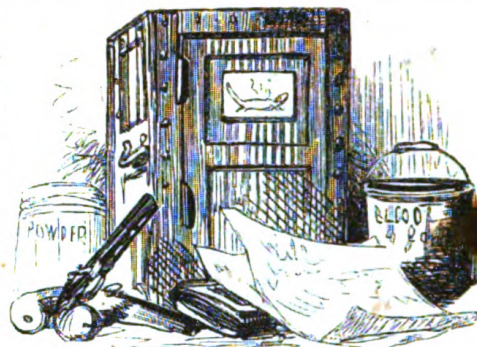


COOK AND VALET: Who knew the Count when he was a Barber.

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OLD VILLAIN: Who has got possession of Hero's Property.



A SALAMANDER SAFE: To contain forged Will, Title Deeds, etc.



MESSRS. GOBBLE AND GUZZLE: Two Gentlemen to do the low Comedy business.



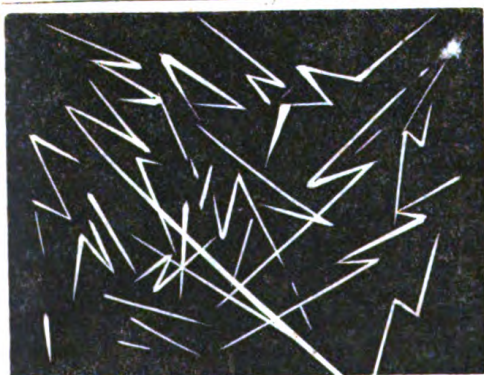
TWO DESPERATE VILLAINS: To do the Dark and Terrible business.



BEGGAR WOMAN: Relieved by Hero, who knows about the forged Will.



CAKE AND WINE: To be used as occasion demands.



THUNDER AND LIGHTNING: To be used in terrifying Villains.



PLOT OF STORY: Any thing the author pleases. The darker the better.

Fashions for May.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING COSTUME AND MANTILLA.

THE MORNING COSTUME represented on the preceding page furnishes adequate hints for the fabrication of dresses adapted for the carriage, for dinner, or for other similar occasions, as well as for undress costume. For these purposes the skirt should be double, the upper one reaching midway between the knee and ankle; the under one being closed in front, and without *quilles*. The corsage is round; and the *passanterie* either woven in the material, or of black velvet. Our illustration is drawn from a garment of maize-colored merino; but may be adapted to any other suitable material. The trimming may be of narrow white galoon, the crossings being marked by a white button. The sleeves are flowing, set into plain caps, trimmed to match. The shoulders are cut *à la Raffaele*, with a *Madonna* fichu. The under-sleeves are closed at the wrist, with full puffs, lined lengthways, with a narrow black trimming; the cuffs reaching halfway to the elbow.

The MANTILLA, Figure 2, is of taffeta and tulle, with a rich *passanterie*. It has been selected from many charming styles.

The GIRL'S MAY-DAY DRESS is decidedly novel, and will find many admirers.

The BONNET is of white taffeta, plaited, with a *Marie Stuart* front; the front trimmed with a deep fall of black lace, which also forms the strings and curtain. The face-trimmings are of blonde, with sprigs of snow-drop and crape leaves. The outside is green, of varied shades. Fern-leaves twine



FIGURE 4.—BONNET.

around the top of the curtain, and form plumes at one side; while upon the other are the lighter leaves of the twining cypress.



FIGURE 3.—GIRL'S MAY-DAY DRESS.



FIGURE 5.—CAP.

Charlie's Side-Walk Acquaintances.



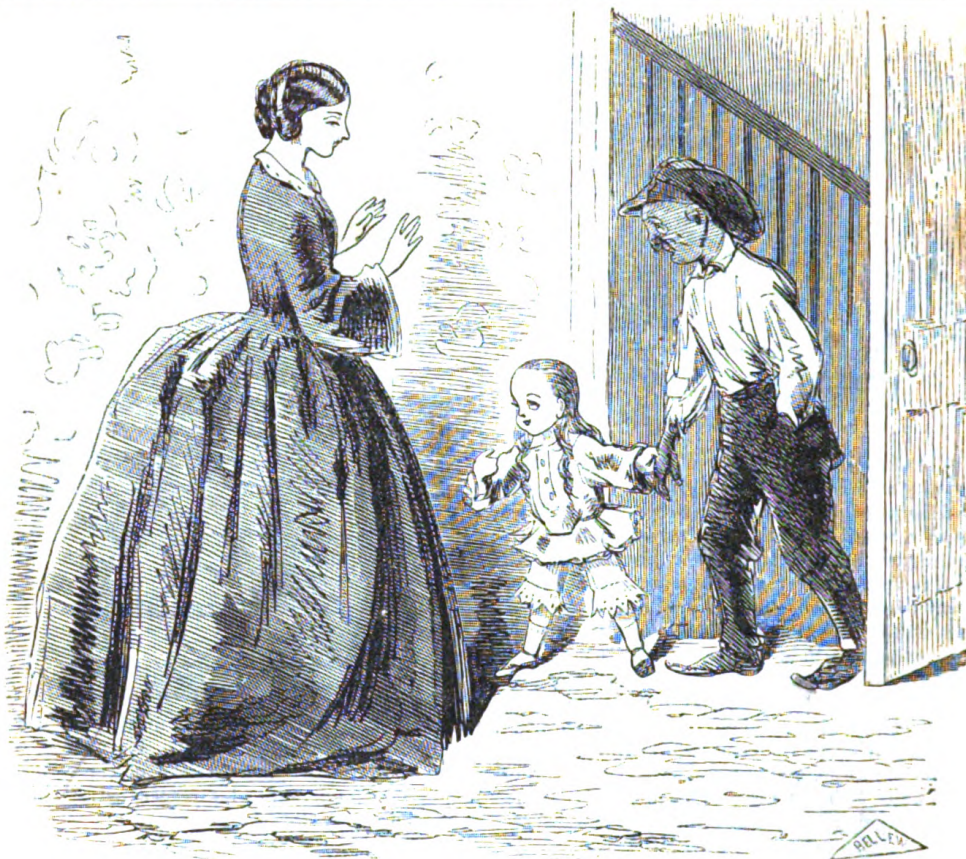
OUR Charlie is a nice boy, with a wonderful faculty of picking up acquaintances. Not a spavined horse can be led by the door without Master Charlie somehow finding the way upon his back, to the great admiration of the neighborhood. His head is sure to be poked under the sun-bonnet of every barefoot, five-year-old feminine that passes, and all the dilapidated fowls in the street flock to our basement window to be fed with pound-cake. The other day he came in, dragging an ungainly, old-looking lad by the hand. "Ma," said he, "mayn't this nice little boy stay to tea with me? His mother keeps the candy store, and he's given me his big knife, and two sticks of candy for my little knife." The "nice boy" had clearly the best of the bargain; but as Master Charlie had disposed



of the candy, the "nice boy" firmly declined all propositions to "trade back." He offered, however, to give two more sticks of candy for the knife, which offer was gladly accepted by Charlie. The nice boy didn't stay to tea.



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Charlie's last acquaintance resulted disastrously. "Does your Pa live here?" asked his new friend.—"Yes."—"Has your Pa ever been in the Tombs?"—"No."—"My Pa has been there more'n a week; and he can go there just when he's a mind to. My Pa can lick your Pa; and I can lick you." And he did "lick" him.



CHARLIE'S KNIFE.



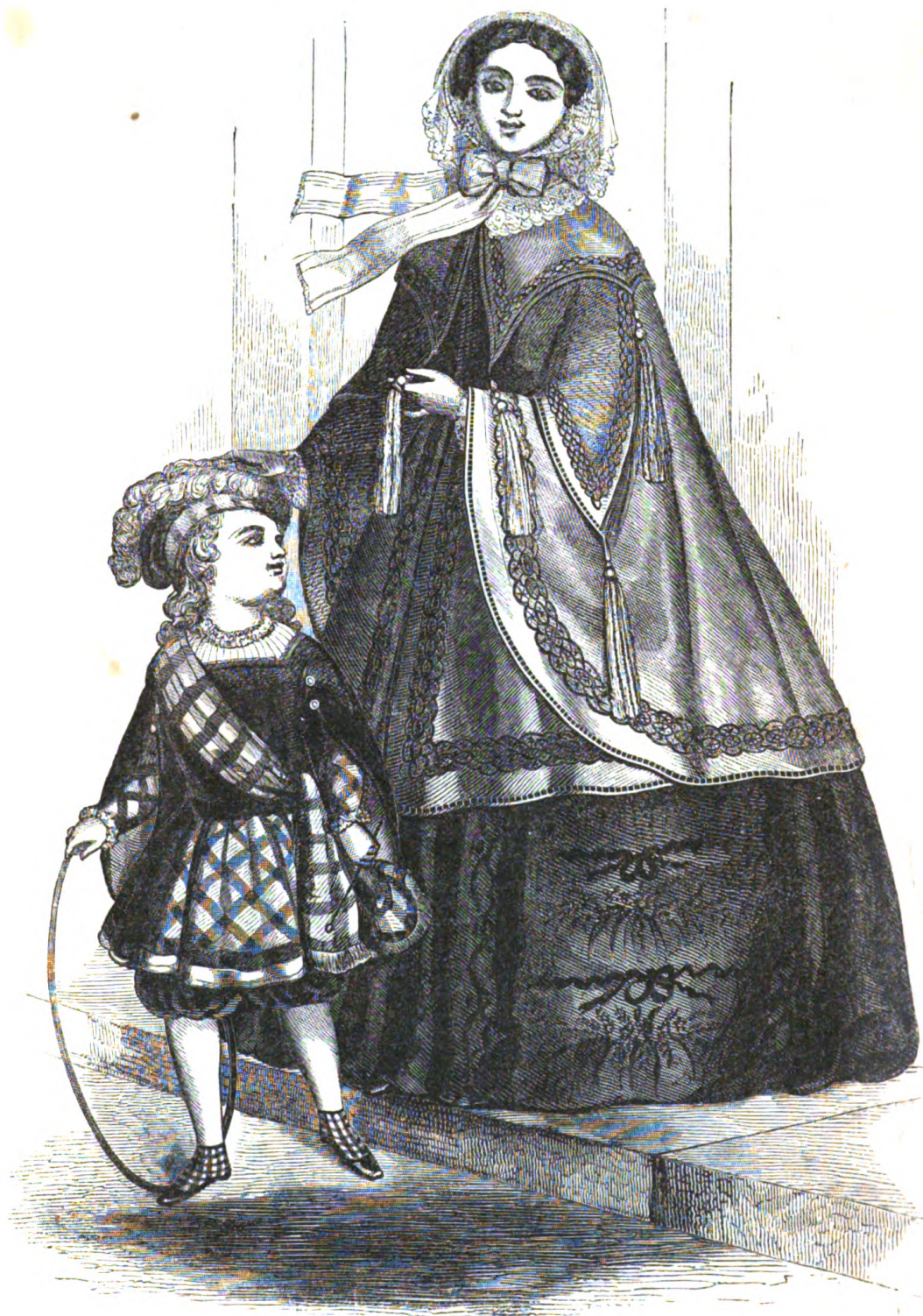
THE NICE BOY'S KNIFE.



MASTER CHARLIE AFTER BEING LICKED.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—PROMENADE COSTUME AND CHILD'S DRESS.

THE Cloak, represented in Figure 1, may be either of cloth or black velvet. Its distinguishing features are the circular sweep of the ample sleeves, the pointed *berthe*, and the upper sleeve or flap, with its pendant tassel. It is trimmed with black guipure lace. The robe is of mazarine blue, with the pattern *en tablier*, woven up the side breadths. This graceful flowing drapery bids fair to supersede flounces, which are still, however, much worn. Two skirts are now frequently worn, the upper one being slashed at the sides, to show the pattern wrought upon that below; the sides of the opening are confined by cross-bands of the same, or by ribbons which may terminate in *nœuds*.

THE CHILD'S DRESS consists of a black or green velvet coat; the sleeves, which are cut up, fall open from a little below the shoulder, the point of separation being marked by a rich fancy button; with tight sleeves, which may be either of the velvet, or of plaid similar to that of the skirt. The hat is of plush, with a large ostrich feather.

Below we illustrate another elegant cloak, which may be of cloth of any color. The *pele-rine*, which is continued rather below the level of the full drapery of the sleeves, forms the front of the garment. The trimming, which consists of richly wrought black velvet, with a fringe of small drop buttons, is peculiarly beautiful. This is drawn partially to the waist by an inside cord.



FIGURE 3.—COIFFURE.



FIGURE 4.—CLOTH CLOAK.

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